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THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY.

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*WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

JULY 23, 1881.

WHAT! for a term so scant  
Our shining visitant  
Cheer'd us, and now is pass'd into the night?  
Couldst thou no better keep, O Abbey old,  
The boon to thy foundation, hour foretold,  
The presence of that gracious inmate, light?  
A child of light appear'd,  
Ere he came, late-born and long desired,  
And to men's hearts this ancient place endear'd;  
What, is the happy glow so soon expired?

—Rough was the winter eve ;  
Their craft the fishers leave,  
And down over the Thames the darkness drew.  
One still lags last, and turns, and eyes the Pile  
Huge in the gloom, the cross in Thorney Isle,  
King Sebert's work, the wondrous Minster new.  
—'Tis Lambeth now, where then  
They moor'd their boats among the bulrush stems ;  
And that new minster in the matted fen,  
The world-famed Abbey by the westering Thames.

His mates are gone, and he  
For mist can hardly see  
A strange wayfarer coming to his side,  
Who bade him loose his boat, and fix his oar,  
And row him straightway to the further shore,  
And wait while he did there a space aside.  
The fisher awed obeys,  
That voice had note so clear of sweet command ;  
Through pouring tide he pulls and drizzling haze,  
And sets his freight ashore on Thorney strand.

The minster's outlined mass  
Rose dim from the morass,  
And thitherward the stranger took his way.  
Lo, on a sudden all the Pile is bright !  
Nave, choir and transept glorified with light,  
While tongues of fire on coign and carving play !

And heavenly odours fair  
 Come streaming with the floods of glory in,  
 And carols float along the happy air  
 As if the reign of joy did now begin.

Then all again is dark,  
 And by the fisher's bark  
 The unknown passenger returning stands.  
 — *O Saxon fisher ! thou hast had with thee*  
*The fisher from the Lake of Galilee—*  
 So saith he, blessing him with outspread hands ;  
 Then fades, but speaks the while :  
*At dawn thou to King Sebert shalt relate*  
*How his Saint Peter's Church in Thorney Isle*  
*Peter, his friend, with light did consecrate.*

Twelve hundred years and more  
 Along the holy floor  
 Pageants have pass'd, and tombs of mighty kings  
 Efface the humbler graves of Sebert's line,  
 And, as years sped, the minster-aisles divine  
 Grew used to the approach of Glory's wings.  
 Arts came, and arms, and law,  
 And majesty, and sacred form and fear ;  
 Only that primal guest the fisher saw,  
 Light, only light, was slow to re-appear.



The Saviour's happy light,  
Wherewith at first was dight  
His boon of life and immortality,  
In desert ice of subtleties was spent  
Or drown'd in mists of childish wonderment,  
Fond fancies here, there false philosophy !  
And harsh the temper grew  
Of men whose minds were darken'd and astray,  
And scarce the boon of life could struggle  
through  
For lack of light which should the boon convey.

Yet in this latter time  
That promise of the prime  
Seem'd to come true at last, O Abbey old !  
It seem'd a child of light did bring the dower  
Foreshown thee in thy consecration hour,  
And in thy courts his shining freight unroll'd :—  
Bright wits, and instinct sure,  
And goodness warm, and truth without alloy,  
And temper sweet, and love of all things  
pure,  
And joy in light, and power to spread the joy.

And on that countenance bright  
Shone oft so high a light,  
That to my mind there came how, long ago,

Lay on the hearth, amid a fiery ring,  
 The charm'd babe of the Eleusinian king—  
 His nurse, the Mighty Mother, will'd it so.  
     Warm in her breast, by day,  
 He slumber'd, and ambrosia balm'd the child;  
     But all night long amid the flames he lay,  
 Upon the hearth, and play'd with them, and smiled.

But once, at midnight deep,  
     His mother woke from sleep,  
 And saw her babe amidst the fire, and scream'd.  
     A sigh the Goddess gave, and with a frown  
 Pluck'd from the fire the child, and laid him  
     down;  
 Then raised her face, and glory round her beam'd.  
     The mourning stole no more  
 Mantled her form, no more her head was bow'd;  
     But raiment of celestial sheen she wore,  
 And beauty fill'd her, and she spake aloud:—

    ‘O ignorant race of man!  
     Achieve your good who can,  
 If your own hands the good begun undo?  
     Had human cry not marr'd the work divine.  
     Immortal had I made this boy of mine;  
 But now his head to death again is due.

And I have now no power  
Unto this pious household to repay  
Their kindness shown me in my wandering hour.  
—She spake, and from the portal pass'd away.

The boy his nurse forgot,  
And bore a mortal lot ;  
Long since, his name is heard on earth no more.  
In some chance battle on Cithæron side  
The nursling of the Mighty Mother died,  
And went where all his fathers went before.  
—On thee, too, in thy day  
Of childhood, Arthur, did some check have power,  
That, radiant though thou wert, thou couldst but  
stay,  
Bringer of heavenly light, a human hour ?

Therefore our happy guest  
Knew care, and knew unrest,  
And weakness warn'd him, and he fear'd decline.  
And to the grave he bore a cherish'd wife,  
And men ignoble harass'd him with strife,  
And deadly airs his force did undermine.  
And from his Abbey fades  
The sound beloved of his victorious breath ;  
And light's fair nursling languor first invades,  
And then the crowning impotence of death.

But hush ! This mournful strain,  
Which would of death complain,  
The oracle forbade, not ill inspired.  
—That Pair, whose head did plan, whose hands  
did forge

The temple in the pure Parnassian gorge,  
Had finish'd, and a meed of price required.

'Seven days,' the God replied,  
'Live happy! then expect your perfect meed.'

Quiet in sleep, the seventh night, they died.  
Death, death was judged the boon supreme indeed.

And, truly, he who here  
Hath run his bright career,  
And served men nobly, and acceptance found,  
And borne to light and right his witness high,  
What can he better crave than then to die,  
And wait the issue, sleeping underground?

Why should he pray to range  
Down the long age of truth that ripens slow,  
And break his heart with all the baffling change  
And all the tedious tossing to and fro?

For this and that way swings  
The flux of mortal things,  
Though moving inly to one far-off goal.

—What had our Arthur gain'd, to stop and see,  
. After light's term, a term of cecity,  
A Church once large and then grown strait in soul?

To live, and see arise,  
Alternating with wisdom's too short reign,  
Folly revived, re-furbish'd sophistries,  
And pullulating rites externe and vain ?

Ay me ! 'Tis deaf, that ear  
Which joy'd my voice to hear !  
Yet would I not disturb thee from thy tomb,  
Here sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly shade,  
And the rough waves of life for ever laid.  
I would not break thy rest, nor change thy doom.  
Even as my father, thou,  
Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend,  
Hast thy commission done ; ye both may now  
Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end.

And thou, O Abbey grey,  
Predestined to the ray  
By this dear soul over thy precinct shed !  
Fear not but that thy light once more shall burn,  
One day thine immemorial gleam return,  
Though sunk is now this bright, this gracious head !  
—Let but the light appear  
And thy transfigured walls be touch'd with flame,  
Our Arthur will again be present here,  
Again from lip to lip will pass his name.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## *THE CRISIS OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.*

IN a time full of moment on all sides, the most momentous need of all is how to restore the House of Commons to a state of efficiency. No danger can ever be so pressing as paralysis in the Government itself; and, in a country which is really governed by its House of Commons, chaos in the business of that House is national anarchy. Whatever else we have to do, till we have a capable governing machine, nothing can even be begun.

Though reform of procedure in the House is both difficult and pregnant with results, it is free from many of the difficulties which surround other measures. In the first place, it does not require any Act of Parliament at all. It has not to run the gauntlet of three readings in both Houses. It does not involve the passing a mass of technical provisions through two committees on clauses. It has not to purchase, by concessions beforehand and compromises in the end, the favour or the sufferance of the House of Lords. It affects the vested interests of no class; it cannot stir the animosity of any constituency. Again, since no new public rights will be created by it, and no interests outside are affected by it, the House is not bound to look on any resolution it may pass as final, or, indeed, as more than an experiment. The House of Commons has in this matter nobody to consider but itself and the nation. Neither lords, nor constituents, nor 'interests' are concerned. The public are only concerned in this—that their representatives shall order their mode of proceedings so as to secure efficiency. If the Commons are unable to make reasonable rules for their own business, they are certainly unfit (and the public will feel it) to make laws for this great Empire.

### I.

We ought to remember that not a little may be done in the way of improvement without any formal resolution. A strong ministry and a disciplined party could alone make a silent revolution

in business by firmly insisting on a few practical rules. The multiplication of questions is caused not only by the garrulous self-assertion of vain or mischievous busy-bodies, but, in part at least, by the readiness of the minor ministers to indulge their questioners with elaborate answers. The House and the country would often permit a minister to be less indulgent and more reserved; it would tolerate silence indeed more easily than is supposed, and more often than it would be polite to specify. Speeches in old days were reserved for those whom the House wished to hear. A self-denying ordinance of the kind might be silently passed by a great party, without motion, vote, or record, and yet strictly be enforced by a sense of duty and discipline. It is impossible to wrangle when one side is obstinately silent; and it would be almost impossible to obstruct if a great majority made but one speech, and that speech was simply 'Divide!'

Much may be done by a ministry in mere drafting of its Bills. The main cause of paralysis after all is this—that Parliament has got into the way of discussing myriads of petty administrative details, instead of passing laws. The answer is obvious. Let Bills be presented to the House exclusively in the form of substantive laws, and let the administrative application be expressly relegated to the proper office or minister. The form of a foreign Act of Parliament is this: 'Let such and such a principle be the law: the minister of So and So is charged with the execution of this decree.' This is no doubt an un-English method. But some common term might be found between the abruptness of this and the voluminous English method. Our present plan is to submit the common forms of every branch of the service to be voted sentence by sentence by a thousand noblemen and gentlemen sitting in two Houses in public debate. This is the real evil to be reformed: not the intentional obstruction of the avowed enemies of the Government.

It will be a cruel disappointment to the hopes of the public if this matter be suffered to become a party question. The nation has never forgiven any party which for party purposes has sought simply to embarrass its rival by discrediting Government itself. The amendment of the standing orders can only become a party question by virtue of that detestable temper which would rather see the country ruined than that it should be saved by the other side. In itself, reform of procedure has nothing whatever to do with party, any more than the efficiency of the army, the navy, or the police. So far as the traditional principles of Whigs or Tories are concerned, it is obvious that the changes demanded to give further resources to the executive coincide with Tory notions, not with Whig. It would have seemed indeed strange to our older statesmen to hear that when the work of Her Majesty's Government was paralysed by the want of business rules of the Commons, it was considered the duty of true Conservatives to prolong that paralysis. Imagine Pitt and

Burke, Canning and Sir Robert Peel, imploring the House to maintain the deadlock, and telling it that the dispatch of business was a trifling thing to be set against the convenience of independent members.

It would be barefaced and ludicrous for the party led by Sir Stafford Northcote to raise a party cry against a measure in favour of which all their principles and traditions incline. The only body that can honestly oppose it on party grounds is that particular school of Radicals which looks upon Parliament as mainly a field for the statement of 'grievances,' and which looks on the protests of the independent member as worth all the legislation of a session. Some Radical opposition on honest grounds of conviction is exceedingly probable, though as yet we hear nothing of Radical opposition. A desperate Irish opposition is perfectly certain, and probably no way could be found of disarming or satisfying it. Now, did it happen that the Government of Mr. Gladstone, bringing in a measure of urgent necessity, entirely on the lines of Conservative doctrines, were to find itself menaced by a coalition of Conservatives, Radicals, and Irishmen, everything in the shape of party government would be ended in England; for party would have come to mean simply—cabal.

But though the official body of Conservatives could not openly avow so monstrous an alliance, it is not quite impossible that they may be willing to give it some secret encouragement. There are always the irregulars, the Bashi-Bazouks, the 'savages,' as the Germans say, of the Conservative party; and Sir Stafford finds it hard to keep them always in hand. Now, Sir Stafford has never had a great reputation for 'clear grit,' but he is a little apt to abuse his well-earned reputation for weakness. He is too ready to say, like the Sultan, that he has no control over the Circassians and 'savages,' who commit outrages upon those whom the Sultan is far from loving. The country holds Sir Stafford answerable for all the outrageous doings and sayings of Lord Randolph, Mr. Lowther, and even of Lord Salisbury. When the Government proposals come on, 'Shimei' and his four comrades will rail, just as they will rail at everything that Mr. Gladstone might do—just as they would rail at the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, if they thought Mr. Gladstone the author of them. Shimei's words hurt nobody, provided nobody replies to him. Parallels, however, apart, thus much should be distinctly understood. In this matter of parliamentary business, where Conservative doctrines are all in favour of efficiency, the nation will hold Sir Stafford Northcote and the Conservative party responsible for the action of all Conservatives, even of Lord Randolph and the other 'savages.'

The only way to disarm party opposition will be to show that the Reform of Parliamentary Procedure is not intended to silence



any set of men or any party. The intentional obstruction of avowed mischief-makers is really a small part of the evil. The evil grew to a head long before the Home Rulers or the Fourth Party were heard of. The task before the House now is to make business rules adapted to the modern functions of the House. The entire life of the House is different from what it was in the days of Pitt; and yet its machinery is substantially the same. In proportion as the Government proposals are confined to the obstruction of particular men and groups, so will the scheme be debated as a party question. If Reform is treated as affecting the House as a whole, it cannot be twisted into a party expedient. It would be an additional calamity now to make the amending of the standing orders but another phase of the Irish Civil War. There are men on both sides now of temper so feverish that they would make an Irish question out of a Bankruptcy Bill or the Revised Code. It would be an utter scandal to let the new constitution of Parliament drift into becoming a mere indoors Coercion Act. If the Government desire a grand party fight, let them treat this reform as a question of obstruction. If they seek to carry the House and the nation with them in a great constitutional measure, they must present it in the main as a matter of the general procedure of Parliament.

It is easy to see the causes which have rendered obsolete the primitive rules which sufficed until recent times. Newspapers, telegrams, Reform Acts, the caucus, and trades unions, have made the circumstances of the House of Commons utterly different from what they were a hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago. In the days of Pitt and Fox there were hardly ten constituencies in the kingdom which watched the votes and debates day by day, or which were in direct and lively touch of the parliamentary pulse. Now there are hardly a score that are not. The great bulk of the members practically represented themselves or small groups or parties in the upper ten thousand! The few newspapers gave meagre and casual accounts of the debates. The House of Commons was the council of a large and popular aristocracy. Now the fierce light of democracy beats on the House of Commons even more than on the throne. It is now but a big committee of the householders of the three kingdoms.

On the other hand, a hundred years ago the House was a deliberative and consultative body, a court of national appeal, but not an executive body. The actual executive consulted it, and in the long run was answerable to it; but the executive was not carried on, as it were, within it and under its eye. It is not the theory of the constitution that the House of Commons should exercise executive functions; it is not avowed; and it would be denied if formally asserted. But since the House has slowly and silently made good its claim to examine and review the minutest detail of the entire administration, in reality though not in name, the House is itself an

executive body. This fact has come about almost unawares, in a secret, unrecognised way, and it is still masked by a screen of formulas which nominally ascribe these functions to the Crown. And hence the result is that the House of Commons retains the old rules, which sufficiently served a deliberative body; and has no rules at all that are needed by a really executive body. These have now to be made for the first time; and this is the main work which requires to be done.

Every circumstance and condition of the House differs now from what it was when the primitive rules grew up. In old days questions were really settled in the House; now they are settled in the country. Then the debate really informed politicians, and brought to a question new and important information. Now all that has been done in newspapers, in clubs, and in meetings, long before the debate begins, and the debate is then a formality, and often a very tedious one. Formerly not a dozen members directed their conduct in Parliament with a view to their constituents; and probably not one ever thought of addressing his constituents whilst in form addressing the Speaker. Now all this is reversed; and the gallery over the clock is the cynosure of ambitious eyes, and the object of assiduous harangues. It is hardly credible that an executive body should exist, so constituted that every one of its 658 members has an indefeasible right to talk on every subject as long as he may please, and also a paramount right to get up and move once every half-hour that the House or business be adjourned, and to insist on the discussion of a totally different matter before going into committee.

There are now millions interested in the doings of Parliament where there used to be thousands. There are now motives to induce a member to talk which never existed before. The House of Commons is now a great public meeting, put *en évidence* in the most signal way; it is in some sort the final caucus that has emerged from a thousand local caucuses. It is tenfold closer to the people who choose it than it used to be; and its activity, its industry, its curiosity, and its loquacity, are increased a hundredfold thereby. At the same time, the complexity of administrative business has grown upon it in geometric ratio. There are now a thousand clauses to pass where there used to be ten. The concerns of the Empire are a hundredfold what they were in the days of Queen Anne. And yet the rules with which the House of Commons considers this gigantic mass of business are really the same as when the House was a family party of a privileged order, and had only to make a few simple laws for the ten or twelve millions of these little islands.

It would be a fatal error, to look on the reform of parliamentary business as an Irish matter, or mainly as a means of subduing Mr. Biggar and Mr. Healy. We are getting into a habit of attributing everything we find wrong to our Irish fellow-citizens, as Caleb

Balderstone attributed everything 'to the fire.' If we come to think of it, the evils we now see have been in full force for twenty or thirty years, or more. The Home Rulers and the Fourth Party have rather emphasised obstruction in its form of talking against time; but they did not invent obstruction. On the contrary, some of its most skilful masters are now leading ministers. For thirty years at least the House of Commons has been clogged by its own bills: pressing and easy questions have been thrown over year after year. Urgent legislation has been interrupted by personal, trivial, or purely dilatory wrangles. Committees have muddled away whole sessions in mangling clauses they did not at all understand; and half of every session has been employed either in the amusement of minister-baiting, or in settling schedules and forms which are the business of a third-class clerk. The House of Commons has never been, in the memory of its present members, an efficient and well-ordered business body.

## II.

There are two principal reforms which would relieve the House both in its legislative and its executive functions, and without which it cannot exercise them with energy or freedom. The first is the power to close debate: the second is the transferring the work of committee to real committees, in place of committees of the whole House. Without these two measures, government and law-making are continually smothered in endless talk; whilst every Bill is settled in the way that is most cumbrous, least efficient, and which occupies a monstrously disproportioned time. Every single Parliament but that of Westminster and its immediate offspring adopts both these measures. We may say more. No group or body of business men in the kingdom acts without them. The only reason that the House of Commons has not adopted them is that it has never thought about them, because they were unknown in the Middle Ages. The only argument against them is the fear that they might stifle useful discussion and precipitate legislation.

Precipitate legislation! Stifle useful discussion! As if the longest-lived of us would ever live to see hasty law-making in England, or as if it were possible in this people and in this age to stifle debate. Nine-tenths of what is rehearsed in Parliament is old leading article and stale platform speech. The newspapers, the clubs, the meetings, the six-hundreds and the four-hundreds, the unions, the political societies debate questions. The statesmen only give expression to this floating mass of opinion. Thus no rules of the House of Commons can now-a-days stifle discussion. The utmost they can do is to check the intolerable iteration of old debate. As to precipitate legislation, the complaint is not so much that the House is so long in considering

a Bill, but that it is so unconscionably long before it will begin to consider it. Any one who will make at the beginning of a session a simple calculation of the working-hours at disposal, and will then work out the time required for the passing of the Bills printed in any one session, will see that it would be physically impossible under the present system to pass a tithe of them. In plain words, the outcry that is made against 'hasty legislation' and 'closing debate' is a mere pretence. No one desires haste; no one is seeking to prevent real debate. The outcry is only obstruction in another form—the obstruction of feebleness and timorousness, which shrinks from any vigorous change, and loves muddle, and delay, and procrastination, from a general liking for an easy life. The people who are always protesting against being hurried are the indolent natures who cannot make up their minds.

No one accuses the House of Lords of being precipitate in legislation. No one denies that a Bill is sufficiently, and often very ably, discussed in the Lords; no one thinks that the Peers, with the zealous services of Lord Redesdale and many veteran officials at command, pass Acts without knowing what they are about. Yet measures, even those of first-class importance which affect Peers specially, as the Irish Land Acts or Church Act, pass through the Lords in one-tenth, one-twentieth often, of the time that is required in the Commons. The reason of this is that the Peers have no constituencies to satisfy or gratify, to appease or to excite. The Peers do not insist that the whole business of the country shall be publicly transacted within their walls; and they still have an *esprit de corps* and an internal public opinion which is strong enough (as it was strong enough in the Commons when Mr. Gladstone was a youth) to stifle bores and to control the unruly.

To oppose the reform of business by an outcry against 'haste' and 'precipitation' is the part of that obstinate kind of obstruction we know so well. We all know what the cry for 'time to consider' a thing means. It is the political device of the cowardly, dishonest people who mean to oppose a thing, and are afraid to oppose boldly. No one has suggested that any limit of time should be imposed on the debates of the House, that a Bill should be disposed of in forty-eight hours and a motion in four. No proposal implies that the House should vote a resolution or pass an Act one hour sooner than the House desires to pass it. 'Haste' is impossible, unless in such a case that the House and the country find greater haste an imperative duty. All that is proposed is this—that when the House and the country find greater haste a necessity, their time and the highest interests of the country shall not be sacrificed by the mere eagerness of a minority to embarrass the majority. Do the advocates of 'due consideration' mean that, when the majority in the legislature and the nation declare this need to be urgent, it shall be in the power of

individuals to baulk them? That is the plain English of the outcry against haste. We are all as much opposed as they can be to haste in legislation, and to robbing the people and their representatives of ample opportunities for consideration and discussion. And of all people, Radicals are the most opposed to it. What is asked is this, that when the House has 'considered' and 'discussed' a question till nothing is left to consider or discuss, it shall not be compelled to sacrifice the measure, and prevented from voting at all, by factious, dishonest, or purely mischievous obstruction.

The only serious question is, Who is to decide, and by what machinery, that a matter has been efficiently 'discussed' and 'considered.' I am very strongly of opinion that the only satisfactory authority to declare it is a simple majority; that the only efficient machinery is a direct and simple vote. I hold to this for the very reason which is sometimes appealed to by the opponents of this scheme, viz., for the sake of the freedom of discussion, and for the protection of independent members. It may seem a paradox at first sight; but when we work it out in practice it is quite true that to put the power in the hands of a bare majority is far less dangerous than to put it in the hands of a large majority. A right permanently vested in a majority and constantly in use, as familiar as going into the lobby and part of the ordinary incidents of debate, is far less liable to abuse, far less likely to awaken personal bitterness, far more likely to be used justly and properly, than a special right of a penal character, vested in a functionary or in a special majority, and used only in crises and moments of extreme irritation. If the power is reserved to a two-thirds majority, two things follow: it can only be exercised by the sufferance of (and in practice after compromise with) the official opposition; in the next place, it necessarily assumes a penal and hostile form, because it is only used against some special group. If you assume that the majority which is enough to pass a Reform Bill is not enough to decide that the matter has been sufficiently debated—directly you assume that there are two kinds of majorities, one to legislate, and the other to decide on points of 'order,' and to close debate—that moment you make the closing of debate a personal act and an affair of punishment or coercion, instead of being what it really is, an ordinary matter of public convenience. The only way to deprive it of its retributive and offensive character, to prevent it from being made oppressive, is to make it entirely part of the ordinary action of discussion and the acknowledged function of a majority. It is the right of the majority to legislate; it is the right of a majority to control Government, and to dispose of the entire force of the nation, including therein the business of the executive and the business of Parliament. It is a part of that right, incidental to it and essential to it, to take care that legislation and business are not hindered and defeated by delay,

whether by the delay of perverse obstruction, or the ordinary delay of numbers acting without organisation.

For my part, I would far rather trust a simple majority to be fair, than a two-thirds majority or a three-fourths majority, or than 600 out of the 658 members. There is no paradox in saying that the larger the majority required to close the debate, the more likely is the right to be used in the way of oppression and to silence unpopular opinions. My own sympathies are usually with minorities, and I own I should dread to put power into the hands of 600 members to silence the other 58. If 330 votes are at all times enough to close any debate, we may be confident that the power will not be used to oppress minorities and to suppress discussion. The only safeguard against any power of a majority is the power of the minority to appeal to public opinion. And a right which is ordinarily exercised by a simple majority is seldom likely to be used in an unfair or tyrannical way. We often hear of the tyranny of majorities, but the tyranny is never found in bare majorities. It is when majorities find themselves ten to one, or a hundred to one, that the tyrannical temper comes in, and with it the blind desire to silence by force what they cannot convince by argument. The only safeguard against tyranny in closing debate is to make it familiar and common, an ordinary part of daily routine.

It is most unlucky that we have come to use the foreign term *clôture*. Closing is a wholesome English word, and 'closing debate' a perfectly plain phrase. We have an Early Closing Association, and an Act to close banks and offices on certain days. 'Closing debate' is good English, and the name and the thing need to be made familiar to us. It is ridiculous to assume that there is anything foreign or terrible or revolutionary about so commonplace and necessary a thing. There are worthy people of the old school who think they have finally disposed of land-law reform when they have told you that they entertain conscientious objections to *morcellement*. And so, some solemn people are quite confirmed in their dislike of any new standing orders, by talking vaguely about *la clôture*. The use of a French word for a good English notion is hardly enough to persuade the nation that the concerns of the Empire must wait till Mr. Biggar has exhausted his catalogue of amendments, and Lord Randolph has finished his fun. It is clear that if we had in Parliament 658 Mr. Biggars or 658 Lord Randolphs, some means of closing debate would find favour even with them. Why, then, if one Mr. Biggar and one Lord Randolph are almost more than we can bear, why not do something at once?

If the House were a simply deliberative body, a rule which permitted absolutely indefinite debate might be tedious, but it would not be fatal to government. But the House is not a constitutional *Times* newspaper, an aggregate grand national platform, or mother of

all clubs and debating societies. The House is an executive body; the whole government of the country has in effect to pass through the House, and the bulk of it has to obtain the formal assent of the House. And it is impossible to sever and disentangle the executive work from the deliberative work. Yet we hear arguments against a reform of procedure which rest on the tacit assumption that the House is a purely deliberative body. All that is said in defence of deliberation is beside the mark. When the question is, How can the executive work be done? When we put it in that way, it seems like the madness of archaism to retain the rules of absolutely unlimited right of debate, which grew up when Tudor and Stuart kings took care to allow the House no executive work at all. If we regard the House as an executive body (and at least one-half of its work is that), it would seem incredible that any executive body would forego all powers of closing discussion, and would leave it, in theory at least, open to a small minority of its body to paralyse all action whatever, by exercising the right of unlimited debate.

It is obvious that if the entire 658 members, or even the Opposition members alone, were all to exercise their undoubted right of speaking on every matter to the extreme limit of the physical endurance of each speaker, nothing could ever be voted, and not a Bill would be passed in a whole session. The sole safeguard that the House possesses against such a *reductio ad absurdum* of parliamentary government is the hope that members will be reasonable and patriotic. But it is seen that all members are not reasonable and patriotic. Many of them are very much the contrary—at least, enough to bring business to a deadlock; and though they were few, they have the silent unavowed goodwill of five or ten times their number. Sir Stafford, no doubt, is a gentleman of exceptional simplicity and good faith, who would not for worlds take any unfair advantage. But the chiefs of Opposition, when they watch some ruinous embarrassment caused to the Government of the day by the rovers of their own side, too often feel as Queen Elizabeth felt when she heard how Drake and Raleigh were buccaneering in the Spanish Main. An end has come at last to all further trust in the good feeling and good sense of members. We are face to face with the fact that at present the members of the House possess a constitutional power to reduce parliamentary government to chaos, and we now have discovered that there is an ample body of members ready and eager to exercise this right.

The power of closing debate is needed for many other occasions besides the perverse obstruction of a few desperate malcontents. Under the new conditions of debate that have grown up in our own generation, the members who honestly desire to speak, and who are fairly entitled to speak, are tenfold what they were in the days of Pitt. The business is twentyfold or fiftyfold. Hence arises what

happened the other day in the theatre of Vienna, and what used to happen every day at Temple Bar. Ten persons at the same moment struggle to pass through a gate which will only hold one. The result is a jam, in which for the time none can pass at all. There is seldom a matter or a measure which comes before the House, but what all that is reasonably useful has been said in the first half or even first quarter of the debate. The latter half or the latter three-quarters, sometimes nineteen-twentieths of the whole, are mere sound and vomit, for which the House, the country, the very speakers themselves, feel a loathing, and which only the iron mechanism of the reporters' gallery can follow with attention and pains. There is now but seldom a debate or a Bill where it would not redound to the dignity of the House and the interests of the nation to put some reasonable close to the debate. If debating exists for the pleasure or interest of the individual speakers, there is nothing more to be said. But if it exists for the good of the nation—*interest reipublicæ ut sit finis sermonum*.

Viewed in this way, as a simple necessity for the ordinary despatch of business, the power to close debate is a mere incident of voting, and hence can belong to none but the simple majority then and there present. It is idle to give a majority the right to decide in all matters of legislation whilst we withhold from them the right to decide whether there shall be legislation at all. A majority of one is enough to carry the greatest measure. Why are we to require a majority of two-thirds in order to decide that the smallest measure shall be put to the vote? At present, in a House of five hundred, a majority of two hundred and fifty-one can pass what laws they like; but a minority of twenty or thirty can absolutely prevent their voting at all. If we would only look at the matter, without thinking of Mr. Parnell or Mr. Biggar, we should see that the body who have the right to decide a matter by their votes is the proper body to decide that the time of voting has come. To require a two-thirds majority is as good as to say that a Government with a bare majority shall prevail in the lobbies; but that it shall only be by favour of the Opposition that they shall be suffered to go there.

All the reasons that exist for committing the right of legislation or the right of upsetting ministries to bare majorities—and these reasons are unimpeachable—are reasons for giving a bare majority the right of closing debate. It may be said that if such a power existed, divisions might be taken at unexpected times, and that the present method of dividing at a given day and a given hour would be rather interfered with. Of course it would, and with the best result. At present the division on a grand question is calmly arranged for that day week, or that day three weeks, or for half-past two to-morrow morning. It is impossible for any power on earth to close the debate so long as speakers are at hand, and every one knows that there are



ample relays of honourable gentlemen willing to serve as stopgaps, and to see their speech in the local paper, and who will go on inditing, not indeed any 'new matter,' as the psalmist says—*eructavit cor meum*—but matter nauseously old, the fiftieth edition of hack leading articles and stale platform speeches, until the day or hour has arrived to divide. Accordingly, it is the habit of our senators, when a grand debate has begun, to go off to a dinner-party, or the opera, to the country, even to Paris or the Highlands, and to arrange to turn up, serenely ignorant of every word that has been said in their absence, in time to vote with their party. These are the men who intend to vote against anything that will curtail the period allowed for 'ample deliberation.' Power vested in the majority to close the debate would seriously interfere with this clubable habit—and a very good thing if it did.

### III.

The second general reform which is needed to relieve the House is the transferring the work of 'committee' to real and manageable committees. It may be said that there exists in the kingdom no body of men whatever accustomed to business and organised for work who would endure to entrust the details of affairs and the drafts of intricate schemes to floating and casual meetings of their whole number. Is there a club in Pall Mall which would not think it ludicrous to have the affairs of the coffee-room and the library settled by the stray attendants at a general meeting? Is there a railway or a bank, an insurance office or a co-operative store, where accounts, management, schemes, and reports are daily reviewed in loose crowds of five hundred or six hundred members? Yet this is what the House does every week in the session, mainly because it used to do so in the times of the Stuarts. The attention, precision, memory, and comparison required to settle a skilful draft of any kind are absolutely impossible in a big, noisy, changing mass of men, none of whom have any individual responsibility, or the ordinary appliances of patient study. This requires leisure, quiet, means of reference, and a small number. To commit a measure like the Irish Land Bill to a committee of the whole House is as if we were to commit the management of the Bank of England to the crowd that gathers in the Royal Exchange.

But if committees of the whole House were as much to be desired as they are to be repudiated, they have now become impossible—impossible if we look to the due despatch of business. There is in every session at least ten times as much awaiting the consideration of committee as it is physically possible for committees of the whole

House to get through. Committees of the whole House, not being committees at all, not only do the work in the worst possible way—or rather go through the form of doing it; but they occupy in this appearance of work fivefold the time that would be needed by a real committee to do the work. The numbers, the publicity, the set speeches, the excitement of party contest, all conduce to indefinite debate, and all take away the character of effective study. We might as well ask the College of Surgeons *en bloc* to perform a critical operation. If we contented ourselves with true and manageable committees of eleven or twenty-one at most, the House could provide ten, twenty, or even thirty committees, all capable of sitting simultaneously. But of course this is an extravagant number. Ten committees would be more than are needed, and the smaller the number of each, the more real would be the work.

I venture to think, so far as a mere outsider can pretend to have any opinion at all, that committees would be best of about eleven members each. Neither the attendance nor the work of a larger committee would be nearly so good. A smaller number might fail to be truly representative. There are probably about six great departments of business into which these committees might fairly be distributed. They are as follows:—Finance, foreign affairs (including colonies and India), home administration proper, justice and law, trade and manufactures, and lastly defence, including army, navy, and all armed forces. Each of these six form great groups of business, under which all the Government offices could be easily arranged. Now, if we had six great standing committees, each taking one of these groups as its function, and if each committee consisted of eleven members, we should get a total of sixty-six members of the various committees, or almost exactly one-tenth of the House. This would at once set free nine-tenths of the House from the desultory drudgery now called committee work. It would be no burden on the selected committee-men, because their work on the whole would be far lighter than it is at present. For, since the six committees might all sit at once in separate rooms, the work of committee would go on at least six times as rapidly as it does now.

It would be of the utmost importance, if there are to be small committees at all, that those committees should be at once select and representative. They ought to be *select* in the true sense of the word, as being truly chosen by their fellow-members for their experience and special fitness. They ought also to be truly representative, a fair selection not only of the two sides of the House, but of every leading section of both. If this could be fairly attained, this body of sixty-six members would include the very flower of the House; each member of it would hold a function of the highest dignity and responsibility; and the united force of the whole would be very great indeed. The

sixty-six members might for great and special occasions, as the Budget, sit together as one grand committee, by express order of the House. When thus united they would represent a force hardly less than that of the Ministry itself. And if ministers were excluded from their number, they would amply counterbalance any fear that a minister with a bare majority could override the House, or hurry legislation unduly. A body of this kind, representing the House in its best and most honoured shape, organised for work and capable of minute and scientific inquiry, would exercise over legislation as well as the executive that real control and criticism which the House in its inorganic state has now practically lost. The House now impedes Government without controlling it. A truly select committee of the House might assist Government whilst really watching it.

The difficulty is, how could such a body be chosen in such a way as to prevent it from being the nominee of the Ministry, in such a way as to make it a fair representation of the various groups and parties? If the members were chosen by lot, as in foreign assemblies, all pretence of special fitness and eminence would be lost; and the committee itself and its sections would fail to command the confidence of the House. If the members were simply selected in turns by Government and Opposition, they would be strict party men, chosen to obey orders, and entirely failing to represent the various groups and the numerous shades of opinion. What is wanted is some machinery whereby the most eminent men in the House can be really selected, in such a way that they shall hold the same relative strength in committee as they and their friends do in the House, and shall not in fact be mere nominees of the whips and leaders on the two sides. Is it impossible to secure such a machinery?

I have a rooted dislike of all mechanical and numerical devices when applied to obtain political results. But this seems to be a case where one remarkable device exactly supplies the want. I mean what is known as Mr. Hare's scheme of voting, or personal or proportional representation: a scheme so extravagantly praised by Mr. Mill, and so earnestly advocated still by an acute school of politicians. I have always held, and still hold, Mr. Hare's scheme of voting to be worse than useless in electing members of Parliament; indeed, to be a pedantic and mischievous hobby when applied to the votes of the nation. I do not recede from that view. When the nation elects a House of Commons, it is choosing an executive as well as a deliberative body, a body which contains the Ministry, and in which the work of government must be done. For that reason we want something more than a representative body; we want an embodiment of the efficient will and force of the nation. Secondly, in national elections it would be impossible for dispersed electors to meet, or consult, or act in concert; nor can they come into contact with the

member they choose, nor can he come in contact or relation with them. A national election on Mr. Hare's plan would be a lifeless, pedantic, mechanical thing, as flat and unreal as a competitive examination on paper. But none of these conditions apply to such a business as the election of a grand committee by the House itself. Such a committee would be deliberative and critical, but not executive. It would not contain the Ministry; it would interrogate and examine it. What is wanted for such a committee is to make it truly representative of the House to the utmost extent. And Mr. Hare's scheme certainly insures an almost mathematical accuracy in mere representation. Nor does the second objection apply at all to elections made in the House. The 650 members (taking an average) can meet, consult, act in groups, and enter into the most exact calculations and arrangements in voting by knots, all of which is impossible to three or four millions of ignorant electors spread over the three kingdoms.

The working of the plan, as I conceive it, would be this. There are sixty-six members of committee to be chosen, say, by a House of 650. If we include the Chairman of Committees, there will be sixty-five committee men to be elected by the House, or one-tenth of the whole. All that is needed is this: let every member record his vote for any member he please, and he may fairly do so by a proper written document. Then let every member elected by ten separate votes be *ipso facto* a member of the committee. If each member could give but one vote, and vote but once, the utmost care would be required that votes might not be thrown away. The most careful sorting would be needed before voting; and extreme skill would be called out in adjusting the groups in lots of ten each. But that once done—and the House is exactly the place where it can be done—each of the sixty-five committee-men would represent a body of ten electors. It would be easy to have these electors recorded, so that on death or resignation of the committee-man they might substitute another selection. But when by this means the sixty-five members of committee were chosen, they would certainly be an exact mirror of the House itself. The Government, the Opposition, the Third Party, the Fourth Party, the 'independent' Radicals, and the 'savage' Tories, would each be able (if they counted ten members in the House) to have a representative of their own, and as many more as their exact numerical proportion would enable them to return. Thus, if the Government numbered in the House 350, the Opposition 250, the Home Rulers 30, the malcontent Radicals 10, and the Fourth Party 10, then the Government would be represented in committee by 35, the Opposition by 25, the Home Rulers by 3, the Radicals by 1, and the Fourth Party by 1; that is to say, by their exact proportion in the House. If Lord Randolph ever mustered nine fol-

lowers, he too might aspire to be a member of the grand committee; and the tune of 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre, mironton, mironton, mirontaine!' might be heard in committee—let us trust, played a little less noisily than it is in full House.

A standing committee, or selected body, itself precisely one-tenth of the whole House, chosen by deliberate written vote of every member of the House without exception, so carefully grouped as to represent every party and section of a party, and necessarily possessing a dignity almost equal to a Ministry, would have sufficient weight to satisfy the House and uphold its judgments. It would be amply strong enough to resist any attempt of a Government to suppress due discussion, or to precipitate legislation. In case of extreme need, the committee, or the minority in it, could appeal to the House itself, and to the public opinion of the nation. But faction, mere obstruction, and furious personalities, could hardly flourish much in such a body. It would be a body so powerful in the State (and justly powerful because it would hold in its hands the keys of the entire legislative machinery), that fears might be roused lest it should act as a dangerous rival of Government itself, and seriously embarrass the action of Government. This, however, would not be the case, as the committee would possess a deliberative and consultative power alone. It would have no executive function. The ultimate decision and the virtual control of the Ministry would remain as they do now, with the House, but with a House duly informed by a competent scientific committee of its own.

Having put out what I hold to be the right kind of committee—one itself about the tenth of the House, divided into about six groups of eleven each, selected by every individual member of the House, on the method of proportional representation—I abstain from going into further details, which is a matter for practical convenience and personal experience. Ministers might or might not be members of the committee; the time and manner of election, the mode of distributing the groups may vary largely; the exact scheme of business and many details of working are a subordinate matter. Committees of the kind would be elastic and manageable bodies. They might sit with closed doors by order. They might have power to send for persons and papers, and to take evidence on oath; they might have special authority on definite conditions to interrogate ministers, and to call for documents; they might also be empowered to sit in groups, larger or smaller, and to interchange their members, as the judges of the High Court of Justice. These are points I purposely leave open, though on some of them I venture to hold a decided opinion.

If the members whose names were on the back of a Bill had a right to attend and address a committee to which any Bill was re-

ferred, it would be a mere matter of arrangement to provide that ministers should always be present, whether members of the committee or not. It would probably be found convenient to elect the standing committee for an entire session, at the opening of each session, and to permit election by written papers, so as to secure the vote of every individual member of the House. It might also be well to give certain committees the power to sit during the recess, and their hours to be quite independent of those of the House. No difficulty at all need arise as to the time at disposal for the sittings of the committee. The scheme here offered involves the relief of members from the entire work of the committees of the whole House; but it involves much more. It provides for a standing power to close discussion in the first place; in the next place for the abolition of committees on private business; next, for a great decrease in the system of questions and motions for adjournment; and lastly, for the transfer to local boards of much of the work of local legislation. In this way the public sittings of the House would be reduced to one-third or one-quarter of the time now consumed. Instead of sitting forty and even fifty hours in the week, as it has often done of late, the House would amply perform its duties in public sittings of fifteen or twenty hours in the week. The whole of this would be pure gain, especially to ministers, whose parliamentary labours could be reduced at once by more than one-half, for they would not need to attend the sittings of any committees but those engaged in their own special department. The only extra work involved would be that of the hundred or so of members employed in the standing committees or in temporary special committees.

#### IV.

There are petty amendments of business in matters so generally condemned and so certain to be reformed that they need not be now discussed. The nuisance of random questions, of speeches on adjournments and on going into Committee, of reiterated motions to adjourn the House and to adjourn the debate, and lastly, the dropping of measures with the session, are all now recognised as intolerable abuses, and are certain to be forthwith got rid of. It would be idle waste of time to frame a paper constitution for the House of Commons in a Review, but I wish for my own part that the wisdom of our ancestors had established the following rules;—1. That no question should be asked (unless by consent) which had not the support of some committee, or equivalent group of members, as a guarantee that it was not trivial or impertinent; 2. That no one on any pretence should interrupt the business of the day by irrelevant matter or new motions, unless by the formal vote of the House itself; 3. That no one

but the Speaker himself should move the adjournment of the House, or the adjournment of the debate, until the lapse of one hour after any formal decision of the House on either motion; 4. That during any Parliament the work of each session might be carried on continuously, and the work of each session might be carried on in committee notwithstanding the rising of Parliament itself. This rule alone would have done much to abolish obstruction, for the hopes of obstructionists would be annihilated by it.

All of these matters hitherto treated are entirely within the reach of a resolution of the House. They require no legislation, they affect no one outside the House of Commons, and they can be tried experimentally. The business of the Lords does not require the same kind of relief; and if it does, the Lords must be left to reform it themselves. But there are other matters whereon relief is urgently needed which have nothing to do with malicious obstruction, but which are dragging parliamentary government to its grave. There is an enormous accumulation, in the form of Acts, of business entirely local, strictly administrative, and requiring the study of departmental specialists. Since all of these questions involve legislation on a very great scale of a complicated kind, it is out of the question to treat them in an article on the procedure of Parliament. They lie, however, at the root of the matter, and it is necessary at any rate distinctly to mark them.

We are wont to think of France as a country which has a highly centralised system of government. Be this as it may, it is remarkable that in France there are three distinct systems of local authorities charged with a mass of administrative work, of which the larger part in England is directly thrown upon Parliament. These bodies in France are the Council of State, the prefectures and sub-prefectures, and lastly, the elective general councils of the departments. We need some authorities and bodies to correspond with these in order to relieve the Houses, who with us are presumed to do the whole. The mountains of bills, reports, schedules, tables, and returns which choke the House of Commons, and which the members cart away as waste paper, in great measure represent that which, in the French system of government, or in the German—in fact in any system but our own—is regularly committed to special and local councils.

In the first place, we need a permanent legal body to do the work that is done by the committees on private Bills. There ought to be one tribunal and one hearing, not two; trained and permanent judges, in lieu of casual ignorant laymen. There is something unutterably comic in the sight of a large and highly-trained bar, an acute body of lawyers and agents, and an army of scientific experts and professional—yes, *professional* witnesses—arguing for six weeks an engineering and legal problem of vast public interest and of an

abstrusely scientific kind, before a tribunal consisting, it may be, of a master of hounds, a retired colonel, a languid dandy, and an eldest son; and then before a few lords, fresh from the Guards, Hurlingham, or the hunting-grounds of the far West. The thing is kept straight, we know, by the efforts of a few business men; but it is a scandal to a practical nation.

In the second place, if committees of Parliament be the proper bodies to cut those administrative knots which in France come before the Council of State, much of the purely local legislation which now chokes the House of Commons ought properly to be committed to elected county boards. It is wonderful that England of all nations is without the most characteristic and oldest of all representative institutions, the oldest in fact of her own institutions. The House of Commons in truth has absorbed all local energy in itself; but the shire-mote, of which it is a remote descendant, is an essential feature of our national life. The shire-mote needs to be revived and reconstituted on a broad elective basis, and to it will have to be transferred the larger part of that system of local legislation which now stagnates at Westminster, and which is there transacted in so clumsy and costly a manner.

An able man, who looked on our system with an impartial, independent eye, once said that parliamentary institutions were on their trial. They are far more truly on their trial now. The entire constitution of our House of Commons as a governing and legislative body is utterly archaic, and unfit for modern requirements. That historic body trades on its ancient and traditional renown, as the French monarchy and the Roman Senate and the Stuart dynasty traded on theirs. It has been growing more unfit for its work for more than one generation, and it is time its internal constitution were recast. It has itself recast churches, thrones, and orders, venerable corporations and historic systems; and it must now submit its own to the inevitable law of progress. Otherwise, like the monarchy of St. Lewis, when it has reduced all other powers in the State, it will fall in some memorable catastrophe. The royal and noble caste of Versailles in the last century never could bring themselves to believe that they could even be asked to surrender their rights, which were ancient, honourable, and highly agreeable to the proprietors. So now it will be difficult to persuade members that they must give up any portion of the old practice of Parliament, which is bound up with a thousand personal and family traditions, which is more delightful than any club, more loved and sought than any service or order in the world.

It will have to be done, notwithstanding. The House of Commons will not be perhaps quite so jovial; not quite so free-and-easy; no longer the cream and centre of society in its most intellectual and fascinating form, as of old it was. It will not be the same



paradise of Endymions, the arena of Vivian Greys, the dream of schoolboys, and the focus of keen cultivated life. Perhaps not. But this strange catalogue of kingdoms and provinces that we call the British Empire does not exist for the sake of rearing Endymions and giving a new zest to the enjoyments of society. Members of Parliament must give up a great deal of that delightful *abandon* which makes Parliament an ideal club, and the social centre of England. They must learn, like the rest of mankind, to work soberly, to practise scientific habits of business, and, above all, to be much more silent. They will have to give up some things they love much ; but it is the only way in which they and the country can be saved from chaos.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

*THE BIOLOGISTS' ON VIVISECTION.*

SIR JAMES PAGET and his colleagues, in the December number of this Review, accuse the opponents of vivisection of being either carried away by an impulse so vehement that they have never been able to form a careful judgment on the subject, or of having formed that judgment in complete ignorance of the most important facts of the case. I cannot fairly plead guilty to either of those charges, and I do find in the three papers published in the last number of this Review the strongest evidence that the eminent men who wrote them have, on their side, completely ignored the main facts of the case opposed to them. Their own case, of course, they state powerfully enough, and I do not at all deny its superficial plausibility, but they are at least as careless or ignorant of the opposite side of the question as even the most passionate of their antagonists are of the scientific side of the question. Dr. Wilks even goes so far as to assert repeatedly in the course of his paper that all opponents of vivisection base their opposition on the assumption that physiological experiments on animals are all useless. He has evidently read hardly anything that has been written on the subject except on his own side of the case. A very fair number of the articles in favour of a restriction more effective than that of the present law have, I am sorry to say, proceeded from my own pen. I am sorry, of course, only because the subject is so painful; and I am quite sure of this, that I have never believed all these experiments to be scientifically, or even medically, useless. That they have often been misleading no great physiologist would deny, for many of them admit that plenty of the experiments which were once supposed to prove a particular thesis, have, when verified by repetition, resulted in a complete change of view; nor is it any discredit to such experiments, considered merely as physical experiments, that it should be so. In all experimental science it has been the same. Hasty generalisations have been made which have not been justified by the further experiments made to verify or to disprove the inferences drawn from the former set of experiments. Experimental science necessarily begins by groping its way, and it does not in the least follow that because it gropes its way at first it will never find it. My own belief is that while a great deal of credit has been taken for the scientific results

of vivisection which did not fairly belong to it, a sober and moderate estimate, such as that made by Sir James Paget in his paper of last month, of the share which these experiments have had in contributing to the new and more efficient methods of treating disease, may very likely be a just one; and at all events I am quite aware that a great surgeon and biologist like Sir James Paget, whose mind is too judicial to ascribe to one source of new knowledge what is clearly arrived at by the converging lines of a great many different methods of inquiry, is a far better judge of the matter than a mere layman can be. But I do hold very strongly that it is infinitely better for medical science to lose this advantage, and to advance more slowly without it on its intellectual side, than to soil itself by association with a demoralising practice which strikes at the very root of the healing art. What I cannot understand at all is Sir James Paget's easy assumption that supposing the torture of animals to have had a substantial share in conducing to physiological discovery, and better surgical or medical methods, the torture of animals for that purpose is not merely lawful but positively obligatory on physiologists. I use the word torture advisedly, because though the great English physiologists are very shy of the word, and always try to minimise the pain inflicted as much as they can, I am quite sure that in a very large number of cases—in all countries where vivisection is made as free as Dr. Wilks and Professor Owen, and even Sir James, wish it to be made in this country—the pain inflicted does amount to torture, and torture of a very cruel kind. It amounts to that in numberless cases in the great laboratories of Germany, of France, of Italy, and if it amounts to torture only in comparatively rare cases at *present* in England—cases, however, more numerous than the great medical authorities admit—this is, I believe, solely because the influence of public opinion and of the law acting together keep the practice so much in check; and yet this is the very thing complained of by the three eminent writers in the last number, that owing to what they deem the ignorant outcry of the English public, and the Act which was the offspring of that ignorant outcry, the physiologists cannot fully have their way.

What Sir James Paget argues is this, that because we have not yet done away with a number of very cruel amusements, and very cruel modes of killing vermin, and certain cruel modes of preparing sheep and oxen for the market, therefore it is most inconsistent to forbid experiments which, whether they inflict less, or equal, or more pain than those objectionable practices, are at all events of infinitely greater ultimate value, and have the sanction of an infinitely higher purpose. But the reply is very simple. Though I am no vegetarian (and, if I were, I should be obliged to contemplate a far more effectual extermination of the lower races of animals than any one contemplates now, since we should want all the vegetable food they

eat, and could not spare it to them, if they were not to form any part of our food themselves)—still I am most anxious to see all cruel modes of killing animals put an end to. I quite agree with Dr. Wilks, for instance, that if one or two human beings could give their experience of the torture of being hunted, as the man who had to run for his life in the Franco-German war did, we should have far better means of interpreting the shriek of the hare or the rabbit, as it feels the dogs upon it, than we have now, and that we should feel as much ashamed of our coursing and hunting as we do of cock-fighting and bull- or bear-baiting. While I have been writing these lines, the agonising shrieks of some rabbits turned out of a sack by some brutal fellows in the neighbourhood to be torn to pieces by their dogs have been ringing in my ears, and I am as passionately anxious to put down such 'sports' as I am to put down the worst vivisections. But what our physicians and biologists entirely decline to face is this: What would be the result on what I may call the cruel amusements, the popular hunting, and coursing, and vermin-destroying, of the rise of a new scientific class of physiologists, protected by the full sanction of the State, consisting of great and distinguished men, pursuing what we are told to regard as the noblest possible ends, and resulting in the protracted torture of hundreds of cats and dogs—many of them decoyed away from their owners for the purposes of the laboratory, though not of course with the knowledge or consent of the distinguished men who intend to inflict these tortures? We must of course expect that if this practice is to receive the full liberty and complete sanction which, when kept in the hands of thoroughly educated men, Dr. Wilks and Professor Owen claim for it, we shall soon arrive at the same goal whither the other great nations which sanction the practice have already arrived. I have no such exceptional estimate of the tenderness of the English heart that I should expect English physiologists—once secure of their rights in the matter, and strong in the conviction which, I am sure, is perfectly sincere, that they ought to inflict these cruelties in the cause of science—to be at all more straight-laced on the subject of the pain they inflict than are their brethren of the other Teutonic or of the Latin races. What Professor Ludwig has done at Leipzig I do not doubt at all that Professor Burdon Sanderson would think it right to practise here. What S. Schiff did in Florence and M. Paul Bert—now Minister of Education and Worship—used to do in Paris, I have no doubt that Professor Ray Lankester would find plenty of good reasons for doing in London. There is no guarantee in an Anglo-Saxon race, apart from principle and conviction, for any exceptional tenderness of treatment. May I not go further and say that when we have got so far as this, that our physiologists assert the absolute duty of following out any investigation, however keen the torture it may involve, which promises a great light on

scientific problems, and therefore a great chance, at least, of aid to the healing art, those who live up to these principles will more and more suppress any such disinclination to inflict pain which they may find still lingering in their breasts, and will sternly set themselves to do their duty, be the horror of it what it may? Now, the question I want to press on the medical advocates of a free vivisection-table is this: What would be the influence of their free vivisection-tables on the more thoughtless and brutal parts of our population? Should we have more or less chance of getting rid of the cruel amusements, and the cruel modes of destroying vermin, to which Sir James Paget refers, after we had sanctioned the rise of a great profession, not of healers but of investigators, free to torture the animal world in the interests of science as they would, without let or hindrance from the law? The answer is pretty plain. Germany, France, and Italy are not countries in which humanity to the lower animals is more common than it is in England, but less; and partly, no doubt, that is the cause, and partly also the result, of the total indifference felt to the horror of vivisection. This condition of feeling has been in part the reason why there has been no revolt against the practice of vivisection in these countries; while, on the other hand, the existence of this scorn for sentimental humanitarianism among the great scientific men has had a very great effect in intimidating humane people who are not scientific from putting in their protest against the cruelty inflicted in the name of science. Surely it is obvious enough that Sir James Paget's argument is one from the bad to the worse. He argues that because we are so reckless and unscrupulous in our sports and modes of killing, there is great inconsistency in objecting to the rise of a regular scientific class who are to set an example of indifference to the sufferings of the lower animals when weighed against possible benefits to humanity; and this is to argue that because many of us are cruel, we ought to complete and round off the picture by dignifying cruelty with the mantle of science. I maintain, on the other hand, that you cannot take a step so certain to stimulate the thoughtless cruelty which still survives amongst us, as to sanction the deliberate infliction of a great mass of thoughtful cruelty, justified only by the prospect of ultimate benefit to man at the cost of untold agonies to his miserable fellow-creatures.

What the professional biologists seem wholly to forget is that this erection of the physiological method into a great instrument of inquiry is a new departure, and a most significant and important new departure amongst us. When this controversy first arose, Professor Ray Lankester, a most distinguished man among English physiologists, wrote as follows to a weekly journal:—

If Professor Schiff has carefully and intelligently experimented with the dogs entrusted to him, there is certainly no reason to reproach him with their large number. [The statement was that 700 dogs had been vivisected by the Professor.]

If you allow experiment at all, you must admit the more of it the better, since it is very certain that for many years to come the problems of physiology demanding experimental solution will increase in something like geometrical ratio, instead of decreasing.<sup>1</sup>

I have heard Professor Ray Lankester blamed for this language as if it were hasty and ill-considered; but it seems to me that whether prudent or not for the cause he had at heart, it was at any rate perfectly candid, and a thoroughly just corollary from the demands which the physiologists then put forward; nay, that the tone of the profession, though it has since been sedulously reserved as to the quantity of pain it may be necessary to inflict, has been steadily coming up to Professor Ray Lankester's standard in the attitude it has assumed. And it is indeed obvious that if physiologists themselves are the only fit judges of the pain they ought to inflict, if they are right in asserting, as all those who have considered the question, and who take this side, do assert, that no thoroughly educated physiologist should shrink from performing any number of well-considered experiments, however full of torture to the victims, which he deems essential to the eliciting of any important truth, then there can be no escape from Professor Ray Lankester's position. In investigations of this sort a large enough number of experiments to yield a safe average is at least as necessary, probably more so, than in purely physical investigations; for in the highly organised beings there is more risk of capricious variations due to the peculiarities of individual constitutions, and unless errors of this kind can be eliminated, the deductions from them may be entirely vitiated, and may prove misleading instead of trustworthy. Not a physiologist of them all has been found to condemn Professor Rutherford's reduplicated series of severe operations on dogs paralysed, but not rendered the less sensitive to pain, by curari, experiments avowedly made solely to test the effect of various drugs in stimulating the secretion of bile. Nor can any one who maintains the principles of Sir James Paget, much less of Dr. Wilks and Professor Owen, consistently condemn such reduplicated experiments. They set out with the assumption that any amount of animal pain which any properly educated physiologist is willing to inflict in the cause of science is justifiable, and that it must rest with the individual judgment and conscience of the individual physiologist to decide whether the play is worth the candle or not; and they cannot therefore say in any individual case, 'Clearly this man has gone too far; his object was scientific indeed, but trivial, and the number of his victims was too great.' They dare not say, 'Thus far and no farther,' without laying themselves open to the reply that they had already conceded the scientific judgment of the individual operator ought to be the sole judge there. Indeed

<sup>1</sup> Letter to the *Spectator*, January 10, 1874.

if we are to look at physiology solely as an experimental science, and in no other light, I should suppose that Professor Lankester is right. The more of wisely-adjusted experiments you perform for a specific end, the better will be your progress in the understanding of the physiological laws involved. At all events, we know as a matter of fact that wherever these experiments are pursued without restriction, the more numerous grow the new problems which they suggest, whether the solutions of the old problems furnished by them be satisfactory or otherwise. If the physiological laboratory is to flourish in England as it flourishes in Germany, France, and Italy, the chances are that Professor Lankester's anticipations will be verified, and that 'the problems of physiology demanding experimental solution will increase in something like geometrical ratio instead of decreasing.' What is required, then, by the physiologists is this, that while endeavouring to put down all the cruel amusements, and to substitute for the cruel modes of terminating life the most speedy and painless we can find, we shall at the same time sanction the unrestricted growth of a new profession of very great dignity and influence, in which animal torture when weighed against human gains of any kind, whether purely intellectual or directly beneficial to the bodily health and life of men, are to be accounted just as light in the balance as the individual investigator chooses to consider it. Does any man in his senses really believe that such a revolution as this can be effected without lowering enormously the popular consideration for animal suffering? If it is to be a final answer to every question as to the 'why' that the utility of the result far outweighs the mischief of inflicting so much pain, how are we to answer the brutal wagoner or the brutal rat-catcher who declares that as it is essential for the duty he has undertaken to obtain a certain result in a certain time, and at a certain cost, the end must justify the means, even though the team be overdriven, or the rats poisoned by the most agonising of all poisons, to obtain it? You cannot by any possibility inaugurate a new and highly distinguished profession of persons whose business it is known to be to inflict on animals any amount of suffering requisite for the special purpose of benefiting men, without giving a new impulse to the selfishness of men in every other grade of life, and postponing indefinitely the possible acceptance of the humaner creed to which the Act for preventing cruelty to domestic animals gives at once public expression and a new authority.

And as a matter of fact, I do observe that since this subject was first discussed amongst us, the physiologists have caused a considerable change for the worse in the professional estimates formed of the anguish inflicted by this kind of experiment;—estimates changed for the worse chiefly in this, that there is a visible tendency now to whitewash even those most 'cruel vivisectors' whom the great phy-

siologists of the past most earnestly denounced. At the time the Commission on Vivisection was sitting, six years ago, no expression could be found too strong for the cruelty of physiologists like Magendie. The late Professor Sharpey, for instance, spoke of some of Magendie's experiments as exciting 'a very strong feeling of abhorrence, not in the public mind merely, but especially among physiologists,' and he characterised one of these experiments as 'the famous, it ought rather to have been called the infamous experiment.' But if you read the medical journals now, there is hardly a trace of the same tone of passionate indignation against very agonising experiments. Compare the *Lancet* of 1875 with the *Lancet* of 1881, and no one can fail to be struck with the extraordinary change of tone, the disappearance almost of the apologetic line of excuse for vivisection, and the appearance in its place of a strongly aggressive scorn for the humanitarians, and of a tone of assertion for the absolute right of physiologists, so long as they have had a complete education on these matters, to do what they will in the cause of science without being called upon to render an account to any one. Even in speaking of Magendie, so humane and noble a thinker as Sir James Paget now expresses none of the disgust which evidently filled the late Professor Sharpey at the mention of that scientific tormentor's name. I was extremely struck by the sedulously moderate tone of this passage:—

I think it probable that the pain inflicted in such experiments as I saw done by Magendie was greater than that caused by any generally permitted sport; it was as bad as that I saw given to horses in a bull-fight, or which I supposed to have been given in dog-fighting or bear-baiting. I never saw anything in his or any other experiments more horrible than is shown in many of Snyder's bear hunts, or in Landseer's 'Death of the Otter.'

If any one will look at Professor Sharpey's account of the 'infamous' experiment to which he refers (which, however, Sir James Paget, perhaps, may not have seen), it will be difficult, I think, for him to imagine any anguish which 'sport,' however cruel, could inflict that could come near it. But the fashion nowadays—a fashion partly, I think, due to the frequent use of curari in all experiments in which anæsthetics are not used, a poison which, by paralysing the motor nerves, prevents all the usual signs of agony—is to speak in the most minimising and depreciating tone of the probable amount of pain suffered by the victims of physiological experiment, the contortions of whose bodies have perhaps all been stilled by a poison which, in Claude Bernard's opinion, rather increased than diminished the sufferings under the knife. It is to me perfectly clear, that the first effect of the new movement has been, by familiarising men with the subject, to diminish in a most striking degree the professional abhorrence of even the cruellest vivisections; and as one result of this, though no doubt a result produced without their



own knowledge, to persuade the professional apologists for the practice that the actual sufferings inflicted on the victims are in almost all cases comparatively trifling, though it is quite certain that if any one were to propose to inflict the same on a criminal under a sentence of death, humane men like Sir James Paget, Professor Owen, and Dr. Wilks, would be utterly scandalised and horrified. If any one were to propose to them to have all the murderers under sentence of death put under curari, and their bile-ducts opened by a surgical operation in order to inject various drugs, this process, with frequent reopenings of the wound, lasting for eight hours at a time, and the patients' lungs being kept all the time artificially in motion by the use of an engine in order to prevent their death through that paralysis of the lungs which curari causes, not only would these gentlemen be justly indignant, but all England would expect, and rightly expect, the humanest of our professions to lead the cry against a cold-blooded proposal. The criminal himself would no doubt ask, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should suffer this thing?' and the inquiry would be most pertinent. For when this treatment is inflicted upon a few score of dogs, and we indignantly denounce it, we are rebuked by this most humane of professions for our grossly sentimental and injurious comments. And yet Dr. Anthony, the pupil and dissector of Sir Charles Bell, assured us when he was giving his evidence to the Royal Commission, that in his opinion the domestic animals are subject to the same special sensibility of the nerves—hyperæsthesia, the doctors call it—to which civilisation has rendered civilised human beings liable.

I may be asked how *far* I would carry my objection to the infliction of pain upon animals for the sake of men. And I think the question a most reasonable one. Unless we are prepared to lay down some principle for our guidance in these matters, there is nothing but bewilderment on the humanitarian side of the question, while the scientific men have the advantage of consistency in claiming to inflict any pain whatever of which they think the result likely to yield a decided balance of good. Yet I may say in passing that even they cannot persuade men to take much account of the same sort of calculation of the amount of health to be gained or life to be saved, where the set-off on the other side is not animal suffering, but a very much smaller amount of human liberty, pleasure, or privilege to be renounced or forbidden. The absolute prohibition of all alcoholic drinks, except as a drug in the pharmacopœia of the medical man, would probably save a hundred times as many lives, and a thousand times as many constitutions, as all the painful experiments upon animals put together; yet no combination of doctors will ever force that upon us, and I think it is quite right that they should not be able to do so. Again, the refusal of weak nations to defend

themselves against their adversaries would probably prevent infinitely more cruel deaths and crueller wounds than all the tortures inflicted on animals since the science of medicine had its rise have contributed to the same result; and yet men are quite right in not saving their lives and their constitutions at the cost of their liberty and their national life. I believe that no argument is practically weaker with men, in a case where moral considerations can be ranged on the other side, than the plea of utility to health and life. You might prevent numberless and complex diseases by prohibiting the marriage of men and women of unsound constitutions, but moral considerations will not allow the State to do it. Now what is the moral consideration which, in my belief, will outweigh all the pleas of the vivisectionists, and prevent mankind from accepting their estimate of the question at issue? I believe it is this—that while we are bound to keep animal life in subordination to that of man, we are also bound to kill humanely any creatures whose destruction is needful for our life, and regard them and treat them as *bonâ fide fellow-creatures*, in so far as their nature is akin to ours, and to associate our happiness with theirs. We are indeed bound to spare them just as much as we, if we were in the power of a higher race as they are in our power, should expect to be spared by that higher race, ourselves. Thus it seems to me that all those sufferings, in which the lower animals only share our own fate—as the horse, for instance, shares the liabilities of his rider in war, or in dangerous journeys; or as the dog shares the abbreviated life and the various hardships of the St. Bernard monks in their work of mercy at the Swiss hospice—are perfectly legitimate. Such sufferings of the lower races tend to draw them closer to us, and to make us more kindly to them; and therefore sentimental writings about such mild discipline as that of the whip or the reins, or the captivity of cage birds, or any other pains which *mutatis mutandis* are of the same order as we would be willingly subjected to ourselves by a higher race for the sake of being identified with the life and aim of that higher race, sound maudlin, unmanly, and absurd. Suffering of some kind is the fate of all mortal beings; and, indeed, the sufferings of wild animals which have no association with man are probably quite as severe, and not nearly so ennobling, as the sufferings of domesticated animals when humanely trained by those who have a true sympathy for them. But I cannot conceive it possible that we can once begin to treat the lower races of animals as destined to benefit us chiefly by their agonies, without extinguishing in ourselves that genuine sympathy which our common nature and common susceptibilities, and indeed, as many men now hold, our common origin, ought to excite. I think that in a rough way we may put ourselves in the place of the lower animals, and ask what we, with their pains, and their sensitiveness, and their prospects of life, and pain, and happi-

ness, might fairly expect of beings of much greater power, but of common susceptibilities. Small pains, and sufferings, and risks, such as we ourselves would willingly undergo (were our lots as simple as theirs, and were there none dependent upon us) for the sake of helping those above us, we may fairly require of the creatures beneath us. I, for my part, have always thought that the genuine inoculations—the only really *very* fruitful experiments amongst those of recent times—should be included in this class, except in the rare cases where they are known to involve far more torture than the ordinary diseases to which animals are liable, especially as these inoculations may well benefit not only men but the very creatures which suffer them. Indeed, there have been not a few medical men who have tried the effect of such inoculation upon themselves; and there would have been many more of such experimenters were not the claims of kindred among men so much more urgent than any claims amongst the lower animals possibly can be. But directly you come to the point where no man would willingly undergo the torture you propose to inflict, and where any man who proposed to inflict it on another human being, even though he were a condemned criminal, would be thought to be degrading his humanity by the proposal—then I say you also reach the point where to inflict it upon one of the lower creatures for the sake of man, is utterly destructive of the true tie between all sensitive beings, and of the true attitude with which civilisation itself requires that we should regard the fellow-creatures in the ranks of life beneath us. Yet I tried in vain in the Commission on Vivisection to get any physiologist to put limits of any kind to the agony which he thought it right to inflict for what he called ‘a sufficient end.’<sup>2</sup> Now it seems to me that if we are to separate the lower races of animals so entirely from man, that we may inflict any amount of anguish upon them purely for our own benefit—anguish which we should feel it utterly atrocious to inflict on the most criminal for the same end—we sever all ties of sympathy with the lower races of animals, and compel ourselves to assume towards them the moral

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Burdon Sanderson (*question 2750*) replies, for instance, ‘My principle about that and all other cases, whatever the purpose may be for which pain is inflicted, is simply this, that the question of right and wrong depends upon the relation between the purposes of the experiment and the pain inflicted, and the care which is taken that the experiment shall be done in the most efficient manner. If the purpose is a good purpose, and the experiment is made in the most skilful way in which it can be made, and if good care is taken that no unnecessary suffering shall be inflicted, I think that the whole thing is a right action; I have no hesitation about that.’ And when questioned as to a case in which an eminent chemist had abandoned in the middle, as too agonising, an experiment on the effect of mineral poisons, Dr. Sanderson replied that while he declined to judge this particular case, of which he had no special knowledge, ‘I think that a man after devising a method which he believes to be the best method that can be used for the purpose, and having considered the pain that is likely to be inflicted, should not desist in the middle because that pain is inflicted; I think it would be foolish to do so’ (*question 2754*). Now let me just give an illustration of what physiologists, when left to themselves, as our biologists

attitude of selfish tormentors. And the result of that would, I believe, be so disastrous to our civilisation, that we should lose infinitely more in the tone and character of our humanity than we could ever gain in the lives we might save, or the limbs we might heal, or the diseases we might cure, by the knowledge derived from such tortures or from the sanatory resources which they might reveal.

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wish them to be left to themselves, really come to. This is the late Claude Bernard's own description of what a physiologist is and ought to be. He says in the *Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine*, p. 180: 'The physiologist is no ordinary man. He is a scholar, a man who is seized and entirely absorbed by a scientific idea. He does not hear the pain-wrung cries of the creatures: He is blind to the blood which flows. He has nothing before his eyes but his idea, and organisms, which are hiding their secrets from him, which he means to discover.' And this is what Professor Goltz thinks it right to do in the way of experiment: 'To make a machine which shall inflict needle-pricks with great force, and rapidly repeated, is not hard. One can easily employ the principle of the sewing-machine. On a circular plate of 1 lm. diameter I fastened fourteen English sewing-needles at equal distances. I also made a larger one of 2 lm. with forty needles. If this instrument be applied thirty or forty times, changing the place of the needle each time, to the same skull, you may be sure the perfected rind of the head is quite destroyed.' Page 134. Professor Goltz describes in detail his experiments on a dog, different parts of whose brain were removed on July 2, October 7, December 2, 1879, and February 10, 1880. It was subsequently blind and senseless. He killed it on February 21, 1881.

*MORLEY'S 'LIFE OF COBDEN.'*

MR. MORLEY'S long-expected volumes are the last and most important addition to the literature, already of considerable extent, which is devoted, more or less directly, to elucidating the life and work of Cobden. The writings and speeches of this distinguished public man, supplemented by the biographical notices of friends and disciples, have for some time placed at the disposal of the public very sufficient material for estimating his character; and probably the estimate, whatever it may have been, will not be changed in any important particular by the information contained in the new biography. Nevertheless this work is far from being a superfluous addition to recent history. It does not supply us indeed with the same kind of literary enjoyment which Mr. Trevelyan has provided for us in his *Life of Macaulay*. Nor ought we to expect it. Cobden does not furnish any material for a biographer like that of which Mr. Trevelyan has made such admirable use,—for though effective both as a writer and speaker, he is never by any chance brilliant. Nor again need any one seek in Cobden's correspondence for new lights upon the character and motives of his contemporaries. Except during the negotiations which preceded the French Treaty, he had few opportunities of confidential intercourse with other statesmen and party leaders: and he was not perhaps of a temperament to make much use even of the opportunities which he had; so that his observations on individuals or parties do not, as a rule, illustrate any person's character but his own. Nevertheless, in spite of these inevitable deficiencies, a book which gives us Cobden's political opinions, not as they appear full dressed in his speeches and pamphlets, but as they are to be found freely expressed in his familiar correspondence, must be both important and interesting. And this Mr. Morley has certainly provided for us. The selections from a voluminous correspondence seem to be excellently made. And Mr. Morley has taken care that his own opinions, while sufficiently enunciated, shall not occupy an unduly large share of space: a reticence for which his readers may be the more grateful, since, during the composition of his work, he would seem, from his occasional utterances, to have been in a frame of mind much more suited to the editor of a party newspaper than to the writer of an impartial history.

Cobden's career, if interesting for no other reason, would be so for

this, that it differs in outline—is framed, so to speak, on a different plan—from that of every other man who has risen to eminence in English political life. It was unusual in its commencement, in its course, and in its culmination. Most men desirous of a share in the direction of public affairs regard a Parliamentary seat as the first, and a certain measure of Parliamentary success as the second, requisite for giving practical effect to their political creed; while they look to office as the most effective instrument for turning the power which they may so obtain to the best account.

If this be the normal course of an English statesman, Cobden's course was abnormal in every particular. His political importance depended upon causes among which position in the House of Commons was the smallest. The most triumphant moment of his public life—the day on which the Bill repealing the Corn Laws received the Royal assent—occurred before he had sat through a whole Parliament; and it is doubtful whether it would have occurred a day later, or if he would have had a title to a smaller share in the result, had he never been a member of Parliament at all. Similar observations, though with considerable qualification, might be made respecting his career generally. Throughout his life he was always more concerned in advancing some special object or in enforcing some single idea than in taking a varied part in the complex business of government; and therefore it was that he did not regard either Parliament or office as essential instruments for carrying out his purposes. Office might too easily become a restraint; Parliament could not be more than a superior 'stump' from which the favourite opinion might be advocated.

Cobden therefore must be looked on rather as a political missionary than as a statesman, as an agitator rather than as an administrator. But he was, for the particular objects he had in view, and for the particular audiences he had to address, the most effective of missionaries and the greatest of agitators. Mr. Morley puts him in this respect second to O'Connell, but in truth it is impossible to draw a comparison between them. O'Connell would have been as powerless among the middle classes of Lancashire and the West Riding as Cobden would have been among the excitable peasantry of Ireland. All popular audiences are moved more through their feelings than their reason. But an English multitude differs from an Irish one in preferring that appeals to its feelings should be made in the form of argument; and in the art of making such appeals Cobden was a master who has never been surpassed.

The most superficially striking fact about this career of political propagandism is the very different measure of success which it met with in its first and in its second part. It is not too much perhaps to say that the Cobden of 1850–60 owed the greater part of his authority in the national councils to the reputation acquired by

the Cobden of 1841-46. Men listened with respect to the untiring advocate of peace and disarmament because he was the same man who had so effectually preached against 'monopolies.' But they listened without conviction, and he preached without success. In 1845 Sir Louis Malet is able to describe him, not very accurately indeed, but without any glaring absurdity, as the 'tribune of the people.' Ten years had not elapsed before he sank from being the tribune of the people to being the unpopular adherent of a small and powerless sect, wholly unable to influence the course of events, and scarcely able to obtain a hearing except in the House of Commons, an assembly which Cobden elsewhere declares to be 'packed' in the interests of that class whom he regarded as his special mission to oppose.

This striking change, which reached its dramatic climax in 1857, when the so-called Manchester School was for an instant deprived of political existence, deserves explanation. It cannot be said that the general arguments in favour of peace and disarmament were either more difficult to understand or appealed to feebler motives than the arguments in favour of cheap bread. Both the one and the other were primarily (I do not say exclusively) directed to plain and obvious feelings of self-interest—a mode of persuasion of which Cobden always had the highest opinion.<sup>1</sup> Neither is it the fact that the advocates showed less zeal and less courage on the second occasion than on the first; for the zeal of the 'Peace Party' was great, and their courage beyond all praise. Nor yet can it be alleged that their criticism on the prevailing policy was right between 1840 and 1850, and wholly wrong between 1850 and 1860, since few will, I suppose, be found prepared to defend in its entirety the foreign policy of the Liberal and Coalition Ministries during those years.

Mr. Bright in 1857, when his party collapsed, offered an explanation—indeed, two explanations—of the problem. The first<sup>2</sup> he saw in the 'ignorance, scurrility, selfishness, ingratitude, and all the unpleasant qualities that every honest politician must meet with' when he 'does his duty;' while the second is given in the following sentence, which I extract from a letter to Cobden of that date: 'In the sudden break-up of "the school" of which we have been the chief professors, we may learn how far we have been, and are, ahead of the public opinion of our time. We purpose not to make a trade of politics;' and so on.

Some less simple explanation, however, seems to be required than that Mr. Bright was honest and enlightened, while other people were 'ignorant, scurrilous, selfish, and ungrateful.' Radical politicians, following this example, need never find any difficulty in placing their conduct in an interesting light, whatever view the public may happen

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 115.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 194.

to take of it. Are they the popular favourites? Then are they the representatives, the tribunes, of the people, and speak almost with the voice of inspiration. Does the people burn them in effigy? It is a sign and measure of the extent to which they are ahead of the public opinion of their time.

The people's voice is odd;  
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

With all deference to Mr. Bright it appears to me that the principal causes of the profound divergence between the general feeling and the opinions of Cobden and his colleagues during the last fourteen years of his life, as well as of many of the least estimable characteristics of their political creed, are to be found in the peculiar conditions of the period in which they began their public life—conditions which, themselves transient and exceptional, have yet profoundly and permanently affected the course of English politics.

In ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances there is no reason why the line of political 'cleavage' should in any way coincide with the difference between the manufacturing and the agricultural interest. The fact that one man has his property invested in land and farm-buildings, and another in plant and machinery, does not in the nature of things supply a sufficient reason for their belonging to different political parties. The period, however, when Cobden first took interest in public affairs, was in this respect not ordinary. The very imperfect representation of the great manufacturing centres, which it was the chief and perhaps the only merit of the first Reform Bill to have remedied, left a certain soreness even after it had disappeared. When to the memory of this former grievance was added the consciousness of an existing wrong—when it was shown that in the interests of the class who had too long retained an undue share of political power, laws were in force which favoured their material prosperity at the expense of those very persons who had just been admitted to a full share of Parliamentary influence—it is evident that the conditions existed under which ordinary party warfare might be complicated by a struggle between the manufacturers and agriculturists, or, as Cobden chose to put it, between the middle classes and the aristocracy. These were facts which the philosophic Radicals (who to a certain extent prepared the way for their more robust brethren of the Manchester School) were perfectly ready to demonstrate. Their politics made them dislike the landlords, their political economy made them dislike the Corn Laws, and they were ready to supply any amount of abstract reasoning in favour of a policy which might impoverish the one by destroying the other. Abstract reasoning, however, though not to be despised as an ally, is by itself the feeblest of political forces. If Protection had embraced the whole circle of our industries, or if it had been used to keep up the price of anything but the neces-



series of life, fragments of it might have survived to this day, in spite of all the demonstrations in the world. But it so happened that the great change of our fiscal system in the direction of Free Trade had already begun in the pre-Reform period under Lord Liverpool, and had *not* begun with agriculture. It was inevitable, therefore, that the manufacturers should ask why Parliament in dealing with the articles they produced should legislate in favour of the consumer, while in dealing with the articles they consumed it should legislate in favour of the producer; and this question, though not more difficult to answer, became much more difficult to ignore when commerce was declining, poor rates rising, and wheat cost seventy-seven shillings a quarter.

The interest of all this, so far as Cobden is concerned, lies in the fact that instead of entering into political life merely as a member of one of the two great political parties, he entered it to fight a manufacturer's, or as he called it, a middle-class battle, against 'aristocratic monopolists,' with arguments drawn from an abstract science. All these three circumstances, modified profoundly, and, as I think, perniciously, the whole course of his public life. They fostered the habit of regarding all political controversies as controversies between classes; so that (among other evil effects) to all the bitterness which arises from political disagreement was added all the bitterness which arises from real or imaginary social divisions. They induced him to rate too highly the importance of purely economic considerations in deciding questions of general policy, and to misinterpret or ignore some of the most powerful, and by no means the most contemptible, motives by which the history of nations is influenced. They were, perhaps, the real causes of the un-English character which Mr. Disraeli attributed to the statesmanship of himself and his friends, and which Mr. Bright, while he confessed to it, characteristically claimed as an indication of their superior honesty and public spirit.

Those who are desirous to observe how these causes conspired together to warp Cobden's political speculations, may note his theory of 'the aristocracy,' a theory almost as important in his political system as is the law of gravitation in astronomy. Mr. Morley appears entirely to share his hero's views on this subject, and his two volumes throughout presuppose a version of the drama of English history, according to which a selfish, unscrupulous, and feudal aristocracy figures sometimes as the villain, and sometimes as the fool of the piece, alternately coercing, robbing, and corrupting a weak but estimable middle class. 'Selfish,' 'insolent,' 'corrupt,' 'depraved,' 'prejudiced,' 'stupid,' 'virulent,' 'unscrupulous,' 'hypocritical,' 'unprincipled,' are some of the expressions Mr. Morley is impelled to employ, in order to do justice to his own and his friend's views of landlords and aristocrats, protectionist or otherwise; and though

Cobden is more moderate in his language, he is scarcely more reasonable in his opinions. We are not, it must be remembered, dealing now with the rhetorical devices—the ‘violations of good taste and kind feeling’—which Cobden said<sup>3</sup> he found necessary in order that audiences which declined to come merely to be instructed might be ‘excited, flattered, and pleased;’ nor yet with the outbursts of that irritable intolerance, which, as displayed by Mr. Bright,<sup>4</sup> so strangely remind Mr. Morley<sup>5</sup> of the ‘wrath of an ancient prophet.’ We are concerned with a theory which was gravely held by the leaders of the ‘Manchester School,’ which modified all their political judgments, and supplied them with a key to all the mysteries of contemporary politics. According to this the population of England may be divided, not only socially but for all political purposes, into three classes—upper, middle, and lower. The interests of the middle and lower classes are identical, and are opposed to the interests of the upper class. Nevertheless it is the upper class which governs the country. It refuses to admit any members of the other classes to a share in the direction of affairs. It likes large armaments, because they support the younger children of landlords. It likes war, because war justifies large armaments. It likes an active foreign policy, because that always conduces to war. Its very existence is a standing violation of the principles of political economy. This singular theory was probably derived in part from the doctrinaire school of political economists, who having divided the produce of agriculture into rent, profit, and wages, and having asserted, truly enough, that rent as defined by them was not earned either by labour or abstinence, were apt to regard its existence as an economic accident, unfortunately taken advantage of by a small and not very useful portion of the community. It is evident, also, that Cobden’s views on this subject were largely influenced by his own strong class feeling. He chose to regard the manufacturers as a distinct ‘order’ in the State, and he chose to regard ‘the aristocracy’ as another and rival ‘order.’ One of his early aspirations<sup>5</sup> was to see the commercial classes ‘become the De Medicis, Fuggers, and De Witts of England, instead of glorying in being the toadies of a clodpole aristocracy only less enlightened than themselves.’ And many years later he expressed, in not less polished language, vehement indignation<sup>6</sup> against the manufacturers of Manchester, who declined to be represented by so valiant a defender of their ‘order’ as Mr. John Bright.<sup>6</sup>

The principal cause, however, of Cobden’s ‘class theory’ of English politics, is, I believe, to be found in the Corn Law controversy:—and at first sight the circumstances of this struggle might seem to supply not only a sufficient motive, but an adequate justification of it. For while there could be no doubt that the leaders of the Protectionists were landlords, it was also true that their interests were

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 194.<sup>4</sup> Vol. i. p. 207.<sup>5</sup> Vol. i. p. 194.<sup>6</sup> Vol. ii. p. 197.

involved in maintaining the protective system, while the interests of the majority of the community lay on the whole in its abolition. Here, if anywhere, might seem to exist a state of things which would justify the epithets of which I gave above an imperfect, though sufficient catalogue.

In truth, however, a sober examination of the facts of English politics, between the formation of the League and the abolition of the Corn Laws, is quite sufficient to show that the government of England was not then any more than at previous periods of our history aristocratic in any proper sense of that term, and that the class whom Cobden chose to describe as the aristocracy, were not open to the charges of unscrupulous selfishness which it pleased him and his school frequently to bring against them.

It is absurd to ascribe corrupt motives to large bodies of men, merely because the economic theories they adopt are in accordance with their own interests. No one doubts the purity of Cobden's motives in promoting the Corn Law agitation. Yet Cobden not only believed that the profits of his ordinary business would be greatly augmented by the change he advocated, but went out of his way to speculate in town land, on the ground that its value must rise as soon as the tax on bread was abolished. It may be said that the motives of the Protectionists are liable to suspicion because their theories were not only favourable to themselves, but were manifestly false. But at this moment the vast majority of the civilised world advocate false economic theories; and of that majority, the great majority imagine those theories to be to their own advantage. The civilised world may possibly be foolish: but not, surely, unscrupulous and hypocritical. Why are the English landlords of 1845 to be described in harsher language than the English manufacturers of 1821, or the French, American, German, Russian, Canadian, and Australian manufacturers of 1881? Their error may be a proof of stupidity, but if it be, the stupidity is too general to excite either surprise or indignation.

In truth, however, it was hardly open to Cobden to charge the Protectionists with stupidity. Though not, so far as appears, a very profound political economist himself, he was of opinion that political economy was more difficult of comprehension than any of the 'exact sciences.' Which of the exact sciences he had mastered (unless phrenology be one), Mr. Morley does not, so far as I recollect, inform us. But at all events the majority of mankind cannot be expected to understand the exact sciences, and are not to be described as selfishly foolish when they fail to do so.

But Cobden committed a much more serious error than that of merely misjudging the motives of his political opponents:—he misjudged their political position. When he represented the Corn Laws as examples of the pernicious class legislation, which, together with wars

and armaments, we owed to the fact that we have long been governed by a 'feudal aristocracy,' he used language admirably suited indeed to further his agitation, but not at all fitted to encourage, either in himself or his hearers, a true perception of the facts.\*

In the first place it is as certain as anything in hypothetical history can be, that Corn Laws would have existed in England, however property in land had happened to be distributed. If the soil had been owned in small lots, protection would have been demanded, and given, as surely as it was under the actual circumstances; but it would not have been removed so easily. Cobden shared to the full the dislike of his school to large landed properties. In this he was ungrateful. It was the existence of large landed properties that insured and accelerated the great triumph of his life. Does any one imagine that any important minority of a peasant proprietary would have been converted to the doctrine of Free Trade? Or that any minority at all would have supported a bill calculated to reduce them by thousands to beggary and ruin? Owing to the existence of a 'feudal aristocracy' those most permanently, if not most deeply, interested in the continuance of a tax on bread were few; they were not united; and the question to them was not one of life and death. Had the soil been parcelled out among small owners, all these conditions would have been reversed. The country would have been arrayed against the towns, powerful, perhaps overwhelming in numbers, entirely of one mind, undisturbed by any knowledge of the 'exact sciences,' and determined by hard necessity to fight to the last. How, and at what cost, would the struggle have ended?

In the second place it cannot be doubted that the Protectionist landlords, so far from fighting, as Cobden would say, solely for their 'order,' represented the middle classes of the counties as faithfully as did Cobden and the leaders of the League the middle classes of the towns. That the landlords have ever in English history constituted, in any accurate sense of the term, a political aristocracy, is indeed a pure illusion. An aristocracy is a class which governs independently of, and if need be in opposition to, public opinion. There has never been any such government in this country. It is not of course denied that in England the owners of the soil have been a powerful body; nor should I dispute the fact that the same public opinion from which, in the main, they derived their power may possibly have in some cases permitted it to be used, consciously or unconsciously, for purposes more to their advantage than to that of the community at large. It can hardly be otherwise. The government which does not occasionally sacrifice a general advantage feebly coveted to the wishes of a class powerfully expressed, has yet to be discovered. But this disease is incident to all forms of government by public opinion. Whatever the nominal form of such government may be, whether it be called republican or monarchical, whether it has a less or a more restricted

suffrage, there will always be classes in it whose members have greater power than any equal number of its other citizens taken at random. These classes may consist of landowners or millowners, journalists or wirepullers. Their power may be exercised on the whole for good, or on the whole for evil. It may arise from temporary or from enduring causes. It may be obtained by historical accident, by intrigue, by merit, by utility to a faction or obsequiousness to a mob. But however it be acquired, or however it be used, it is certain to exist. It must be observed, indeed, that this class power is of very different kinds. It may belong to a class in its corporate capacity, acting as a united body. Such is the power of a railway 'interest' or of the 'Irish vote.' It may belong to a class because the individuals composing that class, or many of them, are possessed of special sources of influence, as, for example, editors of newspapers or large employers of labour; or it may belong to a class because its members are, for some reason or other, largely chosen as the exponents of public opinion, or of some important section of public opinion. Cobden too often forgot the extent to which the class whom he chose to describe as 'the aristocracy' obtained their power in this third or derivative manner. He was by this initial mistake constantly led into errors of judgment regarding the nature of the political forces with which he had to deal. During the continuance of the Corn Law controversy, this was of small moment. It added greatly to the force and point of his rhetoric to represent the hated 'monopoly' as imposed by the power, and retained in the interests, of a small selfish and wealthy minority, and the opinion, though absurd, led to no practical inconveniences. But when this question was disposed of, his theory led him sometimes into strange mistakes. In 1848 he feared a war with France 'owing to the 'natural repugnance on the part of our Government, composed as it is entirely of the aristocracy, to go on cordially with a republic.' In the next year we find him writing to Mr. Bright,<sup>8</sup> 'I wish to abate the power of the aristocracy in their strongholds. Our enemy is subtle and powerful,' &c. By 1852, however, *à propos* of the Militia Bill, he began somewhat more clearly to recognise that wickedness and folly were not confined entirely to high places. 'All the aristocratic parties,' he says,<sup>9</sup> 'are in favour of more armaments. Our business is to try and make the people of a different opinion. I am more and more convinced that we have much to do with the public, before we can, with any sense or usefulness, quarrel with this or that aristocratic party.' The next year, this not very recondite fact seems to be clearly apprehended. 'Before you and I,' he writes,<sup>10</sup> 'find fault with the Whig chiefs, let us ask ourselves candidly whether the country at large is in favour of any other policy than that which has been pursued by the aristocracy, Whig and Tory, for the

<sup>8</sup> Vol. ii. p. 17.<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* p. 114.<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* p. 57.<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* p. 132.

last century and a half.' Yet when the crash came in 1857, the scarcely learnt truth is forgotten. Cobden cannot believe that the middle classes and 'the aristocracy' could honestly agree to differ with him. Some other explanation had to be sought for the total collapse of the Manchester School. Mr. Bright, as we have seen, was rather inclined to find the explanation in his own superiority. Cobden, on the other hand, saw it in the degradation of the class in whom he had been accustomed to put his trust. Prompted by the same spirit of enlightened charity which suggested the statement<sup>11</sup> that the wickedness and folly of unnecessary wars could not be avoided, because without the expenditure on 'wars and armaments' the 'aristocracy could not endure,'<sup>12</sup> he suggests a not less wicked but even more contemptible reason for the adherence of the 'middle classes' to the policy of the 'upper.' As the latter are, according to Cobden's theory, influenced by greed of money, so the former are influenced by subservience to rank. The manufacturers of Manchester who presumed to turn out Mr. Bright are<sup>13</sup> 'base snobs,' who 'kick away the ladder' by which they have risen to prosperity, and their action is characterised<sup>14</sup> as 'a display of snobbishness and ingratitude.' A friend makes a failure in seconding the Address. Upon which Cobden writes,<sup>15</sup> 'I have never known a manufacturing representative put into a cocked hat and breeches and ruffles, with a sword by his side, to make a speech for Government, without having his head turned by the feathers and frippery. Generally they give way to a paroxysm of snobbery, and go down on their bellies, and throw dust on their heads, and fling dirt at the prominent men of their own order.'

It is some comfort to think that in this dark picture of the meanness of 'the only class (as Cobden said<sup>16</sup>) from whose action in his time any beneficial changes were to be expected,' some brighter spots are to be found. Prone as the middle classes are to be<sup>17</sup> 'timid and servile' to the 'feudal governing class,' yet in one favoured spot more masculine qualities are still to be found among them. In August 1857, shortly after his rejection for Manchester, Mr. Bright

<sup>11</sup> Vol. ii. p. 362 (respecting the China War of 1860).

<sup>12</sup> In reference to this favourite accusation of the Manchester School, it may interest the reader to note (1) that Mr. Morley tells us (vol. ii. p. 444) that in 1864 'the supreme control of peace and war was finally taken out of the hands of the old territorial oligarchy;' (2) that he is of opinion (vol. ii. p. 378) that the 'Liberal awakening' which 'placed Mr. Gladstone in power, with Mr. Bright himself for the most popular and influential of his colleagues,' put the country in a condition to deal properly with the expenditure on armaments, which could not be done in 1862 owing to 'the ignorance and flunkeyism of the middle classes;' (3) that the army and navy estimates are now bigger than ever. I may confess that I used to believe that the stupid calumny to which I allude in the text was an invention unscrupulously used for party purposes. I must sincerely apologise for this silent injustice, which had its origin in the fact that the theory in question seemed to be too foolish to be credited by men of ordinary education. I gladly yield to the conclusive evidence to the contrary which is furnished by the private correspondence of Mr. Cobden.

<sup>13</sup> P. 157.

<sup>14</sup> P. 198.

<sup>15</sup> P. 198.

<sup>16</sup> P. 390.

<sup>17</sup> P. 396.

was elected for Birmingham. The people of Birmingham, it is reassuring to learn, are, or at all events were, at that date <sup>18</sup> 'honest and independent,' and 'free from aristocratic snobbery.'

We could have, I think, no more striking example than this of the extent to which Cobden's judgment of men was perverted by his inveterate habit of looking at any question from the point of view of class divisions. Making all allowance for the irritation caused by a crushing defeat not very philosophically endured, is there not something very foolish, and I had almost said a little vulgar, in thus attributing the catastrophe to the overmastering influence of the meanest and vulgarest motives? Grant that Lord Palmerston was entirely in the wrong about the China War; grant that the combination of parties which forced him to dissolve was entirely in the right; is the theory credible, is it even plausible, which represents the political forces which sent him back to office after the general election, as being the infamous cupidity of one section of the community and the contemptible meanness of another? Is it impossible that for some, even for most political purposes, social divisions should be neglected? Is it impossible that the general opinion of all classes should be swayed by one set of motives? Is it impossible that those motives should be respectable?

In all this the influence of the fact that Cobden's early political battles really were class contests is sufficiently apparent. The other circumstance I pointed out, namely that those battles were fought for commercial objects and on economic grounds, had even more effect on the character and influence of the opinions which he spent the latter portion of his life in advocating.

Some lady in 1852 remarked that Cobden's policy never rose beyond a 'bagman's millennium.' This observation, uttered in private, and in the freedom of conversation, was not untrue for an epigram, and was both more just and more charitable than some of the judgments (by no means epigrammatic) which Mr. Morley has written down, printed, corrected for the press, and published. His comments on the observation are in these terms: <sup>19</sup> —

This was the clever way among the selfish and insolent of saying, that the ideal which Cobden cherished was comfort for the mass, not luxury for the few. He knew much better than they (i.e. the class 'whose lives are one long course of indolence, dilettantism, and sensuality,') <sup>20</sup> that material comfort is, as little as luxury, the highest satisfaction of man's highest capacities, but he could well afford to scorn the demand for fine ideals of life on the lips of a class who were starving the workers of the country in order to save their own rents.

Mr. Morley is angry but confused. The second sentence of his criticism shows that he understands the nature of the complaint urged by the 'insolent and selfish' against Cobden's views of national policy: so that the first sentence must be regarded as a deliberate

<sup>18</sup> P. 199.

<sup>19</sup> Vol. i. p. 207.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* p. 206.

perversion of it. As for the last clause, it is as impossible to see why Cobden should scorn a demand which he knew to be just, because he objected to the lips which uttered it, as to discover how, in 1852, six years after the abolition of the corn laws, it was possible 'to save rents by starving the workers of the country.'

What then was the policy of which it is so dangerous to hint disapprobation? Cobden's admirers sometimes talk as if he was the discoverer of the fact that war is expensive, that when it is unnecessary it is not only expensive but wicked, and that the nation which does that which is expensive and wicked is certain to suffer in purse, and possibly in other ways also. His opponents, on the other hand, sometimes represent him as advocating peace under all circumstances and under every provocation; or, as it is called, 'peace at any price.' As a matter of fact he did something more important than preach the commonplaces for which the first applaud him, and something less absurd than support the paradox which the second lay to his charge. It is true that these last seem almost justified by the impartial and universal disapproval with which Cobden regarded everything which could by any possibility promote what he called 'the military spirit.' He not only thought that every modern war in which this country has ever been engaged was wholly indefensible, but he regarded with the darkest suspicion every instrument by which war, whether offensive or defensive, could by any possibility be carried on. He wished to cut down the army and the navy; he objected to the militia; he attacked the volunteers; and he vehemently disapproved of every fortification scheme that was proposed.

But behind all this criticism of war and warlike expenditure there lay a theory of the British Empire which, if accepted, would go far to account for Cobden's views respecting armaments, but which the English people did not accept in Cobden's lifetime, and do not accept now. It was this fundamental divergence which rendered it inevitable that his reiterated attacks on the military policy of successive governments should fail of their effect, and made the best founded objections liable to a natural suspicion that they rested on presuppositions with which his hearers could not agree. Cobden's view of the external relations of our Empire was purely commercial and economic; in the language of the 'selfish and insolent,' the view of a bagman. 'He delighted,' says Mr. Morley,<sup>21</sup> 'in such business-like statements as that the cost of the Mediterranean Squadron in proportion to the amount of trade which it was professedly employed to protect was as though a merchant should find that his traveller's expenses for escort alone were to amount to 6s. 8d. in the pound on the amount of his sales.' In something of the same spirit he estimated the value of our foreign possessions. In order to be worth keeping they must pay, and pay in a manner as easily demonstrable

<sup>21</sup> Vol. i. p. 98.



as the profits of a bank or the yield of a mine. Not only must they pay, but it must be shown that they would not pay as well if they belonged to somebody else; and on this point Cobden was not easy to convince. The author of the 'Commercial Treaty with France' was of opinion that the manufacturers of Manchester exhibited a melancholy ignorance<sup>22</sup> of the principles of Free Trade when they viewed with alarm the possibility of India passing to another, and, as he must have known, probably protectionist power. 'Now that the trade of Hindostan,' he says,<sup>23</sup> 'is thrown open to all the world on equal terms, what exclusive advantage can we derive to compensate for all the trouble, cost, and risk of ruling over such a people?' And again:<sup>24</sup> 'Under the *régime* of Free Trade Canada is not a whit more ours than the United States.' Inspired by these opinions, he would have seen India go with pleasure, the colonies without regret. They cost money to defend; and we got nothing for the privilege of defending them but commercial advantages which we should equally possess if they had to defend themselves.

Now I do not mean to discuss the effect which the loss of our Indian and colonial possessions would have on our trade, though I think Cobden underrated, and greatly underrated it; nor yet the evil consequences of severance to the dependencies themselves, which Cobden denied or left out of account. The interesting point is to note how apt he was to ignore for himself, and to misinterpret in others, every view of the Empire which was not exclusively commercial. To him our vast and scattered dominions appeared to be an ill-constructed fabric, built at the cost of much innocent blood and much ill-spent treasure, and which, having been originally contrived in obedience to a mistaken theory of trade, was not worth the trouble of keeping in repair now that that theory had been finally exploded. The same deficient sympathy and insight which prevented him seeing any cause for the Napoleonic wars but the selfish ambition of the 'ruling class,' or any result of them but a crushing debt, rendered more onerous by continental complications, made him regard the motives which induce ordinary Englishmen obstinately to cling to the responsibilities of Empire as consisting of an uninstructed love of gain or of a vulgar greed of territory. He may have been right in thinking that the weight of responsibilities might become a burden too heavy to be borne. It may be true that the sceptre of dominion is doomed at no distant date to slide from our failing grasp. We may be destined, from choice or from necessity, to shut ourselves up within the four seas; and it is not impossible, though highly improbable, that even under these conditions our Board of Trade Returns may be such as to delight the heart of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. But no man is fit to estimate the consequences of this

<sup>22</sup> Vol. ii. p. 214.<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.* p. 206.<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.* p. 42.

change who attempts to estimate them solely and exclusively by figures. The sentiments with which an Englishman regards the English Empire are neither a small nor an ignoble part of the feelings which belong to him as a member of the commonwealth. If therefore that Empire is destined to dissolve, and with it all the associations by which it is surrounded; if we in these islands are henceforth to turn our gaze solely inwards upon ourselves and our local affairs; if we are to have no relations with foreigners, or with men of our own race living on other continents, except those which may be adequately expressed by double entry and exhibited in a ledger;—we may be richer or poorer for the change, but it is folly to suppose that we shall be richer or poorer only. An element will be withdrawn from our national life which, if not wholly free from base alloy, we can yet ill afford to spare; and which none, at all events, can be competent to criticise unless, unlike Mr. Cobden, they first show themselves capable of understanding it.

If Cobden's views on questions of foreign and colonial policy were somewhat narrowed by his too strictly economic view of our external relations, it was only natural that his views on all questions connected with land should be somewhat warped by his aversion to the class who owned so much of it. One of the most amusing instances of this is a proposal he makes<sup>25</sup> for settling the Irish land difficulty by applying to it the law of succession as it exists in France. Many strange remedies have been proposed for the agrarian ills of that unhappy country: some strange ones have been adopted; but surely no one before or since has professed to see the salvation of Ireland in the slow but indefinite multiplication of squireens. It was not, however, to large landlords in Ireland only that he objected. He professed to think<sup>26</sup> that a 'feudal governing class' (as by a bold misuse of terms he was accustomed to describe them) 'exists only in violation of sound principles of political economy.' But he left no very clear account of what he meant by the statement. If, as might be conjectured, he was alluding to the restrictions (for the most part imaginary) on the sale and transfer of land, which are due to settlement and entail, it is sufficient to remark that no class owes its existence or its power to the continuance of these restrictions: if he meant anything else, it is difficult to see what political economy has to do with the matter. The inquiry, however, is not very important. Cobden was not the first, nor will he be the last statesman who imagines that in yielding to his political or social dislikes he does honour to political economy; and the particular form which the process of self-deception took in his case is not now of much interest even from a purely biographical point of view. There is, indeed, one question connected with this subject to which I should like to have an answer. It is this: How would Cobden have acted had he lived

<sup>25</sup> Vol. ii. p. 28.<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.* p. 369.

to see the last Irish Land Bill, and been obliged to choose between gratifying his favourite antipathy and adhering to his favourite system? The Prime Minister, as we all recollect, has asserted in words, and exemplified in deeds the principle that the abstract doctrines of political economy find their proper application in Jupiter and Saturn. Cobden, on the other hand, announced that he was prepared to 'follow political economy anywhere.' He would have found the statement embarrassing in 1882.

There are many other topics suggested by Mr. Morley's volumes which it might be interesting to discuss; but this article has nearly reached its legitimate limits, and must draw to a conclusion.

Much as there is to admire in his hero, a perusal of the new material Mr. Morley has provided us with does not, I think, dissipate the impression that the eulogies of some of his disciples are excessive and overstrained. Cobden was an honest, an able, and a useful public man, but not, I think, as his admirers claim for him, either a great politician or a great political philosopher. He was prevented from being the first by the mental peculiarity which made him a serviceable ally only when (as he says himself<sup>27</sup>) he was advancing some 'defined and simple principle;' a limitation which, whatever its compensating advantages may be, is an effectual bar to the highest success in a career which requires in those who pursue it a power of dealing not only with principles, but likewise with an infinity of practical problems which are neither 'defined' nor 'simple.' He was, on the other hand, prevented from being a great political philosopher, if by no other causes, still by the circumstances of his early life. His education, pursued with admirable energy while he was immersed in the business of clerk and commercial traveller, was not, and perhaps could not be, of the kind best suited to counteract the influences which, as I have pointed out, surrounded his early political career. His radicalism from the first was the radicalism of a class, and such in all essentials it remained to the end. His lack of the historic sense was not compensated by any great scientific or speculative power. Much as he saw to disapprove of in the existing condition of England, he never framed a large and consistent theory of the methods by which it was to be improved. Outside the narrow bounds of the economics of trade he had political projects, but no coherent political system; so that if he was too theoretical to make a good minister of state, he was too fragmentary and inconsistent to make a really important theorist. For example, there was no expectation which he more confidently cherished than the amiable one that Free Trade would lead, and lead soon, to general peace. Yet there was no practical reform which, towards the end of his life, he more desired to see carried into effect than an alteration in international law which should free private property

<sup>27</sup> Vol. i. p. 369.

from liability to capture at sea. This was (need I say?) resisted, in his opinion, only by a selfish aristocracy. Yet had it been adopted, Free Trade would, for this country at least, have lost its most pacific virtues. These obviously consist in the fact that Free Trade enormously increases the indirect cost of hostilities: and it is plain that if the proposed alteration in the laws of maritime warfare is to be recommended at all, it is to be recommended on the ground that in the case of a maritime power it destroys the indirect cost altogether. Again, he was shocked to see the English peasant '*divorced*,' as the phrase is, 'from the soil,' or, in plain English, tilling the land for weekly wages. But he bore with the greatest composure the not less painful fact that the pitman is divorced from the mine, and the operative from the mill. He had plenty of schemes for getting rid of large landowners, but none, so far as I know, for abolishing large manufacturers. He seems to have been sensitive—over-sensitive, as I think—to minor social distinctions; and yet never to have reflected that all such, when not imaginary, sink into insignificance beside the profound and paradoxical difference which exists between the labourer and the capitalist. We can hardly regret these theoretical imperfections in a system which probably would not have been better for being more logical. In any case, the only accusation that could be brought against him is that he did not rise superior to the ordinary radicalism of the day. Let those who are inclined to take a severer view of the narrowness, prejudice, and inconsistency which marred his career as a whole, not only call to mind the great qualities by which these shortcomings were accompanied, but also recollect how happily his defects conspired with his merits to render him a fitting instrument for carrying out the great reform which was the most important work of his public life, and in connection with which his name (to borrow Mr. Morley's concluding phrase) will long be held in grateful memory.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

## THE SICILY OF THUCYDIDES AND THEOCRITUS.

WILL it interest any English reader to be told how he can escape from his own country during the terrible months of spring, when the east wind reigns supreme, and pass his time pleasantly in the bright sunshine in the most beautiful part of Europe?

In full summer you can scarcely do better than remain amongst the English woodlands, or wander about upon the Scotch mountains. The south of Europe at such a time has terrible drawbacks, such as heat, insect life, crowded hotels, and railway cars closely packed. I am about to recommend a sojourn of a month or six weeks on that strip of eastern Sicily which lies between Messina and Syracuse. It is traversed by a railway, and you can move about from point to point as easily as you can pass from one Dutch town to another between Rotterdam and Amsterdam.

We went from Malta to Syracuse. Brigandage on this side of the island *there is none*—very little talk about it now, even in the neighbourhood of Palermo, or at Segestæ.

With regard to accommodation, any one would be content with what he will find at Catania and Aci Reale. I do not know what to say to those who look everywhere for the Hôtel Bristol as at Paris, or the 'Nobili' at Naples. There are two Italian inns at Syracuse, the 'Sole' and ~~the~~ 'Victoria,' which did well enough for us, but I can scarcely recommend them to fine people, or to those accustomed to fare sumptuously *every day*. We put up at the 'Sole,' and found there clean beds, rough but sufficient food, and civil people. From the report of others, I should suppose the 'Victoria' to be much the same. At Taormina, where we remained the whole month of May, we were lodged in a charming little Italian inn—the 'Timéo' (the new 'Timéo')—at the foot of the Greek Theatre. We got to be quite fond of the people. The little inn was the perfection of cleanliness and comfort; I make only one small qualification, which is inseparable, I suppose, from life in these hot countries. The 'Bellevue' is the second hotel at Taormina. The very best time for travelling in our district is April, or half April, half May. If you are content

to remain quiet at Taormina, the whole of May may be there delightfully spent. Still we had many days of great heat, during which we did not care to stir abroad from the awning over the terrace till the sun was sloping down behind *Ætna*, and the huge shadow of the mountain was creeping over the blue shining water to the Calabrian Hills.

Our district, then, lies between Syracuse and Messina. The five halting-places are Syracuse, Catania, Aci Reale, Taormina, Messina. *It is the Ætna country.* The huge volcano is the great physical feature of the place. There you have the old Thucydidean story of the big wars; not a cape, not a hillside, not a jumble of stones, but brings back some recollection of these old days. There you have the old *Acis-Galatea* legend, and can still in fancy see the uncouth lover sitting on the seaweed, and pining for his milk-white *Galatea*.

Oh! ruddier than the cherry,  
Oh! brighter than the berry,  
With eyes more bright  
Than moonshine light,  
Like kiddings blithe and merry.

You have the olive and lemon gardens, and the fountains green with maidenhair, and can still hear the sweet pipings of the shepherds, *Damœtas* and *Daphnis*, amidst the aromatic plants and fragrant fir needles. I propose to the reader to wander with me amongst the Sicilian pines, or to stand by my side on the rock of *Epipolæ*, with *Theocritus* and *Thucydides* in place of *Murray* and *Baedeker* for our guidebooks, just for so long a time as it may take him to run his eye over these few pages. Do not let him forget how keenly the east wind was whistling in London the while.

We landed at Syracuse on the 24th of April, about 6 A.M., engaged our rooms at the little Italian inn called the 'Sole,' secured the services of a guide and an open carriage, and set out upon our travels. *Ætna* we could see, though at a considerable distance, but the shadow of the big mountain fell somehow on your mind. The sky was cloudless, the air fragrant with flowers; but where on earth is the old Syracuse? We were lodging in *Ortygia*; yonder above our heads is *Epipolæ*, the crowning point of the landscape. I had thought *Epipolæ* had been near the harbour; it was in point of fact, or one portion of it was, only one mile distant from *Leon*, but that is on the other side of the hill. *Mongibèlles*, to which we are bound, is the crown of a long ridge which slopes down towards the sea; we drove, as I should judge, up a winding road between four and five miles from our inn to this point. The first thing that struck us was the wonderful 'greenth' and floral beauty of the place. Our eyes had been seared and scorched on barren yellow *Malta*, where, save at *San Antonio*, or *Verdala*, or *St. Paul's Bay*, you meet with little but dusty olives and prickly pears. Here the place was fragrant with flower

and blossom. Not only on either side of the road, but far away where the Athenians finally retreated, you may see plenty of shrubs and trees. We step out of the carriage, and leaving unvisited for the moment a quarry with many subterranean passages, we climb to the highest point, and the site at least of the old Greek Syracuse is before you. The harbour is there—or, indeed, the harbours—as it was in Nicias' time; and the white houses of Syracuse may still represent the old Ortygia. Plemmyrion and the Faro are just what they were in the old days when the Athenian fleet was enclosed as in a rat-trap by the Syracusan line of galleys. But what has become of the great city? Never were boundaries more clearly defined; never was a place more completely swept away from human ken. We are standing at the apex of a triangle which contained the old town, with its four quarters of Epipolæ, Tyche, Achradina, Neapolis; and we see a few heaps of disjointed stones—a suggestion of an aqueduct—and a trace of an old wall—probably that of Dionysius. The place as a former habitation of men has disappeared—of course I am not speaking of the few monuments, such as the Amphitheatre, the Greek Theatre, the Street of the Tombs, which we afterwards visited, but of the general view of the old Syracuse site as seen from Mongibéllesi.

Let us examine the view with a closer eye to the narrative of Thucydides. In the ninety-seventh section of his sixth book you will find (I use Dr. Jowett's translation), 'The Athenians had come from Catania with their whole force, and had put in unobserved near a place called Leon (yonder is the place); there they disembarked their troops. Their ships cast anchor at Thapsus, which is a peninsula with a narrow isthmus running out into the sea, and not far from Syracuse either by land or water.' There is Thapsus, where the Athenian sailors made their palisade whilst the land troops hurried on to Epipolæ. They gained the summit, not, I presume, at the point where we were standing, but lower down, for it must be much more than a mile from this rock to Leon. The Syracusans meanwhile were holding a review of their hoplites on the banks of the Anapus. As soon as they became aware of the presence of the Athenians, they also ran for it, and they had a race. Their six hundred heavily armed men had to cover three miles, whilst the Athenians had but one mile to accomplish. Of course the Syracusans were blown and in confusion when they met the Athenians. The Syracusans were thoroughly defeated, half their number and their general Diotimus being slain. The Athenians on their side retired somewhat, and built a fort called Labdalum at the edge of the cliffs of Epipolæ towards Megara. Where you see yonder heap of stones, down below there, was Labdalum, said the guide. No doubt it must have been somewhere thereabouts, and whether a few hundred yards to the right or left mattered but little as an illustration of the story. I had lost all confidence in our guide, since it had become clear to me

that his mind was in a state of perfect confusion as to this Nicias legend, and the other story of Marcellus and Archimedes and the rest of it. He was ever at hand with an easy solution of any difficulty in the old Greek story—'Nicias was drunk,' as he called it—or the Syracusans were 'drunk,' which might have been true enough. There was, however, no historic warrant for the statement, so I determined to blunder out my conclusions for myself.

Flushed with their first brilliant success, the Athenians (as readers of Thucydides well know) endeavoured to build a wall round the city, and the Syracusans began a counter-wall, or palisade. The story of these palisades, and the fluctuations in the fortunes of the combatants, should be read up here on Mongibèllesi where you may see the whole scene before you. The Athenians at last succeeded in cutting off the Syracusans by a double wall, beginning at the southern cliff of Epipolæ, and extending to the sea. Thus they had the city enclosed by land, and at this time they had command of the water, and obtained provisions in abundance from Italy. The last hour of Syracuse seemed to be near at hand, and the chiefs were debating the conditions of surrender, as no help seemed coming to them from the Peloponnesus. It was the darkest hour before the dawn. One Gylippus, a Lacedæmonian general, with a Corinthian force, was at hand, and in a brief space that triumphant host of Athenians was to perish by the sword, or by the slower torture of the *Latomæ*; Nicias, their leader, to fall by the hand of the executioner; and the power of Athens, which had thought to wage war with Sparta and her allies, and to conquer Sicily at one and the same time, to be shattered for ever. The course of history was being changed down amidst those marshes, and in yonder ample sheet of water which is still called the Porto Grande, or Great Harbour.

To tell the whole story properly it would be needful to reprint, or at least to condense the seventh book of Thucydides, an author not very susceptible of condensation. I think it will be sufficient for one standing on Epipolæ to remember how the Athenians in place of captors were made captives within their own enclosures; how the Great Harbour became their prison, not the port for their galleys of war; how they were driven on shore so cowed that they refused to try the fortunes of war yet another time; how they hesitated and paused before having recourse even to the miserable expedient of a flight inland; how they were outwitted and baffled at every turn, and finally slain, or driven like captured wild beasts into those terrible quarries which we shall presently visit. You may see before you now the site of almost every spot mentioned in the Thucydidean narrative; and it is one largely dependent on topographical illustration. There were many changes, many ups and downs, in the fortunes of the combatants. It had seemed at one moment that Nicias had but to close his hand, and the city was his own. Week after week went by, and



Syracuse did not fall. The engineering, the skirmishing, the negotiations with the Italian and Sicilian cities, still went on. The feeling at Athens in those days must have been much the same as it was in London during the long-protracted leaguer of Sebastopol. There was a gleam of sunshine for the Athenians at last. Demosthenes arrived with large reinforcements, and he seems to have been a man with a sound intelligence of facts. Instantly, whilst the enemy were amazed and downcast at his arrival, let him accomplish a decisive something, or, failing this, withdraw the troops and relieve Athens from the useless strain of a purposeless contest. A night attack on Epipolæ, where we stand, was carried out and was all but crowned with success. Confusion arose, as it generally does in night attacks, and the Athenians missed their last chance of victory. The Athenian generals determined to retire, even Nicias admitting that the siege must be given up. It was too late, or, if not absolutely so, superstition came in and completed the ruin of the Athenians. They were just on the point of sailing, and at this moment might have made their way out to sea, but the moon, which was then at the full, became eclipsed. Nicias was superstitious, and had always been half-hearted as to the policy of a retreat. The soothsayers were called in, and it was resolved that the army should remain thrice nine days longer. The Syracusans determined that they should not get away at all. The end was that they guarded the harbour in such a way that the Athenian galleys should not escape, and disposed their ships so that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once. In the 70th and 71st sections of the seventh chapter of Thucydides' History, the story of the death struggle is told with a simplicity and power which is not often found in a narrative of this kind:—

Some [of the Athenians on shore] who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear, as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at one instant they were all but saved, or all but lost. . . . The Athenians after the rout of their fleet knew they had no hope of saving themselves by land, unless events took some extraordinary turn.

So it was to be. The sailors would not embark again to try one last desperate throw. The retreat by land was decided upon, but even so the Athenians allowed themselves to be cajoled and delayed. It was not until the third day after the sea-fight that the army began to move, leaving the wounded, unhelped, the dead unburied. Demosthenes and Nicias were separated, and each was surrounded and captured in turn. It was on the banks of the Assinarus that Nicias surrendered to Gylippus, entreating him to do what he pleased with himself, but not to go on slaughtering the men. The carnage at the river bank had been frightful, but finally the prisoners were driven

away to Syracuse and to the quarries, where they were mainly destined to perish in slow torture.

Now the whole of this scene (save the absolute conclusion) can be realised by any one standing where we stand on the Epipolæ. You are as it were in a good stall at a theatre, from which you can see the drama developed before your eyes. A visit to the quarries will be an apt conclusion to the brief abstract of the great Athenian tragedy. There are many quarries at Syracuse, but the *Latomiæ de' Capuccini* is no doubt the one in which the Athenian prisoners were confined. We returned to Syracuse and drove out to the Capuchin monastery, close to which is the famous quarry. We went down a sloping path, down some steps, if I remember right, and found ourselves in what might have been a cleft in the cliff, open to the sky above. The feeling of coolness and darkness was refreshing. The narrow passage opened out into a wider area, the cliffs on either side towering up sheer as they do on the Kentish coast. He would be a stout cragsman who could make good his escape to upper air with nothing to impede his progress, no one to stop his way. But you will see how hopeless was the position when you consider that sentries were posted on all sides, and at every vantage-point, with orders to destroy the prisoners on the smallest attempt at escape; and furthermore, that it was only necessary to roll down a few fragments of rock from above in order to crush out the life from that heap of human suffering below. From these quarries mainly, the limestone with which vanished Syracuse had been built was taken. Had it not been for the ghastly legend attached to the place, the first aspect of the quarry was, as I have said, cool and pleasant. It might have been a place of holiday resort. There were olives and vines and flowers, and goats in picturesque attitudes on fragments of rock. At first we supposed that the open area and passage were all that was to be seen, but it turned out that you might wander on for a mile or more along this dreadful place. Here is Thucydides' account of what did happen there something more than two thousand years ago (B.C. 413):—

There were great numbers of prisoners, and they were crowded in a deep and narrow place. At first the sun by day was still scorching and suffocating, for they had no roof over their heads, while the autumn nights were cold, and the extremes of temperature engendered violent disorders. Being cramped for room they had to do everything on the same spot. The corpses of those who died from their wounds, exposure to the weather, and the like, lay heaped upon one another. The smells were intolerable, and they were at the same time afflicted by hunger and thirst. During eight months they were allowed only about half a pint of water, and a pint of food a day. Every kind of misery which could befall man in such a place befell them.

Here, then, let us drop the curtain on the great sight of Syracuse—the scene of the defeat and ruin of Athens and the Athenians.

This action (writes the great historian, whose words I quote for the last time)

was of all Hellenic actions on record the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished, for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth, few returned home.

This is the great sight of the place, but there is plenty to be seen at Syracuse as well as the scenes described above. I think our brother cockneys will sympathise with us when I say that, after we had done with Nicias, we thought we would visit the Fountain of Arethusa; Shelley's ode was humming in our ears. So we walked along the esplanade to a certain spot which looked very like the bears' den at the Zoological Gardens, without the central pole of course. The water at the bottom of the semicircular tank, in which a papyrus is growing, is the Fountain of Arethusa. Well, I think we had better get back to the hotel. There are plenty of scraps of antiquity in the town itself; remains of a Temple of Minerva built into the cathedral; of a Temple of Diana—fragments of pillars lying about in a courtyard; but this sort of thing can be seen anywhere. We intend to take boat, and punt up among the papyri to the Fountain of Cyane; possibly we shall find there something of a more poetical kind than the Arethusa tank. A couple of stout oarsmen soon pulled us across the harbour and into the Anapus. Those two fragments of pillar yonder on the hill are all that remain of the Olympieium. The men rowed gently up the narrow stream, which at a particular point becomes two streams, the broader one the Anapus, the narrower one the Cyane. This is the one with which we are more immediately concerned. To ascend the Cyane is very much like making your way along a backwater on the Thames, but with the emphatic difference that in place of osiers and the usual river plants and flowers, we have nothing but papyri. The men soon find that to use the oars is impracticable. They step out on the bank, harness themselves with ropes—still Thames fashion—and we are towed along, brushing our way through the tall papyri as well as we can. This long eyot is named after an English lady who brought it under cultivation; ~~that~~ is, covered it with papyri. Our guide plucked up one of the tall reeds, cut off a piece from the thick end, and showed us how he can convert it into paper, by shaving it into narrow strips, and laying the sections which he has thus peeled away across each other. To convert the material into paper fit for use, it need only be pressed and dried. I had never seen the process of paper-making from the papyrus before, nor indeed the papyri growing. It is a long reed which runs to a great height, with a very graceful feathery top. Why the papyrus should grow with such great luxuriance at this particular spot and nowhere else, as the guide told us, in Sicily, or indeed in Europe, is a question which no doubt Sir Joseph Hooker would readily solve, but it is quite out of my range of knowledge. I can only speak of the facts as I saw them. The

next day we bought from the guide a specimen of his manufacture—papyrus paper, pressed and dried, yellowish in colour, with the marks of the cross strips very distinct, but presenting a smooth surface. Ink does not run upon it. You could copy a manuscript, old or new, well enough upon the material. At any rate the experience was interesting. But whilst I have been talking about the papyri we have got amongst such a thicket of them that the two men<sup>t</sup>owing can tow no longer, and the classical Cyane has become a mere ditch. They jump into the boat again, ropes and all, and proceed to punt us up, just as we used to do as boys at the backs of the colleges at Cambridge. A young gentleman—the guide's son—who had smuggled himself into the boat, amused himself meanwhile in the following fashion. The habit of the fishermen is to pluck out the tallest of these papyri reeds. To each of these they attach a bait by a short line about a couple of feet from the bottom, and plunge the end back again into the mud. It is in fact a night-line. As you are punted up the stream you are at first puzzled to know what may be the meaning of these reeds waving about in mid-stream. Antonio knew very well, plucked the papyrus up as he passed, and having disencumbered it of the eel, or whatever it might be, plunged it back in the mud again. Of course all this was amusing enough at first, but it struck us that the poor fisherman who had laid the baits might not care to be caught napping. As Theocritus writes, 'Not even sleep is permitted by weary cares to men who live by toil, and if for a little while one close his eyes at night, cares throng about him and suddenly disquiet his slumbers.' Next day Asphalion, or whoever he might be, would be greatly vexed at what was sport to us; so, not without trouble, Antonio was compelled to desist. An hour or so of this sort of work brought us to a kind of pool which seemed to be the end of all things. There was no opening through which we could push the boat any further; this was the Fountain of Cyane—a strange spot not without beauty—the water so clear and pellucid that you could see each twig or leaflet that had sunk to the bottom, the tall feathery papyri with hundreds of butterflies (I call them so, though they had gauzy transparent wings) hovering amongst them, the hot silence of the place just broken by the hum of insects, and the bright Sicilian sky overhead.

Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.

This is better for the moment than Pall Mall; we are in the country of Theocritus at last.

As I said of the Nicias legend, so do I say of this afternoon's punting up the Cyane amongst the papyri, it is a thing you will only find at Syracuse. That east wind must be very troublesome in London just now!

Return to your inn as you came, and do not forget that the other

quarries (you have already seen the chief one, that of the Capuchin monastery) are amongst the distinctive sights of the place. You will naturally, and without any telling of mine, throw into one excursion the Roman Amphitheatre (referred to the date of Augustus), the Latomia del Paradiso, famous for the 'Ear of Dionysius,' the Greek Theatre with the gracious little Nymphæum at the top, and then rejoin your carriage, descending by the Street of Tombs. My curiosity had been equally aroused with regard to the quarry containing the Dionysius Ear, from recollections of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and the way in which that wretched King James had endeavoured to surprise Nigel's secrets, by renewing in the Tower of London the crafty trick of the Syracusan tyrant. The custode, an old soldier who gave a military salute whenever Garibaldi's name was mentioned, conducted us to the grotto, or quarry, and I marked the dimensions as given in the guidebook—210 feet deep, 74 feet in height, 15–35 in width. The grotto is hewn in the rock in the form of the letter S. Near the roof, at the furthest end from the entrance, you can see an opening behind which was the little room in which the tyrant used to sit and play the eavesdropper. He entered the room by a passage cut in the hill above, behind the Greek Theatre. Owing to the laziness and reluctance of the guide, I was not able to get at this place, and to set people a-whispering down below. We tried the experiment on the level, and the result was all in favour of the acoustic peculiarities of the place. There is another quarry close by, which has pools of water on the floor. The right thing is to visit the place soon after sunrise, when the sunbeams penetrate to the end of the cave (just as you do at Abou-Simbel on the Upper Nile) and make a rare shimmer on the waters below. The Greek Theatre is a very large one. You have now merely the tiers of seats for the spectators; you do not find the stage and all that belongs to it as at Taormina. To watch the sun going down over the Ionian Sea from the top seats is one of the amenities of Syracuse. Hereabout you will surely loiter for a few minutes at the Nymphæum; the water issues freshly into it, and the walls are fringed with maidenhair.

Pass not unblest the genius of the place!  
 If through the air a zephyr more serene  
 Wind to the brow, 'tis his.

This pretty spot set me a-thinking of Childe Harold's Temple on the bank of Clitumnus:

A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughter.

Here, too, though the place is now shorn of its honours, there is a more 'eloquent green,' a cooler freshness about, as your eye wanders over the fragments of Greek antiquity, and the mind falls into harmony with the graceful legends of the old Greek life.

Before I have done with the quarries of Syracuse let me repair an omission, and remind the traveller, when standing on Mongibéllesi, by no means to omit a visit to the quarry of the Philosopher, with its wonderful subterranean passages. It appears that a poet named Philoxenus had written what we call 'an unfavourable notice' of the royal verses. Dionysius was not the man to stand any such nonsense. He caused the writer to be summarily arrested, and set to work in this quarry, an awful caution to all rash and candid reviewers.

I have now done with Syracuse, and have succeeded, if the few pages I have written should induce others to go and visit the place for themselves.

There are other lions, and plenty of them, such as the Catacombs, and the Church of S. Giovanni, said to be the oldest in Sicily; but these are not specially distinctive of the place, and my soul soon got weary of them as being a sort of 'regulation sights.' The great sight of Syracuse is the place itself, the rocky barren site where this great magnificence once stood, and next to this I think the old Nicias legend. It is a delightful exercise for the mind to work this old bit of the world's history back into life, and to make yourself, as it were, an actor in the scene. I would not forget that dreamy punting amongst the papyri, 'regardless of mankind':

—there is no joy but calm—  
Why should we always toil?

Things like the Greek Theatre and the Roman Amphitheatre you may see elsewhere, but nowhere anything like the quarries of Syracuse. All this time I have scarcely said a word about the greatest lion of Sicily, the mighty Mongibello, whom mortals call *Ætna*. We saw him from a great distance—certainly, that is from the harbour of Syracuse, on the first day of our landing in Sicily. We would make closer acquaintance with him, so let us be off to Catania, where people build their houses *with lava on lava*, and where, as I am told, you will come across greater proofs of the giant's power than in any other portion of the island. It is an easy journey by rail from Syracuse to Catania (time, from three to four hours), but what a run, with the blue waves of the Megarean Bay softly breaking on the beautiful shore! Yes, the place is sacred by the traditions of the great things done here of old. It is also beautiful in itself, even if history had been silent as to its mountains and its bays. We pass the tower erected in honour of Marcellus, and Trogilus, where his fleet lay when he disembarked his Roman troops to avenge the death of Nicias and his gay Athenians. Now the shore is all white with mounds of white stuff which men have heaped up with some purpose. These turn out to be saltworks, and the peninsula is Thapsus, where the Athenians landed when they attacked Syracuse. To the left, here amongst the hills, is the spot where the Hyblæan bees gathered

honey, and still a little farther the site of the ancient Leontium. It is now 'Lentini,' was a good robbers' nest in the Middle Ages, till Ætna, mighty king, took the matter in hand, and swept robbers' nest of Lentini and old classical remains of Leontium off the board. The train rushes over a fertile plain very famous in the old days, and reaches the large modern city of Catania, next to Palermo the biggest in Sicily: It is a large clean town, the birthplace of the 'Sicilian Swan,' as poor Bellini is called in most of the monuments relating to him. The wayfarer or tourist will here find an excellent hotel kept by one of the Ragusans, who are becoming the hotel keepers of Sicily, and every appliance and comfort to be met with in a large town. Ætna is of course the chief *raison d'être* of the place to sight-seers. You will here find lava and lava streams to your heart's content. There is the great mountain above you, majestic and calm as though it had never known an angry mood. If you would see it at its best from Catania, go to the garden of the Benedictine Convent, and you will find how untrue is the preconceived idea of the volcano. Ætna is not a peak or a cone, but a mountain ridge covered with bumps (dare I use such a word?) marking the spot where from time to time the subterranean fire has burst forth. The people call these bumps 'figli dell' Etna.' Of course there is the great central crater to which tourists ascend, or, more humble-minded, simply drive to Nicolosi and the Monte Rossi, about 2,000 feet above Catania. This is the first stage on the ascent of Ætna. For what follows I rely upon books, and the accounts of three or four gentlemen who went up the mountain during our stay in Sicily. The next stage is performed on mules from Nicolosi to the Casa Etnea, an ascent of about 7,000 feet. It appears to be an up-and-down ride, as you have to descend into, and cross the famous Valle del Bove. You are now in the Regione Deserta. Up to this point any one who can sit in a carriage to Nicolosi, and on the back of a mule, can get on well enough. But then comes the real climb of about 1,000 feet, and a very stiff climb it is, over ashes and rocks slippery with ice, at least it was so when we were there. When you get to the top, the crater it said to be two or three miles in circumference. The view at sunrise under favourable circumstances of weather must be most magnificent. Had I been young and strong I should certainly have tried the ascent, though to judge from the broken-down look of the adventurous mountaineers who accomplished the feat, that last climb up the crater must be trying enough. The height of the mountain is given at 10,835 feet. I believe the last great eruption was in 1879. It was still much talked about at Taormina, for it was the country about Randazzo which was chiefly affected by the lava stream of that year. All I can say is, my wife and I found it to be a charming drive to Nicolosi and the Red Mountains, and home by the Tre Castagni, and amidst orange and lemon gardens with beau-

tiful views of the Straits, and curious glances up at the crater and the desert region above our heads. As we afterwards coasted along by rail to Taormina, we may fairly be said to have seen *Ætna* from Nicolosi to Piedimonte, the most beautiful half (by reason of the views seawards) of the tour of *Ætna*; and with this we were content. At Catania tourists will naturally look in at the old cathedral with its Aragonese tombs and its legend of St. Agatha, at the remains of the old Greco-Roman theatre, and at the Benedictine Convent for the views of *Ætna* from the garden. Catania should take its place in the old Thucydidean story, for the Athenians made it their headquarters pending their fatal advance on Syracuse. Alcibiades, not then a traitor to his country, here persuaded the Catanians to join the league against Syracuse. Beautiful and interesting as the place undoubtedly was, we were glad to get away from the hot white streets, and off to Aci Reale, about ten miles to the northward, where we might look for cool loiterings, and employ ourselves in a business-like way with the Acis-Galatea legend. So good-bye to the lava elephant in front of the Cathedral, and to the lava houses and lava walls. We are off to Aci Reale; a lovely drive it is by the edge of the sea, but Acis the shepherd is as completely master of the situation here as Charlemagne is at Aix-la-Chapelle; that is, he and Polyphemus. Here we are at Aci Castello, and close at hand are the seven rocks which Polyphemus hurled after the crafty Ulysses. I cannot but reflect upon how many Cyclops' caves I have seen in my time, but who would be a critic in Wonderland? We reach a fine new hotel, and are shown into a room as good as any you would find in any hotel on the Italian lakes, opening out on a stately terrace with a magnificent view of *Ætna*. How hot it was! Here we found letters from London, telling us of discomfort and bad colds and east winds. We occupied ourselves with Polypheme and the story of his love. On these very cliffs, and down on the shore amidst the spray and the seaweeds, did he, looking seaward, pine for his Galatea.

Why, Galatea, scorn for love dost render,  
Whiter than fresh curds—than the lamb more tender,  
More skittish than the calf—more clearly bright  
Than unripe grape transparent in the light.

Come, love (thou shalt not fare the worse) with me,  
And to its murmurs leave that azure sea.

This must have been the very place—scepticism is impossible in the midst of this scenery. I wonder if Clarkson Stanfield visited the place before painting that wonderful scenery which took our senses away when Macready managed 'Drury Lane, to the delight of London and his own serious loss. I fancy I can hear old Staudigl in his basest notes, deep as the depths of *Ætna*, roaring out

Die, presumptuous Acis, die!



Nor were we content until we had traced the Acis up to its source—or what the people called such; at any rate it was an excuse for a drive amidst the lemon and orange gardens and vines and olives and cypresses. I was sorry in an æsthetic sense to find what a brand-new fountain the municipality had built up over the head waters of the Acis—we had fancied it gurgling out from thick-wooded *Ætna*, its clear waters cool with snow—still there it is, and the ripples of Handel's music rise unbidden to the ear. We are in fairyland. The brown girls come to the fountain to fill the pitchers which they bear on their heads; and these pitchers are no doubt of the very form in use in the old Theocritean days. They giggle away, and brush the black hair out of their eyes to take a look at the strangers. All is very much as it was two thousand years ago, when the poet used to listen somewhere hereabouts to the whispering sound of the pine trees and the music of the water falling from the face of the rocks. Generations of flowers have succeeded each other, but somehow one does not get melancholy over it, nor feel inclined to moralise as in a Gothic churchyard. There was something after all in that Greek gladness. Why turn Hamlet, and retail commonplaces? The things of mortals best befit mortality. As you have visited the fountain, so you may scramble to the mouth of the Acis. The graceful legend is the crown of this portion of our Sicilian wanderings; but as the weather was getting very hot, we resolved to push on to Taormina, and, if we liked the place, to fix ourselves for a month on the top of the hill, which, as we had been told, was the most beautiful spot in Sicily or in Europe. So it turned out to be.

The journey from Aci Reale to Giardini (the station for Taormina) I should suppose is one of twenty miles.

In this beautiful place we spent the whole month of May, and so the situation may deserve a word or two of description. The railway deposits you at the little village of Giardini on the seashore. The castle of Taormina, over your head yonder, is 1,300 feet above you; but the village itself, Taormina, is but little more than 700. The castle was the acropolis of Tauromenium, which was founded when Naxos, the first of the Greek colonies in Sicily, was destroyed. Naxos stood on that little peninsula or tongue of land which you see before you between the Alcantara river and Giardini. Nicias spent the winter here of 415–414 B.C., so that we are still on Thucydides' ground. It is a long winding drive from the station to the hotel at Taormina, unless indeed you prefer to scramble up on foot a steep precipitous path known to visitors as *Via Dolorosa*; the drive will occupy about an hour. There are two hotels, the 'Bellevue' and the 'Timéo'; the new 'Timéo,' for the old house of the same name in the town is merely used as what they call a 'Succursale,' or, as Swiss travellers would say, a 'Dependance'—a place where guests are lodged when the house is too full. I know nothing of the 'Bellevue' save

by report; it seems to be mainly sacred to the German race. The new 'Timéo,' formerly a restaurant, converted into a neat little inn, stands just below the famous Greco-Roman theatre, some 700 or 800 feet above the sea level. We were instantly struck with the wonderful beauty of the place. There in front was the long range of Ætna, best seen from this point, with the sun going down behind it, the top covered with snow. We are divided from it by about ten miles of sloping ground, mainly covered with lemon gardens and seamed with lava streams. They are the dark seams and spots which look like shadows cast by clouds on the mountain side. To your left is the northern entrance of the Straits of Messina. The hills opposite, which the sun is beginning to gild with its setting rays (they will be pink presently), as the heavy shadow of the mountain creeps on, are Calabria. That distant cape is Spartivento, the southern point of Italy. How close it all seems, though the breadth of sea is considerably greater than that of the British Channel; but here, so transparent is the air, you may almost see the blue water plashing on the opposite shore. Above your head is first the Greek theatre, and then far higher up the peaks on which stand respectively the Hermitage, the Castle, and the little eyrie of a village which they call Mola. Towering above these, again, is the great Monte Venere on the one hand, and the smaller mountain or hill called La Maestra on the other. From where we stand you can see Aci, from which we have just come, and Catania behind the next tongue of land, even as far as Syracuse when the atmospheric conditions are favourable for a distant view. To obtain a view up the Straits, Messina way, you must climb up to the Greek theatre, and you will see what will content you, through Scylla and Charybdis, even to mountains which, as we were told, overshadow the Gulf of Salerno. It is, as far as I know, the most beautiful view in Europe, and wearied out with steamers and railways, and strange inns and the heat of Malta, we said to ourselves, if the place turns out to be comfortable, why should we go further? Let us stop here and dream away a month amidst these lemon groves and cool glens. In a very few days we can be back in London by going straight from Messina to Marseilles.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream  
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
 Falling asleep in a half dream,  
 To dream and dream like yonder amber light  
 Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height,  
 To hear each other's whispered speech,  
 Eating the lotos day by day,  
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray.

How would a month of lotos-eating answer? Let us, if we can, stop for the whole month of May in this corner of Paradise, and leave

to others energy and ruined temples. We have paid our debt to society at Syracuse. We will leave Thucydides and history alone, and take to Theocritus and dreams.

The little inn was the perfection of cleanliness, and completely overset all our preconceived ideas of Italian arrangements, but all the sleeping-rooms, (save one, which fortunately for us was vacant) were small. There was a large cool public room downstairs, in which we took our meals, and the charge for board and lodging was absurdly small; we paid but eight francs a head a day. Thus, if it costs something to get to Taormina, you live cheaply enough when you are there. Nothing could exceed the courtesy and civility of the people. First, there was Signor Foresta, the proprietor—an old Ulysses-like Sicilian, whose boast was that he was always at work; his son Signor Giuseppe, and the Signora his wife, who substantially managed the house—Giuseppe waited, and his wife cooked our meals for us. Then there was Francesca, the maid who waited on us upstairs—a pretty little Sicilian, all smiles and good humour; Pancrazio, who met the trains, and did his best to entice travellers away from the ‘Bellevue’—a brave boy, ready with strong language and stronger acts; Domenico, the gardener, who, I suspect, aspired to Francesca; and two little brown Pucks, Chico and Michiele, who were always floating about; ready to run errands or catch fowls as the case may be. Such was our staff, and we found them simple, good-tempered people, anxious to please, and do the best in every way for their visitors. Signor Giuseppe was a musician also, and could sit down at the piano and play the music of Bellini and Verdi in a way which you would not expect to find at a small country inn. I never heard a word of discourtesy, or saw a dark look in the house. I will add one last word about the food. It was good enough, and, considering the heat of the climate, sufficient; but it would be idle and misleading to speak of the cuisine as being what you look to find in a large continental hotel. There was the invariable soup with *pasta* and grated cheese which you meet with everywhere in Italy; there was fairish fish—such as Mediterranean fish is—with excellent prawns and langoustes, which they would make into mayonnaises. I cannot say much for the meat, which would scarcely satisfy English ideas, nor for the usual skinny fowl and salad, of which we got very tired. But in one thing the Signora was supreme; she could produce an omelette so light and airy that it is almost worth while to stay at Taormina in order to eat omelettes. The lemon was squeezed over every dish, and you drank lemonade with a mere suspicion of the country wine to give it colour. No doubt it fits well with the climate. Had the fare consisted of rich meats and strong drinks, we should soon have been compelled to send for the doctor from Messina. One was never hungry at Taormina; perhaps the outdoor life—for we lived in the open air—had something to do with it; but the food

was always sufficient for us, and there were oranges, oranges in heaps, and all day long. Others must judge for themselves if they would be content with such a bill of fare ; it was good enough for us.

The first great sight of Taormina is the old Greco-Roman theatre. It was originally hewn by the Greeks out of the rock, but you may now see about it abundant fragments of Roman masonry. From their seats the spectators must have seen *Ætna* as the background. As you enter the building from a dark-vaulted room on the side you have before you a real Greek theatre ; but to see the narrow stage was the wonder. Greek theatres I had seen before, but nowhere the stage in such a state of preservation. There are the three openings about which we used to read, nor could I see much difficulty in determining the position of the platform for the chorus. For the first time the realities of the Greek drama flash upon the mind as you stand in one of their theatres. You could imagine how the masterpieces of the great tragic writers were put upon the stage. The most distant spectator must have heard well enough. Over and over again we climbed to the furthest point, leaving one of our party to speak softly from the stage—and every word was distinctly audible. How much was Roman work I was not learned enough to say, but all that I saw tallied with the descriptions which I had read as a boy, of the arrangements of a Greek theatre. The view from the upper part of the building is superb, for you may see from it to Messina on the one hand, to Syracuse on the other. Day after day we used to creep up there, and taking shelter under a fragment of wall, enjoy the beauty of the scene, lingering on till the Calabrian Hills grew pink. How beautiful too were the mountains above you, and the northward coast line ; it reminded me of the borders of the Lake of the Four Cantons in Switzerland. At sunset, at sunrise, at midday, by moonlight, it was ever beautiful.

Mainly there we passed our idle days, or in the glens near the town, where the nightingales sang and the tinkling of the goat-bells broke the silence. A drive to Piedimonte, on the slopes of *Ætna*, was the only event in our lives during that hot pleasant month of a Sicilian May. The habits of the people have scarcely altered since the Theocritus days—the girls at the fountains, the shepherds with their flocks, the old fishermen with the weapons of their trade, all are still there. You might expect to see the wrangle of Lacon and Cometas at any moment amidst the pine trees. I think I shall ever have a better notion of Greek life—that is of the lives of Greek fishermen and shepherds—since we spent that month on the slopes of *Ætna*, and called up the recollection of their old love-songs in the glens of Taormina.

One day was so like another, that, to speak of one is to describe all. Early in the morning the sun called you up to assist at his rising upon *Ætna* ; and very beautiful it was to see the mountain

top sometimes golden, sometimes pink, and to watch the splendour creeping over the mountain side, till the white village itself was turned into gold, like in the fairy books. The morning was lounged away on the terrace, or in your own room. We had taken care to have a good box of pleasant books—for however flattering it might be to me in an æsthetic sense, I must admit I was not always reading Theocritus. Then came lunch, and the afternoon stroll in the glens, or in the Greek theatre; dinner at 7 P.M., with a little 'Patience' or music in the evening. Sometimes the village barber would favour us with his collection of Sicilian songs, and twiddle away at his guitar like Figaro. All the time the sky was resplendent, the air most delicate; and when we got news of the outer world it was like black-letter—we had ceased to care about it. It was a pleasant month of May.

One afternoon we got on board a steamer, and in six days more dined in London again. June has been very beautiful here—so let us be thankful.

ALEX. A. KNOX.

## THE AGNOSTIC AT CHURCH.

Is an Agnostic justified under any ordinary circumstances in attending regularly the worship of a God, whom indeed he does not absolutely deny, but of whom he 'knows nothing?' This is a question not unfrequently discussed, and one which, when reduced to a practical issue, it is not easy to answer satisfactorily. The Roman Catholics would probably reply unanimously that in their churches there was no place except for Catholics, and rightly so, submission to authority being a cardinal point of their system. Nonconformists, other than Unitarians, would generally take a somewhat similar view, though from other reasons; they want no half-hearted members, unless indeed there were a hope of conversion, and a more hopeless subject could hardly be found than an Agnostic of mature years, not an excited boy who thinks to show his manhood and independence in so proclaiming himself, but one who most reluctantly, and against the strongest ties of personal affection, has after much thought found himself forced to say, 'I know not God, neither can I accept the formulæ of any religion.'

It is not however under ordinary circumstances that, at least in this country, the difficulty will affect attendance at either Catholic or Nonconformist places of worship. The problem that requires solution has regard to the Church of England, and even here is almost entirely confined to country places. In London and other large towns there seems little or no reason why such a man should be a church-goer, unless indeed to please those dear to him, or rather to avoid hurting their feelings, by what is almost sure to be regarded as a defiance to the Deity they worship, and a blatant and uncalled for antagonism to their most sacred beliefs and feelings.

It may perhaps be well here to reiterate what has been said so often, what should be so well known, and what yet is so constantly ignored by so-called 'religious' people, viz., that Agnosticism is not Atheism. The Atheist, if he be true to his calling, must fight *against* God; not so the Agnostic: he merely declares that he does not *know* the existence of a Deity, and therefore cannot recognise the Bible (and *a fortiori* the Prayer Book) as of authority, although he may recognise the beauty of the thoughts and the language, and even regard the book with deep respect, as setting forth the opinions of *men* of wonderful power, as having influenced, even dominated, the minds of

the ablest thinkers and greatest men for many ages, and finally as the vehicle of a teaching, with the bulk of which he must agree, in so much as it tends to the great cause of Humanity. The Agnostic seeks not to disturb the faith of any; he would never willingly do so; he may even envy them their calm repose; and herein lies much of the difficulty as to his own course of action.

As already said, the problem to be solved regards his attendance as a regular member of a Church of England congregation, in country neighbourhoods or villages; it is not of course suggested that he should repeat the creeds, still less offer himself as a communicant; the question is merely whether under such circumstances an Agnostic is doing right in forming one of the regular congregation, and conforming so far to the observances of the ritual as may not render him noticeably adverse, or indifferent thereto. I hold that he is, though well aware that most churchmen, and probably nearly all Agnostics and Positivists, will hold otherwise.

The first stumbling-block in the way of this course of action lies not so much in the fear of being considered a hypocrite, as from a painful doubt, difficult to shake off, as to whether he be not one really; whether in fact he attends church on account of the social loaves and fishes, or because he thinks it right—under the circumstances. No doubt it is pleasanter to ‘agree with our (neighbour) while we are in the way with him,’ rather than to oppose his most cherished convictions, and this should make us hesitate before deciding on the easier path; but does not this very fact react on the man determined to do his duty, and incline him to think that the thorny road must be the right one? We know that it does, and has done, among all fanatics, from the monks of old to the Cameronians, Presbyterians, and stricter sects of Methodists in more recent days. On the whole however, carefully weighing this matter, we may conclude that if after due consideration the intellect decides in favour of church-going, the fear of being an unconscious hypocrite may be set aside as almost morbid.

The main question, then, that the Agnostic has to face is, which course of action will (in its infinitesimal way) tend most to the good or advancement of Humanity, going to church, or absenting himself therefrom?

Before this can be answered another point must be decided, and this by each man for himself. In your opinion does the teaching in church, the prayers, the lessons, the sacred music, the sermon, and, not to be forgotten, the assembling of all classes of people, and of all interests, to join in worshipping together—does all this do good or harm? If the latter, then undoubtedly keep away; but surely no one will be found to hold this doctrine in the face of the enormous influence for good that every one of us must have seen arise from the teaching of religion, now as in all past ages. In the present state of the world the vast mass of mankind can only be affected by the teaching of

authority ; they cannot grasp the abstract idea of Duty, of Humanity. You may not approve of everything taught, but if the results of the teaching are in the right direction, then welcome it. It has been said that along with the good things are taught many prejudices more or less narrow. Be it so ; anything is better than brutal ignorance, and the mind once opened to receive such ideas as are taught in churches, is at least so far educated towards understanding, and perhaps fulfilling, its duty towards Humanity.

If this be granted, it follows that it is better for most people—certainly for the proletariat and the lower middle classes—for all, indeed, who for want of education or thought cannot frame their lives on an abstract idea, to go to church. Of course, the very large number who honestly and sincerely believe in the teaching there given need not be spoken of here. They will go in any case, and it must not be thought for a moment that it is desired to throw any doubt on their sincerity, on their faith, on their goodness—we know them too well—but it is not with them we are concerned ; it is with the indifferentists, and especially with those of the lower classes, that we have to deal ; and it is as an example to them that I hold that the Agnostic does his duty in going to church, or it might be better to say in not absenting himself.

It has been laid down in connection with this very subject that a man has no right to set others an example which shall induce them to listen to teaching which he considers, in part at least, erroneous. No ! not if he can give and they can receive something more true ; but this being impossible, as undoubtedly it is, let him assist and induce them to attend where he must allow they will gain some good. Suppose a school, the only one within reach, where every subject excepting history was well taught, would he have the people let their children grow up in ignorance rather than that they should learn, for instance, that Cromwell was a hypocritical murderer, and the Stuarts the best kings that ever reigned in England ?

It may be thought, perhaps, by some that too much is made of the example of one man ; but those who have lived in a village where, besides the parson and the doctor, there are only two or three men above the shopkeepers in social position, will readily understand how the abstention of one of these is seized upon as an excuse by those who do not wish to go to church, and how, by staying away himself, he to a greater or less extent neutralises the endeavours of the clergyman.

There is another point, too, which is well worth considering. In such a village there is always much to be done for the moral, intellectual, and physical well-being of the inhabitants, and in the very nature of things as at present constituted the Parson must be the leader in all such work, otherwise confusion and consequent harm, such as the overlapping of various charities, will of necessity occur ;



and it is too much to ask of human nature to expect him to work cordially with one who openly repudiates what is to his mind absolutely essential to salvation. There are but few clergymen who will recognise, or even deem credible, the fact that it may be from the depth of true religious feeling that a man refrains from going to church, or that one so acting may be led by the feeling that divine worship is too sacred a thing to be even apparently joined in by those who differ from its formulæ. Thus by not attending church under these circumstances the Agnostic deprives himself of no inconsiderable part of his power for good to that section of mankind with whom his lot is cast. Nay more: in a small village he will not only lose much of his own chance of doing good work among his neighbours, but will inevitably diminish in a greater or less degree the good influence of the Parson.

To sum up briefly:

It is postulated that the teaching of the church does more good than harm—directly and indirectly.

The abstention of our supposititious Agnostic will act as an example to induce others to stay away, not from conviction, but from laziness or worse motives.

It will tend to prevent that cordial co-operation with the parson which, in a small district, is so important for the welfare of the neighbourhood.

It will not only neutralise in great measure his own power for good, but also diminish that of the parson.

If he believe these things he need not fear being himself an unconscious hypocrite.

Therefore, under these circumstances the Agnostic is not only justified in being, but if true to his creed is bound to be, a regular attendant at church for the good of others and the advancement of Humanity.<sup>1</sup>

LOUIS GREG.

<sup>1</sup> An exception may however fairly be taken in regard to those days on which the so-called Athanasian Creed is ordered to be read. No Agnostic, it might almost be said no true believer in Christian charity, can be required as of duty to countenance, in any way, the assertion that the large mass of mankind 'shall be damned eternally.'

## THE OLDEST EPIC OF CHRISTENDOM.<sup>1</sup>

Two years ago a good deal of curiosity was excited in one of our cathedral cities by the news that a popular author was coming down from London to give a lecture on the *Song of Roland*. But pleasurable curiosity was mixed with a certain uncomfortable sense of culpable ignorance. People felt very much as the Homer class at Rugby did when Dr. Arnold, at an examination on some part of the *Iliad*, suddenly put a question about the battle of Roncesvalles, and, not getting an answer, found, on further inquiry, to his unconcealed displeasure, that scarcely a big boy could tell him anything whatever about the twelve peers of Charlemagne. And yet, after all, the great majority of English readers know little if any more on the subject than either Dr. Arnold's class or the inhabitants of the cathedral city knew. For many, it is true, the name of Roncesvalles is associated with a notion—for the most part a hazy indefinite one—of chivalrous high-mindedness, lofty courage, desperate valour, caught perhaps from the cry in *Murmion* :—

O for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
That to King Charles did come,  
When Roland brave and Oliver,  
And every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles died !

or derived, it may be, from the story of the Norman Taillefer who fired the invading army of the Conqueror with his wild minstrelsy, when, exulting in the permission of Duke William to strike the first blow, he rode boldly forth to death singing loudly of Charlemagne, and Roland, and Olivier, and of all who died at Roncesvalles. But of the great national Epic of France that was a household word in Europe—in Italy and Spain, in Scandinavia, in the Low Countries, in England and Germany, long before Italians dreamed of a literature of their own, before the Spaniards had their *Cid*, the Germans their *Nibelungenlied*, or we English our *Morte d'Arthur* ; that haunted the

<sup>1</sup> *The Song of Roland*. Translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, M.A., Q.C.

*La Chanson de Roland*. Texte critique par Léon Gautier. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française et par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Adopté pour l'aggrégation des classes supérieures, etc.

thoughts of Dante when he proved to his countrymen that, though the beautiful language of the Mantuan bard had gone out of their daily life, its lovely offspring, 'Matrē pulcrā filia pulcrior,' had come to minister to their highest wants; that checked the mocking spirit of Pulci and inspired his noblest strains; that woke the wild, fantastic, brilliant genius of Ariosto, though it had been ruthlessly stripped of its power to curb the vagaries of his wandering imagination, which later were fastened upon by the biting satire of Cervantes; that thrilled the Southern crowds who, in the thirteenth century, flocked to hear French minstrels chaunt it—'Cantabant histriones de Rolando et Oliviero'<sup>2</sup>—till a law was passed forbidding them to sing in the public squares of Bologna—'Statutum fuit ut cantatores Francigenorum in plateis communibus ad cantandum omnino morari non possint;'<sup>3</sup> that overcame with grief the simple Milanese in the fifteenth century,<sup>4</sup> as in this nineteenth century it drew tears from the Paris workmen who, spellbound, hung upon the lips of M. Léon Gautier when once and again he revealed to them the long hidden treasures of their precious inheritance;—of this noble epic, of this grand old lay so true to nature that, after ages of literary banishment, it only needed the sentence of outlawry pronounced against it in the sixteenth century to be revoked in order to resume at once the sway over the hearts and minds of men it held nine centuries ago—of this, outside the circle of specialists and students of early French literature, very few Englishmen have any real definite knowledge. And probably we should most of us have remained without it had it not been for the new translation of Mr. O'Hagan, which puts it within the reach of the idlest to realise his vague ideas of the chivalry of Roncesvalles, and enjoy one of the noblest poems of antiquity. For though the sole remaining fragment, consisting of over a thousand lines, of the only known English version of the song that has come down to us, has just been published by the Early English Text Society, the fragment does not appeal to the general reader, and could not enlighten him about the real *Song of Roland* if it did, because it is written in a South-West Midland dialect of the fourteenth or fifteenth century: it is anything but a translation of the original, and was either inspired by the pseudo-Turpin or derived from some corrupt version of the French poem in which the disfiguring incidents of that chronicle had been incorporated.

But, in addition to its intrinsic merits as a poem, in addition to its archæological and historical value as a reflection of the manners and customs and popular thought of the middle ages, the *Song of Roland* introduces us to a vast cycle of epic poetry, of which it is both the most perfect type and the culminating point, having for its centre the great Emperor Charlemagne. And so, following close on Mr. Mullinger's *Schools of Charles the Great*, it supplements and

<sup>2</sup> Muratori: *Antiquitates Italice*.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Poggio: *Fec.* 81.

completes that admirable sketch of the Emperor's far-reaching and lasting influence on the mental culture of Europe, by showing in a most remarkable way that he dominated the imagination as well as left the impress of his constructive genius on the intellect of successive generations. Indeed there is something singularly instructive, singularly interesting, in seeing for the first time how the man of letters, who himself collected and transcribed the old songs of his people celebrating the heroes of their race—'Barbara et antiquissima carmina quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur scripsit memoriarumque mandavit'—the lover of accurate knowledge who achieved wide schemes of education, the sovereign who dared the mighty projects of a large-minded policy for the unification of dominion impossible to one without a strong imagination, so roused, nourished, and enriched the imagination of succeeding generations as to become himself the source and centre of a vast epic cycle which may almost be said to have been the foundation of modern European literature.

The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries were times of great literary activity in France. In fact, the literature of France in those times constituted the popular literature of Europe. And, like all other early literatures, it found expression in metre, not in prose. Moreover it was distinctively national—that is, it belonged and appealed to the whole nation rather than to particular sections of it. It is, to quote M. Gaston Paris, German in spirit, Romance in form; that is, it is German in its origin, Romance in its development. In other words, as M. Léon Gautier observes,<sup>6</sup> if the fusion of the German people and the Gallo-Roman race had not taken place, France might have possessed some kind of national poetry, but it would not have been epic. The great epic movement of the middle ages would never have occurred. The history of letters would have missed one of the most remarkable illustrations of the origin and development of a national literature, and philology would have lacked one of the most instructive chapters in the history of linguistic evolution that modern science can produce.

French epic poetry is the title-deeds, the charter of French nationality; the first articulate expression of a newly consolidated people; the proof that, during all the dreary ages of Merovingian barbarism which accompanied the disruption of the Roman Empire, silently and unheeded a new birth, the glory of France, had been preparing—a new language had been gaining coherence and form; and then, whilst the learned were still thinking and writing and speaking in a tongue of the past, had made itself heard amongst the people in a burst of spontaneous song, so vivid, clear and strong, that it broke the barriers of the Alps and Pyrenees, swept across the Rhine, passed the limits of

<sup>5</sup> Eginhard, *Vita Karoli*.

<sup>6</sup> Léon Gautier, *Épopées Françaises*. Ouvrage trois fois couronné par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Grand prix Gobert 1868.

the Channel, and, the first of all the Romance family to attain its majority, received the homage of the nations.

From the early part of the seventh century we have historic evidence that popular ballads—that is, ballads sung by the people—*carmen publicum juxta rusticitatem per omnium pene volitabat ora ita canentium feminaeque choros inde plaudendo componebant*<sup>1</sup>—lyric in character and epic in subject, were common in France and sung by the people of Gaul in the *lingua rustica*. And they went on increasing in number, as heroes and heroic deeds multiplied, spreading and establishing the fame of warriors amongst the masses, till they were made a veritable excuse by the chronicler or historian for the brevity of his narrative. ‘I need not enumerate to you the names of the heroes fallen at Roncesvalles’ wrote the Limousin astronomer in the ninth century, ‘because everybody knows them’—‘*quorum, quia vulgata sunt, nomina dicere supersedi.*’ Again, Eginhard ends the life of his sovereign and friend : ‘*Reliqua autem ejus [Karoli Magni] gesta, seu ea quæ in carminibus vulgo canuntur de eo, non hic pleniter descripta sed require in vita quam Alcuinus de eo scripsit.*’ But these ballads were not epics, not *chansons de geste* ; they were essentially *vulgaria carmina*, cantilenæ, as the writers of the ninth century called them : popular, brief and rapid, and easily committed to memory ; sung by the knights and people—men, women and children : ‘*Quæ enim regna,*’ says the author of the Life of St. William de Gellone in the eleventh century, ‘*quæ provinciæ et quæ gentes, quæ urbes Willelmi Ducis potentiam non loquuntur, virtutem animi, corporis vires, gloriosos belli studio et frequentia triumphos ? Qui chori juvenum, qui conventus populorum, præcipue militum ac nobilium virorum, quæ vigiliæ Sanctorum dulce non resonant et modulatis vocibus decantant qualis et quantus fuerit, quam gloriose sub Carolo glorioso militavit, quam, fortiter quamque victorioso barbaros domuit et expugnavit ; quanta ab eis pertulit, quanta intulit, ac demum de cunctis regni Francorum finibus crebro victos et refugas perturbavit et expulit ?*’ The *chansons de geste*, or epics, on the other hand, were the business of professional men, as we should say, of *trouvères* and *jongleurs* or *troubadours* and *minstrels*. The people’s songs prepared the way for the *chansons de geste*. They anticipated and inspired them ; they were treasuries and storehouses of old traditions ; they kept alive the names and deeds of heroes in the memory of the people till the *trouvère*, the great poet, should come who could grasp their potency and meaning ; the real artist who, out of the thousand rays—the thousand reflections and refractions of national history, of national life and national faith, national aspirations and ideals, should form, not merely a collection of these several unities, but one luminous whole ; who should enrich the world with a genuine creation embodying, it is true, the features and characters of what

<sup>1</sup> *Recueil des Historiens de France. Vie de St. Euron.*

lay before him, but as far removed from the half lights of their separate existences in the full light of its perfect unity as the masterpiece of the painter from the facts and fancies that inspired his picture and the 'models' that helped him to work it out. Such a poet, such an artist, was the unknown genius who composed the *Song of Roland*.

And here it may be well to remark that the early trouvères who composed, and sometimes sang, the *chansons de geste*, and the jongleurs who only sang them, were a very different class of men from the later trouvères and jongleurs, especially the troubadours and minstrels of the South, who occupied themselves with *romans d'aventure* and *chansons d'amour*, whose lives will not bear looking into, and whose tiresome and often coarse *fabliaux*, better known than the older epics, have in some quarters excited a prejudice against even these. The old trouvères looked upon themselves as historians rather than as poets; they lived in times when war was almost the daily event of life, and so they sang of war, of victory or defeat in war, and the tone of gallantry is altogether foreign to their compositions. A curious passage in a *Summa de pœnitentia* of the thirteenth century shows how the two classes of trouvères or jongleurs were distinguished by ecclesiastical authority. After instructing confessors as to their conduct with regard to jesters and actors, the treatise goes on to speak of singers, 'alterum genus histrionum quibus sint instrumenta musica ad delectandum homines,' of which there were two classes. The one frequented taverns and frivolous assemblies, and did endless mischief with their love songs, and they were to be treated with the utmost severity; and not only they, but all other persons who gave them money or encouraged them in any way. The other class were entitled to quite a different treatment. 'Sunt alii qui dicuntur joculatores, qui cantant gesta principum et vitas sanctorum, et faciunt solacia hominibus vel in egritudinibus suis vel in angustiis,' and these 'bene possunt sustineri, sicut ait Alexander papa.'<sup>s</sup>

French epic poetry may be broadly divided into three chief cycles or *gestes*—namely, into three principal groups of poems in connection with one chief event and clustering round one hero or family. And just as the heroes of Troy, and as Œdipus and Ulysses, were made the centres of three separate cycles by the Greek poets, so Charlemagne and William of Orange, and Renaud de Montauban and his brothers, became the centres of three great *gestes* or groups of French poetry, known as the *Geste du Roi*, the *Geste de Doon de Maïence*, the *Geste de Garin de Montglane*. For, though Doon de Maïence, the ancestor of Repaud de Montauban, gives the name to the cycle, his descendants Renaud and his brothers are the real heroes of it. The same with Garin de Montglane, to whose family William, the van-

<sup>s</sup> Bibl. Nat. Lat. 16419, fol. 71.

quished hero of Aliscans and the husband of Gibrourne one of the most illustrious heroines of French epopee, belonged. Both Garin and Doon, who have definitively given their names to two cycles, were little known and little sung in the tenth and eleventh centuries: William Shortnose, or William of Orange, was the true and first centre of the Geste de Garin, as Renaud and his brothers are of the Geste de Doon; but, following the mediæval course of cyclic progress after William and Renaud had been commemorated in song, new poems were composed in honour, first of the father, then of the grandfather, and finally of an ancestor of each; and the name of the last ultimately distinguished the cycle and displaced its primitive and real hero. In both the thirteenth-century versions of Doon de Maïence and Girars de Viane that have been preserved to the present day the primary importance of these three cycles is clearly stated. To take the latter, the now celebrated text of Girars de Viane:—

N'ot ke .III. gestes en France la garnie :  
 Dou roi de France est la plus seignorie  
 Et de richesse et de chevalerie.  
 Et l'autre après (bien est drois que je dis)  
 Est de Doon à la barbe florie,  
 Cel de Maïance qui tant ot baronie—  
 En son linaige ot gens fiere et hardie.  
 De tote France eüssent seignorie, . . .  
 Se il ne fussent plain de tel felonie  
 De cel linaige où tant ot de boidie  
 Fut Guenelons qui, per sa tricherie,  
 En grant dolor mist France la garnie,  
 Quant en Espagne fist la grant felonie,  
 Dont furent mort, entre gent paenime,  
 Li .XII. per de France.

Oi aveiz dire en mainte chanson  
 Ke de la geste ke fut de Guenelon  
 Furent entrat maint chevalier bairon,  
 Fier et hardi et de moult grant renom :  
 Tuit seignor fuxent du France le reon  
 S'en elz n'eüst qroïl ne traïson. . . .  
 De cel linaige ke ne fist se mal non

*Est la seconde geste.*

*La tierce geste, ke moult fist à proïsier,  
 Fû de Garin de Montglaine le fier  
 De son linaige puis-je bien tesmoignier  
 Que il n'i ot ne coart ne lainnier  
 Ne traitor ne fellow lo sangier.\**

The preeminence of the Geste of the King—viz. of Charlemagne—over the others is pointedly shown in the brief description, 'la plus seignorie et de richesse et de chevalerie.' And of this *Geste* the *Song of Roland* is acknowledged to be the most important in every sense of the word: the most ancient, the most celebrated, the most beautiful, of the twenty-seven poems that constitute it. In fact, the most import-

\* Léon Gautier, *Épopées Françaises*.

tant of all the *gestes*, comprising nearly, if not quite, one hundred songs of the golden age of an epic period that lasted for more than three centuries, passing through the various phases of the heroic epoch of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the semi-heroic of the twelfth, and finally of the literary one of the thirteenth, which ended with the rapid decline of mediæval literature on the accession of Philip of Valois. A golden age, however, that was flung to oblivion in the sixteenth century. The same anti-traditional spirit that in 1792 moved France to revolt against its political traditions, and to break the continuity of its political life in mad endeavours to blot out and destroy everything that bound it to a glorious past, sprang up again in the Renaissance, which, caring only for the models of pagan Greece and Rome, scornfully turned its back on the national poetry of ages, and shut it out of the world of letters. So much of the circumstances of the rise and fall of French epic poetry it is almost necessary to recall before approaching directly its chiefest glory. But, having done so, it is natural to turn at once to the *Song of Roland*.

The historical basis of the poem is slight, and might almost be summed up in one line from Eginhard's life of Charlemagne: 'In quo prælio Hruolandus, Britannici limitis præfectus, interficitur.' On the 15th of August, 778, Charlemagne returned from his expedition into Spain, whither he had gone to rescue the Church from the power of the Saracens. His efforts had not been entirely successful. He was a conqueror at Pampeluna, but failed to capture Saragossa. On his way home Roland, prefect of the Marches of Brittany, Anselm, count of the palace, Eggihard, provost of the royal table—in a word, the flower of the court—all the chiefs of the army remained with the rearguard. The King and the vanguard passed the Pyrenees in safety and without let or hindrance. But when the rearguard in a long line wound through the narrow defiles of the mountain, Basques or Gascons, who lay in ambush on the top, concealed by the dense forest that crested it, suddenly rushed down upon the Franks, cast them into the valley beneath, slew them to a man, and then, under the cover of the night, dispersed and fled. That briefly is the story of Roncesvalles told by Eginhard in the ninth chapter of his *Life of Charlemagne*, repeated in the *Annales* of Angilbert, and by the Limousin astronomer. Legend caught hold of the story, and the formidable invasion of the Saracens in 793, and the two revolts of the Gascons in 812 and 824, came to the help of legend, and finally poetry came to perfect the great drama that history and legend had formed. Charlemagne, instead of making a rapid expedition to Spain, carries on a seven years' war there. Roland, the hero of countless battles, is found to be the nephew of the mighty Emperor. The disaster of Roncesvalles, magnified a thousandfold, instead of being an accident of war, is brought about by treason; and a traitor is created whose name becomes a byword of reproach throughout Europe. The Gascons, the



true conquerors, disappear and give place to untold numbers of Saracens. And then, to satisfy the needs of poetic justice, the innocent victims of treachery are avenged, and crime is punished in the overthrow of the heathen and the death of the traitor. And that briefly is the story of Roncesvalles as told in the *Song of Roland*.

The original *Song* is supposed to have been written about the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century. The oldest known version of it is attributed to the latter part of the eleventh century. And the oldest and most perfect text of this version extant, executed by a very indifferent scribe—an Anglo-Norman scribe of the twelfth century—and written in the *langue d'Oïl*, belongs to England, and is preserved in the Bodleian Library. The author of the poem is unknown. The concluding line of it, 'Ci falt la geste que Turolfus declinet,' and the fact that two copies of a poem on Roncesvalles once belonged to the Library of Peterborough Abbey, have given rise to the assumption that Theroulde, the master of William the Conqueror, or his son, whom the King created successively Abbot of Malmesbury and Abbot of Peterborough, was the author. But this is an assumption and nothing more. Four separate times in the *Song of Roland la geste* is alluded to as an historical document consulted by the poet. It might have been, as M. Léon Gautier suggests, a more ancient poem, or a chronicle more or less traditional, derived from a more ancient poem. In which case Turolfus would have been the author of the *Geste* and not of the *Song of Roland*. Again, the word *declinet* has two significations: it may mean to leave, abandon, finish a work, and, by extension, to recount at length a history, a *geste*; and hence *declinet* would apply equally to the scribe who transcribed it, to the jongleur who sang it, and to the poet who composed it. As to the supposition that it is the composition of an ecclesiastic, the internal evidence is dead against it.

The metre is simple and dignified. It is decasyllabic, with a well-marked cæsura after the fourth foot or syllable, and both at the end of the first and second hemistich mute vowels do not count; elision of vowels at the beginning and end of words is also in certain cases allowed. To these last rules I wish to call special attention, because the disregard of them has led some to scan and describe the verse incorrectly as varying from ten to twelve feet. It is rigorously decasyllabic, and runs in stanzas or couplets, or tirades or *laisses* of from twelve to fifteen lines, bound together by one prolonged assonance. These distinctive characteristics of a poem which, we must never forget, was composed to be sung and declaimed, not to be read, which appeals above all to the ear, and took no thought for the fastidious eye of a modern reader, have necessarily been lost in the English translation. Mr. O'Hagan replaces them by the mixed iambic and anapestic metre of *Christabel*, the *Siege of Corinth*, and the *Bridal of Triermain*. Of course, to give English people a just idea of the manner as well as the matter

and spirit of the old Song, is a task, from the very nature of the case, of exceptional difficulty. To interpret a modern poet in a contemporary foreign tongue is an arduous task—witness the thirty or forty successive efforts by able men to translate Goethe's *Faust* into English, not one of which is judged to be a complete success. And the ceaseless endeavours to give a true representation of the classical poets of antiquity in the idioms of modern times have been felt to be such failures, that it is easy to understand that, notwithstanding the shortcomings of his enterprise, M. Littré won sympathy, as well as raised a storm of discussion, when, following the example of Courier, he first essayed to reproduce the heroic narrative of Homer in the epic language of chivalrous France—strong, simple and rapid, unencumbered with articles, particles and conjunctions which destroy the swiftness and lightness of narrative verse, abounding in epithet—‘la riche et pompeuse toilette des épithètes’<sup>10</sup>—familiar with observation, but unused to analysis, dealing much in direct description, but a stranger to the subtle play of fancy. But the very elements that fit it to be a medium of Homeric poetry constitute the chief difficulty of rendering early French into English verse of to-day. It is a primitive language, the instrument of the concrete thought of seven, eight, nine centuries ago, unweakened, and unpolished, too, by the abstractions and refinements that distinguish even the common phraseology of the present time. Its simplicity is not devoid of majesty; but it is the majesty of rugged mountains that ‘their broad bare backs upheave into the clouds.’ ‘Ce n’est ni riche ni gracieuse, cette forte langue avec cette versification escarpée, avec ces mœurs et cet idéal,’ revealing ‘tout un état moral bien éloigné du nôtre, une humanité moins raffinée, moins cultivée, moins complexe, mais jeune et pleine de vie. . . . C’est l’air âpre et pur des sommets : il est rude d’y monter, mais on se sent grandi quand on y est.’<sup>11</sup> Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties that stood in his way, Mr. O’Hagan, on the whole, gives the spirit of the original so happily that, though delicate critics may take exception to a diction that veils or hides a beauty here and there; to a metre that once and again grates upon a sensitive ear, that sometimes robs an image of half its strength, and jingles when it should move gravely or tenderly, we can now study the *Song of Roland* in our own language, and gain a clear apprehension of the nature and influence of the school of French epic poetry which presided at the birth of European letters, but which for a long while has been a sealed book, a veritable *arcanum*, to all but a handful of philologists even in the land of its origin.

The poem, like most of the earliest *chansons de geste*, opens *ex abrupto*. There is no introduction, no fuss, no preluding. Charle-

<sup>10</sup> Littré, *Histoire de la Langue Française*.

<sup>11</sup> Gaston Paris, *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*.

magne, 'Charles li Reis, nostre emperere magne,' has been seven years in Spain; far and wide he has stretched forth his conquering hand till castle and wall and city have all gone down before him.

From highland to sea hath he won the land.  
(Tresquen la mer cunquist la terre altaigne).

Only Saragossa on its mountain height remains unsubdued, held by King Marsile, who does not love God, but serves Mahound and prays to Apollin, impotent to save him. And even King Marsile is growing fearful of defeat, and summons his nobles for counsel on the desperate state of affairs he has to lay before them. Not one of them ventures to speak except Blancandrin, Val Fonde's lord; and he, the wisest of all the heathens and a valiant knight to boot, advises an embassy to Charles, 'à l'orgoillus à l'fier,' to proffer fealty and friendship, 'fideilz serves e mult granz amistiez;' and rich gifts—bears, lions, dogs, seven hundred camels, a thousand hawks, four hundred mules laden with gold and silver, enough to fill fifty wagons, and a visit to Aix, come St. Michael's Day, to be made a Christian. And for hostages—why, if need be, their own sons.

Were death to follow, mine own the first.  
Better by far that they then should die  
Than be driven all from our land to fly,  
Flung to dishonour and beggary.

But, he goes on to say, once get Charles out of the country and safe in Aix, 'Tale nor tidings of us shall be.' He is terrible, and his heart implacable, and therefore he will cut off the heads of the hostages; but better they should lose their heads than that we should lose 'Clere Espaigne la bele.' Unanimous approval greets the base cunning, the shrewd artifice of the pagan, and the council closes with the dispatch to King Charles of the 'most felon ten'—Blancandrin of the number—mounted on white mules and bearing olive branches in their hands. This commencement of the poem is very skilful. Without directly bringing the mighty Emperor before us, the poet, whilst apparently occupied with Marsile and his people in great straits, has begun almost imperceptibly to sketch Charlemagne's portrait, using from the very first the telling picturesque medium of Homeric epithet—'ces épihètes avec lesquelles il emplit l'oreille et l'imagination;' and 'nostres emperere magnes' is also 'l'orgoillus, l'fiers,' and 'sis curages pesmes.' An admirable preparation for his real appearance, joyful and gay, because of the taking of Cordres, seated in an orchard surrounded by Roland, and Olivier, and Samson, and Anseïs li fiers, and Geoffry of Anjou, 'li reis gunfanuniers,' and Gerein, and Gerier, and thousands of others, 'Des Francs de France i ad quinze milliers;' some playing at tric-trac, the wisest and oldest at chess, and others fencing, whilst,

Seated underneath a pine,  
Close beside an eglantine,

Upon a throne of beaten gold,  
The lord of ample France behold ;  
White his head and beard were seen,  
Fair of body and proud of mien,  
Who sought him needed not ask, I woen.

Here we recognize the touch of an artist, 'S'est ki l'demandet, ne l'estoet enseigner.' It is the 'every inch a king' at a single stroke. It is the reticence of genius more expressive than pages of description. Having received Marsile's ambassadors, and heard their message, the Emperor lifts his hands to God, then bends his head and begins to think. And he remains with his head bent, for

De sa parole ne fut mie hastif,  
Sa custume est qu'il parolet à leisir ;

and when at last he looks up to demand guarantees of good faith, it is a lofty expression, a proud countenance, that meet the gaze of Blancandrin, who urges the precious hostages, even his own son, to allay the Emperor's distrust of Marsile ; and, what weighs yet more with Charlemagne, the royal pagan's desire to become a Christian :—

Fair and bright did the evening fall :  
The ten white mules were stabled in stall ;  
On the sward was a fair pavilion dressed,  
To give to the Saracens cheer of the best ;  
Servitors twelve at their bidding bide  
And they rest all night until morning tide.  
The Emperor rose with the day-dawn clear,  
Failed not Matins and Mass to hear,  
Then betook him beneath a pine,  
Summoned his barons by word and sign :  
As his Franks advise him will his choice incline.

This council is one of the distinctively Teutonic features of the poem, showing how, though the barons possessed a consultative authority, the King alone possessed the supreme power of decision. Roland, always the first in council or fight, starts up the instant his uncle has disclosed the terms of the embassy. He knows Marsile of old. He sent his pagans before as now ; with his Franks then as now the Emperor held council, and they were fools enough to agree with the judgment of their lord. Basan and Basil were suffered to go, and Marsile cut off their heads. No, they must have no terms with him. Let it be war to the bitter end, to the end of their lives if necessary, to avenge the nobles this felon slew.

The Emperor bent him and mused within,  
Twisted his beard upon lip and chin,  
Answered his nephew nor good nor ill ;  
And the Franks, save Ganelon, all were still.  
Hastily to his feet he sprang,  
Haughtily his word outrang :—  
' By me or by others be not misled,—  
Look to your own good ends,' he said,—

‘Since now King Marsile his faith assures,  
That with hands together clasped in yours,  
He will henceforth your vassal be,  
Receive the Christian law as we  
And hold his realm of you in fee,  
Whoso would treaty like this deny,  
Racks not, Sire, by what death we die:  
Good never came from counsel of pride,—  
List to the wise and let madmen bide.’

And so Ganelon makes his first appearance as the friend of peace, the man of prudence and good counsel; Ganelon, in whom some see the portrait of the notorious Wenilo, Archbishop of Sens, who betrayed the cause of his benefactor, Charles the Bald, to Louis of Germany; Ganelon, the second Judas, who became such an object of loathing in Europe that in 1131 the knights and consuls of Nepi terminated their oath with the prayer that, if one of them should break his pledge, he might end like Judas, and die the infamous death of Ganelon. The old poet knew human nature better than to make the traitor from the outset the thorough villain he became in later songs. And Ganelon's words gain the approval of Duke Naime, the Nestor of the Court, and, as leader of the party of peace, he carries the day amid the applause of all the knights. Roland, as generous as he is fiery, shows no rancour at having lost his cause, and again prompt to take the initiative, is one of the first to volunteer to bear Charlemagne's terms to the Saracen King. Instantly the ever watchful Olivier, whom Frenchmen delight to call the Patroclus of their Achilles, stops him:—

‘Nay,’ said Olivier, ‘nay not so,  
All too fiery of mood thou art.  
‘Thou wouldst play, I fear me, a perilous part.  
I go myself if the King but will.’  
‘I command,’ said Karl, ‘that ye both be still.’

He will have neither of them to go, nor any one of his twelve peers; and he angrily imposes silence on Turpin of Rheims, when the Archbishop ventures to oppose his will in the matter. Then Roland, nothing daunted, takes the initiative again, and, still burning perhaps at the insults of Ganelon, suggests that outside the circle of peers no man more fitting the present mission than his stepfather could be found. A thousand voices echo his words; the King acquiesces, and summons Ganelon to receive the glove and bâton accorded him by the unanimous vote of the Franks. Wonderfully vigorous, wonderfully dramatic is the scene that follows. Ganelon hears the summons with fury; he vows undying enmity against Roland, ‘the cause of his ruin,’ against Olivier because he is the close friend of his stepson, against the ten other peers because they love him, and he defies them all. Then his tone changes. He declares his readiness to obey his sovereign's behest, but as he goes, never to return—this is

the man who won Charlemagne over to put trust in the word of the Saracen—as he goes to meet the fate of Basil and Basan, basely slaughtered by the faithless Marsile, he begs the Emperor to protect his wife, the Emperor's own sister, and his beautiful boy, whom he shall never see again. The Emperor remains unmoved. He tells Ganelon he is too tender of heart, and once more commands him to do his errand.

Count Ganelon then with anguish wrung,  
His mantle of fur from his neck he flung,  
Stood all stark in his silken vest,  
And his grey eyes gleamed with a fierce unrest.  
Fair of body and large of limb,  
All in wonderment gazed on him.  
'Thou madman,' thus he to Roland cried,  
'What may this rage against me betide?  
I am thy step-sire, as all men know,  
And thou doom'st me on hest like this to go;  
But so God my safe return bestow,  
I promise to work thee scathe and strife  
Long as thou breathest the breath of life!'  
'Pride and folly!' said Roland, then.  
'Am I known to reck of the threats of men?  
But this is work for the sagest head,  
So it please the King I will go instead.'

There lies the whole plot of the *Song of Roland*: the treason of Ganelon foretold in his threat to work the woe of his stepson. And never once from this point onward does it slip the thought of the poet till it is accomplished at Roncesvalles. Incident after incident leads up to the great action and anticipates it. No single point is missed, so that even when the glove reached forth by the Emperor falls to the ground before Ganelon takes it in his reluctant grasp, all the Franks note the ill omen, and tremble for the issue of the mission.

On his way to Saragossa Ganelon falls in with the Saracen envoys, purposely made to linger by the cunning Blancandrin, who at once rides up and joins Ganelon to enter into conversation with him. Blancandrin, as we have seen, is a diplomatist; he is a shrewd judge of human nature, and he knows how to draw out his man. He praises the great Emperor, but after his vast conquests why should he seek to conquer them? Then he praises the valour of the Frankish knights, but their want of wisdom in encouraging their lord to ceaseless war cannot be commended. And then Ganelon lays bare the hatred that rankles in his breast. The Emperor is not to blame for the war, nor the barons, nor the counts—no, one man alone is in fault, and only his death can purchase peace. Little by little the wily infidel worms all that he wants to know out of the traitor. He grasps the position of affairs in the imperial camp, and before they reach Saragossa the two have sworn together the death of Roland.

In discharging his mission to Marsile Ganelon's nobler nature

risks to the surface more than once, and with considerable skill the counterplay of good and evil going on within him is depicted. Indeed, the whole conception of the traitor is very remarkable, really a masterpiece of its kind. The poet does not hesitate to represent Ganelon as courageous, with a certain attractive high-mindedness and grandeur of character before his fall—a rare piece of insight, rarely found in the other *chansons de geste*, where almost invariably the traitor is a thorough villain, an out-and-out traitor, a fiend, rather than a man, with no good in him. Ganelon's natural vindictiveness, indeed, is apparent from the first, and his arguments for peace in face of his distrust of Marsile, directly there is question of his having to test the trustworthiness of the Saracen's promises in his own person, are scarcely consistent with the good faith of a loyal knight. But at the audience with Marsile in the struggles that immediately precede the great act of treachery, his knighthood shines forth, and compels the admiration of the assembled pagans. He delivers the message of Charlemagne boldly, defiantly, and reiterates it loftily—not forgetting again and again, however, to insinuate epithets prejudicial to Roland—when Marsile threatens his life. And he stands—the very picture to excite the enthusiasm of the masses just before the dawn of the Crusades, when hatred of the infidel pervaded all ranks of Christendom—a Christian knight, solitary, with his back to the pine tree, facing with drawn sword a raging infidel crowd. Nor does he, though on the verge of delivering up Roland to death, once swerve in loyalty to his King.

Men never knew him, nor stood beside,  
But will say how noble a lord is he,  
Princely and valiant in high degree.  
Never could words of mine express  
His honour, his bounty, his gentleness.  
'Twas God who graced him with gifts so high.  
Ere I leave his vassalage I will die!

But so long as his nephew lives, he will not tire of war and strife, nor fail to win victory. Under the cope of heaven another such a baron as Roland breathes not. Olivier is very brave, and so are his fellow-peers, but no chief can vie with Roland; he towers above them all, and whoso lays him low will cut off the right hand of Charles and spread repose over the broad earth. And thus he drifts out upon the deep sea of crime, deafened by the laughter of the exulting foe, polluted with the kiss of perfidy, heavy with the guerdon of treachery, the price of his stepson's blood.

The description of the troubled dreams that haunt the sleep of Charlemagne all the night through after he has received the ratification of the treaty of peace with Marsile at the hands of the forsworn Ganelon claims special attention. It would be difficult to find anything at once more poetical and more true to nature. The mys-

terious presentiment of evil notwithstanding the seeming, outward cause for joy—all the Franks have turned their faces homeward, 'vers dölce France,' rejoicing at the successful termination of Ganelon's embassy—asserting itself in the hours of sleep when thought has slipped the curb of reason, is as close to real life as the overpowering vividness of congruous incongruities, bridging over all manner of impossibilities in the sequence of the dreams, whilst the dreamer, as a strong man in health would, unwaking still sleeps on. It would be high art were it not unreflecting, spontaneous genius. And I know of nothing of the kind that surpasses it in the epics of classic times. The dreams in Homer and Virgil, with perhaps the single exception of the unhappy Dido's, are apparitions, visions, rather than dreams; prophetic, figurative, warning visions. They are isolated, single; they wake the sleeper, and are carefully squared to suit the requirements of the action of the poem. Such are the dreams of Achilles, of Penelope and Nausicaa, and of Æneas. They are not the common, every-day, topsy-turvy, protean dreams that, in spite of their fantastic or grotesque elements, bound together by the slenderest thread of association, reflect the real complexion of the mind, and paint in lively colours some vague foreboding of ill that, unperceived it may be, overshadowed or instilled itself into our waking thoughts. But the old trouvère delineates all this, and in true epic fashion.

The day declined, night darkling crept,  
And Karl, the mighty Emperor, slept.  
He dreamt a dream: he seemed to stand  
On Cizra's pass, with lance in hand.  
Count Ganelon came athwart, and lo,  
He wrenched the ashen spear him fro,  
Brandished and shook it aloft with might,  
Till it broke in pieces before his sight;  
High towards heaven the splinters flew;  
Karl awoke not, he dreamed anew.

In his second dream he seemed to dwell  
In his palace of Aix, at his own Chapelle.  
A bear seized grimly his right arm on,  
And bit the flesh to the very bone.  
Anon a leopard from Arden Wood,  
Fiercely flew at him where he stood.  
When lo! from his hall, with leap and bound,  
Sprang to the rescue a gallant hound.  
First from the bear the ear he tore,  
Then on the leopard his fangs he bore.  
The Franks exclaim, 'Tis a stirring fray,  
But who the victor none may say.'  
Karl awoke not—he slept away.

Slept on in spite of his dreams, slept on unconscious of the four hundred thousand of the heathen host following like vultures in his track. The clear day dawns; Ganelon proceeds with his dastard



scheme, and carries his point of getting Roland to guard the rear, notwithstanding the Emperor's wrath. Chafing under the influence of his dream, Charlemagne calls him a living devil. We feel that he has not shaken off its influence in the fierce outburst,—

‘Vus estes vifs diable ;  
El' cors vus est entrée mortel rage.’

And we see it in his impotence to master the grief that wrung tears from his eyes—‘Ne poet muct que de ses oilz ne plut.’ It is a dark picture, heightening with striking effect the brilliant rally of all the peers—Olivier, Gerein, Gereir, Otho, Berengier, Samson, Anseis, old Girard of Roussillon, once the famous leader of the revolted barons, Englier the Gascon, Ivon, and Ivoire—of all the flower of the army, including Turpin of Rheims himself and Count Walter, round the best loved knight of the host, clad in impetuous valour, another Harry with his beaver on, gallantly armed, girt with Durindana, ‘nor steed but Veillatif will ride.’ But the rally is only a gleam of sunshine, a flash of brightness; a settled gloom falls upon the scene: Ganelon himself can scarce muster the courage to play his part when the vanguard, melting with tenderness at the thought of those who will soon greet them in sweet France, maidens and noble wives, *des puceles et des gentils uixir*, begin with toilsome effort to wind through the dark defiles of Roncesvalles,

Halt sunt li pui e li val tenebrus,  
Les roches bises, li destreit merveillus.

Note the impressive, poetic force of the simple natural inversion that with a word brings before us all the gloomy grandeur of the scenery harmonising with the ever-increasing heaviness of heart of Charlemagne.

Beneath his mantle his face he hides,  
Naines, the Duke, at his bridle rides,  
‘Say Sire, what grief doth your heart oppress?’  
‘To ask,’ he said, ‘brings worse distress;  
I cannot but weep for heaviness.  
By Gan the ruin of France is wrought;  
In an angel’s vision last night methought  
He wrested forth from my hand the spear:  
’Twas he gave Roland to guard the rear.  
God! should I lose him, my nephew dear,  
Whom I left on a foreign soil behind,  
His peer on earth I shall never find.’

This first part of the trilogy—the *Song of Roland* is a perfect trilogy, perfect according to the canons of Aristotle himself—comprising the treason of Ganelon, Roncesvalles, and the Reprisals, closes with the muster of Marsile’s troops, led by their respective chiefs, all alike in their eagerness for battle and craving for the blood of Roland and Olivier, yet all so different in their individual and national characteristics, that the audience of the French jongleur knew the

laughing nephew of Marsile and his boasting brother, as well as ever the Greeks who flocked round the blind old man that lived in steep Chios knew, with a distinct sense of their idiosyncrasies, the heroes of Ilium before they had struck a blow. Malprimis, 'more fleet of foot than the fleetest steed,' was as familiar to them as swift-footed Ajax to the older race. And they actually heard the very words of the proud, brave Emir Balaguet, 'Were he a Christian, nobler baron none,' and saw the felon Moor bragging before Marsile. Then, too, the handsome Margariz, whom none could look on without smiling, would have made a deeper impression on the people of France, eager for the glory of their land and worthy foes for their knights, than Nireus, fairest of men (ἀλλ' ἀλαπαδνὸς ἔην) ever could, for though beloved of dames for his beauty's sake, he was also *the goodliest knight of heathenesse*; whilst many an impressionable child of Southern climes must have suffered an additional terror in the dark hours of the night at the recollection of the terrible Chernubles, in whose land

Nor shineth sun, nor springeth corn,  
Nor falleth rain, nor droppeth dew;  
The very stones are of sable hue.  
'Tis the home of the demons.

And though our poet had no command of metaphor or splendid simile to dazzle us with like the *Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν ὡς εἴ τε πυρὶ χθῶν πᾶσα νέμοιτο*, that closes the Homeric roll-call to which he irresistibly carries us back, the trooping of the Saracen host closes brilliantly, and the mighty clangour of a thousand clarions effectively preludes the great battle and leads us back easily to Roland and his companions.

The instant Olivier sees the overwhelming numbers advancing towards them, the whole of Ganelon's perfidy breaks upon him; he openly avows it and resents it. Roland spurns the horrible suspicion. Ganelon is his stepfather, and he magnanimously upholds him. And here we have a famous colloquy in which Roland and Olivier paint themselves, rather than are painted by the poet; and Olivier's estimate of his friend, 'all too fiery of mood art thou,' is brought out and accentuated so naturally that we are liable to overlook the mastery of the poet. We see that,

Rollanz est pruz e Olivier est sages :  
Ambedui unt merveillus vasselages.

When Olivier again climbs the mountain height to estimate the almost inestimable multitude, he feels that numbers such as theirs, whatever their valour, could not stand against it. The odds were too fearful, 100,000 already in sight against 20,000; he begs Roland to sound his horn that Charlemagne, hearing it, may return and bring succour.

'I were mad,' said Roland, 'to do such deed;  
Lost in France were my glory's meed.  
My Durindana shall smite full hard,  
And her hilt be red to the golden guard.

The heathen felons shall find their fate ;  
Their death, I swear, in the pass they wait.'

A second time he urges him. Again Roland refuses :—

'Now God forbid it, for very shame,  
That for me my kindred were stained with blame,  
Or that gentle France to such vileness fell :  
This good sword that hath served me well,  
My Durindana such strokes shall deal,  
That with blood encrimsoned shall be the steel.  
By their evil star are the felons led ;  
They shall be numbered among the dead.'

Once more the voice of entreaty is heard ; but Roland is inexorable, his pride is inflexible :—

'I will not sound on my ivory horn :  
It shall never be spoken of me in scorn ;  
That for heathen felons one blast I blew ;  
I may not dishonour my lineage true.  
But I will strike, ere this fight be o'er,  
A thousand strokes and seven hundred more,  
And my Durindana shall drip with gore,  
The Saracens flock but to find a grave.'

And Oliyier finds that it is utterly useless to try to prevail upon him ; yet his counsel of prudence is no counsel of dishonour, no coward's plea ; he has seen the Saracen hordes ; mountains, valleys and plains swarm with them ; the Franks are a mere handful compared with them.

'All the more  
My spirit within me burns therefore.  
God and his angels of heaven defend  
That France through me from her glory bend.  
Death were better than fame laid low.  
(Mielz voeill murir qu'à huntage remaigne.)  
Our Emperor loveth a downright blow.'

So daring courage triumphs over wisdom. The final warning that the rear-guard is doomed, that their last day has come, is stifled as a piece of folly, a craven tale. Swiftly are we carried along ; picture crowding out picture in rapid succession till we come to the famed Archbishop—

Par granz batailles e par mult bels sermons  
Cuntre paiens fut tus tens campian—

mounted on his horse, addressing from an eminence—the mediæval poets missed out no detail that could bring a scene vividly before their audience—his last brief stirring sermon to the assembled Franks : he assoils them as they all kneel upon the ground for his blessing, and for penance gives them 'to smite their best.' The great action draws near ; Roland with the scales now fallen from his eyes, fully alive to the treason of Ganelon, is still undaunted. The poet fingers

over his beauty, and we catch another glimpse of him radiant in all that physical strength and grace dear above everything to youthful nations, giving his parting commands to his warriors as they dash their rowels into their charger's sides, and close with the foe to the deafening shouts of 'Montjoie.' At once the movement of the poem grows more rapid. The combatants harangue one another in epic fashion, but blows cut short the harangues. Scarcely has the vile taunt left his lips before Aelroth goes down before the resistless charge of Roland. Shattering the shield and hauberk, crashing into the breastbone and piercing right on through the spine, the great warrior drove his spear point home, and hurled the felon's soul out of him,—'od sun espiet l'anme li gete fers.' No hero of Greece or Troy ever dealt such a blow as the first blow struck at Roncesvalles. Terrible was the blow with which Hector slew Patroclus, fearful that of Achilles when, filled with fierce rage, he rushed on Hector and pierced him through and through. But the soul of Hector, like the soul of Patroclus, *'flying' (πταμένη)* from his body, *'departed' (βεβήκει)* to Hades, *'bewailing' (γοόωσα)* its lot, *'relinquishing' (λιποῦσ')* manliness and youth.' The soul of the victim is untouched, it is comparatively free: Now mark the blow of Roland; it hurls the soul of Aelroth out of his body, an expression in the savage, almost superhuman force of its imagery far before the Greek. Unfortunately, however, Mr. O'Hagan, whom one cannot praise too much for his rendering of some passages, has missed this point, as earlier he missed the equally powerful realism of 'El' cors vus est entrée mortel rage.' That is popular and strong; it has all the picturesque, scriptural impressiveness of the parable of the unclean spirit entering in (*εἰσελθόντα*) with seven more wicked than himself; and it fills the imagination as the personification in Homer's line, 'And Mars the dreadful warrior entered into him' (*δὲ δὲ μιν Ἄρης δεινὸς ἐννύλιος*). But to return to Roncesvalles. Not a warrior but distinguishes himself. The Archbishop yields to no one in valour; he deals death on every side; he slays Corsablis, the miscreant monarch of Barbary, and if he draws breath for an instant, it is only the better to mark and extol the blow of Samson—'Cist colps est de baron'—that silences for ever the felon Moor, or to raise the war cry 'Montjoie' anew and rally 'our barons true.'

Mingled and marvellous grows the fray,  
 And in Roland's heart is no dismay;  
 He fought with his lance while his good lance stood;  
 Fifteen encounters have strained its wood.  
 At last it brake; then he grasped in hand  
 His Durindana, his naked brand.  
 He smote Chernubles' helm upon,  
 Where in the centre carbuncles shone:  
 Down through his coif and his fell of hair,  
 Betwixt his eyes came the falchion bare,  
 Down through his plated harness fine,  
 Down through the Saracen's chest and chine,

Down through the saddle with gold inlaid,  
 Till it sank in the living horse the blade,  
 Severed the spine where no joint was found,  
 (Trenchet l'eschine, unc, n'i out quis jointure)  
 And horse and rider lay dead on the ground.  
 'Caitiff, thou camest in evil hour;  
 To save thee passeth Mohammed's power.  
 Never to miscreants like to thee  
 Shall come the guerdon of victory.'

And louder grows the din, fearfuller still the fray, closer the press, swifter the blows no heathen can parry, briefer the defiance of the combatants. Olivier has not even time to draw Hautclere, and slays right and left with only the butt of his broken spear. But the bravery of the bravest cannot avail against overwhelming numbers. A moan escapes the minstrel preparing his hearers for dire defeat. The Franks are bereft of their fairest youth, who will never look on mother or spouse again. 'Karl the mighty may weep and wail,' but 'what skilleth sorrow if succour fail?' For an instant his thoughts revert to the foul treason of Ganelon and the doom that awaits him; and then back again we are carried into the thick of the battle, which is kept up with unflagging spirit, till we come to the finest break, and perhaps the finest touch of poetical genius in the whole poem. From the din of war in Spain we are suddenly transported to the din of nature in France; from Spain witnessing on her fields drenched with 'bright red blood,' the death throes of the fairest chivalry of Christendom, we are suddenly transported to France shrouded in awful darkness, broken only by vivid gleams of lightning, deluged with rain, torn by the whirlwind, convulsed with earthquake:

Now a wondrous storm o'er France hath passed  
 With thunder-stroke and whirlwind's blast;  
 Rain unmeasured and hail there came,  
 Sharp and sudden the lightning's flame;  
 And an earthquake ran—the sooth I say,  
 From Besançon city to Wissant Bay;  
 From St. Michael's Mount to thy shrine, Cologne,  
 House unrifted was there none.  
 And a darkness spread in the noontide high—  
 No light, save gleams from the cloven sky.  
 On all who saw came a mighty fear.  
 They said, 'The end of the world is near.'  
 Alas, they spake but with idle breath,—  
 'Tis the great lament for Roland's death.

Again we are on the field of battle; knight after knight falls; 'Stern and stubborn is the fight;' wonderful are the deeds of Christian valour, till at last the heathens fly. At the sight of Abime, 'Black of hue as a shrivelled pea,' Abime, the man who did not believe in God, 'le filz Sainte Marie,' the man never known to jest or laugh, who prized treason and murder more than all the gold of Galicia,

heading the vanguard with the Dragon, the ensign of his race, held aloft, the Archbishop yearned to slay him.

To himself he speaketh low and quick,  
(Mult queieement le dit à sei meisme,)  
This heathen seems much a heretic;  
I go to slay him, or else to die,  
For I love not dastards or dastardy.

At the cry of his people Marsile rallies his troops for one last stand. Then Roland's heart is heavy at the sight of his slain companions: of all their glorious band sixty alone survive. He calls aloud to Olivier that their death is near. Olivier has no other thought than that they die together, but the thought running in the mind of Roland is at that last hour to go back upon his words, to sound his horn. Yet he dare not speak it; he only questions, *how* can they acquaint Charlemagne with their distress. Olivier knows not, but rather death than dishonour, 'Mielz voeill murir que hunte nus seit retraite.' Time presses. Roland roundly declares that he must sound his horn: Charlemagne will hear it and the Franks will return. This is another of those incidents that mark the unfaltering discernment, the broad grasp of character possessed by our unknown poet. His hero is human, not preternatural; his greatness of soul is not identical with perfection. He paints his faults with as firm a hand, and shows him in his moments of weakness as fearlessly, as he told the good of Gancelon and emphasized the working of his nobler nature, without in either case misleading popular sympathy or confusing the moral instincts of the multitude. For a moment the bonds of friendship are strained near to breaking. With rising anger Olivier condemns an act that would bring down disgrace on all Roland's descendants. Nay, if he persists, if he but once blow on his horn now, and they survive the fight, the fair Alda shall never be his. There was a time when to have summoned the aid of the Emperor would have been right and not unfitting the honour of knighthood; but Roland scorned the counsel of prudence; and now his folly has wrought the ruin of the Franks, his daring is working the dishonour of France and putting an end to their loyal fellowship.

Valour and madness are scarce allied,  
Better discretion than daring pride.  
(Kar vasselage par sens nen est folie:  
Mielz valt mesuro que ne fait estultie.)

Happily the Archbishop interferes and with timely rebuke stops recriminations that uttered with all the play and pathos of a skilful minstrel must have made highly-wrought multitudes tremble for even the long-tried friendship of Roland and Olivier. The horn cannot avail to save them now, the Archbishop says, yet it must be sounded: their death must be avenged, their bodies must be rescued from the teeth of wolves and boars and dogs, and laid in hallowed ground.

Thirty leagues was the sound borne along through the deep gorges of the soaring mountains, and Charlemagne heard it.

With deadly travail, in stress and pain  
 Count Roland sounded the mighty strain.  
 Forth from his mouth the bright blood sprang,  
 And his temples burst for the very pang.  
 On and onward was borne the blast,  
 Till Karl hath heard, as the gorge he passed,  
 And Nîmes and all his men of war.  
 'It is Roland's horn,' saith the Emperor,  
 'And save in battle he had not blown.'

In vain does Ganelon mock the idea, in vain does he recall Roland's pride, which never would seek help even in the direst need, his past victories, nay the light-heartedness that would make him 'sound all day for a single hare.' There was anguish in the very tone of the blast, 'L'olifant sunet à d'ulur e à peine;' the quick ear of affection marked 'Cel cor ad lunge aleine;' all doubt of treason and the traitor vanishes before it; one thought alone fills the hearts of the army, as with answering trumpet they strain their utmost to bear succour. And though the poet warns us that it is all too late, mark how he carries us back to the field of battle once more to witness such feats of valour that we are almost made to forget his warnings. It is not the mere fight of desperation, however—

*Spes ubi nulla manet, militat ipse piger.*

But the desperation born of fearful odds whilst it gives intensity is almost necessary, even for the days of chivalry and in the realms of imagination, to give verisimilitude to the deeds of the closing struggle.

Hum ki ȝo set quo ja n'avrat prisun  
 En tel bataille fait grand defension  
 Pur ȝo sunt France si fier cume leun.

Roland had filled his warriors with courage. With winged words, like our own Britnorth, he had taught them

Mind shall the harder be,  
 Heart shall the fiercer be,  
 Courage shall the greater be,  
 As our troop lessens;<sup>12</sup>

and with deeds surpassing theirs he follows them to the grave. But not till he has tasted the last drop of bitterness, not till he has paid in anguish of heart the heaviest penalty of his rash courage, and wiped away with humble sorrow what stains had tarnished his greatness. Inexpressibly touching is his parting with Olivier. Olivier wounded to death calls his friend to his side:

<sup>12</sup> Hyge sceal ȝý heardra, heorte ȝý cenré,  
 mēd sceal ȝý märe, ȝý úre mægen lytlað.—

Sweet, *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, Clar. Pr. Series.

Roland looked Olivier in the face,—  
 Ghastly paleness was there to trace;  
 Forth from his wound did the bright blood flow,  
 And rain in showers to the earth below.  
 'O God!' said Roland, 'is this the end  
 Of all thy prowess, my gentle friend?  
 Nor know I whither to bear me now:  
 On earth shall never be such as thou.  
 Ah, gentle France, thou art overthrown,  
 Rest of thy bravest, despoiled and lone;  
 The Emperor's loss is full indeed!'  
 At the words he fainteth upon his steed.  
 See Roland there on his charger swooned,  
 Olivier smitten with his death wound.  
 His eyes from bleeding are dimmed and dark.  
 Nor mortal, near or far, can mark;  
 And when his comrade beside him pressed,  
 Fiercely he snote on his golden crest;  
 Down to the nasal the helm he shred,  
 But passed no further, nor pierced his head.  
 Roland marvelled at such a blow,  
 And thus bespake him soft and low:  
 'Hast thou done it, my comrade, wittingly?  
 Roland who loves thee so dear am I;  
 Thou hast no quarrel with me to seek?'  
 Olivier answered, 'I hear thee speak,  
 But I see thee not. God seeth thee.  
 Have I struck thee, brother? Forgive it me.'  
 'I am not hurt, O Olivier;  
 And in sight of God I forgive thee here.'  
 Then each to the other his head hath laid,  
 And in love like this was their parting made.

Olivier feeleth his throe begin;  
 His eyes are turning his head within,  
 Sight and hearing alike are gone.  
 He alights and couches the earth upon;  
 His *Mea culpa* aloud he cries,  
 And his hands in prayer unto God arise  
 That He grant him Paradise to share,  
 That he bless King Karl and France the fair,  
 His brother Roland o'er all mankind;  
 Then sank his heart, and his head declined,  
 Stretched at length on the earth he lay,  
 So passed Sir Olivier away.  
 Roland was left to weep alone;  
 Man so woeful hath ne'er been known.

Recollections of the days and years they have lived together unclouded by one unkind deed throng upon him, and, with the pain of life after such a severance, the sturdy warrior, the strong man swoons. But touching as this episode is, it is surpassed by the sequel: the dying Archbishop, dying in his supreme effort to bear a draught of water to Roland. The battle is spent. The heathen host, though reinforced by the black battalions of Agalif, have taken to flight,



have fled for the third, for the last time. Roland, his buckler rent, his cuirass broken, shattered by the blows of javelin, barb and plumed shaft, his Veillantif slain, alone remained standing on the field. With tender care he sought out the Archbishop, unlaced his golden helmet, ungirt the corselet from his breast, divided his silken vest and staunched and bound his wounds with it, pressed him to his bosom, and gently laid him on the grass. Then he bade him farewell whilst he sought through the heaps of slain the chosen peers, whom one after another he reverently laid at Turpin's feet, to receive the last blessing. But when he saw them all, his peers and Olivier whom he had loved so tenderly, lying dead before him, grief mastered him a second time, he fell unconscious by them. But in the Archbishop charity masters sorrow, and almost masters death. The sight of Roland overpowered with woe, prone upon the ground, unconscious, motionless, pierced him with sorrow keener than he had ever known before. He reached out his hand and took the horn, thinking to bear it to the brook that flowed through Roncevalles and fill it with water that should bring back life to Roland. With a great effort he lifted himself up and tried to walk; but only a feeble, tottering step responded to the strong will of his glorious love; his strength was gone, spent with his blood; scarcely had he advanced a rood when his heart failed him, he fell forward and the agony of death came upon him. And so Roland found him. And he took the fair white hands of the dead Archbishop, *ses blanches mains, les beles*, crossed them on his breast, and then, faithful to the law of his land, *à la loi de sa tere*, in moving words bade him a last farewell and committed him to the glorious One on High, 'à l'Glorius Celeste.'

The feature that distinguishes the death of Roland, that marks it off from that of Olivier, that makes it stand out even from that of the Archbishop of Rheims, is its loneliness, its utter loneliness. It strikes us as the loneliness of Moses's death strikes us. And, like Moses, Roland, leaving the companionship of the dead as the Hebrew leader left the companionship of the living, *goes up to die*. The valleys of Roncevalles have long ceased to resound with the tramp and din of the flying hordes of Marsile, and the thunder of Charlemagne's returning legions is too far off to awake even their faintest echo anew. Not a sound, not even a groan from the field of slaughter, breaks the stillness; and there in the great silence and solitude of the mountains Roland prepares to meet his God. The passing of Arthur is beautiful, but it is mystic. The death of Roland is grand, but it is all human. Roland prays to his God for his peers and invokes St. Gabriel for himself; he thinks of his kindred, he thinks of his country, 'et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos;' of France, the home of the free, 'Damnes Deus Père n'en laissier hunir France.' And so, facing the land of the foe, that coming Charlemagne and his warriors may know that he died a conqueror,

a conqueror though his host was overthrown and annihilated, again and again crying *Mea culpa* for all his sins, both *great* and *small*, 'des granz et des menuz,' thirsting 'ad Deum fortem vivum;' trusting in the Father of Truth who never deceived, 'Veise paterne, ki unques ne mentis,' he sleeps in peace and has his rest. 'In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam, quoniam tu Domine singulariter in spe constituisti me.'

And here we are constrained to pause as the old minstrels paused. We naturally shut our book and, as the slowly dispersing crowds went home discussing the tale the singer has just told them, rather than anticipating the sequel of the morrow, we let our thoughts wander back and dwell on what has passed rather than hurry on to see what follows. Another day we can each one study separately and at our leisure the profound and perfect unity of the poem, unbroken down to its very close, fulfilling all the requirements of poetic justice, and satisfying the popular cry for vengeance in the destruction of the traitor and the retribution of the less guilty accomplices of his crime. And then when Englishmen have done this; and when we have fully grasped the fact that the central poem of the Carlovin gian cycle belonging to a primitive age, an age in reality far more removed from our own than the classic times of Rome and Greece; when we have fully grasped the fact that this heroic song, with its strong, not subtle imaginative power, its striking imagery, its bold delineations of individual character, with its vivid reflection of the intense simple faith, the stern sense of justice, the unwavering hatred of falsehood, the passionate love of country, the strange tenderness of heart, the heroic temper of an heroic people, 'Gens Francorum inclita, auctore Deo condita, fortis in armis, firma in pacis fœdere, profunda in consilio, corpore nobilis, incolumis candore, formâ egregia, audax, velox et aspera ad catholicam fidem nuper conversa et immunis ab herese;' <sup>13</sup> when we have grasped the fact that this epic is the oldest epic of Christendom, then there will be some chance of our understanding why men of letters in France and Germany rank the *Song of Roland* among the masterpieces of human genius.

<sup>13</sup> Lex Salica, *Prologus* (ed. Merkel).

## CANADA'S HIGHWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

THE increased attention which our great possessions in the North-Western portion of the Dominion of Canada have attracted during the past twelve months, and the question how far their settlement may be utilised to diminish the evils incident to the overcrowding of our population in parts of Great Britain and Ireland, afford a reason for supposing that a short account of the history of the railway corporation, through whose agency the North-West is to be rendered accessible to immigrants, may be of interest to the English public. The recent tour of the Governor-General of Canada, and the letters of the special correspondents who accompanied him, have called attention to the region situated between Winnipeg and the Pacific Ocean; and I propose to show why this country has so long been a *terra incognita* to Englishmen, and to set forth the grounds for predicting that their ignorance is about to be dispelled.

For these purposes it is necessary to give a short sketch of the action taken by successive Canadian Administrations since the Confederation of the Dominion in 1867 in regard to the construction of a Trans-Continental line of railroad.

It became evident, after the passage of the North American Act in that year, that the accession of the Province of British Columbia to a union, comprising Canada (*i.e.*, Ontario and Quebec), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, could only be a matter of a few years and a little bargaining. It was known that a main condition of such a union would be the construction of a railway across the uncultivated expanse of lands ruled over by the Hudson's Bay Company, which should give British Columbia communication by land with the other confederated provinces, and relieve her from her dependence on the Pacific States of the American Union. Accordingly, in 1870 the Dominion Government purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company their territorial rights in the North-West; and in July 1871, concluded an agreement with British Columbia whereby the latter province entered the Dominion Confederation.

One of the principal articles of agreement was that 'as no real union could exist' without speedy communication between British Columbia and Eastern Canada through British territory, the Canadian Pacific Railway should be constructed by the Dominion as a Federal

work of commercial and political necessity; and it was stipulated that a line should be built within ten years across Canada to the Pacific Ocean, having its terminus at a point in British Columbia.

As soon as this bargain had received the sanction of Parliament, two companies, named respectively the 'Canada Pacific' and the 'Inter-Oceanic,' came forward with proposals to construct the line. After an unsuccessful attempt to secure their fusion, the Government of the day granted a charter to a company presided over by the chairman of the 'Canada Pacific' Company, and this charter was agreed to by Parliament. The principal concessions made to the company were a land grant of fifty million acres of land and a cash subsidy of thirty million dollars.

A strong prejudice, however, existed at that time in Canada against the *personnel* of the company, based on the idea that its president's connections with American gentlemen interested in American railways might lead to the road being built rather in the interests of the United States than for the advantage of the Dominion; and the discovery that the president himself had subscribed largely to the Ministerial General Election Fund, at or about the same time that his company received its concession for the building of the railway, created so great a sensation in Canada as to lead to the downfall of Sir John A. Macdonald's Administration. Under these unpropitious circumstances the attempt to raise money in England to construct the road failed, and the company collapsed.

Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, who succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald as Premier of the Dominion, felt himself equally bound to carry out the agreement with British Columbia for the construction of the line. But there were grave difficulties in the way. It was manifest that it would be impossible to complete the road by the year 1881; and there was a strong feeling amongst all political parties that the terms offered to British Columbia for her adhesion to confederation were sufficiently onerous to the Dominion to warrant her statesmen in an endeavour to secure that the building of the Pacific Railway should, if possible, be effected without increasing the national burden of taxation. Indeed a formal Résolution to that effect had been adopted by Parliament in 1871.

Mr. Mackenzie endeavoured to come to an arrangement with British Columbia, whereby the completion of the Pacific Railway in its entirety should be postponed in return for certain local advantages to be granted to that province. These included the annual expenditure on railway construction in the province of a million and a half dollars, the building of a waggon road along the projected route of the Pacific Railway, and the construction of a railroad on Vancouver's Island from Esquimalt to Nanaimo.

These proposals were rejected by British Columbia, and both parties appealed to Lord Carnarvon, then Secretary of State for the

Colonies, for his decision, which was to the effect that the proposed annual railway expenditure in the province should be increased to two million dollars, that the whole Pacific Railway should be completed by 1890, and that the line from Esquimalt to Nanaimo should be commenced forthwith.

To the second of these conditions the Canadian Government demurred, offering in lieu thereof railway connection west of Lake Superior with existing lines of railway through a portion of the United States, and by Canadian waters during the season of navigation.

The negotiations, however, between the Dominion and the province, after extending over a couple of years, ultimately came to nothing, partly in consequence of the rejection by the Dominion Senate of the Bill authorising the construction of the Esquimalt-Nanaimo Railway, and partly owing to disputes as to the interpretation to be put on other terms of the Dominion proposals.

Mr. Mackenzie, in the meantime, had formally and repeatedly announced his determination to proceed with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway: and in 1874 he passed an Act providing for the construction of the line either as a Government work or through the agency of a private company. He offered a Government subsidy for the building of the main line from Lake Nipissing to the Pacific Ocean of ten thousand dollars and twenty thousand acres of land per mile—irrespective of subsidies of the same amount for two branches reckoned at eighty-five miles each—the one to extend from Lake Nipissing to Georgian Bay, and the second from Winnipeg to Pembina. Taking the total length of the line and branches at 2,797 miles, Mr. Mackenzie's offer amounted to about twenty-eight million dollars cash and fifty-six million acres of land, about the same amount as that offered by his predecessor. He supplemented these terms, however, by the proffer of a guarantee of four per cent. interest on any further sums necessary for the construction of the road.

Mr. Mackenzie's offers met with no response, but it is due to him to say that his Administration appear to have used every effort to induce capitalists to take up the scheme. But the years during which he held office were years of financial and commercial depression, when business men were indisposed to enter upon new undertakings, whilst such an enterprise as the building of a Trans-Continental Railway was one the inception of which merited most serious consideration.

A considerable amount of public money, however, was expended, and contracts for the construction of portions of the line entered into by the Mackenzie government; and when, in 1878, they were defeated at the polls by Sir John A. Macdonald, the necessity for completing the Pacific Railway was more than ever apparent.

Nevertheless it seemed at first as if the new government would be as unfortunate as their predecessors. In 1879 they obtained

authority from Parliament to dispose of one hundred million acres of public lands, by the concession of which they hoped to induce capitalists, especially English capitalists, to undertake the construction of the road.

But there were two insurmountable difficulties in their way; first, the objection Englishmen entertained to undertaking so great a task at a distance of so many thousand miles from home; and, secondly, the impossibility of disposing of so vast a tract of land quickly enough to provide cash to meet the heavy outlay which the building the line must necessarily involve.

The first attempt of the Government accordingly failed, but at this juncture a Syndicate, composed partly of English and foreign capitalists, but principally of Canadian and American gentlemen acquainted with the undeveloped resources of the North-West, came forward with an offer not merely to build the line but to maintain and operate it when constructed. The acceptance of this offer relieved the Government from the apprehension of the possible annual deficit which it was predicted the cost of operating the line might entail on the country, and which was calculated by some at from one to two million dollars. Negotiations were, therefore, commenced with the Syndicate, which resulted in an agreement being submitted to Parliament for its ratification in December 1880.

The principal features of the bargain were that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company should construct by the 1st of May 1891 a good line of standard gauge from Callender Station near Lake Nipissing to Port Moody on the Pacific coast, and should for ever after efficiently maintain and operate the said railway.

In return the company were to receive a cash subsidy of twenty-five million dollars, a land grant of twenty-five million acres of land, and the cession in a completed form of some 710 miles of railway already built by, or contracted for by the Government. The company also secured certain exemptions from taxation, and other minor advantages. The subsidies were made contingent on the completion of the road, and are payable in instalments dependent on the amount of line constructed by the company.

This contract was ratified by a large majority in Parliament in the spring of 1881; and the building of the road is at present being pushed with such rapidity as to warrant the expectation that, the year 1886, or 1887 at latest, will see a complete line of railway from ocean to ocean constructed on British territory.

It may here be of interest to offer a few remarks on the character of the country through which the line passes, on the amount of road already constructed, and lastly on the grounds upon which the people of Canada account for the slow growth hitherto of their North-Western territory as compared with that of the United States, and the basis of their hopes of a large future immigration.

Starting, then, from its eastern terminus of Callender near the eastern end of Lake Nipissing, the first section of the Canadian Pacific Railway will run westerly in the direction of the Sault Ste. Marie along the north shore of Lake Superior, and thence in a north-westerly direction from Thunder Bay to Selkirk on the east side of the Red River of the North. Until the line is definitely located it is impossible to give the mileage of the section, which is known as the Lake Superior section, especially as it is possible, though not probable, that engineering difficulties may necessitate the construction of the road along the height of land further north of the Lake, where a practicable line has been surveyed. Should the line above indicated prove practicable, the time for the completion of the whole line will be so greatly shortened as to render it almost certain that the entire railway will be finished within five years from the present date, and the line opened for inter-oceanic traffic.

The general character of the 1,100 miles (roughly speaking) through which this part of the road will run is not well calculated for agricultural settlement. Parts of the country are fairly good—but generally speaking it is rocky and unsuited for farming. There is plenty of excellent lumber, however, which will be utilised for fuel and building purposes on the prairie section, and abundance of minerals, silver, iron, and copper are found along the north shore of Lake Superior.

The central section of the Pacific Railway extends from Selkirk to Kamloops in British Columbia, a distance according to the probable location of the line of about 1,300 miles; and it is within this section and within what is known as the Fertile Belt of the North-West that the best agricultural lands are to be found.

The Fertile Belt, properly speaking, is comprised within parallels 44 to 54 of latitude, and is bounded on the north by the Saskatchewan River, on the east by the Red River of the North, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, and on the south by the 44th parallel of latitude, the line of which passes through Wyoming, Dakota, and Minnesota. The surveys of this vast country have not been carried out with sufficient accuracy to enable its exact acreage to be known; but that it contains some hundreds of millions of acres of excellent wheat and grazing lands is undisputed; and it is through this country that the Canadian Pacific Railway will run.

A reference to the map will show that the greater portion of this belt is situated north of the international boundary line, namely, the 49th parallel; and it is to be borne in mind that the lands in the United States about the 44th and 45th parallel form a species of watershed from which the rivers of that portion of the American continent drain off, either to the Gulf of Mexico or to the Arctic Ocean. The high level of this part of the United States exposes its inhabitants to the fury of the sudden wind storms, or 'blizzards' as they are termed,

to a much greater extent than is the case in Manitoba and the Canadian North-West, which are protected to a great extent from these storms by their lower level.

Starting from Winnipeg the railway (about two hundred miles of which has been built this summer, and is now in operation) crosses the Assineboine River, and will run west and north-west through the Qu'Appelle River country, and north of the great plain of the Souris, through the Bow River region to Fort Calgary at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It is anticipated that this part of the work will be completed by the winter of 1882.

The land through which this part of the line passes is almost uniformly good for farming or grazing purposes, and is being rapidly purchased by private settlers as well as by land and emigration companies. Independent testimony as to its value is to be found in the reports of the Scotch tenant farmer delegates who visited Manitoba and the North-West two years ago, as well as in the letters of the newspaper special correspondents who accompanied the Governor-General of Canada on his recent western tour.

Lord Lorne's own view of the country was recently expressed at Winnipeg as follows: 'The measureless meadows which commence here (Winnipeg) stretch without interruption of their good soil westward to your boundary. The province is a green sea, over which the summer winds ripple over the waves of rich grasses and flowers, and on this vast extent it is only as yet here and there that a yellow patch shows some gigantic wheat field.'

The Canadian Pacific Railway will doubtless have a hard engineering task to accomplish in penetrating from Fort Calgary westward through the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk range; but practicable passes have been discovered, and the question of their arrival at Kamloops is merely one of time and money.

The western portion of the road from Kamloops to Port Moody on the Pacific Ocean is being constructed by the Canadian Government, and will, when completed, be handed over to the company as part of the consideration for the building of the road.

Enough is known of the salubrity of the climate of British Columbia, as well as of its resources in gold and other precious metals, to warrant the expectation that a great development of population and trade may soon be looked for in that province.

There is, therefore, no longer any doubt that a line from sea to sea will shortly be in operation in the Dominion. The Pacific Railway Company was formed in the spring of 1881. By the winter of that year they had purchased a line in the east of Canada of some three hundred miles in length, known as the 'Canada Central.' The acquisition of this line, which runs from Callender to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, and to the town of Brockville on the River St. Lawrence, gives them the capital of the country, and a town on its main



river, for their present eastern termini. They have also taken over a branch line some sixty-five miles long from Pembina to Winnipeg; they have 160 miles built and in operation to the east of that city, and about 200 miles also in operation west of Winnipeg. Several branch lines are also being surveyed in the North-West, two running from points on the main line in a north-westerly direction to the Touchwood Hills, and Edmonton respectively, and a third in a south-westerly direction, skirting the Souris plains, and running down towards the United States frontier.

It is reckoned that when the Canadian Pacific Railway and its branches are completed the company will own 4,000 miles of railway, and Canada and the world at large are entitled to ask to what use this great engine is to be put.

The answer is simple, viz., that it must be the interest of the Company to act as the key that is to unlock the treasure chest of the North-West. The resources of that country were unknown during the long period of Hudson's Bay monopoly. But even after that came to an end the country continued valueless without railway communication. As lately as 1874, emigrants to Manitoba could get no nearer their destination by rail than St. Paul, Minnesota. From that point, four hundred miles from the Canadian frontier, they had to choose between travelling in carts and uncertain river communication. Naturally the bulk of them stopped *en route* and settled on the almost equally fertile soil of Minnesota or Dakota.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway will obviate this difficulty. In another year emigrants will be conveyed from England to their destination exclusively through British territory. There is no appreciable difference between the mean temperature of Winnipeg and that of Montreal or St. Paul; and Canadians have before their eyes the success which has attended the settlement of the American North-West. It will, of course, require time for Canada to settle this vast country. But great results can be obtained by the cultivation of a small fraction thereof. A year or so ago, for instance, Minnesota produced one tenth of the total wheat crop of the United States. The total area of Minnesota is about 45 million acres, of which little more than three millions were under cultivation; and the total population of the State was only 750,000 souls.

Such an example may well encourage Canada to vigorously prosecute the development of her resources. As a matter of fact, the Government and Company are selling the freehold of lands along the line of railway at ten shillings an acre to *bonâ fide* settlers, and one half this sum is returned to purchasers by the company for all of their lands brought under cultivation within a term of three or four years.

It is early as yet to prophesy, but indications are not want-

ing that this policy will be crowned with success, and that the establishment of a gigantic wheat-producing country, rivalling and perhaps excelling in its fertility the best lands of the United States, may prove a double benefit to Great Britain by supplying a new and happy home for her distressed or redundant agricultural population, and by relieving the mother country from her state of dependence on a foreign, however friendly, nation for her supply of daily bread.

H. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

*MYTHOLOGY AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS.<sup>1</sup>*

THE foundation of a Chair of Comparative Philology for the special study of the South African Languages at Cape Town was much canvassed at the time, now about three or four years ago, particularly as it happened at the very moment when all the resources of the colony seemed to be required for very different purposes. It is true the endowment was not a large one, not much more than what used to be paid to a Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. But the Chair was wisely united with the Custodianship of the Grey Library; and in this way the electors succeeded in securing the services of a real scholar, Dr. Theophilus Hahn, a man reared among Hottentots and Zulus, formed afterwards in the school of Pott, and who had proved himself not only a well-seasoned traveller and explorer, but a ripe scholar and indefatigable student. No doubt there were utilitarian Members of Parliament at the Cape who shrugged their shoulders and wondered what could be the use of studying the horrid clicks of Hottentots, or collecting the disgusting stories about their so-called gods, heroes, and ancestors. But, for once, and owing very much to the far-seeing statesmanship of Sir Bartle Frere, higher motives prevailed. It was felt that languages, which are the outcome of centuries of incessant intellectual labour, should not be allowed to perish without a record, and that if the black, the red, and the yellow men must really vanish in the end before the white, the study of all studies, the study of man, should not be wantonly deprived of materials without which it must for ever remain incomplete. If it is right to spend thousands on rescuing one single obelisk, the handiwork of a few masons who lived a few thousand years ago, surely a language, the handiwork of millions who may have begun their work many thousands of years ago, was well worthy of a few hundred pounds. And if the Indian Government feels it a duty to spend large sums on the publication of the *Vedas*, and on the translation of the *Sacred Books of the East*, the crude myths and legends and customs of the Khoi-khoi and Sâ races of Southern Africa, which, for all we know, may go back to a far more distant antiquity than the literary records of any of the

<sup>1</sup> Tsuni-||Goam, the Supreme Being of the Khoi-khoi, by Theophilus Hahn. London: Trübner & Co., 1881.

Aryan nations, may well appeal for support to those who are striving to erect, after the model of the Indian Empire, a great South African Empire under English suzerainty.

Nor has Dr. Hahn lost much time before trying to justify his appointment as Government Philologist at the Capé, by showing to the world at large what kind of work may be expected from him. In a book just published under the title of *Tsuni-llgoam, the Supreme Being of the Khoi-khoi*, he has not only collected the most curious fragments of the religion and mythology of the Hottentot tribes, but he has made for the first time a bold attempt at supplying a truly scientific explanation of the myths and legends of savage races.

We must beg Dr. Hahn's pardon for speaking of Hottentots. It is, no doubt, a most misleading name, but what ethnological name is not misleading? In order to be intelligible, however, we must always begin with names which are known and intelligible to the world at large; nay we are afraid, in the absence of types for clicks, which even our best-stocked printing offices cannot yet supply, we shall hardly be able to reproduce the names which Dr. Hahn tells us we ought to use when speaking of Hottentots and Bushmen.

The name *Hottentot*, or *Hüttentüt*, was given by the Dutch to the yellowish race of men with whom they became first acquainted near the Cape of Good Hope. Dapper, in 1670, writes that the name was given by the Dutch to the natives on account of the curious clicks and harsh sounds in their language, and that the same word is applied in Dutch to one who stammers and stutters. In the *Idioticon Hamburgense* (1755) *Hüttentüth* is given as a term of reproach for a physician, our quack. These so-called Hottentots, however, call themselves by a much grander name, *Khoi-khoi*, i.e. men of men; and they draw a sharp line between themselves and the Bushmen (Bosjesmen), whom they call *Sâ-n*, and reckon as lower almost than dogs. Nevertheless Dr. Hahn is convinced that the Khoi-khoi and the Sâ were originally one race, and spoke originally one language, but while the former led a pastoral and agricultural life, the latter always remained hunters. Such is the influence of life on language, that while all the Khoi-khoi tribes can, to a certain extent, converse together, the dialects of the Sâ or Bushmen differ widely from each other, and the tribes speaking them have long ceased to be mutually intelligible. Dr. Hahn states that in the Khoi-khoi idioms the root is monosyllabic and ends in a vowel, the grammatical articulation taking place by means of pronominal suffixes. The Sâ dialects, on the contrary, have no such formative elements, their roots seem often polysyllabic, and the whole language bears clear traces of violent phonetic decay and grammatical confusion. Yet Dr. Hahn feels convinced that the language of the Sâ or Bushmen stands to that of the Khoi-khoi in the same relation as

English does to Sanskrit—a comparison, we venture to think, not very flattering to the English. The Khoi-khoi have a very perfect decimal system of numbers, while the Bushmen have long been quoted as having no numerals at all, beyond two or three. Dr. Hahn, however, discovered among the Ai-Bushman numerals up to twenty. The Khoi-khoi have the curious system of calling all sons after their mother, all daughters after their father. The eldest daughter was highly respected, and the milking of the cows was entirely left to her. It is well known that in Sanskrit also the daughter is called *duhitar*, the milker, from *duh*, to milk, the Greek *θυγάτηρ*, and our own *daughter*. Dr. Hahn quotes a little song addressed to the eldest daughter :

My lioness,  
Art thou afraid that I shall bewitch thee ?  
Thou milkest the cow with a soft hand.  
Bite me (i.e. kiss me) !  
Pour for me milk !  
My lioness,  
Great man's daughter.

Dr. Hahn gives many more illustrations of the daily life, the customs, social distinctions, occupations, and amusements of the Khoi-khoi, or Hottentots, and certainly, amongst much that seems strange and even repulsive, he discloses many sweet and redeeming features in their wild character. So it always is and will be, when a man who can speak the language of so-called savages watches their daily life, and is able to observe their real motives for good or evil. In this respect also the Chair of South African Philology at Cape Town will, it is to be hoped, bear good fruit. It will excite not only a scientific, a philological, or craniological interest in the yellow and black races who are brought in daily contact with their white rulers, but it will show that, in spite of many differences, there is a common ground between them and ourselves. They have a religion, less dogmatic than ours, but often, it seems, marvellously practical. They have traditions, legends, poetry, they have refined feelings and a warm heart. If Dr. Hahn in his lectures succeeds in exciting some kindly sympathies among his hearers for Hottentots, Bushmen, or Kafirs, the liberality of the Cape Parliament in endowing his Chair will have been well bestowed, and will be amply repaid in the future.

The first instalment of Dr. Hahn's labours will, however, be of interest, not at the Cape only, but in every University of Europe. It is, in fact, a most valuable contribution to the comparative study of religion and mythology. It has often been urged against these new sciences that they confine themselves too exclusively to the mythologies of civilised nations, the Aryan and Semitic, and thus leave out of account the majority of the human race, the illiterate and so-called savage tribes of Asia, Africa, America, and Polynesia. It is

easy to understand why this should be so. Comparative mythology and, still more, comparative theology are of very recent date; and when a beginning has to be made, when an entirely new mine has to be opened, the work, if it is to be well done, must at first be confined within narrow limits. If comparative philologists had waited till they had mastered the languages of the whole world, if comparative mythologists had suppressed their theories till they could prove their applicability to the mythology of every savage tribe, we should be now where we were a hundred years ago. It is far more easy to ask for what is impossible than to do what is possible. No doubt there is the danger of premature generalisation; and after having discovered how one family of languages grew up, or how the mythologies of the best known nations came to be what they are, scholars are apt to speak of the origin and growth of language and mythology in general, as if their own theories must be applicable to all, or as if no new facts could possibly modify those theories. This danger, however, is not so great as it may seem. Scholars know perfectly well how far the shafts have been run, and how wide the safe levels extend. Though they do not always say so, they always have the proviso in their mind, 'so far as we know at present;' and the world at large, even without being expressly told so, is not likely to forget the same caution, influenced, as most people really are, not by their own judgment, but by that of men who have a personal knowledge both of the mine and of the miners whom they are asked to trust.

There is another reason why comparative philology, and still more comparative mythology, has hitherto been confined to a rather narrow field. Comparative mythology is chiefly studied by two classes—by scholars and by anthropologists. Now the true scholar who knows the intricacies of a few languages, who is aware of the traps he has to avoid in exploring their history, who in fact has burnt his fingers again and again when dealing with Greek, and Latin, and Sanskrit, shrinks by a kind of instinct from materials which crumble away as soon as critical scholarship attempts to impart to them a certain cohesion and polish. These materials are often supplied by travellers ignorant of the language, by missionaries strongly biassed in one direction or the other, or by natives who hardly understood the questions they were asked to answer. A very useful collection was made some time ago by Mr. Tylor to show the untrustworthiness of the accounts of most travellers and missionaries, when they give us their impressions of the languages, religions, and traditions of races among whom they lived for a longer or shorter time. The same people who by one missionary are said to worship either one or many gods, are declared by another to have no idea and no name of a Divine Being. But, what is stranger still, even the same person sometimes makes two equally confident assertions which flatly contradict each other. Thus Sparrman (see Hahn, p. 46)

is very doubtful in one place whether the Hottentots believe in a Supreme Being, and tells us that the Khoi-khoi themselves declared that they were too stupid to understand anything, and never heard of a Supreme Being. In another place, however, the same Sparrman argues that the Khoi-khoi *must* believe in a supreme, but very powerful and fiendish Being, from whom they expect rain, thunder, lightning, cold, &c. Liechtenstein, again, while denying that there is any trace of religious worship among the Khosa Kafirs, admits that they believe in a Supreme Being who created the world, though, if we are to believe Van der Kamp (died about 1811), they have no name for such a Being. Such a worship of a nameless God would seem to show us the highest ideal of spiritual religion, realised among one of the lowest races of mankind!

In Greece, where we have a language that has been carefully studied for centuries, and a literature clearly and fully reflecting the thoughts of a whole nation, the true scholar constantly doubts as to the exact meaning of a word, hesitates as to its real etymology, and confesses his ignorance of the original character of many a Homeric god or hero. How, then, can he be expected to work with any kind of confidence or pleasure on materials such as are mostly put before him in studying the mythologies of savage nations? They may be delightful for dabbling and making mud-pies, but they are quite useless for making bricks. In Greek, or Latin, or Sanskrit, when all seemed certain, the length of a vowel, or the change of an accent, has often upset the most carefully elaborated theories. And here the student is to pronounce an opinion on the real meaning of legendary personages, the names of which he can hardly spell or pronounce, much less analyse or understand. This is the real reason why the best comparative mythologists have preferred to work on Aryan mythology, particularly when there is so much in it still untouched and unexplored, instead of applying their solvents to the folklore of savage tribes, however attractive the subject may seem. The time will come, they say, when the dialects of the Hottentots, the Fijians, or Weddahs, will be known far more accurately than at present, when scholars will be able to tell us what is possible and what is not in the dialectic changes of their words, and when the phonetic laws which regulate the changes of their vowels and consonants will be understood as well as those of Sanskrit or Zend. Then, and not till then, will it be time to inquire into the prehistoric antecedents of these languages and religions, with some hope of our catching a few glimpses of the thoughts and intentions which influenced their first formation and development.

Dr. Hahn's book shows that such a hope has been realised sooner than we had any right to expect, with regard to one savage race at least, the Khoi-khoi. Accounts of their religion and mythology were scattered about in various books. These have been carefully collected by Dr. Hahn and printed in his second chapter, enriched

and improved by what he has been able to collect himself. But this is not all. To a man brought up among the Khoi-khoi, the names of their gods and heroes were not mere names. They conveyed a meaning to him, and encouraged him to apply to their decipherment the same process which has proved so successful in unlocking the mysteries of Aryan mythology. He knows what is possible and what is not in the etymological analysis of African names; and the fact that he often speaks with hesitation as to the real etymology of a word, so far from discrediting his results, shows only that he has a grammatical conscience, the *sine qua non* of all mythological research.

And what are his results? Certainly comparative mythology could not have wished for a greater triumph than what has come so unexpectedly from the first scientific analysis of the mythology of one of the lowest races of mankind. The mythology of the savage races—which, as agriologists confidently maintained, would sooner or later upset the whole system of comparative mythology—the first time that it is taken up in a truly scholarlike spirit, seems to bless that system altogether. Almost every principle it has been contending for during the last twenty years is here confirmed. Most of the Hottentot myths are solar or celestial. This may seem of less importance at the present moment, when the opposition to the solar theory has gradually died away, crushed, as it were, by the evidence that has been pouring in simultaneously in support of it from Egypt, from Babylonia, from Polynesian, from American, and from African tribes. But what is far more curious is, that among the Khoi-khoi, too, we see how what is called the irrational element in mythology is due to a misunderstanding of ancient names, and how, so far from real events being turned into myths, myths have there, too, been turned into accounts of real events.

The name of the Supreme Being among the Khoi-khoi is Tsui ||Goab, the two strokes before the G indicating the lateral click, which, however, in future we must dispense with. Tsuni-||goam, the name given in the title of the book, is the reconstructed original of the same name. This name, as written down by travellers and missionaries, differs considerably, yet there seems no doubt that forms such as Tiqua, Thuickwe, Tuiqua, Tigoa, Tanquoa, Tsoi Koap, Tshu Koab, Tsu-goam, are all meant for the same being, namely our Tsui-||goab.

At first missionaries could hardly bring themselves to believe that the Khoi-khoi had any religion at all. Peter Kolb, in the beginning of the last century, quotes Saar, an officer of the Dutch Government, who says:—

One does not know what kind of religion they have; but early, *when the day dawns*, they assemble and take each other by the hands and dance, and call out in their language towards the heavens. From this one may conclude that they must have some idea of the Godhead.



He quotes Father Tachard, who recorded his conviction that, 'although these people know nothing of the creation of the world or of the Trinity in the Godhead, they pray to a God.'

The missionary Böving, a contemporary of Kolb, says:—

There are some *rudera*, and traces of an idea (perception) of a God. For they know, at least the more intelligent among them, that there is a God, who has made the earth and heavens, who causes thunder and rain, and who gives them food and skins for clothing, so that also of them may be said what St. Paul says, Rom. i. 19.

Kolb's own experience runs thus: 'It is obvious that all Hottentots believe in a God, they know him and confess it; to him they ascribe the work of creation, and they maintain that he still rules over everything, and that he gives life to everything. On the whole he is possessed of such high qualities that they could not well describe him. . . .

One of the first who mentioned the name of Tsui-goab, as the chief god of the Khoi-khoi, was the missionary George Schmidt, sent to the Cape by the Moravian Mission in 1737.

At the return of the Pleiades (he writes), these natives celebrate an anniversary. As soon as these stars appear above the eastern horizon, mothers will lift their little ones on their arms, and, running up to elevated spots, will show to them those friendly stars, and teach them to stretch their little hands towards them. The people of a kraal will assemble to dance and to sing, according to the old custom of their ancestors.

The chorus always sings: 'O Tiqua, our Father above our heads, give rain to us, that the fruits (bulbs, &c.), uientjes, may ripen, and that we may have plenty of food; send us a good year.'

The *Tiqua* here mentioned is a corruption of Tsui-goab, and in another place George Schmidt calls him Tui'qua. That the Khoi-khoi continued to use this word as the name of their Supreme Being is best shown by the translation of the New Testament into the Namaqua dialect, made by Schmelen, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, of which I possess a copy, perhaps the only one in England. He was married to a Hottentot woman, and learned to speak the language well. The name which he uses for God is Tsoeikwap, *i.e.* Tsui-goab, while he calls the devil Kauap, *i.e.* Gaüäb or Gaunab. Dr. Moffat, while travelling among the same Namaquas, heard them call God Tsui-kuap or Uti-kuap; and the same name still continues even among Christian converts, though they are now taught to call God *Elob*, a corruption of *Elohim*. If, for instance, they suddenly exclaim, 'Good God!' they do not say 'Elob,' but 'Tsu-goatse;' and if they swear or call God to witness, they always use the same old name (p. 62).

Most valuable are some of the hymns which Dr. Hahn has collected from the mouth of the people. They seem to carry us back into the midst of the Vedic hymns, and show that those Aryan hymns are, after all, not so very different from the simple utterances of savages. Dr. Hahn gives us the following translation of one sacred hymn, addressed to Tsui-goab (p. 58):—

Thou, oh Tsui-goab,  
 Thou Father of Fathers,  
 Thou art (our) Father!  
 Let stream the thunder-cloud!  
 Let our flocks live, please!  
 Let us also live!  
 I am very weak indeed  
 From thirst,  
 From hunger.  
 Oh, that I may eat the fruits of the field!  
 Art thou then not our Father,  
 The Father of Fathers,  
 Thou, Tsui-goab!  
 Oh, that we may praise thee,  
 That we may give thee in return,  
 Thou Father of Fathers,  
 Thou, oh Lord,  
 Thou, oh Tsui-goab.

After this we shall be better able to understand the original character of this Hottentot Indra or Zeus, and be able to interpret without difficulty some at least of the accounts given both of his doings and of his misdoings. Dr. Hahn records the following conversation which he had with an old Namaqua:—

Very heavy thunder-clouds (he writes p. 64), were towering above the horizon. We both looked with great enjoyment towards the clouds, calculating that in a few hours' time the whole country ought to swim in water. 'Ah,' he said, 'there comes Tsui-goab in his old manner, as he used to do in the times of my grandfathers. You will see to-day rain, and very soon the country will be covered by *Tusib*.' I asked him what he meant by *Tusib*. He answered: 'When the first green grass and herbs come after the rain, and in the morning you see that green shining colour spread over the country, we say: *Tusib covers the earth*.'

This reminded us of 2 Samuel, xxiii. 4: 'And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by *clear shining after rain*, or by the *splendour of the rain*.'

Here we see the natural and poetical aspect of Tsui-goab. But Dr. Hahn gives us an opportunity of watching the practical influence also which a belief in Tsui-goab still exercises on the people. He was himself travelling in Namaqua-land, and wishing to go to a mission station (p. 63).

The distance (he writes) to our next water was calculated three days' hard riding with the ox-wagon. We, however, had made the calculation without the host, because, after three days, we found ourselves still another twelve hours from the water. We had only for ourselves a little water in a cask, which, however, was almost consumed. In the night before the fourth day we lost our road, and it was only after some hours that we discovered our mistake. If we had to pass another twenty-four hours like this, not one of us would have seen the next day. Even in the night the air appeared to come from a hot oven. I scolded the guide, a raw heathen from the Hlabobe tribe, angrily for his carelessness, and asked: 'What have you done? to-morrow we shall be eaten by the jackals and vultures. Who will now help us out of this trouble?'

The man coolly answered: 'Tsui-goab will help us.'

I: 'What nonsense! you and your Tsui-goab are both stupid fools!'

He: 'Truly, master, he will help.'

In the morning, about nine o'clock, we reached the water. After we had quenched our thirst, and were relishing a cup of coffee and a pipe, and talking over our troubles, my guide said laughingly: 'My dear master, yesterday you could almost have killed me, but the Lord refused you (to do so); but have you now convinced yourself that the Lord has helped?'

So far, all that is told us about Tsui-goab is intelligible, and offers striking points of similarity with the thoughts and expressions of other more civilised nations who, like the Khoi-khoi, and perhaps neither sooner nor later, discovered in the great celestial phenomena, and more particularly in the constant manifestation of the power of the sun and its influence on the life of nature and of man, the first indications of higher and supernatural powers, whom they called by names applicable originally to natural phenomena only. Nothing can be more natural, or, we might say, more human, than the way in which the Khoi-khoi speak of Tsui-goab, always supposing that Tsui-goab was originally a name of the sky, or of the rising sun, or of the pouring rain, or of the thunder. All these names would easily find their common focus in a so-called solar or celestial deity, in a Jupiter, or a Varuna, or an Indra, or a Thor, and the smallest knowledge of the mythological language of the ancient world would suffice to enable us to understand their legends, such as they are told us by Dr. Hahn and his predecessors.

But we now come to the irrational element in these legends. The very same Tsui-goab, the god of the sky, the sun, the rain, the thunder—the Supreme Being, in fact, of the Khoi-khoi—is the subject of the strangest stories. He is said to have been originally, and not many generations back, a quack doctor with a broken knee. Appleyard, for instance, in his *Kafir grammar*, tells us 'that the Hottentot Tsoei-koap is known to the Kafirs under the name of *u-Tixo*, and that this name means the *Wounded Knee*, and was originally applied to a doctor or sorcerer of considerable notoriety and skill among the Hottentots or Namaquas some generations back, in consequence of his having received some injury to his knee. Having been held in high repute for extraordinary powers during life, he was invoked, even after death, as one who could still relieve and protect, and hence in process of time he became nearest in idea to their first conception of God.'

The same story is told again and again with but slight variations. Dr. Moffat, in his *Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa*, writes:—

In my journey to the back parts of Great Namaqualand I met with an aged sorcerer or doctor, who stated that he had always understood that Tsui-goab was a notable warrior of great physical strength; that in a desperate struggle with another chieftain he received a *wound in the knee*; but, having vanquished his enemy, his name was lost in the mighty combat which rendered the nation independent; for no one could conquer the Tsui-goab (wounded knee). When I

referred to the import of the word, '*one who inflicts pain*,' or a *sore knee*, manifesting my surprise that they should give such a name to their Creator and Benefactor, he replied in a way that induced a belief that he applied the term to what we should call the devil, or, to death itself; adding, that he thought death, or the power of causing death, was very sore indeed.

Dr. Hahn heard the following account from an old Habobe-Nama:—

Tsui-goab was a powerful chief of the Khoikhoi; in fact, he was the first Khoikhoib, from whom all the Khoikhoi tribes took their origin. But Tsui-goab was not his original name. This Tsui-goab went to war with another chief Gaunab, because the latter always killed great numbers of Tsui-goab's people. In this fight, however, Tsui-goab was repeatedly overpowered by Gaunab, but in every battle the former grew stronger; and at last he was so strong and big that he easily destroyed Gaunab, by giving him one blow behind the ear. While Gaunab was expiring he gave his enemy a blow on the knee. Since that day the conqueror of Gaunab received the name Tsui-goab, '*sore knee*,' or '*wounded knee*.' Henceforth he could not walk properly, because he was lame. He could do wonderful things, which no other man could do, because he was very wise. He could tell what would happen in future times. He died several times, and several times he rose again. And whenever he came back to us, there were great feasting and rejoicings. Milk was brought from every kraal, and fat cows and fat ewes were slaughtered. Tsui-goab gave every man plenty of cattle and sheep, because he was very rich. He gives rain, he makes the clouds, he lives in the clouds, and he makes our cows and sheep fruitful. Tsui-goab lives in a beautiful heaven; and Gaunab lives in a dark heaven, quite separate from the heaven of Tsui-goab.

Here, then, we have what has been called the irrational element in mythology. No one is surprised at legends which give a more or less metaphorical or poetical version of natural phenomena, or express, in a somewhat exaggerated form, moral, philosophical, or religious ideas shared in common by the whole human race. What makes mythology mythological, in the true sense of the word, is what is utterly unintelligible, absurd, strange, or miraculous. We listen to all that is told us about Tsui-goab, and can to a certain extent enter into it. But when we are told that the Khoi-khoi believed their Supreme God to have been originally a weak-kneed quack, we pause, and say, surely this requires an explanation.

There are only two systems possible in which the irrational element in mythology can be accounted for. One school takes the irrational as a matter of fact; and if we read that Daphne fled before Phoibos and was changed into a laurel tree, that school would say that there probably was a young lady called Aurora, like, for instance, Aurora Königsmark; that a young man called Robin, or, possibly, a man with red hair, pursued her, and that she hid behind a laurel tree that happened to be there. This was the theory of Euhemeros, re-established by the famous Abbé Bernier, and not quite extinct even now. According to another school, the irrational element in mythology is inevitable, and due to the influence of language on thought, so that many of the legends of gods and heroes may be rendered intelligible

if only we can discover the original meaning of their proper names. The followers of this school try to show that Daphne, the name of the laurel tree, was an old name for the Dawn, and that Phoibos was one of the many names of the sun, who pursued the dawn, till she vanished before his rays. Of these two schools, the former has always appealed to the mythologies of savage nations as showing that gods and heroes were originally human beings, worshipped, after their death, as ancestors and as gods; while the latter has confined itself chiefly to an etymological analysis of mythological names in Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, and other languages, such as had been sufficiently studied to admit of a scientific grammatical and etymological treatment.

Now these legends of the Hottentots about Tsui-goab, the weak-kneed doctor, seemed to supply the strongest evidence in support of Abbé Bernier's theory. What could be clearer than that the Hottentots worshipped as their Supreme Being a human being, in fact, an old medicine man with a lame knee, who, either for his bravery in battle, or for his medical skill, had been raised after death to the dignity of a god? Here surely, it might be said, so far from natural phenomena becoming personified and deified, we see that the ancient pantheon consists clearly of human ancestors, their very names being those which they bore while walking on earth.

Before entering on an etymological interpretation of the 'sore knee' of Tsui-goab, we have still to say a few words on another system of mythological interpretation which we thought was only a revival of the views of Euhemeros and of the Abbé Bernier, but which we are assured rests on a different basis, namely the system put forward by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his interesting volume of *Principles of Sociology*.

Knowing how difficult it is to represent a theory, which one considers utterly untenable, with perfect accuracy and fairness, we feel obliged to give the *ipsissima verba* of the eminent Sociologist—though even then we are afraid we shall hardly escape the suspicion of having wilfully mutilated his statements, which, of course, it is impossible to reprint completely within the narrow limits of a Review.

Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us (*Principles of Sociology*, p. 390), that the mythologists hold that the powers of Nature, at first conceived and worshipped as impersonal, come to be personalised, because of certain characters in the words applied to them; and that the legends concerning the persons identified with these natural powers arise afterwards.

'Mythologist' is a very vague term, and it would, indeed, be difficult to prove that no person who could claim such a title had ever given utterance to the opinions just stated. But the science of mythology, as it is now represented by many writers in England, France, Italy, Germany, proposes the very opposite view. It holds that the conception of *impersonal* powers is always later than that

of *personal* powers, and that, in an early stage of thought and language, such distinction had not yet been made; while the idea of worshipping impersonal powers belongs to the very latest stage of mental development, if, in fact, it has ever been held in that crude form at all.

But however unfair and inaccurate the representation may be which Mr. Herbert Spencer gives of that view of mythology of which he does not approve, the explanation which he gives of his own view may safely be accepted as correctly stated, if we state it in his own words:—

Contrariwise [he says], the view here held is that the human personality is the primary element; that the identification of this with some natural power or object is due to identity of name; and that the worship of this natural power thus arises secondarily.

Let us at once take an instance, and compare the view put forward by the science of mythology with that propounded by Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The comparative mythologist would say that, in accordance with the laws which govern the growth of human thought and language, it was inevitable that our earliest ancestors should think and say 'The Sun dies,' or 'the Sun is killed by the Night,' a saying which has been varied in a thousand different ways in all the mythologies of the world, ending generally in a story of a bright being, divine, half-divine, or human, who was killed by a dark enemy. Mr. Herbert Spencer says No; quite the contrary. There probably was a man who was called Sun. Why not? many people are called Sun, Sonne, Soleil, even now. That person died; and, again, what can be more natural? Or he was actually killed by another person, who might have been called Black or Night. After his death, Mr. Sun would become an ancestor and be worshipped as such, or he might even become a god, if gods existed—though one hardly knows how they could have come into existence. Then, as Mr. Sun or St. Sun was worshipped, the identity of his name with the sun would naturally lead in the end to the transference of a worship and legends, intended for Mr. Sun or St. Sun, to the impersonal sun seen in the sky. Lest we should be supposed to have given an absurd aspect to this new method of mythological interpretation, we must quote in full. Mr. Herbert Spencer gives (p. 390) an imaginary myth as follows:—

All winter the beautiful Sunshine, pursued by the dark Storm, was ever hiding herself, now behind the clouds, now below the mountains. She could not steal forth from her concealment for more than a short time without being again chased with swift footsteps and loud threatening noise, and had quickly to retreat. After many moons, however, the Storm, chasing less furiously, and seeing her more clearly, became gentler; and Sunshine, gaining courage, from time to time remained longer visible. Storm failing to capture by pursuit, and softened by her charms, made milder advances. Finally came their union. Then the earth rejoiced in the moist warmth; and from them were born plants which covered its surface, and made it gay with flowers. But every autumn Storm begins to frown and growl; Sunshine flies from him; and the pursuit begins again.

This myth is not very like a real old Aryan myth, as every practised student of mythology will at once perceive, the idea of a union between the Sun, as a woman, and the Stormwind, as a man, being somewhat unnatural. But letting that pass, we shall now listen to Mr. Herbert Spencer's further speculations :—

Supposing (he says) the Tasmanians had been found by us in a semi-civilised state with a developed mythology containing some such legend as this, the unhesitating interpretation put upon it, after the method now accepted, would be that the observed effects of mingled sunshine and storm were thus figuratively expressed, and that the ultimate representation of Sunshine and Storm, as persons who once lived on the earth, was due to the natural mythopoeic tendency, which took its direction from the genders of the words.

Certainly this would be the interpretation of comparative mythologists, only with this reservation, that they would not call the language figurative—if that term implies anything intentional and artificial—but natural and inevitable; and that the difference of gender would be with them concomitant rather with mythic thought than productive of it.

Now let us hear what interpretation Mr. Herbert Spencer would put on such a myth (p. 391) :—

As already shown (he writes), birth-names among uncivilised races, taken from the incidents of the moment, often refer to the time of day and the weather. Among such which Mason enumerates, as given by the Karens, are 'Evening,' 'Moon-rising,' etc. There is, therefore, nothing anomalous or exceptional in the fact that 'Ploo-ra-na-loo-na,' meaning Sunshine, is the name of a Tasmanian woman; nor is there anything exceptional in the fact that among the neighbouring Australians, 'Hail,' 'Thunder,' and 'Wind' occur as names. The inference here drawn, therefore, harmonising with all preceding inferences, is that the initial step in the genesis of such a myth would be the existence of human beings named Storm and Sunshine, that from the confusion inevitably arising in tradition between them and the natural agents having the same names, would result this personalising of these natural agents, and the according to them human origins and human adventures: the legend, once having thus germinated, being, in successive generations, elaborated and moulded into fitness with the phenomena.

Let us now apply this sociological interpretation to the myth of Tsui-goab, and we can hardly wrong Mr. Herbert Spencer in supposing that he would readily accept the tradition that there was once upon a time a Hottentot doctor who by some accident had injured his knee, and who after his death was worshipped as an ancestor, till he became the Supreme Being, and was invoked as such to send the thunder-cloud, to protect the flocks, and to let the fruits of the earth grow and abound. He might even go a step further, and compare the struggle of Tsui-goab and Gaunab, and the lame knee of one of the combatants, with similar legends elsewhere. Mr. Herbert Spencer, though he warns us that it is perilous to compare other religions with our own, does not shrink from such perils. Thus he writes (*Principles of Sociology*, p. 434) :—

On reading that when the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, the natives, thinking them gods, offered up human beings to them, it is allowable to ask whether the ideas and motives of these people were analogous to those of the Scandinavian king On, when he immolated his son to Odin; but it is not allowable to ask whether like ideas and motives prompted Abraham's intention to sacrifice Isaac. The fact that Dr. Barth was taken by the Fulahs for their god, Fete, may probably raise the question whether, if there had arisen a quarrel between his party and the Fulahs in which he was worsted by one of their chiefs, there might not have grown up a legend akin to that which tells how the god Ares was worsted by Diomedæ; but it is highly improper to raise the question whether the story of Jacob's prolonged struggle with the Lord had an origin of allied kind. Here, however, pursuing the methods of science, and disregarding foregone conclusions, we must deal with the Hebrew conception in the same manner as with all others; and must ask whether it had not a kindred genesis.

Where is the danger that Mr. Spencer apprehends? No question would seem more innocent than that which he asks, and we may be perfectly certain that if there were the slightest presumptive evidence, no one would be burnt, or even black-balled at a club, for asking it. It comes simply to this, whether he who wrestled with Jacob was a man like Dr. Barth, called El, or whether the Jews ever thought that he was; and, if Mr. Herbert Spencer can really produce any evidence on that point, then no doubt the similarity between the sore knee of Tsui-goab after his fight with Gaunab, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh being out of joint after his struggle, would considerably strengthen his position, and show that such accidents will happen at all times and in all places.

But let us now hear what Dr. Hahn has to say. He, too, like most people who have written on this curious story of Tsui-goab, was much puzzled why the Khoi-khoi should have changed a lame old doctor into their Supreme Being. 'Lame Knee' is certainly the meaning of his name, and no native seems to have a doubt about it, as little as the ancient Hindus doubted that their god Savitri, the sun, had an artificial hand made of precious gold. The first question which Dr. Hahn asks is, What is the etymology, *i.e.* what is the historical origin, of the name? And he finds that *goa-b* is derived from a root *goa*, to walk, to approach. From it is formed *goa-b*, meaning, as a verb, coming he, *i.e.* he comes, and, as a substantive, the comer, the approaching one. This *goab*, meaning originally the goer, was used for knee. But the same *goab* has a second meaning also, *viz.* the day, and, more particularly, the approaching day. Thus *goara* means, the day dawns. The same root *goa* produced several other words besides; but we need not dwell on them at present, beyond calling attention to the striking similarity between the derivation of special words from general roots in the Khoi-khoi language and in Sanskrit.

If, then, *goab* may mean morning, what does *Tsu* mean? Its general meaning is sore; but it can also mean bloody, red-coloured, just as *ava*, red, meant originally bloody in Khoi-khoi.



If, then, Tsui-goab, which is now taken in the sense of sore knee, may have meant originally red dawn or morning, might not that name and that concept lend themselves more naturally to become the name of the Supreme Being than a lame-kneed doctor? Was not *Dyaus*, the bright sky, and is not *Dieu* still the name of the Supreme Being?

But let us now look at the legends told of Tsui-goab by the Africans themselves, to see whether they fit the old doctor better, or the rising sun, the giver of light and life. They say that Tsui-goab comes from the East (p. 134). The Koras, as Dr. Hahn informs us, believe that Tsui-goab lives in the red heaven, while his enemy Gaunab lives in the black heaven (p. 126). When the day dawns, the Khoi-khoi go and pray with the face turned to the east: 'Oh, Tsui-goab, All Father.'

The Khoi-khoi believe that this Tsui-goab is the avenger. Thus they say (p. 62): 'Oh, Tsu-goab, thou alone knowest that I am without guilt;' or, 'Do what you think, but you will know Tsui-goab;' i.e. he will find you out and punish you, just as Saranyû, the dawn, in the Veda, becomes the Greek Erinnys.

The principal enemy of Tsui-goab is Gaunab, and Gaunab means the destroyer, who sends sleep and death, and whom Dr. Hahn identifies with the dark night.

Tsui-goab, then, the red dawn, but also the Father of Fathers, became, as was natural with people whose religion was full of ancestor-worship, the ancestor of the Khoi-khoi. He was worshipped as a being who had formerly lived on earth, who had a wife and a son, and performed many valiant deeds. The greatest of his deeds, performed every morning or every year, was his struggle with Gaunab, the dark; and what was more natural, when mothers and grandmothers were asked to talk about Tsui-goab, particularly when *tsui* had ceased to mean red, and *goab* was at all events more familiar in the sense of knee than in that of dawn—what was more natural than that his name 'sore knee' should give rise to questions and ready answers?

Other names shared the same fate. *Nanub*, meaning the streaming thunder-cloud, became a god or an ancestor, and sometimes meant the same as Tsui-goab. *Gurub*, thunder, not an imitative word, but derived from *gu*, to cover, was intended at first for the covering cloud and darkness (Sanskrit *vri-tra*), but soon assumed the same kind of personality as Nanub and Tsui-goab. All three are asked to give rain, and the other gifts which men ask from the powers above. Gurub is asked more particularly not to scold, Tsui-goab to give rain and food. If Tsui-goab was an old doctor, Gurub (Thunder) must have been another Hottentot, and Nanub (Cloud) another Bushman.

No one can deny that, as Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, people are sometimes called Thunder and Lightning, Dawn and Cloud; and as

reality is stranger than fiction, these persons, before they were changed into gods, may have met with such strange accidents as are recorded in the mythologies both of civilised and uncivilised races. Scholars and anthropologists must choose between the two systems of explaining the irrational in mythology; but it seems to us that Dr. Hahn's book will always form a very heavy weight in the scale of the scholars.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

## THE MACHINERY OF ELECTIVE GOVERNMENT.

It is not necessary for the purpose of this paper to enter into any comparison between hereditary and elective government. Manifest it is that the era of elective government has come. In the communities of the New World, the latest development of humanity, the hereditary principle, has failed to take root; the monarchy of Brazil being merely a European dynasty in exile, the life of which hangs by a thread. In the Old World dynasticism is plainly in a state of decadence, the forms surviving longest, as might have been expected, where the substance had been most completely abolished. The era of elective government has come, and in the wise ordering of it, so as to give public reason the upper hand, and to reduce as far as possible the influence of passion, class interest, selfish ambition, faction, and corruption, lies the political hope of the world. If hereditary monarchy and aristocracy are dead or doomed, dead also is the light hope of the Revolution that all the evils of government would be swept away and the reign of reason and justice at once opened, if only monarchy could be overthrown. The divinity of the people has proved almost as unlike reality as the divinity of kings. It is time that the form of government should, if possible, be settled, and the political revolution brought to a close; the prolongation of the struggle, with all the appeals to passion and other sinister motives which it involves, is seriously affecting character and collecting difficulties round the government of the future, while a deeper and more momentous revolution, in the religious and social sphere, threatens the stability of civilisation, and demands with increasing urgency the attention of the world.

It is needless to say that the forms of government are not all. Constitutions, however wisely framed, will not work without political character; nevertheless, constitutions are most important, and their influence in forming political character is not small. The adoption of elective government in any shape implies of course that the people have arrived at a certain stage of intelligence and self-control. In what are called the South American Republics the attempt to introduce elective institutions among Spanish Creoles and Indians has totally failed, and the result is a series of dictatorships, the offspring

of usurpation, which are little better than leaderships of a human herd. A sudden introduction of elective government into Russia would, in like manner, probably result in anarchy. On this subject the world has received lessons which reaction has exaggerated to the extent of almost denying the usefulness of wisely ordered institutions, as though blind habit and prejudice alone were twisty guides, and reason, sovereign in all other spheres, were excluded from the highest.

Strict definitions of government and enumerations of its functions are of little value. It may be described, practically, as the organisation of the community for such objects as are best attained by common action; a definition which will include national defence and protection of life and property always, but also such other objects as circumstance and the conditions of the nation internal or external may from time to time suggest: centralisation being at one time good, while, when a system has been set on foot and the people trained for it, the moment for decentralisation may arrive, individual action being as a rule preferable because it calls forth more public virtue and raises the character of the citizen.

In such a paper as this, all that can be done is to present the chief points as they have been brought before the writer's mind by seeing the working of elective government in three countries.—Great Britain, the United States, and a British colony. This object will be secured even if none of the writer's opinions, which are stated with unavoidable brevity, should commend themselves to the reader.

The chief points are Party Government, the expediency of a second Chamber, the mode of electing the Legislative Assembly, the constitution of the Executive, and the Franchise. The consideration of these at least suffices for the present. On the horizon there are perhaps symptoms of a still greater change. Parliaments are losing much of their importance, because the real deliberation is being transferred from them to the Press and the general organs of discussion by which the great questions are virtually decided, Parliamentary speeches being little more than reproductions of arguments already used outside the House, and Parliamentary divisions little more than registrations of public opinion. It is not easy to say how far, with the spread of public education, this process may go, or what value the Parliamentary debate and division list will in the end retain. If Monarchy is primeval, Parliaments are the offspring of the Middle Ages, and for them too the sand in the hour-glass of history runs. But this is a problem which belongs to the future.

At present Party it is that governs, though under different sets of forms. In England it governs under the forms of King, Lords, and Commons; in the United States under the forms of President, Senate, and House of Representatives, together with the State Executives and Legislatures. In England and the United States alike it is supreme. It elects the members of all the legislatures, since it

controls the nominations, without which no candidate can go with a chance of success to the poll. It appoints the executive, which is a committee of its leaders, and the composition of which always depends on the fortunes of the party conflict; it supplies the working organisation of the legislature, a reorganisation of which in England or elsewhere will be attempted in vain without a solution of this preliminary question. Why is it that the work of De Tocqueville, with all its philosophy and its literary beauty, is practically so little instructive and so seldom quoted in the United States? Because he studied the forms, not the forces, which are the Parties. Why is it that the Senate of the United States, designed specially to embody the Federal principle, while the House of Representatives embodied the Federal and National principle, has not corresponded in action to that design? Because the same parties control both Houses and the State government at the same time. Congress, in truth, is now little more than a place for formally ratifying and recording the decisions at which the party having the majority has arrived in Caucus, where the only real deliberation takes place. As the minority in Caucus is bound by party law to vote with the majority in the Legislative Hall, it often happens that a small minority of the whole legislature passes a law or carries an election. Take away party, and we see that the whole of the present system of Parliamentary government would crumble. We have, then, at once to ask what party is; upon what basis of reason or public morality it rests, and whether it can last. Burke says:—

Party is a body united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle on which they are all agreed. For my part I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics or thinks them to be of any weight who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends, and to employ them with effect. Therefore every honourable connection will avow it is their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution with all the power and authority of the State. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for those situations. Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things; and by no means for private considerations to accept any offers of power in which the whole body is not included; nor to suffer themselves to be led or to be controlled, or to be overbalanced in office or in council by those who contradict the very fundamental principles on which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connection must stand. Such a generous contention for power on such manly and honourable maxims will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place and emolument. The very style of such persons will serve to discriminate them from those numberless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude.

Such is the vindication of party by a public man who himself

broke away from party, outraged connection, and vainly attempted to disguise his secession by an appeal from the living Whigs to the Whigs who were in their graves. It clearly implies that the community is divided by a difference of opinion, not only on ordinary matters and points of current administration, but on some question of fundamental character and of paramount importance. Nothing less can make the submission of the individual intellect and conscience to party discipline rational or moral. In the absence of such a question, party is faction, the ruin of all commonwealths. Is the stock of such questions inexhaustible? In Canada it is already exhausted, and the two parties there are simply two factions, fighting for place with the usual weapons, and poisoning the political character of the people in the process; no man of sense cares a farthing which of the two, as a party, is for the time being in the ascendant; but every man of sense perceives that if the faction fight continues to rage much longer it will bring disaster on the country. As the earth—according to astronomers—sees in her satellite, of which the atmosphere is exhausted, what her own eventual condition will be, so England may see in her colony what her party government will be when the list of organic questions comes to an end. In the United States, party had its origin in the conflict between Federal unity and State right; then Slavery sheltered itself behind State right as a rampart against legislative Abolition, and the party conflict raged on the double issue with increasing heat, till it burst into the flame of civil war. Now, though the memory of the war lingers, though there is still a feeling that its issues may possibly be revived, though the Negro's liberty of suffrage remains a subject of contention, though a solid South is the core of the Democracy, the parties are evidently breaking up. In each of them, particularly in the Republican party, there is a split wider than the interval of opinion which divides the two parties from each other. Civil Service Reform, the burning question of the hour, divides the Republicans into two bitterly hostile sections, while it unites the Reform Republicans to the Reform Democrats; and Free Trade, the question next in importance though less burning, is equally regardless of the party lines, the Republicans of the west being commonly Free Traders, while among the Democrats of Pennsylvania there has always been a Protectionist element strong enough to prevent the party as a whole from moving effectively in favour of Free Trade. Thus in the United States too, the death of party as a connection sustained by distinctive principle, and the survival of mere faction, seem to be in sight. In England, no doubt, there are still organic questions, such as the extension of the Franchise, the Established Church, and the House of Lords; yet even in England the symptoms of dissolution have begun to appear, and in the last century there was an interval of political stagnation during which the party system degenerated into a struggle

for power carried on between unprincipled connections with the usual accompaniments—*intrigue, calumny, and corruption.*

There are some, including grave historians, who fancy that party has its everlasting source and justification in a natural line dividing the political temperament of mankind. But can anybody seriously maintain that a thing so multiplex, varied by such infinite shades, and so mutable, even in the individual man, as temperament, is capable of this sharp and permanent bisection? Can any instance be named in history of a party founded on temperament, not on interest or connection? In politics, as in other things, age, no doubt, as a rule, is cautious, and youth hopeful; yet what reactionists are more violent than the younger members of an aristocratic faction? Is not this evidently a theory of human nature constructed to underprop a falling system? And be it observed that, to make the system work, there must be two parties, and two only. If parties multiply, as multiply they do, and will do in increasing measure, Parliamentary anarchy must ensue, and the Government will be left without a sufficient basis. In France the number of fractions, each of which is really a separate party, has for some time past rendered ministries rickety and shortlived. In Italy, to give Government a sufficiently broad foundation, a double ministry, the *Cairoli-Depretis*, was formed, but with no satisfactory result. The German Parliament is split into at least six parties, not one of which has anything like a majority. In England the unity of what is called the Liberal party, and with its unity its ability to sustain a government, are now in great measure lost, as would appear at once if the commanding influence of its present chief were removed. The Tory party preserves its solidity, but this is because it is a party of interest, the tendency of which is always to unite, while the tendency of opinion is to divide, and to divide in proportion to the activity of intelligence and the amount of moral independence; so that one necessary result of the system is to give class selfishness a great and ever-increasing advantage over patriotism and conviction. The quicker the intellect and the stronger the conscience of the nation become, the less practicable will be the mode of government which we are told is alone possible, and destined by an inherent necessity of human nature to endure to the end of time.

Even in its best estate, when there are organic issues, issues which create genuine enthusiasm and raise the combatants above the meanness of faction, is party a good government? Is not the possession of power and place always present as a motive warping the conduct of the leaders on national questions? Does not sheer passion always rage among the rank and file? Is not corruption an almost indispensable instrument of party organisation? The bribe may be money, it may be patronage, it may, when the support of rich men is to be gained, be titles and social grade; but is not bribery in

some shape always there? Let the main object of association be ever so important, must there not be always, to preserve discipline and beat the enemy, a terrible sacrifice of conscience and of freedom of opinion? Is not legislation, on the most vital subjects, apt to be governed, not by regard for the public good, but by the exigencies of the conflict and the necessity of keeping up the ministerial steam or raising an agitation to drive opponents from power? It was not an American adventurer, but a British nobleman of ancient lineage and enormous wealth, the vaunted pattern at once of the Conservative sentiment and the personal honour which is supposed to go with aristocracy, who was ready to take such a leap in the dark as Household Suffrage for the purpose of dishing the Whigs. At this moment is not party trying to cut the sinews of a government which is struggling against a great public peril? It is scarcely possible for statesmen under such a system to give their best energies to the work of legislation and government; their minds must be constantly occupied with strategy, and they are now being called upon in this country, by the increasingly demagogic character of their position, to spend their parliamentary vacation, not in recruiting their working powers and storing thought, but in the delivery of stump speeches. Stump oratory is, indeed, in a fair way to supersede statesmanship, for the masses who are now enfranchised care comparatively little about great questions; they want a leader who will fill their imaginations: this a striking stump orator does, and to him therefore, though in every essential respect he may be the worst of pilots, the helm of State is likely to be consigned. Perhaps even his influence will be less pestilent than that of the master of tactics and intrigue. Party has served its purpose in history; it has been the rough and questionable, yet perhaps indispensable instrument of progress in England, the agency by which, through a long and intermittent series of struggles, the supreme power has been transferred from the Crown to Parliament, and from the House of Lords to the House of Commons; but to rest in it as the permanent form of government would be to proclaim that the final state of society is unarmed civil war—civil war unarmed, yet with a perpetual liability to become armed, as it did in the United States twenty years ago. Combination for the attainment of particular objects or reforms, whether political, moral, social, or sanitary, is of course an undying necessity; but it is limited by the object sought; it involves no submission of conscience, nor even of the understanding except in the choice of means; it does not corrupt; it need not inflame; it furls its standard and disbands when the battle is won. As to connection, what Burke's ideal of it was he best could tell; what it was in the flesh we learn plainly enough from the Parliamentary history of his time. But neither combination nor connection, in any moral and rational sense of the term, has anything to do with a system of government which per-



petually sets up the great offices of state as the prizes of a contest between two organised factions, to one of which each citizen is bound to adhere, owing to his party an allegiance in fact higher than that which he owes to his political conscience or to the State.

It is almost killing the slain, otherwise we might ask in conclusion, supposing the whole community to be convinced of the wisdom and justice of a certain course of policy, is a moiety of it still to take the wrong side for the purpose of keeping up the balance of party forces without which the party system cannot subside; without which, in truth, a party government becomes of all governments the least responsible? Such an agreement as would be fatal to the standing organisation of civil discord is by no means out of the question; to it tends the advance of political science and of the scientific spirit generally, which, gradually making its way in all spheres, is not likely to leave politics untouched. In England at this moment the nation at large is Liberal, though in various degrees, and pretty well united in favour of the modern and against the mediæval principles of government; while the continuance of a division depends mainly on the existence of one or two special interests, such as the territorial aristocracy and the beneficed clergy of the Established Church. In fine, as has been already said, the best and indeed the only possible form of government, if the advocates of party are to be believed, is one the foundation of which must inevitably be weakened by every advance of the public intelligence, and which the attainment of truth on the great political questions will bring utterly to the ground.

What, then, is the alternative? The alternative, supposing the elective principle to be accepted, is obvious. It is the regular election of the Executive Council by the members of the Legislature. This would be simply the elective counterpart of the Privy Council, appointed under the monarchical system by the king, which is still the legal executive of England. Renewal by instalments would keep the Executive Council always in sufficient harmony with the Legislature. But the Legislature and the Executive would be set free each of them to perform its proper functions. The Legislature would no longer be hampered by the fear of overturning the Executive; the Executive would be stable, and would discharge the duties of administration and police steadily and without fear about its own existence. At present in France, Executive Government, the sport of factions and of sections of factions, is utterly unstable, and can hardly assure the necessary protection to the citizen, much less engage his full confidence and his hearty allegiance. No longer would half or more than half the public men of the country be employed in propagating discontent, or a moiety of the nation be in a state of moral insurrection against the government which ought to be the object of its united loyalty and support. It is true that the criticism of an

organised opposition would be withdrawn, but that criticism is always passionate and unjust; it is, in fact, not criticism but attack; and the fullest opportunity of fair criticism in an open legislature would remain. Of the bribery, whether coarse or refined, which is now employed to hold together a following, there would be no need, the tenure of office being secured by law. Under such a system evil motives and influences would not be excluded; they cannot be excluded from any system founded on human nature; but they would not be an inseparable part of the polity, and their sway would be diminished by every improvement in the political character of the nation.

Responsibility would not be impaired, inasmuch as an office would be entrusted to each minister only for a term, after which he would have to answer for his conduct, while the Legislature would retain the power of censure, and in extreme cases of impeachment and removal. There would be no majority to vote black white under a false sense of honour for the purpose of shielding a criminal of its own party. The election of the Executive by the Legislature is the natural application of the elective principle of government. Nor can it be said to be wholly novel. It has been tried in Switzerland, though it is true that Switzerland being not merely a nation with a federal structure like the United States, but a union of really different elements, German, French, and Italian, her case is peculiar, and her example must be used with caution. It may be said to exist, though in an irregular and objectionable shape, in England, since the Ministry is virtually designated by the vote of the House of Commons.

Another advantage of the regular election by the Legislature to the offices of Government might be the choice of ministers with reference to their departmental aptitudes, in place of the pitchforking system which the necessity of finding places for all the leaders at present entails. Nor need there be much fear of want of sufficient harmony in a board which would have common administrative duties, common pride in their successful performance, and the union of which would not be tried by differences of opinion about measures of legislation. The State would not be deprived, as it is now, of the services of a first-rate administrator, say of finance or of foreign affairs, because he happened to be in the minority on some legislative question. It is very well for Burke to say that men of the other connection are not to be proscribed; but proscribed under the party system they are and must always be.

Ought there to be a second Chamber? That there ought, is an article of the political creed formed on a supposed inspection of the British Constitution. Imitation of the British Constitution, without discriminating between forms and realities, has led Europe a strange dance. Great Britain can hardly be said to have a constitution in

the proper sense of the term. She has a series of enactments, from the Great Charter to the Bill of Rights, limiting the power of the Crown and securing the liberty of the subject. Apart from this she has nothing but a balance of political forces, determined by a long struggle, if balance it can be called, when the political power of the Crown has been reduced almost to nothing, and that of the Lords to a fragment of what it once was, since they can make no permanent stand on important questions themselves, though a stand may be made by the representatives of their order and interest in the House of Commons. There are traditions, no doubt, which in England herself have been fixed by long practice and handed on by a group of political families, notwithstanding which some important points, such as the rights of the House of Commons with regard to the approval of treaties, are still in an unsettled state; but out of England these traditions fail, and when Canada is set to govern herself according to 'the well-understood principles of the British Constitution,' it soon appears that these principles are not so well understood, or at least not so religiously observed, by colonial politicians struggling for place, as by the members of the Carlton and the Reform Club. The written constitutions which all the nations of Europe have framed for themselves, embody the forms not the realities of Parliamentary government in England. They give the appointment of ministers to the king; the consequence of which, in Spain for example, is that the stress of the struggle for power rests just where British practice forbids it to rest, that is to say on the Crown; and every change of ministry is accomplished by an intrigue of the palace or an insurrection. A group of conspirators forces itself upon the monarch, and then, there being no political life in the nation, nominates a Parliament of its own followers, sometimes so far forgetting constitutional decorum as entirely to leave out the opposition; and this is called an adoption of the British Constitution.

The House of Lords has been everywhere taken for a second Chamber or Senate. It is nothing of the kind. It is one of the estates of the feudal realm, reduced by the decay of feudalism to comparative impotence, such influence as it retains being that, not of legislative authority but of hereditary wealth. It has never acted as what it is imagined by the political architects of Europe to be, an Upper Chamber revising with maturer wisdom and in an impartial spirit, the hasty or ultra-democratic legislation of the more popular House. It has always acted as what it is, a privileged order in a state of decay and jeopardy, resisting as far as it dared each measure of change, not political only, but legal, social, and of every kind—Habeas Corpus, reform of the criminal law, abolition of the Slave trade, and a cheap newspaper press, as well as extension of the franchise—because change in whatever line threatened directly or indirectly its own existence.

So far from being a Senate, it deliberately declared that it was not and would not be made a Senate, by refusing to let a life Peer take his seat.

The Upper Chamber or Senate is of course intended to have a character of its own distinct from that of the Lower House, otherwise the institution would be futile. The House of Lords has a distinct character with a vengeance, and shows it on all occasions; but this nobody proposes to reproduce, modern society having decidedly pronounced both against hereditary legislation and entailed estates. What then is the distinction to be? Of what special elements is the Upper Chamber to consist? This is what no political theorists tell us, while they all busy themselves in devising modes of appointment or election. Whether this or the other mode of production is the best, it is impossible to judge unless we are told what is the thing to be produced. Is the Senate to be a house of old men? If so, it will have the weakness of age, it will be ridiculed and despised. Is it to be a house of the rich, that it may specially protect the interests of property. If so, it will be odious, and expose to political as well as social attacks the very interest which it is set to guard. Is it to be a house of superior wisdom and character? If so, the popular house will be bereft of its natural moderators, and delivered over to the passion and impulse which it is the object of the institution to control, while, its voice being the more direct expression of the national will, it is sure, in any collision, to carry the day. This was seen in the case of Cromwell's attempt to relieve his government from the stress of conflict with the House of Commons by reviving the Upper House, the only result of which was that the Lower House was left leaderless, and the two fell foul of each other. The very existence of an Upper Chamber is found, in the United States for example, to increase the recklessness of the Lower Chamber, which feels itself at liberty to do what is popular at the moment, leaving it to the Upper Chamber to prevent mischief by the exercise of its veto. A Senate nominated, as is that of the Dominion of Canada, by the Executive, besides being an outrage on elective principle, is a nullity, though with a lurking possibility of misuse under the party system and in a country where politics are fierce and constitutional tradition weak, as was seen when the Provincial Senate of Quebec was used for the purpose of a sort of *coup d'état* by a party which wanted to drive the Government to a dissolution. Any notion that a nominated Senate will be the serene abode of high character, or special knowledge, or commercial authority, such as shrinks from electoral contests, is belied by the experience of Canada, where the Senate is a mere infirmary for superannuated partisans, especially for such as have spent money for the party in elections. Where the Senate is elective, and the authority of the nation is divided, in whatever proportions, between the two Houses, collision is certain to ensue sooner or later; as it has in

Victoria, as it did in France, when on the famous 16th of May the country was in this manner brought to the verge of revolution. Collision is not the calm review of legislation, nor has it any tendency that way; its tendency is to political convulsions. Political convulsions are the almost inevitable result of an attempt to divide the national will and to make it manifest itself through two independent organs, sure soon, if it were only from corporate jealousy, to become antagonistic. Where harmony has been preserved, it has been due to the ascendancy of the same party in both branches of the legislature, a condition of things which is always precarious, while, if what has been said of the party system generally is true, that system cannot be relied on as the sustaining or controlling force of any polity for the future. The whole theory of mechanical checks and balances, however consecrated, is unsound; it belongs to the times of jealousy between monarchs and their subjects; the hope of a commonwealth lies in the more genial policy of disposing all its members to the common good. Methods of securing deliberate action may be devised in the interest of all; but no ingenuity can really devise a method of permanently dividing the national will and making it check itself.

To secure deliberate action, the first thing necessary is to have the wisest men of the country in that assembly which represents the will of the nation. But haste may be also prevented, and time given for reflection and for change of mind, by arrangement of the forms of legislation. It might be desirable even to confer a suspensive veto for a short period on a stated minority. Such an expedient would at least be more effective than the obsolete veto of the Crown, and less disturbing to the political frame than a collision between the Commons and the Lords, out of which the only way is a coercive dissolution of Parliament in the midst of a boiling agitation, or a swamping creation of Peers.

The question whether an individual chief of the State is necessary concerns most the American Republic. It is at present complicated by the exigencies of party, which requires a chief—as an army requires a general—though such a minister as Lord Aberdeen was hardly more than the president of a council. In Switzerland—an example which, for the reason already given, is always to be cited with reserve—there is only a titular President of the Federal Council, without personal power or a prominent place in the minds of the people. The belief in the necessity of an individual chief seems to be a tradition of monarchy. In framing their institutions the founders of the American Republic, though they substituted election for inheritance and introduced the Federal element, were guided by the principles which Montesquieu and other political philosophers of the time supposed themselves to have deduced from the practice of the British Constitution. In the place of the king, whom they imagined to be the real ruler, though he had already become a figure-

head, they put an elective chief magistrate, and they jealously guarded what they had been taught to regard as the palladium of liberty, the separation of the executive from the legislative, though, had their eyes been strong enough to look through the haze of constitutional fiction, they would have seen that the legislature in England was all the time appointing and removing the executive, and appointing and controlling the judiciary to boot. The elective presidency is an almost unmixed evil, and an evil of the most formidable kind, especially since the multiplication of patronage has enormously augmented the magnitude of the prize and the number of the place-hunters whose fortunes are staked on the election. It involves the commonwealth perpetually in troubles like those of a disputed succession. It fills the country with the turmoil of a contest which now extends over at least two years of every four, and disturbs commercial and industrial as well as public life. It keeps party passions always at fever heat. It breeds ever-increasing swarms of wirepullers, intriguers, office-seekers, and political vermin of all kinds. It brings every dangerous question to a head; it did this in the case of the Slavery question, which, in the absence of the artificial crisis produced by a presidential election, might possibly have dragged on and found a gradual and peaceful solution. A dispute as to the result of the election is always possible; it occurred between Hayes and Tilden, and then, too, infuriated partisans began to lay their hands on the hilts of their swords, though the good sense of the nation at last prevailed. Finally, the position of an elective president with personal power, but holding office only for a term, is a standing incentive to encroachment. The ambition of an ex-president, excited in this way, is now riding the country like a nightmare; and nobody can doubt that the aim of the men about him is to place him in the office for life, an object which, if they succeed in again re-electing him, they will not be unlikely to attain. That the people of the United States will ever with eyes open revert to the hereditary principle, cannot be believed by any one who has not persuaded himself that hereditary government is an everlasting ordinance, to which all who have strayed from it are sure to come back in time. But a lapse into a dictatorship, and from a dictatorship into something like a dynasty, would not be utterly impossible, if the foreign element, untrained to self-government, should become proportionally too large, and serious troubles of any kind should at the same time arise; it would be very far from impossible, if, in addition to the foreign element, female suffrage should be introduced. Nothing is really needed, at least in ordinary times, but a titular President of the Executive Council to represent the commonwealth on occasions of state. In the civil war Lincoln was, perhaps, useful as a chief, holding by tacit consent a sort of dictatorship during the season of peril; but institutions are not made for civil war, and a provision might easily be framed en-

giving the legislature in case of great public peril to confer on the executive council increased authority for a limited time, somewhat after the fashion of the Roman dictatorship, which worked well enough during the healthy period of the Republic.

Now comes a momentous question. Ought the election to the central legislature by the people to be direct or indirect: in other words, ought the members of the central legislature to be elected by the constituencies at large, as they are now in England and other countries under Parliamentary government, or by the members of local assemblies elected in their turn by the people? The writer of this paper is a hearty democrat, and profoundly convinced that the people, with all their passions and defects, will on the whole vote right whenever they see their way. He is persuaded that the great obstacle to voting right, as well as to doing other things that are right, is selfishness, and that this prevails fully as much among the rich as among the poor: indeed, among the rich it is almost erected into a principle, under the pretext of defending the rights of property, as though the rights of the destitute did not require much more to be defended. He is not actuated, therefore, by any Conservative prejudice in saying that to him the system of having a central legislature elected directly by the constituencies at large seems to have decisively failed. There are two points in the process of election, the nomination and the voting. The second point only has engaged the serious attention of statesmen, whose minds have been occupied entirely with problems as to the qualifications for the franchise, the distribution of seats, and the question of the ballot. It is in the first part of the process that direct election has broken down. The people, if left to themselves, will choose rightly between two candidates; but who is to choose the candidates? The people at large cannot select from any extensive area: a common man does not see over a hill, much less can he perform the task which Mr. Hare's plan would set him, of picking out the persons of greatest eminence from the whole nation,—a process which would infallibly degenerate into a vast party ticket. On the other hand, the worthiest are not very likely to nominate themselves, though the least worthy are. The practical result is that the nominations are everywhere usurped by party organisations and their proprietors, by Caucuses and wirepullers, whose fell ascendancy, complete in the United States and Canada, is being very rapidly extended in this country. The nominations carry with them the elections; the constituency at least has nothing left it but the choice between the two candidates whom the wirepullers are pleased to set before them, and whose first qualification is of course entire subserviency to party, if not to something narrower still. Nor is there any visible way of breaking out of this fatal circle, which grows continually stronger and more confined. If an independent candidate attempts to offer himself, the

wirepullers on both sides practically combine against him as an interloper and a leader of rebellion against party discipline. The range of their unbeneficent agencies is, moreover, daily extending and affecting every part of public life. It is needless to say that a conclave of Tory squires is just as much a Caucus as a Liberal 'three hundred.' Trusty managers of their own immediate concerns common men will manage to pick out of those with whom they are in daily intercourse, and whose characters they thoroughly know. In Canada persons qualified to judge say that the local elections, where party does not interfere, are good, and best where the area is smallest. An assembly consisting of the chosen men of each locality will be more intelligent than the body of its constituents, and at each remove upwards a step in intelligence is gained. The increased importance given to the local assemblies would raise their character by inducing better men to come forward, especially in the cities. Nor, with a limited body of primary electors, is there much practical difficulty about the nominations. A college of electors, called into existence for a single turn, such as that which formally chooses the President of the United States, of course becomes a nullity: the result is a mandate: but this would not be the case with a standing assembly, electing periodically members of a central legislature. The Senate of the United States, elected by the State legislatures, may safely be said to be in average ability decidedly above any other legislative assembly in the world, and would be an admirable government if party would let it alone, while the House of Representatives, elected directly by the people, is not only inferior to the Senate in every respect, but is a body the meeting of which is by all good citizens justly regarded with dismay, while its departure is welcomed as a deliverance. The primary electors, instead of losing by the change, would gain a real power of indirect election, whereas the apparent power of direct election which at present they possess is an illusion, the reality having been filched from them by the Caucus, which is always in the hands of a ring. A wise arrangement of local institutions on the elective principle would of course be the basis of the system, as it is the indispensable training-school of the people in self-government. The elections to the central legislature, party being out of the way, ought to be by instalments, a mode which would allow the steady inflow of public opinion, and at the same time prevent cataclysms such as now attend general elections, which are usually decided by some special agitation or an excitement of feeling on one question, to the neglect of the more general interests of the commonwealth. The term for which each member of the central legislature was elected would be fixed, and there would be an end of the ministerial prerogative of dissolution, which has run into grave abuse, and may run into graver abuse still, if ministers are allowed to dissolve whenever they think they are sure of winning the



elections, and thus to perpetuate their tenure of power. The election of a central legislature by local legislatures, and in instalments, would no doubt be a tame affair compared with the turmoil of a general election under the present system; and those who think that turmoil is life will at once reject the proposal: to the writer, after observing the politics of a colony and of the United States, as well as those of England, the reverse appears to be the case. Turmoil and healthy political life seem to him totally different things. Mere saving of expense is not a paramount object, but the corruption as well as the enormous waste of general elections would be at an end. Nor is there much danger of stagnation: the world is in a fair way to have agitating questions enough, without breaking heads for Blue and Yellow.

Bad influences—vanity, intrigue, pique, self-interest, corruption, narrowness of view and motive—cannot be excluded by any conceivable machinery from any human assembly. But the members of a local council, electing members of the national legislature, would at least be acting under the eyes of the community, and with something of the responsibility which attaches to the exercise of a personal trust. They would usually have too much largeness of view to vote against an eminent man because he had promoted co-operative stores, or because he had gone wrong on the dog-tax. Nor in any reasonably moral community would they be likely to take direct bribes. It is time, however, as every one who lives under the rule of colonial politicians knows too well, that political corruption, in high places as well as in low, should be distinctly stamped as a crime, and brought under the regular cognisance of justice. It is just as capable of definition and of proof as any other crime, and assuredly it is not the least heinous in the list. For this purpose, as for the trial of contested elections, a tribunal is needed free from partisan influence, and open for the reception of charges brought against men in public trusts by any citizen, with proper safeguards, of course, against wantonness or malice. Impeachment is obsolete, and an investigation undertaken by Parliament under the party system becomes a faction fight. It seems incredible that the framers of constitutions for colonies teeming with corruption should have failed to make any provision for the trial of political offences.

If we are asked whether it is at all likely that the plan of indirect election will be adopted, the vote for the supreme legislature having been once ostensibly given to the people at large, we say at once that at present it is not. The world will have first thoroughly to learn by experience that the existing system is, or tends more and more to become, government by and for the wirepuller, not by or for the people. France is apparently about to make an experiment in the opposite direction, by the adoption at Gambetta's dictation of the *scrutin de liste*. But this is a warning to the rest of the world,

the object of the measure evidently being not to improve the elections, but, by cancelling all those local influences which on the whole are the healthiest, to render a particular politician more completely master of France.

Representation of minorities seems to have done but little good. The result is a torpid compromise which is likely to continue notwithstanding a change of sentiment in the constituency, because it is the object of all the three members, and especially of the holder of the minority seat, to avoid a contest, so that positive misrepresentation as well as political deadness may be the result. The minority member is nailed to his seat, and can neither take office nor retire, except at a general election. All complicated arrangements are apt to harbour wirepulling, for the wirepuller, even if he is baffled at first, soon learns the trick. The only measure of this kind which appears to promise real improvement is the adoption of the second ballot when no candidate has polled an absolute majority at the first. This would give opinion, which is apt to split into sections, a fairer chance against a compact interest, and render it possible for an independent candidate to come forward with some prospect of success. At present the wirepullers invariably succeed in persuading the people that their votes, if given for an independent candidate, will be thrown away.

Experience seems distinctly to have shown that to make an assembly deliberative its numbers must be limited. In a Parliament of six hundred or a thousand members, volleys of argument or invective may be exchanged between the two sides of the House, but deliberation is impossible. More than two hundred can hardly take counsel together. There is the resource of Grand Committees, which, however, is not available with party government, unless the committees are so arranged that the dominant party shall have a majority in each of them. Unless this is done, the full House will be always redebating and reversing the decisions of the Grand Committee.

With such a mode of election to the central legislature as has been suggested, it will be safe to combine a widely-extended suffrage. It will be safe, and it will be politic. For the instructed and reflecting few, a demonstration of political utility may suffice: proved expediency secures their allegiance; but to engage the loyalty of the many it is necessary that government should be administered in the name of an authority to which their hearts as well as their understandings bow. Such an authority in bygone times was the king; such an authority now is the whole nation. No one who was in the United States at the time of the civil war could fail to see what immense strength that Government derived from the breadth of the basis on which it rested, and from the universal feeling that it was in the fullest sense the Government of the people. It was

enabled in this way to put forth a power which no autoeracy could have put forth. Many Americans, it is true, will tell you that universal suffrage is a failure, and that it is the great danger of the State. But they overlook the fact that the danger arises not from universal suffrage by itself, but from universal suffrage in conjunction with party government and direct elections. It is as the tool of faction and its demagogues that the rowdy is politically formidable. Universal suffrage, however, in America is no doubt to-day a very different thing from what it was when the great majority of the people were substantial farmers, and almost all of them were holders of property, responsible, settled in their habitations, and of English blood. No absolute rule can be framed for all countries, nor even supposing that such a rule could be laid down, would it be practicable everywhere to get up the hill again when once you have gone down, and withdraw powers once granted to the multitude. Property qualifications are odious, and where power is in the hands of the people, to be odious is to be weak. On the other hand, an education qualification is not odious; the writer at least has always found that artisan audiences receive the mention of it with favour; it is most reasonable, since a man can hardly give an intelligent vote or do himself and his concerns anything but mischief by voting without the common organs of intelligence; nor does there seem to be any insuperable difficulty in the way of ascertaining that an applicant for registration is able to read and write, or at least to read. Writing, perhaps, ought hardly to be required, for the horny hand of the farm-labourer may lose that faculty without default of brain or heart. Under a complete system of popular education, if we ever arrive at it, the school certificate might be the qualification. All voters ought also to be liable to every civic duty, such as that of national defence, and that of serving on juries, if the system of jury-trial is retained on its present footing. If a sifting process is necessary, let it be one of self-disfranchisement by refusal of equitable conditions, rather than one of disfranchisement by exclusive legislation; the popular feeling that government rests on the broad basis of equality and justice will be less impaired. The sentiment of monarchies and aristocracies has been studied; it is now time to study the sentiment of republics. A good deal of sifting, and, on the whole, of the right kind, would probably be done by abstention, when there were no longer organised factions to marshal the irresponsible and march them to the poll. As the possession of a vote excites interest in public affairs, the suffrage has a certain educating power, though by no means so great a power as some sanguine advocates of extension have maintained. A consideration perhaps of not less importance is that, under a thoroughly popular system of suffrage, the holders of property and the highly educated are spurred by regard for their own safety, if not

by any more generous motive, to 'educate their masters.' If they knew their own moral interest, they would prefer this necessity for exertion to the torpid security afforded by what is called a strong government to wealth and pleasure. After all there will be risks, great risks, in popular institutions; but, as experience shows, nothing like so great as those which attend arbitrary power. At all events feeble barriers merely chafe the popular flood; the only chance of safety lies in frankly embracing the democratic principle and framing securities for the ascendancy of public reason over cupidity and passion, not in the interest of an upper class, but in that of the whole community.

There is a wide difference between the case of political and that of municipal suffrage. This is a point of the highest importance in America, where the cities are vexed and pillaged by a brood of municipal demagogues, such as the late Mr. William Tweed. Legislatures, in regulating the municipal suffrage, have forgotten the great change which the cities have undergone. In the Middle Ages they had a political life of their own, and, as the antagonists of the rural aristocracy, played a distinct part in political development. This belongs to the past; a city is now little more than a densely-peopled district requiring a special administration. Moreover, the great merchants who were the leaders and magistrates of the cities in former days do not now live in them, but in villas outside them, nor do they seek city offices; the guilds are dead; the people, even in the same street, know little or nothing of each other. All unity is gone; there is only a human sand-heap, among the grains of which moves with sinister activity the ward politician. The chief, almost the only function of a city government in these days, is to raise and expend money; in equity and reason, therefore, the franchise ought to be in some measure proportioned to the amount of the contribution; it ought to follow the rule of joint-stock companies, rather than that of political communities, in which the poorest man's rights and liberties are of as much value as those of the richest. Nor is the present system in any way favourable to the poor, who are led by the petty bribes offered them by sharpers or rings, and by appeals to their class passions to vote for public plunder. The money goes into the pockets of the Tweeds; and nowhere are the health and comfort of the poorer citizens less cared for than in cities which are under the government of these rogues. A strong, permanent, pure, and enlightened administration, of a thoroughly business and scientific character, is what is needed by the people of every city, and by the inhabitants of the poorest quarters most of all.

Of the question of Female Suffrage the writer has spoken elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> The spheres of the two sexes, as he believes, are, like their

<sup>1</sup> In an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, which at the request of some members

natures and gifts, coequal but distinct, and incapable of identification unless women can take what is now the work of men, and men can take the work of mothers. Law, even in the most civilised states, rests at bottom upon the force of the community, and the force of the community is male. Enactments made by those who had not power to execute them would be futile. Would the men allow the women to vote them into a war, say in defence of a romantic Queen of Naples, or some other darling of female fancy? Would they execute upon themselves the severe laws which women are threatening to make against them in matters connected with the relations of the sexes? If they would, the tyranny of man must be a fable. But if decrees were not carried into effect, and laws were not executed, the government would fall. In domestic life, though a character at least as high as the political is formed, political character is not formed. What would be the condition of a nation in a dangerous crisis like that of Secession in the United States, or even the Irish crisis here, if its policy were swayed to and fro by the emotions of the women? The advocates of Women's Suffrage hardly realise the fact that they are turning government over into female hands; yet in the United States, where the franchise is personal, the female voters would at once outnumber the male; and in England it is well understood that the limitation to widows and spinsters is merely put forward as a mask. The next step would be a demand of eligibility to Parliament and to political office, which is probably the personal aim of some of the female leaders (one of whom, indeed, wanted to be a candidate for the Presidency), and could not consistently be refused. But could women in office ever be made accountable like men? A sex which is not thoroughly justiciable cannot be made thoroughly responsible; and when women have interfered in politics their want of a restraining sense of accountability has appeared. Henrietta Maria, by the indulgence of her feelings, hurried her husband and the country into a civil war, as Margaret of Anjou had done before her; Marie Antoinette, by a similar outbreak of passion, precipitated the French Revolution; and the Empress Eugénie, with fatal truth, called the German War her own. That women cannot take part in the defence of the country is an argument which may have been pressed too far; yet they are hereby rendered untrustworthy counsellors in questions of peace and war. Some who know the Southern States well say that if the women could have had their way there would very likely have been a renewal of the civil war. The whole history of female government leads to conclusions adverse to the change; the reign of Elizabeth herself, now that we know what she really was and did, as decisively as the rest.

of the House of Commons was reprinted, and was circulated by them among the members of the House.

Neither men nor women can plead natural right against the good of the community; the community is the ordinance of nature. Men were not invested by nature with political liberty; they won it by efforts in which multitudes of them have perished, and they have shared with their families all its substantial advantages. As they have fought, so they have legislated, for their wives and children as well as for themselves. For their wives and children as well as for themselves they have reclaimed the earth, made it fruitful, and bridged the sea. What Mr. Mill calls slavery has, in the main, been the guardianship of affection, a guardianship with which the women could not have dispensed, though the conception evidently never entered Mr. Mill's mind. If the man has had authority over the woman, the woman has had authority over her child. The indissolubility of marriage, which Mr. Mill calls slavery, and which is his capital grievance, is at least as much a restraint upon the roving passions of the man as upon the affections of the woman; in truth the very fact that man has instituted monogamy and made marriage indissoluble is the most conclusive answer to Mr. Mill's charge. So far from women not being able to get justice in a court under the existing law, the difficulty is to get justice against a woman, and both in America and in England male legislatures have been passing laws respecting the property relations of married people which in effect release the wife from all the obligations and liabilities of matrimony, leaving the husband as fast bound as ever. American ladies who demand that marriage shall not be a union but only 'a copartnership,' would soon flinch from the consequences of their own principle. That domestic outrage exists in barbarous classes is too true; and it is committed as often perhaps by women against children as by men against women, though the complaints of the children are not so often heard; but fifty votes given to the unhappy victims would not correct the brutality of a savage home. The women who head this movement do not really want equality; they want and expect to retain, with political power and freedom from marital control, all the present privileges of their sex. They do not want to be thrust to the wall by male strength in a struggle for existence, to have the penal law extended to them in all its severity, or to be compelled to do the rough and dangerous work of the world. But they will find that they cannot have both equality and privilege, or at once renounce and retain the guardianship of affection. Chivalry may linger, as sentiments do linger, for a season; but it will soon fall into the grave of the conditions on which it depends. Perhaps the sex generally will find that they have paid dear for the fancy of the few who wish to enter into public life.

What would be the effect of public life on female character, and the effect of female intervention on the character of public life, are

questions upon which some light has been thrown by our actual experience since the commencement of this agitation. About the most violent and scurrilous production which has appeared in the American press for many a day was a series of letters written by a female politician; and it is remarkable that her object was to defend the system of favouritism and jobbery in the exercise of patronage against administrative reform.<sup>2</sup>

The most important point remaining is the Ballot, which has now been pretty well tried. The notion that it would specially favour Liberalism is at an end. It annuls all pressure, that of the Trades Union or the social circle, as well as that of the landlord or the customer. On the other hand, it affords a cover for individual follies and for all the motives which shun the light. It has failed to baffle the wirepuller for the reason already mentioned; he always succeeds in convincing the mass of electors that a vote given for any but a regular party candidate will be lost. Probably the balance of advantage is on the side of allowing a man to give free expression to his real sentiments, whatever they may be; the result is then trustworthy, and the general action of the voters as citizens will be in accordance with their votes.

That the British Constitution is unwritten, and therefore elastic, may be the boast of Britons, but, like many things which are the boast of Britons, it forms no precedent for other nations. For reasons before given, unwritten traditions or understandings are valid only in these islands. In newborn democracies nothing will prevent the

<sup>2</sup> The suffrage movement is, in the United States at all events, only part of a movement against the limitations of sex, against the bondage of matrimony and the burdens of maternity. Those who are thus striving to break up the political unity of the family are assailing its integrity in other ways by separating as much as possible the interest of the wife from that of the husband, and teaching her to regard him not with confidence but with jealousy. The writer has heard in several quarters that some of the female leaders of the movement do all in their power to deter young women from marriage. The name of John Stuart Mill, on the banners of the movement, indicates its real character, and shows that it extends to the general status of women. If it spreads in America, the consequence will be that the Anglo-American race will be supplanted by the Irish and Germans, whose women are loyal to sex, true to the family, and good mothers, while all the Irish and half the Germans belong to a Church by which the family has always been upheld.

What nobody will deny is that the question is one of the most tremendous significance. The family is more important than the State to human character and happiness: and while the State may be regenerated by the family, the family cannot be regenerated by the State. Levity, therefore, and concession to vague sentiment are criminal. Man, as the responsible holder of political power, is bound to decide unselfishly and generously; but he is bound to decide carefully and wisely, in the interest of his partner as well as in his own. In England Conservatism has of late been led into strange ways. If instead of allying itself with beer and ignorance against intelligence, or stirring up war passions as revolutionary as they are wicked and destructive, it would take to guarding property and the family, its just influence in the State would be increased.

militant politician from using for his own behoof and for the discomfiture of his opponent all the powers which the letter of the law puts into his hands, the sacred principles of the constitution notwithstanding; and thus we find a Lieutenant-Governor of a province turning out the ministry of the majority in order to transfer the provincial patronage to the hands of his own party on the eve of a general election, and the Senate of the same province withholding the supplies as an ordinary stroke of party warfare, when it wanted to upset a government which had a majority in the other House. A young 'commonwealth requires a written constitution, and a strict one. Moreover the document, which becomes a political bible, is an instrument of no small power in educating the citizen, and has a conservative influence of the best sort over his mind.

The only point of first-rate importance which remains is the amendment of the Constitution. This ought to be distinctly vested in the nation at large, the sovereignty of which ought to be unequivocally proclaimed; and a mode should be provided by which the sovereign can exercise the power. An elective assembly will not terminate its own existence, or even pass a measure of reform affecting the position of a large portion of its members, if it can help doing so, any more than a king will abdicate of his own accord. The more vicious it is, the less amenable to opinion it will be. The English Parliament in 1832 did not voluntarily reform itself: reform was forced on it by the nation, which threatened it with violence if it held out longer. It 1867 it was let through a trapdoor. The more insufferable the American House of Representatives becomes, the more tenaciously will it cling to its evil existence: and electing members pledged to consent to the submission of an amendment for its reformation or abolition, would be a desperately difficult process for the people, when the organisations are in the hands of the politicians. The only visible remedy would be revolution: and a revolution, though not a bloody one, would apparently be inevitable if the British nation were to make up its mind to abolish the veto on national legislation at present possessed by the six hundred privileged families represented in the House of Lords. The object might be attained by providing that it should be lawful at any election of representatives for the electors to inscribe on the same ticket a requisition for the submission of a constitutional amendment, and that the legislature should be bound to submit the amendment to a plebiscite, if a certain proportion of the electorate had supported the requisition. No one who is familiar with the character of democracies, and knows the extent of the *vis inertiae* which prevails in them, will deem the power likely to be too frequently used.

The writer, let him say once more, is fully aware that much of what has been said will to many seem undeserving of practical con-



sideration. He knows well that party government, a second chamber, and direct election of the central legislature by the people at large are regarded as immutable ordinances of nature. Yet this does not shake his conviction that a single central assembly elected by the members of local assemblies, and itself electing the executive, will after sufficient experience be the form finally assumed by elective governments.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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*THE CLÔTURE AND THE TORIES.*

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,  
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.

THE words of the Roman poet were designed to picture a time when the whole machinery of government had fallen into hopeless and irretrievable confusion. The Roman state still contained a vast number of functionaries armed, or supposed to be armed, with certain well-defined and thoroughly understood powers. The machine of government still existed, but it produced nothing but ruin and confusion, because those powers were employed for purposes as different as possible from the original intention of the founders. When Clodius was made Tribune of the People, he employed himself, not in preventing abuses of the law, but in burning down the houses of his enemies, and murdering those who were unfortunate enough to encounter him without a sufficient guard. The name remained, but the substance of the great and orderly republic had disappeared. Yet so apt are mankind to be led by words instead of realities that people were found to lament over the fall of this system of anarchy and confusion. It is truly wonderful how long the names of things outlive their realities, and how often a struggle is made for that which is irretrievably lost, which, if undertaken at an earlier time, might have saved the realities themselves.

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We have passed through a session of Parliament which no right-minded man can regard with any other feeling than humiliation and disgust. I do not speak of the merits of the measure by which the session was wholly occupied: that is a question which time and experience will determine, and on which, until it is determined, reasonable men of all sides will speak with a certain amount of diffidence. But whether the Bill was a good one or a bad one, we may all agree that the manner in which it was carried through Parliament must be a blot on the honour of any Assembly. That eight months with a very small deduction should have been spent, not in the attempt to perfect, nor yet to destroy it, but in what was known from the first to be the utterly hopeless undertaking of wearying Government into its abandonment, is an instance of the deliberate perversion of functions entrusted to the House for other and better purposes, for a parallel to which we may search the records of all other deliberative assemblies in vain. It is impossible to diminish or wipe away the stain which these proceedings have left on the ancient and noble history of the English Parliament. There is in such matters an inevitable tendency to reduce the power of the machine in proportion to the degree in which it has been abused, and there is no greater delusion than to suppose that a popular assembly can for a long period of time maintain a power greatly superior to its reputation or deserts. Laws and traditions can do much, but they cannot permanently support the power and influence of a body which lends itself day after day and month after month to the task of making itself futile, ridiculous, and contemptible. It is very much to be regretted that a state of things so plainly to be foreseen was not effectually guarded against, and that we were not saved by all our compliances from the necessity of adopting a violent and illegal course the success of which, such as it was, was due not to good management on the part of the Government, but to an unexpected and incomprehensible blunder on the part of the Irish members.

Such being the state of the case, it seems impossible to doubt that the clear duty of the Government lies in that course which it is understood they mean to pursue—the placing in the hands of the House of Commons the power of regulating the length of its own debates. It is unnecessary for one who did not wait for the teaching of experience to tell him of the mischief which results from unlimited abuse of the faculty of speech to enter again into the argument. The reasons which make it necessary that the House should possess the power of closing the debate at any time have met with considerable acceptance, and at any rate I have no wish to interpose my own opinion on a subject already exhausted. Two things, however, I would in passing venture to suggest. The one is that the *clôture*, or, as I should prefer to call it, the close of the debate, should not be a clause in a Bill dealing with other subjects, but should be a resolution

by itself consisting of a single very short clause. The reason of this suggestion is, of course, that it is not only important in itself, but is the means of carrying all the amendments in other matters which are required, a task which, without its help, is absolutely impossible. It is the master key which will unlock every other difficulty. The task which the Government undertakes is not so light that it can afford to load itself with a single ounce of superfluous weight. Suppose that the Government had commenced the session of last year by demanding the power of closing the debate: the *coup d'état* by which the measure was advanced a single stage (for I apprehend that a Bill would not have been required) would have enabled the Ministry to pass the Irish Bill, and left them time for a fair share of other legislation. Battles are more frequently won by seizing positions which make the position of the enemy untenable, than by dislodging him from the very ground he occupies.

It has been suggested by very high authority that the power of closing the debate should be withheld until a certain number of members be present; that is, that the less interest the debate excites the more impossible it shall be to bring it to an end. Besides this obvious objection there is another equally cogent. There would be an almost irresistible temptation to use the power thus specially received. What, it would be said, is the good of having a power if we are never to use it? Parliament has fixed the limit, and no one can blame us for availing ourselves of a privilege thus especially reserved for us. There are two states; in one a division can be forced, in the other it cannot. The opportunity is ours, let us use it. A power of dividing at any time would be far less likely to be abused than an accidental opportunity, tempting because unexpected.

But there is another aspect of this question to which I would most seriously call the attention of those who are anxious to discharge their duty in a manner on which they can look back without regret. Consider for a moment how long this systematic and organised opposition to the transaction of the business of Parliament has existed, and whence it derived its origin. No deliberative assembly can be expected to be entirely free from the vice of speaking against time. The vanity of one man, the ill-temper of another, the stupidity of a third, must lead to a considerable waste of time. Nothing would be so unreasonable as to expect that every orator and every audience would be exactly agreed as to the time which it is expedient he should occupy. In all assemblies, even in private society—

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

We never can hope to arrive at such a state of modesty in the orator and patience in the hearer that we shall be absolutely agreed with him as to the time he ought to occupy. What we have a right to demand is that the pardonable self-love of one man shall not be used

as a serious annoyance to others. The degree to which this power is abused is a fair gauge of the calibre of the assembly. Good men, says Aristotle, require few laws, they are in fact a law to themselves; and such, reasonable deduction being made for the frailty of human nature, has been up to a recent period the profession and practice of the Parliament of England. Why is it that, in a time which we are in the habit of considering as more cultivated and enlightened than any that has preceded it, we are made slaves to the grossest and most stupid species of annoyance and obstruction? Why is it that, with all the advantages we enjoy, with the enormous facilities of communication, with the unbounded access to every kind of information, we are guilty, in the first assembly of the land, of a vulgar, a boorish rudeness of which any assembly ought to be ashamed? How is it that every class seems to be improving in culture, in decorum and propriety, until we reach the *cor cordium*, the very heart and soul and kernel of the country, and that there alone we find manners, habits, and proceedings which in any other place and in any other society a gentleman would reject as unworthy of the name? What is there in the House of Commons that should sink it so infinitely below the conventional proprieties which are observed as a matter of course in every other assembly throughout the country?

It is with much regret that we find that, in their praiseworthy attempt to restore the House of Commons to the position from which it has so lamentably fallen, the Government are not to expect any assistance from the leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition. The party which may lay some claim to represent the feelings of no inconsiderable part of the gentry of England are never weary of informing us that the Government is to look for no aid from them for the abatement of this intolerable nuisance. Of course it is quite evident that the existence of a drilled and organised system of obstruction is so much deducted from the power of the existing Government, and so much added to the force of the Opposition. But this after all is only a game of beggar-my-neighbour, in which the successful operator, when it comes to his turn to govern, finds his position degraded in exactly the same proportion. When you lower the position of your adversary, you should never forget that that lowered position in political life may be one day your own.

Debita jura vicesque superbæ

Te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis;

Teque piacula nulla resolvent.

It is in vain that we still endeavour to secure the best ability and the highest character which the country possesses for the service of the House of Commons, if those advantages are to be neutralised by a systematic practice which tends to degrade every one whom it touches, and to drag down the character and conduct of our senators to one

dead level of vulgarity and obstruction. We should have supposed that the leaders of the Conservative party at any rate would have felt how necessary it is to maintain the advantage which a thoroughly good education confers, and to resist whatever tends to lower and neutralise that distinction.

It might be worth while for those Conservative leaders who are, it would seem, preparing to throw their shield over the Irish members belonging to the Home Rule party, to consider for a moment whence this difficulty came, and whither it will inevitably lead. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the conduct and bearing of a member in the House of Commons will be independent of the constituency which he represents. He is to a considerable degree the creature of circumstances. After he has obtained his seat he is perpetually occupied with the care of keeping it. He is bound to be popular, and in order to maintain that popularity he must submit to many disagreeable and some humiliating concessions. Experience shows that the conduct of a member is regulated quite as much by the wishes and opinions of his constituents as by his own estimate of what is right and becoming. The member is to a much greater extent than is generally understood the creature of his constituency. He learns their language, he adopts their views, he accommodates himself to their ideas. The constituency is the rock, the member is the polypus which assumes the colour of the rock on which it lies. A man may be a model member if returned by one class of electors who would be a pest and a nuisance if forced to seek the suffrages of another. It is vain to complain of the misconduct of the members of the House of Commons. They are what their constituents make them. If you want to raise the character and position of a deliberative assembly, you must look not to those who are elected but to those who elect them. Constituencies are the potter, the representatives the clay in his hand.

It is not difficult to find the period from which this lowering of the tone and conduct of the House of Commons takes its rise. If the doctrine above laid down be correct, we should expect to find the change in the character and conduct of the House of Commons preceded by some remarkable alteration in the character of the body by which they are returned. We may venture without much danger of serious error to assert that up to the death of Lord Palmerston matters had gone on very much in the House of Commons in the course with which history has made us familiar. From that period a new era begins. The mischief did not develop itself at once, but rose and culminated by degrees which seem scarcely to admit of increase. The tale is soon told. When Lord John Russell acceded to power, he determined, for reasons not very easy to understand, slightly to lower the borough franchise. The proposal was met with unanimous opposition from the Conservatives and some thirty Liberals. The result

was that by the union of these two forces the proposal of the Government was defeated and the Government itself dissolved. If there was anything which might be counted upon as a certainty, as something to which the Conservatives were bound by every feeling of honour and consistency, it was that they were bound steadily to resist any lowering of the borough franchise. How well this honourable engagement was kept nobody can have forgotten, though a great many would be very glad to forget. It is enough to say that the Government which had turned out the Liberals because they were of purer eyes than to behold an eight-pound franchise, the very next year introduced and carried a bill which took away the pecuniary qualification for a vote altogether. It was a proceeding entirely unique; before it there had been none like it, neither afterwards will there be any such. From that time began and gradually increased the practice of Parliamentary obstruction, which had obtained a firm footing in the latter years of Mr. Gladstone's Government, and has rapidly increased up to the present time. Of course the great degradation of the franchise did not fully operate at once. It required time for those invested with this new power to test and learn its extent, and, evil as its results have been, we have probably not yet seen the worst of it. Of this I feel quite confident, that there is the closest possible connection between the lowering of the franchise and the systematic and organised obstruction which now degrades and neutralises the House of Commons. The lower the franchise the more the voter is inclined to trust to mere numerical superiority, and to dispense himself from the necessity of thought and reflection. He learns his lesson from the Conservative teachers who have taught him the false and dangerous lesson that it is by numbers and force, and not by reason and calm reflection, that the affairs of great communities are to be managed. He finds himself placed in a situation where wealth, wisdom, and character are perpetually exhibited as justly and rightly borne down by mere numbers. The Tory lowering of the franchise is the apotheosis of brute force. It is the substitution of mere numbers for the decisions of intelligence and experience. Can it be wondered at that people who have been so sedulously taught this lesson by the Conservatives themselves should resolve that it should go hard with them if they do not better the instruction? Once accustomed to find things carried by force instead of by reason, the step becomes a very short one to apply merely mechanical hindrances in order to arrest the progress of unwelcome legislation. It springs directly from that impatience of opposition which is the inevitable concomitant of people who have no doubt because they have never looked on both sides of a question. We cannot extricate the Constitution from the slough in which it is now wallowing, but it is yet in our power to prevent a grosser and more offensive form of obstruction. We cannot force members who are under the influence of a pressure which they despise, while they submit to it, to risk their

seats to benefit their country. Those subtle and unseen influences are beyond our reach, but we can still exercise control over the gross and undisguised proceedings for bringing to a standstill the business of Parliament.

We put it to the Conservative members who, without waiting to hear what the plan of the Government may be, have already determined vigorously to oppose it, to consider whether such a proceeding is either just or honourable. There is no doubt whatever that the present unhappy state of business in the House of Commons is the direct result of that lowering of the franchise to household suffrage by which the Conservatives purchased two years of ignoble office. Is it not rather hard that they should not be content with inflicting upon us this serious mischief, but that they should pledge themselves beforehand to oppose any measure for its correction? Would it not be more decorous to assume a virtue, if they have it not, than to pledge themselves beforehand to support an evil so entirely of their own creating? Might they not be satisfied with having created this enormous evil without pledging themselves beforehand that so far as they are concerned it shall receive no remedy? It may be said that it is the business of the Conservatives to leave things as they find them; but the strictest doctrinaire can hardly assert that such a doctrine should be applied to new, startling, and unforeseen emergencies by the very persons who caused them. While Rome was burning Nero fiddled. According to this kind of reasoning, Nero, who was shrewdly suspected of having made the conflagration, was bound as a good Conservative to use no effort in its extinction. Moreover, we have a right to ask why the Conservatives have not left things as they found them, and why, for the paltry bribe of two years of office, they sacrificed principles which they had just before declared to be inviolable. The Conservative leaders cannot undo the mischief they have done. They cannot recall the confidence they have most justly forfeited. They have never attempted any excuse or any palliation, that I am aware of, for the holocaust of all their opinions and principles. Surely they might be content without employing such power as they possess to rivet upon the House of Commons the odious and disgraceful obstruction of which they were the originators.

It should also be considered that if the Government should fail in their attempt to put down this most gross and unconstitutional effort to stultify the proceedings of Parliament, they will by no means leave the matter in the state in which they found it. That which at the present time is regarded as a gross and violent invasion of the rights of Parliament, and through them of the rights of every constituent, will have become a settled and recognised privilege. The effect of such a change on the feelings and opinions of mankind it may not be possible adequately to forecast; but it requires no great



sagacity to foresee that it is impossible that these two things, the rule of law and order and the rule of violence and encroachment, can long exist together. It is a duel *à outrance* from which it is impossible that both combatants can return alive. If law and order does not put down the attempt to stop the orderly proceedings of the House, the new claim to prevent the transaction of business by unmeaning harangue will infallibly put down law and order. It is no light matter that is at stake. If the practices now prevalent are to prevail, it is impossible to carry on the government by means of institutions of which till lately we have all been so justly proud. The work of centuries will crumble into dust, and we must seek I know not what halting and miserable substitute to replace a constitution which has been for centuries the envy and admiration of mankind.

SHERBROOKE.

## *THE REVISION OF THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.*

### I.

‘HAPPY,’ said a certain Roman, ‘happy is the woman who has no history!’ ‘Still happier,’ said one of our own times, ‘is the people which has no written constitution!’ Of such peoples, the English occupy the first rank. Where, indeed, is the constitution of England? It is like Pascal’s famous circle, whose centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere. There are in Westminster numerous old charters, old bills, old laws, old parchments, in which the customs and practices of the country are registered, and it is this mass of old, mysterious papers that contains the most solid political constitution in the world—a constitution more durable than a rock of granite, and as little to be analysed as a mystic dogma.

Is it well that a people should or should not have a constitution mapped out like a code? The philosopher who reasons in the most absolute manner hesitates before such a question. The politician simply answers that all depends on the degree of latitude—in other words, on the people itself. The English eat more beefsteaks than the French, and the French drink more wine than the Italians. That is all. Were the English to eat less meat, and the Italians to drink more wine, they would fall ill—that is to say, regimens vary according to climate, as also they should according to age.

I have often thought that it is with political regimens as with other regimens, and that they also should vary according to the country, epoch, or other circumstances. Truth, pure and absolute, can be found but in the positive sciences, and should not be sought elsewhere. It is true all over the world that two and two make four, that the square of the hypotenuse of a rectangular triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides; but it is not true all the world over that a republic is the best of governments, or that a parliamentary monarchy is the best of republics, that centralisation is better than federation, or the contrary, that universal suffrage is preferable to restricted suffrage, that the Church should be separate from the State, that the House of Lords should be hereditary, &c.

'Truth this side the Pyrenees,' said a philosopher, 'is falsehood the other side.' In politics nothing can be absolute. Those republicans who reproach Voltaire or Mirabeau with having been royalists are simply imbeciles, and he who writes these lines deems he affirms the simplest and most natural thing in the world when he declares that a republican on the banks of the Seine would probably have been a royalist had he been born on the banks of the Thames or the Danube. True good sense and true patriotism, from our point of view, by no means consist in examining which are the best political and social solutions in the ideal republic of Plato. They consist in trying more simply, and at the same time more laboriously, to find out what political and social solutions would, at a certain epoch and under certain circumstances, contribute most largely and most efficaciously to secure the grandeur, prosperity, and force of the nation. Thus it is that a constitution which exists only in name is excellent for the other side of the Channel, and that on this side of it we absolutely require a constitution as precise, as exact as our civil code.

Why can England do perfectly well without a precise constitution drawn up in a set number of articles? Why is a very strictly defined constitution indispensable to France? This problem is a complex one, and is capable of more than one solution. It must first be admitted that, if the English people is more practical than the French, the latter people is, in a certain sense, more idealistic, and at the same time more positive: more idealistic, in that we endeavour to obtain in politics as elsewhere more perfect solutions; more positive, because when we think we have found these solutions we must absolutely materialise them, for it appears to us that our political conquests only become real and definite when written down in some formula. Secondly, it must not be forgotten that the English Revolution is three centuries old, and that, after a short republican interim, it completed what it had begun by consolidating it and surrounding it with most liberal and parliamentary institutions: the monarchy, which at first it had thrown down, thus following up and continuing through succeeding ages the advantages it had gained. But how different is it with our French Revolution!

This Revolution, indeed, is not yet a hundred years old, and what it last brought forth is this: the establishment of a republican democracy in a country which has behind it fifteen centuries of monarchical government, and monarchical government of the strongest and most glorious. The Republic may have been proclaimed in France as early as 1793, but between proclaiming a form of government and sustaining it the difference is great. Those who have studied our contemporary history know it to be in reality but a long struggle between the *ancien régime* and the *nouveau régime*; the nation has very naturally felt a desire to mark each important step in this

struggle by a new constitution. For this is worthy of notice: the old monarchical France was exactly like England is—that is to say, it had no written constitution. Our written constitutions date only from the Revolution.

Our constitutions, as has just been said, mark the great steps in the struggle between the *ancien régime* and the Révolution during the past ninety years. We must show how they have been brought about, for that alone will explain our having had in France so large a number of constitutions which have resembled each other so little. First, then, the men of that magnificent assembly, the Convention, endeavoured to put into practice a form of government utterly impracticable. For the most part disciples of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, they intended to form a constitution on the *Contrat Social*. Was not the *Contrat Social* the highest ideal of justice? The men of the Convention, with the exception of Sieyès, only forgot one point, which is, that one of the most powerful influences that act on the life of a people, as on the life of an individual person, is the influence of the past, of history. No matter what may happen, a people cannot raze to the ground its national history—that is to say, its customs, its habits, its education, all it has imbibed while still at its mother's breast, and breathed with its native air. Consequently, whatever spirit of progress animate a nation, whatever be its aspiration towards the future, that nation can create nothing, nor can it found anything serious without taking into account the past, without uniting, so to say, the past with the future.

Those who drew up the grand constitution of the year III. neglected to take this into consideration, and thence ensued their rapid failure. They drew up a constitution which, when contemplated purely and solely with the eye of reason, as said Kant, was admirable, full of the noblest and most elevated views, breathing justice from the first line to the last; it was patriotic, republican, and democratic in the highest degree; it would have met with the acclamations of Plato, it would have been unanimously sanctioned in the country of Idalia. But this constitution had one drawback: it was like Roland's celebrated horse, possessed of every quality except life. This constitution took no deep root in the country. It was in itself a perfect monument. The Convention thought that to introduce and to proclaim it would suffice. But the old French soil was full of fissures, it was still covered and encumbered with the foundations of the old monarchical establishment, and these foundations by no means suited the new structure. Hence this inevitable and fatal result. The constitution of the year III. rested about as firmly on French ground as a house of cards on a table. Having no foundations it fell to pieces at the first breath of wind, whatever may have been its ideal beauty and its marvellous harmony.

The constitutions which followed that of the year III. fared the

same. They were principally the work of theorists, and numbers of years had to pass before it was generally acknowledged that a constitution can live only if, besides its philosophical beauties, it corresponds to the real necessities of a nation; it can only live if deeply rooted in the history of the nation. Sieyès understood this, Napoleon understood it a little; the authors of the constitutional charters of 1814 and 1830, Benjamin Constant in 1825, already understood it better. Whether these statesmen conducted monarchical or republican institutions, it is certain that they made it their study in the Republican institution to keep in sight the grand centralising traditions of the monarchy, and the solid establishing of the principle of executive power; when they wrote monarchical constitutions, they kept in sight the victories gained by the French Revolution, that love of liberty which had taken possession of the country, those democratic customs which more and more it seemed to cherish. It must even be owned that, as a general rule, it was the authors of monarchical constitutions who, in 1814, 1815, and 1830, most carefully took into account and kept sight of the divers aspirations of the country, and whose work best corresponded to the general sentiment and the veritable wants of the nation. However sad a true French patriot may feel even at the present day, when he calls to mind the causes that brought about the first Restoration, with whatever anger he may contemplate the attempted return from the island of Elba, whatever may be his feelings with respect to the monarchy of July 1830, he will be forced to admit that these three charters were, for the time being, the best in the world, or nearly so. They took into consideration monarchical traditions which were, for the most part, simply governmental necessities, nor did they lose sight of the new and powerful aspirations of the new world. And this, indeed, occasions no Frenchman thoroughly acquainted with our contemporary history surprise or astonishment: it is of little moment with what names our numerous constitutions are labelled; these names were, as a rule, fallacious. Thus the Napoleonic Constitution of 1851 was called democratic, while, when compared with the constitutions of 1814 and 1830, it was the last degree of most detestable Cæsarian absolutism and reaction. It is true its frontispiece was universal suffrage, but universal suffrage becomes a solemn lie when coupled with plebiscitum, when *scrutin d'arrondissement* is substituted for *scrutin de liste*, when official candidature is cynically exercised.

In short, since 1789, modern France has been endeavouring to find, sometimes groping in the dark, so to say, and meeting with painful misadventures, but still endeavouring to find the truest political constitution. Is it to be wondered at that she has not found it at once? No, for this constitution must attain two principal objects, which were indeed difficult to attain. It must first be the constitution of France in all the force and beauty of that name, which represents not only a geographical entity, but also an admirable historic

entity. It must then be, but simultaneously, in perfect harmony, the constitution of that new world, the basis of which had been laid by the Revolution.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that this double aim was not reached at the first trial; this aim was not even easily understood the first day, and many people have not even yet understood it. But I do believe that a very large majority of the French people has understood what ought to be the general and leading character of our constitution. Of all our past constitutions, that of the 25th of February draws nearest to that character. Its revision has been asked by the *Président du Conseil*, Gambetta, in the name of the President of the Republic, Grévy. I will give a short account of this constitution, and of the *ensemble* of reforms actually proposed to Parliament.

## II.

The assembly elected in February 1871, and which has successively borne the names of *Assemblée de Bordeaux* and *Assemblée de Versailles*, was monarchical, it was still so the very day it voted the Republic; for this vote was not a disavowal of its opinions, but a simple declaration of its own powerlessness to found a monarchy. M. Thiers comprehended this incapacity at a glance. He had understood that, in the face of a country of Republicans, all the efforts of a majority, united only in its hate for the Republic, but otherwise split into three irreconcilable factions, would only end in repeated defeats. And in this he proved to be a true statesman.

We have been desirous in these terms to cite literally what our judicious friend, M. Ranc, characterises as the political history of the National Assembly of 1871. This Assembly comprised, at its origin, some 200 Legitimists, 150 Orléanists, 10 Bonapartists, and more than a hundred members without any decided political opinion, but who on the morrow of the Empire, and of the terrible events by which the *début* of the Third Republic was marked, thought that the fittest government to raise France from its ruins would be a Constitutional monarchy. At the commencement, the National Assembly could not count 300 Republicans—a very feeble minority, one will say now, as was said then by the Republican party. But in the month of July 1871 this minority represented the majority of the country. Indeed, the National Assembly had been called not for the purpose of forming a constitution, but to make peace with Prussia. France was exhausted by the gigantic effort and strain of *défense nationale*; and though she had, during the four long months which followed the fall of the imperial army at Sedan and Metz, astonished the world by the heroism with which the armies of Trochu, Faidherbe, and Chanzy were brought forth, though on the German invasion each inch of

French ground was most manfully defended and ceded only at the east extremity, and though the heroism displayed at the siege of Paris eclipsed all heroism spoken of by history, in the month of February 1871 our great and unhappy nation was exhausted. The most tenacious and courageous men would have liked to continue the struggle. But as a whole the nation felt incapable of further resistance; and in this they were wrong, according to my personal opinion. It must not be denied then, for it is an historical fact, that the National Assembly was elected for the purpose of making peace. In the beginning it was by no means called together for the purpose of giving France a republican or a monarchical constitution. The large majority of the electoral programmes may be consulted, and it will be found that the question there treated does not bear upon republicanism or monarchy. The question of war or peace alone is considered.

At first, the members of the *droite* in the National Assembly, whose numbers were not exactly known, thought so too. They thought nothing about a constitution of any kind; and a very manifest proof of this may be found in the double fact that in the first days, and very spontaneously, they named as their president that ancient and very eminent Republican, M. Grévy, and as head of the executive power that same M. Thiers who, as far back as 1848, had repeatedly said that the form of government under which France is least divided is a Republic. These two men were elected, then, without any political intention. Peace once signed and the insurrection of the 18th of March suppressed, thanks to the energy of M. Thiers, then only did political questions become preponderant; the *droite* prepared for the overthrow of M. Grévy, who was replaced by M. Buffet, and for that of M. Thiers, who was replaced by Marshal MacMahon.

At the present day it is a well-attested fact for sincere and honest minds, that to invest the National Assembly of 1871 with constituent power was not the intention of its first electors. It was a real abuse of power even to declare that it had the right of providing France with a constitution. The number of members of the *droite* was known now: the adversaries of the Republic were in the majority, from which they drew the apparently logical conclusion that a monarchical constitution could now be drawn up. All Republicans who walked in the same direction as M. Gambetta were violently opposed to this manœuvre, which was punished in the most curious way.

The National Assembly declared itself constituent in order to bring about a monarchy. In reality a Republic was founded by it, not until after much hesitation, it is true. As Virgil says—

Why was not a monarchy founded by the National Assembly, the majority of which was for a monarchical government? There are several causes for this historic phenomenon; we will endeavour briefly to enumerate them. The first has been very picturesquely pointed out by M. Thiers: 'Three pretenders,' said he, 'cannot sit on one throne.' There were indeed three pretenders, the Count de Chambord, the Count de Paris, and Prince Louis Bonaparte. And note, that after the 24th of May, after M. Thiers' fall, when the Duke de Broglie had formed that most ungrateful coalition against *le libérateur du territoire*, M. Thiers, only in order to found a monarchy, after the Count de Paris had been to Frohsdorf to abdicate formally in the presence of the Count de Chambord, there still remained two pretenders, the one a Bourbon, the other a Bonaparte. It is true there was, or at least it was thought so, a legitimist-royalist majority. 'We will have the monarchy,' said M. Edouard Hervé, 'even if we can get but a majority of one voice.' But the Count de Chambord is a personage unique in history: he was offered one of the finest thrones in the world—this throne was known to be rather worm-eaten, it is true—but on one condition: the adoption of the national tricoloured flag. The descendant of Henri IV. refused, and declared he would never give up the white flag. And then Marshal MacMahon summed up in one happy phrase the second cause by which the Restoration was prevented. He said one day to the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier: 'If the white flag were to be raised in opposition to the tricoloured one, and if it were hoisted at a window whilst the other floated opposite, the *chassepots* would go off by themselves.' That is to say, civil war would break out. The Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier was too patriotic, the Duke de Broglie too prudent, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia not mad enough to attempt such an undertaking.

Such are the two best known reasons which hindered the reinstatement of a monarchical constitution in this country. I must now set forth the third and least known, which really philosophic historians ought to consider as the principal one. The reason is this. If the majority in the National Assembly was unquestionably monarchical, the great majority of the nation was already (May–October 1873) strongly attached to the Republic; and in a country such as ours, in a country where the Revolution had been made, and which had seen thirty or forty years of parliamentary government, *plus* twenty-five years of universal suffrage, no chance majority will hold good or even count. It is impossible to force a certain form of government on thirty-six millions of men who want none of it, except by bloody and violent measures, with the aid of fifty thousand bayonets, and with a most criminal and infuriated determination to stop at nothing.

This, in our eyes, is the true cause of the check to the monar-



chical restoration in 1873. France wanted the Republic. Its express desire was known even to those who were trying to re-establish the monarchy. They could find none but the most paltry pretexts for overthrowing M. Thiers. They never dared to speak openly to the nation of their ambitious plans. When they were trying to bring about the Restoration, they did so in secret, like people who defraud and deceive. I believe they tried to hide the true state of mind of the nation from the Count de Chambord. But, however behindhand the Count de Chambord may be in some respects, he is perspicacious enough; he understands at a glance. Is it simply and wholly out of respect for the monarchical tradition that he refused the tricoloured flag, and thus compelled his own partisans to renounce their designs? We think not. We imagine the white flag to have been partly a pretext, that the Count de Chambord thought it the most honourable *porte de sortie*. He certainly must have been aware that even if his throne were built up, it would be but ephemeral, and that the Restoration would be the beginning of a frightful period of discord, which would be the ruin of France, and which, in the end, would probably cost him very dear. He was afraid, then. This fear, we admit, was patriotic and very praiseworthy. But what does it prove? It proves that the Count de Chambord himself understood that France wanted the Republic.

Yes, the France of 1873 wanted the Republic, and each day that passed after the failure of the negotiations at Frohsdorf showed this more and more. The coalition of the 24th of May, once convinced that it was not possible to form a monarchy, decided that at least they would form no republic. They had the most ingenious plans. They and Marshal MacMahon wanted to make a kind of Stadtholder-ship. Without giving it any precise denomination, it was to last seven years, time enough for the Count de Chambord to repent in or die. This machine was now called *septennat personnel*, now *septennat impersonnel*. In a word, the Dukes and their party would accept anything but the Republic. All their ability was brought to bear on one point—not to proclaim a Republic.

But what then took place in the country is well known. While the Republican party, whose courage increased with hope, was becoming more firmly established, and, under the powerful impetus given it by M. Thiers and M. Gambetta, was growing steadily to what it had never before been except by accident, one part of the Government, the monarchical party, was becoming completely disbanded. Some, with the wavering mass always so numerous in every country, came over to the Republic. The others, disconcerted, sick at heart of the growing disunion of the Assembly, went over to swell the Bonapartists. Directly after the war, this unlucky party was reduced to a state of impotence. It appeared that, for the honour of the country oppressed by it for a space of twenty years, and finally dis-

membered by it and given over to invasion—it appeared then that this party would never be reorganised. It was otherwise. The numerous blunders committed by M. de Broglie and M. Buffet enabled them to find soldiers for the empty armour, and all at once, in 1874, the ill-omened men of Sedan and of the 2nd of December again raised their heads. They got the better of it in several elections. They raised their voices high. They threatened. They made frenzied protestations in favour of Louis Napoleon's son. But, as luck would have it, in this we found safety. The Orleanists were startled and afraid. It is true they were not fond of the Republic, but they remembered the *coup d'état* and the odious *régime* which had been so harmful to them, and which had ended in our losing Alsace and Lorraine. They feared for their country and for themselves; they feared this sinister and menacing Imperial Restoration, and resolved to overlook the past. The best of them were already among M. Thiers' followers in his adhesion to the Republic, and formed with M. Léon Say, the two Rémusat, Casimir Périer, Dufaure, and Count Duchâtel, the right wing of the Republican army. The others, who formed the *centre droit*, decided after some deliberation, in their patriotic hatred of the Empire, some to vote the foundation of a Republic, the others not to hinder a definitive Republic being proclaimed. M. Thiers and M. Gambetta availed themselves admirably of this favourable state of mind. They persuaded their colleagues of the Extreme Left to give up their old theories of 1848 before the more important interest of the constitution of the Republic. They decided Edgar Quinet, Louis Blanc, and Madier Montjon to accept the principle of two Houses and the Presidency of the Republic. They triumphed over M. Grévy's theoretic scruples; and when an understanding had been come to, the constitution, under the direction of an until then obscure author, was voted by the National Assembly on the 25th of February, 1875. The first article had been voted on the 30th of January, with a majority of *one* voice, that one and only voice which a friend of Orleanist princes had declared sufficient to found a monarchy. Fate is sometimes so ironical.

Such was the origin of the existing constitution of the French Republic. It was not the work of the Republican party alone. It being impossible to find a king, and being confronted with the menacing danger of seeing a third emperor, it was the work of standing Republicans for the time being, and of some twenty Orleanist patriots. And so was admirably effected the fusion of governmental traditions which belonged to the past method, and the aspirations after liberty and democracy which were to distinguish the future one. According to the definition stated above, this was really and truly the constitution of modern France. The Republic had been proclaimed by it, and universal suffrage was its basis. A strong executive power, under the hands of the President of the Republic, had been created by it,

and its legislative power was divided into two Houses. It was the veritable concentration and summing-up of the political experience of the nation. When times were altered, the partisans of the *ancien régime* had thrust away universal suffrage; but patriots accepted it among themselves. When times were altered (M. Grévy, M. Louis Blanc, M. Edgar Quinet, in 1848), they had refused to receive the duality of national representation and Presidency of the Republic principles. They accepted them now, and as the Republicans had become a governmental party the constitution they voted was that strong constitution required by a country equally of liberty and order.

Such was the constitution of the 25th of February as a whole, and such are the reasons why it was accepted by a great majority of the nation. This constitution was certainly not perfect; but it contained an amending clause which, though the edifice was to be kept intact, allowed the amelioration and repairing of certain parts of it. The country has thought it necessary to make use of this clause in the election for the integral renewal of the Chamber of Deputies on the 21st of August, and that for the partial renewal of the Senate on the 9th of January. The Cabinet, presided over by M. Gambetta, has taken upon itself the responsibility of this revision. We will now explain how he understands this revision, and upon what points it is to be brought to bear.

It will be seen that it is by no means destined to shake the constitution of the 28th of February, 1875, but, on the contrary, to strengthen and consolidate it.

### III.

It would be tiresome for the English reader were I to enter into the circumstantial details of the causes which, in the month of July last, led to the popular movement for the revision of the constitutional laws of 1875. What is of moment to point out is, that although a great number of Republicans had from the first day been dissatisfied with the imperfections of the constitutional edifice, the nation on the whole was only roused the day when these vices brought about legislative measures in contradiction to the most legitimate aspirations of our young democracy. We are still a people of idealists, that is very certain, but the last ten years we have not been so utterly disdainful of practical necessities as we formerly were. I might sum up the transformation which is going on in France by saying that *opportunism* tends more and more to become the very basis of the new political character of the nation. Now, what is opportunism if not politics itself, that is to say the art of discerning the favourable moment for such or such social or legislative operation recognised by reason to be good and useful?

From the very first hour the leaders of the Republican party

had been cognisant of the following flaws in the constitutional pact. First, the strange provision which fixed the place of sitting of the Chamber and Senate at Versailles. Secondly, the silence of the constitution as to the mode of electing the Chamber of Deputies, which, according to the spirit of democracy, ought to be by *scrutin de liste*. This is clearly demonstrated in my former article.<sup>1</sup> Thirdly, it was stipulated in the text of the constitution that three-fourths of the Senate, 225 Senators, should be elected by an assembly of electors composed, in each department and in the colonies, of deputies, conseillers généraux, conseillers d'arrondissement, and of representatives, one of whom was elected by each municipal board. This led to the abnormal fact of each parish being uniformly represented whatever might be the number of its population; in other terms, a parish of one hundred inhabitants had the same share in electing the Upper House as had a parish of 300,000, a municipal board returned by fifteen electors, as one returned by 200,000 citizens. Fourthly, that the remaining quarter of the Senate, 75 Senators, was named for life and by the Senate alone. Lastly, in consequence of the inexact interpretation given, contrary to M. Gambetta's opinion, to Article 8 of the constitutional law of February 25, the fact, which must really seem monstrous to all Englishmen, that the Senate had the same attributions and legislative power as the Chamber of Deputies in matters relating to the Budget.

Such were the only serious objections that could be made to our constitution; for the rest, it corresponded marvellously to the historical and political wants of the nation. In our country with its monarchical past, it firmly fixed and supported the executive power, as indeed should be done in every well-organised country. The President of the Republic was elected by the two Houses, and not, as in 1848, by the nation. Directly he was named for a period of seven years, he had the right to ask the Senate for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, a right which corresponds to the American *veto*. Besides this, the legislative power was divided between two Assemblies; the dangerous principle of a single Assembly had been given up, it having been recognised that a single Assembly is without control, and that it tends then to grow into a tyrannical Convention whose slightest errors may be terribly fatal to the nation. Of these two Assemblies, one was elected by universal suffrage, so as to represent the progressive spirit of the country; the other was elected by suffrage two removes from universal, so as to represent the conservative spirit. All this, it cannot be repeated too often, was excellent, and all these and other provisions may be considered as having entered into the very marrow of the French nation.

But it is precisely for this reason, it is precisely because the nation prizes and esteems, as the best of constitutional covenants she has until

<sup>1</sup> "Scrutin de Liste and Scrutin d'Arrondissement, *Nineteenth Century*, September 1881.

now possessed, the law of the 25th of February—it is precisely for this reason that at a given moment she ought to endeavour to efface from this monument these several defects, for these defects were detrimental to the sincere and complete application of the fundamental laws themselves. On one hand *scrutin d'arrondissement* prevented universal suffrage from manifesting itself in all its force, independence, and wisdom. On the other the articles I have cited from the constitutional law relating to the Senate shut out our vivifying democratic spirit from that Assembly. The result of this was that politicians sometimes considered the Chamber of Deputies as not sufficiently political, and that the Senate became unpopular in the great centres. The National Assembly had stipulated that the constitutional pact should be revisable during the seven years, only if the movement was proposed by the President of the Republic; and indeed this was wise, for in seven years the true merits of the system would be tried and all hazardous and inopportune revisions averted. The revision was only to become common property when the vices of the constitution were undeniably established and known, when the working of the machine had brought them to light. When it had been ascertained that *scrutin d'arrondissement* caused local interests to outweigh general interests in the Chamber of Deputies, and that the Senate, because of its too narrow origin, had ceded to reaction in dissolving the Chamber of 1876, refusing obligatory and lay instruction, throwing out certain laws relating to religious associations, and electoral reform, then the cry for the revision became general. This was the cry of the elections of the 21st of August, 4th of September, and 8th of January. It was adopted by the very statesmen who in the beginning wished to put off the revision still longer; by M. Gambetta in his speech at Tours, by M. Jules Ferry in his speech at Saint-Dié, by M. Léon Say in his speech at the *Hôtel Continental*, by M. de Freycinet in his last Paris speech, by all Republicans in short, by the most moderate, as M. Teisserenc de Bort, M. Dauphin, M. Frédéric Passy, by the President of the Republic himself.

It is this national cry which has been at three different times sanctioned, as well by universal as by restricted suffrage, that the Cabinet presided over by M. Gambetta has just responded to by moving the revision.

I will not enter into the details of the proposed revision, but will only bring into relief the essential points of it, after having reminded my readers that M. Jules Grévy's first political act when he took the Presidency of the Republic was to ask for the return of the Houses to Paris.

The motions brought before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Gambetta at the sitting of the 14th of January, and which have been developed in an *exposé de motifs* to which it should suffice for the author of this article to refer, are the following:—

1. In conformity with the vote of the last Chamber, and in order to comply with the clearly expressed will of our democracy, the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste*.

2. In order that the Senate may be more easily impregnated with the spirit of the democracy, a provision according to which each parish shall not be restricted to naming one representative elector of the Senate, but that each group of 500 registered electors may name one representative, thus establishing the proportionality of the representatives of parishes in the electoral body by which the 225 Senators for departments are named.

3. The abolition of the naming for life (*mandat à vie*) of the remaining 75 Senators; for, if the departmental Senators and the deputies had to give an account of their votes and acts to those who elected them, the Senators for life were only responsible to their own conscience, and that is not saying much when it is a question of a conscience such as M. Jules Simon's, for instance. So that we shall be imbued with true democratic principles, we propose that these 75 Senators shall from henceforth only be elected for a period of nine years, and elected not by the Senate alone (co-optation being but a kind of academical nomination), but by both Houses, forming together a national body of electors and representing the entire nation. So that no one may suspect the Government of wishing to take advantage of this opportunity to throw out of the Senate some senators who are against the Republic, such as M. Buffet, M. Jules Simon, and M. Chesnelong, the Président du Conseil has generously requested that all posts acquired may be retained.

4. In order not to depart from the spirit of constitutional verity, and to further the good administration of the finances, M. Gambetta demands that the Senate shall have no power over the Budget except that of controlling it—the House of Lords does not possess this privilege—and that the Upper House shall never be allowed to renew a grant abolished by the Lower House.

Such are the reforms in the constitution proposed by M. Gambetta in M. Grévy's name. You see how wise, moderate, and practical they are, and that they have but one aim—to consolidate the constitutional edifice of the 25th of February, to put it above all criticism, and, above all, to secure for it that essential condition of all parliamentary government and of all democratic government, viz., the dividing of the legislative power between two Houses. Accordingly, the Government Bill has excited the most violent wrath of reactionary men, and especially of that band of madmen, the *intransigeants*, who would like to do away with everything; the Presidency of the Republic, the Senate, and, since communal autonomy is one of their favourite hobbies, with the very unity of the French land. For my part, I know nothing more in favour of the Reform Bill than the sarcasms, jeers, and

abuse of the *intransigent* press. These people can never forgive M. Gambetta's being a patriot and a government man. Lately they have heaped imprecations on his head because he is a resolute adversary of all extravagant radical measures, because he wished the Republic, instead of being a small, closed church, to be a grand temple open to all good, intelligent, and capable Frenchmen, whatever may have been their past political opinions; because he has declared himself opposed to all scandalous disorder and riot in the street, and, especially, because he more than any one holds the national flag firm and high before all Europe, and that he replied to those miscreants who sought to dishonour our representative in Africa and to renew against him what some disloyal Englishmen, condemned by all good Englishmen, had done against Warren Hastings, by sending M. Roustan to Tunis again.

If M. Gambetta should succumb in this question through any coalition whatsoever, he will nevertheless come out of the battle greater than before, and with the approbation of all true patriots and all true statesmen, but the country will be in the saddest state; *intransigents* and *intrigants* would demolish in a few weeks the labour of long years, and great would be the damage for the Republic and for the nation. If on the contrary he comes out victor, as we have still great reason to hope, the Republic will be definitively established on immovable bases, and for the honour and happiness of the nation. The happiness of France is one of the necessary conditions for the peace of Europe, and for the prosperity of the entire civilised world.

JOSEPH REINACH.

## THE USELESSNESS OF VIVISECTION.

For a great number of persons interested in the controversy, which, during the past ten years, has agitated this country on the subject of vivisection, the value of the moral and other arguments adduced on either side depends on the efficacy of the practice as a means of alleviating human pain, and the problem which chiefly occupies them may be thus formulated: Is the suffering saved to man by vivisection worth that which it inflicts physically on animals, and morally on a large proportion of the public?

I propose in these pages, so far as the space allotted to me permits, to show, first, that the balance of evidence is against the claim of vivisection to constitute a serious method of study for the cure and treatment of disease; and, secondly, that it is a method, the nature of which renders it inimical to the objects of practical medicine. I shall conclude by citing some personal experiences illustrative of the light in which experimental physiology is regarded by its chief practitioners and advocates.

The assertion of Sir James Paget, in his article on the 'Pains and Uses of Vivisection,'<sup>1</sup> that, 'looking back over the improvements of practical medicine and surgery,' he sees 'great numbers of means effectual for the saving of lives and for the remedy of diseases and physical disabilities, obtained by means of experiment on animals,' stands out in curious contrast to a statement, equally emphatic, made before the Royal Commission by a surgeon at least as eminent, the late Sir William Fergusson. He said: 'I may speak more confidently regarding surgery than any other department of my profession, and in surgery I am not aware of any experiment on the lower animals having led to the mitigation of pain or to any improvement as regards surgical detail.'

By one claim only, however, does Sir James Paget seek to vindicate his unreserved partisanship of vivisection, and we may assume that he has selected that which appears to him the most noteworthy. It concerns the cure, or, more correctly, the treatment, of aneurism. His remarks on this subject are divisible into two distinct statements: first, that ligature of the arteries is a method originally discovered by vivisection; secondly, that improvements in this method are due to the same cause.

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, December 1881.



With regard to the first allegation, it is clear from scientific records that the adoption of ligature in cases of arterial aneurism was employed long before Hunter's time, and that its invention was in no wise due, or even remotely related, to vivisectional experiment. Severinus appears to have been the first who treated aneurismal tumour by ligature, and the vessel operated on by him was the femoral artery of a patient wounded in the thigh. The artery was tied above and below the lesion, and the limb was preserved. In 1668 Bottentuit, and a little later, Guttani, treated similar tumours both with ligature and with compression, and obtained complete success.<sup>2</sup> On this subject, not less emphatically than with regard to other statements already noticed, Sir James Paget's historical impressions are singularly at variance with Sir William Fergusson's. The latter, interrogated by the Royal Commission, gave the following testimony in regard to the question of aneurismal ligature:—

In recent times there has been much said and written to catch the public mind, and I have observed that frequently certain operations in surgery have been referred to as having been developed in consequence of experiments performed on the lower animals. So far as I have been able to make out—and I have inquired into the subject—Hunter's first experiment, if it may so be called, was on the human subject; and it was long after he had repeated his operation on the human subject, and others had repeated it, that the fashion of tying arteries on the lower animals originated or was developed. In regard to the surgical aspects of the case, these experiments might have been left entirely untouched, for Hunter had already experimented and developed the facts on the human subject.

Q. Then, in short, the experiments that were tried on animals did not establish the fact; they were only useful—if at all—for illustrating it *à posteriori*?

Sir William Fergusson. Quite so.

The truth is, that Hunter's experience exemplifies the history of discovery and improvement in all departments of surgical practice. The acumen of a clever surgeon, having genius and presence of mind, prompt, when necessity arises, the 'experiment' which saves his patient's life. A thorough knowledge of anatomy is all that is needed to supplement his wit and his skill.

The second part of the statement made by Sir James Paget is so cautiously worded that it is difficult to gather from its terms whether or not it is intended to imply that the improved methods of ligature now in use were actually discovered by means of vivisection. The guarded phrase 'many things were tried on animals *and men*' seems contrived for the purpose of avoiding any direct allegation on the subject. But, in any case, Sir James Paget would not surely argue that scientifically educated and experienced surgeons need experiments on animals to convince them that 'wires and tapes' and 'ends of ligatures hanging out of wounds' would irritate the tissues and 'hinder healing'!

Mention is prominently made in a speech delivered by Professor

Humphry before a recent meeting of the British Medical Association, and quoted by Dr. Wilks in the *Nineteenth Century*, of the debt which, it is assumed, science owes to vivisection in regard to discoveries connected with the circulation of the blood, and with the function and distribution of the nervous system. In the limited space at my command it is impossible to reproduce the documentary evidence extant relating to the first of these discoveries, and I must therefore content myself with referring the reader to Dr. Bridges' article on 'Harvey and Vivisection' in the *Fortnightly Review* for July 1876, in which are given extracts from the writings both of Harvey and of Servetus, proving incontestably that vivisectional experiment served neither as a basis nor as a means of necessary elucidation in the development of Harvey's teaching.

In relation to the study of the physiology of the nervous system, the two names which most prominently confront us are those of Sir Charles Bell and Broca: the first immortalised by the 'discovery' of the functions of the anterior and posterior roots of the spinal nerves; the second by that of the localisation of the faculty of language.

Frequent reference is made by the apologists of 'free experimentation' to the 'vivisections' by means of which the first-named of these acquisitions to science was obtained, as constituting at once a vindication of their claims, and an evidence of the necessity to medical progress of experiments the nature of which renders them 'extremely painful.' But the words in which Sir Charles Bell records his discovery distinctly refute such inferences, and afford a startling and significant contrast to the terms in which we are accustomed to see chronicled the wholesale and futile experiments perpetrated by would-be discoverers, who, not possessing the genius of Sir Charles Bell, lack the sensitive feeling with which genius is always accompanied, and by which it betrays at once its existence and its origin. In his *Exposition of the Natural System of the Nerves of the Human Body* he writes:—

I reflected that an experiment would be satisfactory if done on an animal recently knocked down, and insensible; and that if I experimented on a living animal, there might be a trembling or action exerted in the muscles by touching a sensitive nerve, which motion it would be difficult to distinguish from that produced more immediately through the influence of the motor nerve. I therefore struck a rabbit behind the ear, so as to deprive it of sensibility by concussion. . . . My experiment satisfied me that the different columns from whence those roots arose, were devoted to distinct offices, and that the notions drawn from anatomy were correct.

And in another place he says:—

I hope I may be permitted to offer a few words in favour of anatomy as better adapted for discovery than experiment. Experiments have never been the means of discovery, and a survey of what has been attempted of late years in physiology will prove that the opening of living animals has done more to perpetuate error than to confirm the just views taken from the study of anatomy and natural

motions. In a foreign review of my former papers, the results have been considered as a proof in favour of experiments. They are, on the contrary, deductions from anatomy; and I have had recourse to experiments, not to form my own opinions, but to impress them upon others. It must be my apology that my utmost efforts of persuasion were lost while I urged my sentiments on the grounds of anatomy alone. For my own part, I cannot believe that Providence should intend the secrets of nature to be discovered by means of cruelty, and I am sure that men who are guilty of protracted cruelties do not possess minds capable of appreciating the laws of nature.

Again, in his essay on the 'Forces which Circulate the Blood,' he observes :—

In what follows, as in what has preceded, I have endeavoured to discover the truth, by the examination of the structure and the observation of the phenomena of life without torturing living animals. It is too common a belief that, in physiology, experiments on living animals are the best and surest way of pursuing an inquiry, although it is certain that the supposed issue of experiments is as much affected by the preconception as the process of reasoning can be. The experimenter on brutes is not to be called a philosopher because he goes counter to the natural feeling of mankind; nor is he more entitled to favour that he gives the character of cruelty to the medical profession, thereby contracting its sphere of usefulness.

In a note Sir Charles Bell adds :—

It would be arraigning Providence to suppose that we are permitted to penetrate the mysteries of nature by perpetrating cruelties which are ever against our instinctive feelings. I am therefore happy in believing that the examination of the natural structure and the watchful observance of the phenomena of life, will go further to give us just notions of physiology than dissections of living animals.

Nothing further than these emphatic statements of the great discoverer himself regarding the inutility of vivisection as a means of discovery, can be necessary to dispose of the claim so often made for him by disciples of that school of torture whose tenets he so distinctly repudiated. But, to demonstrate by categorical evidence the exactness of his axiom that vivisectional experiment is incapable of determining physiological truths, it is profitable to recall the following sequel to the history of Sir Charles Bell's discovery. I quote from M. Flourens.

Magendie sacrificed 4,000 dogs to prove the correctness of Sir Charles Bell's views with regard to the distinction of the sensitive and motor nerves; he then sacrificed 4,000 more to prove those views erroneous. I took up the experiments in my turn, and demonstrated the first opinion to be the right one. In order to arrive at my results, I also vivisected a great number of dogs.

Professor Broca's name is associated with a branch of scientific inquiry which has recently attracted much attention, and the methods adopted in studying which have attained an unhappy notoriety without eliciting any conclusive results. In the face of the mass of contradictory evidence on the subject of brain function and ganglionic centralisations, due to the varying methods and interpretations of experiment on animals practised by Professors Ferrier, Hitzig, Fritsch,

Charcot, Nairne, Dupuy, Burdon-Sanderson, Brunton, Brown-Séquard, and others, it is noteworthy that for the only incontestable localisation of brain function, science is indebted, not to vivisection at all, but to demonstration by means of clinical observation and the study of pathological anatomy in cases of loss of speech by cerebral injury. I allude to the localisation of the faculty of language in the third frontal convolution of the left side of the brain, known as 'Broca's Convolution.'

Dr. Ferrier's method of producing the injuries on the effects of which observation is conducted, is by means of drilling through the animal's skull with a trocar, and introducing through the aperture either a stiletto with expanding and rotating wings to break up the nerve tissue of the brain, or a red-hot wire to burn it away. But such methods—the only ones open to the vivisector—involve the lesion and destruction, not of the interior ganglia only, but necessarily of the tissue and membranes through which the various instruments used must pass. The medullary substance external to the tracts desired to be reached is likewise injured, and there is, moreover, affection of the cortical substance of the hemisphere in the neighbourhood of other supposed centres than that actually sought. All this Professor Ferrier himself admits, and adds that it is an open question how much the effects subsequently observed in the mutilated animal are due to exterior lesions and to the unavoidable laceration of cortical fibres, and how much to the actual destruction of the interior ganglia themselves. And he concludes a detailed review of his vivisections with the remark that

Experiments on the lower animals, even on apes, specially selected for their intelligence and near resemblance to man in structure, habits, and development, often lead to conclusions seriously at variance with well-established facts of clinical and pathological observation. The decisive settlement of such points must depend mainly on careful clinical and pathological research. Experiments on animals have led to different views in different hands.

In fact, the study of nerve function on any animal other than man, with a view to its application to man, necessarily abounds with difficulties and complications innumerable, due to the 'varying degrees of evolution of the central nervous organ, from the simplest reflex mechanism up to the highest encephalic elaboration, according to the position of the subject in the scale of development.' And not only so; there is another important cause for the discrepancies noticed by Professor Ferrier between the results of his vivisections and the observations of physicians on human patients. It is that lesions or derangements of the brain in man are, in nine out of ten cases, set up from *within*, and are the result of slow pathological growths or processes, gradually advancing from centre to cortex, or, at least, from parietal structures situated inside the cranium, and progressively devitalising the affected region by suspension of nervous

and vascular nutrition. But the vivisectional injury is necessarily the reverse of this process, and, therefore, in no wise comparable to it. The hand of the vivisector, unlike that of disease, works from without inwards, and the lesions produced are the result, not of gradual compression or spontaneously evoked decay, but they are the sudden and violently produced effects of mechanical contrivance, the immediate and ultimate operations of which have no analogy with the march of disease in the nerve tissue of a person suffering from affection of the brain.

These remarks apply equally to other vivisectional injuries and ablations of tracts or organs, the ostensible purpose being to discover or to verify the functions of corresponding portions of the human economy. And, inasmuch as the nervous system is virtually the maker, preserver, and renewer of the whole living body, so that no phenomena occurring within the region of the vascular, muscular, cellular, or even osseous systems can be explained without reference to the nervous threads, which as a network, inconceivably fine and intricate, interlace, clasp, regulate, and ramify over and throughout every gland and tissue, no lesion or excision can be made without affecting both mediately and immediately the central spinal and sympathetic nervous ganglia, and thereby producing results impossible to judge apart from secondary influence. Moreover, considering that, scientifically speaking, evolution may be said to depend chiefly and primarily on differentiation of the nervous system—in other words, that man is the product of development depending on and distinguished by certain modes of nervous molecular arrangement and action—it is obvious that if he shares with animals the brotherhood of suffering, he yet differs from them widely in the subtle phenomena involved in the direct and reflex operation of the nervous system; the more widely, in fact, in proportion to the grade of mental and physical perfection he has individually attained. In the face of such considerations it is irrational to suppose that certain effects observed by the vivisector in the body of a dog or rabbit violently mutilated and perhaps even ‘curarised,’ are capable of interpreting physiological or pathological action in the body of a man, the springs and habits of whose nervous life and functions differ so essentially from those of the beast.

Thus it occurs that lesions of certain structures, connected in man with processes of inflammation of a highly dangerous character, are in the lower animals attended with no such contingency—a fact which speaks volumes for the futility and peril of arguing from the result of experimental injuries to the issue of intended operations on the human subject. To instance one of many such examples—the peritoneum, the covering and enveloping membrane of all the organs in the body, is in man peculiarly liable to inflammation, even by slight puncture or abrasion; and its inflammation constitutes one of

the most painful, dangerous, and mortal accidents known to the medical profession. But in animals, and even in a creature so highly developed as the dog, the incision and violent rupture of this membrane is attended with no inflammatory danger.<sup>3</sup> Again, it appears that aneurismal tumour of the arteries—a lesion common enough in man, and producible in him both by disease and by accident—cannot be experimentally induced in dogs at all, despite the reiterated attempts of vivisectional science.

But, besides these reasons, based on differences of structure, function, and character between men and animals, there are yet to be noted objections, no less serious and cogent, connected with another class of experimental inquiry which, although not involving mutilation, is equally included under the term Vivisection. I refer to the study of toxicology and the action of venom and of medicinal agents employed as ‘antidotes.’

Argument from symptoms set up in the inferior animals by the administration of toxic principles to the symptoms caused by them in the human economy, is not only singularly inconclusive, but positively misleading. Most animals are affected by these substances in a manner very different from man, and in some cases drugs which, in small doses, would prove speedily fatal to the latter, are, even in large quantities, innocuous to the former. Rabbits eat belladonna, stramonium, and hyoseyamus with impunity; goats are insensible to the action of nicotine; birds are generally impervious to the effects of morphia in doses sufficient to kill many men; dogs are unaffected by aloes, and sixty grains of croton-chloral will only send them to sleep for a couple of hours.<sup>4</sup> Tartar emetic has scarcely any effect on horses and cattle, and, most strange of all, monkeys appear to enjoy almost complete immunity from the effects of strychnine and nux vomica.<sup>5</sup> To kill a hen, twelve times the quantity of strychnine is required that is necessary to destroy a rabbit or a guinea-pig;<sup>6</sup> and Mr. Darwin has noted that, in Virginia, white pigs are killed by eating a certain root which is not poisonous to black pigs. From half a drachm to a drachm of chloroform is sufficient to render insensible an adult man, but a dog will inhale half an ounce at least before becoming unconscious. On the other hand, chloral hydrate, of which a man may take from thirty to sixty grains, will kill a dog in a dose of only ten grains.<sup>7</sup> Observations

<sup>3</sup> ‘Lorsqu’un sanglier fait tête aux chiens, on sait combien il en découde avec ses défenses; souvent le chien décousu, c’est à dire ayant le ventre ouvert et marchant sur ses entrailles, continue l’attaque; le combat terminé, le piqueur lave les intestins, les remplace dans le ventre, et fait quelques points de sutures. J’ai vu des chiens qui avaient été blessés et recousus de la sorte deux ou trois fois, et qui portaient à merveille.’—*Dr. Moynac*.

<sup>4</sup> Drs. J. B. Yeo, Langley, Harley, Marcet, Thorowgood, Reynolds, and Moore, in the *British Medical Journal and Lancet*.

<sup>5</sup> Theobald Ringer.

<sup>6</sup> Rosenthal.

<sup>7</sup> In the year 1865 a surgeon named Sprague, of Ashburton, was charged with attempting to poison a family named Chalker. It was subsequently proved that the

such as these have convinced many eminent *savants* that inferences drawn from the action of drugs on the lower animals are apt to be so entirely misleading, that for judicial and therapeutic purposes they cannot be regarded as trustworthy, and recourse is, therefore, always preferably made to a chemical analysis. In the case of vegetable alkaloïds having a more or less volatile base, such as morphine, aconitine, cicutine, strychnine, atropine, and so forth, the application of chemical tests involves necessarily more delicate and painstaking processes than in instances where mineral bases are concerned; but, notwithstanding this inconvenience, the chemical test is not open to the elements of confusion and uncertainty which are inseparable from physiological experiment, and it constitutes, therefore, the only safe and sound ground of conclusion. Two general methods are applicable to the research of vegetable alkaloïds, the first of which methods is that of Stas, and the second is a process introduced into science by Graham, and known as the method of 'dialysis.' The first method, clearly formulated by Rabuteau, rests on the solubility in water and alcohol of acid salts formed by these alkaloïds with tartaric and oxalic acids; on the decomposition of these acid salts in solution by caustic alkalis; and on the property possessed by ether to seize on the alkaloïds thus freed. Valser and Bouis, in their *Legal Chemistry*, have drawn up a complete table of reactions, in which a characteristic reaction figures for every vegetable alkaloid, determining thus not only the fact of the presence of the toxic principle, but its nature and identity. The process known as dialysis consists in the mechanical separation by means of a 'dialyser' of crystalloïd from colloïd substances, and its results are less exact than those first cited. Rabuteau has also formulated for vegetable alkaloïds a method of investigation by iodide of potassium or solution of iodine, the results of which may be verified and the particular alkaloid identified by means of ammonia, ether, and perchloride of platinum, on Naquet's system.\*

It is worthy of remark, as an illustration of the fallacious nature of toxicological experiment on animals, that M. Tardieu, the eminent French exponent of legal medicine, when Dean of the Paris Faculty, saved from death an innocent man, whom the partisans of the 'physiological' method had adjudged to death on the false evidence afforded by the sacrifice of five hundred dogs. A favourite practice

poison in question—belladonna—had not been administered with criminal intent by any person, but had been derived from the flesh of a rabbit eaten by the family, the animal having partaken largely of a plant innocuous to itself but highly dangerous to the consumers of its tissues. In the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal* it is observed that 'in America there are certain regions, extending for many miles in length and breadth, on the herbage of which if an animal feeds, its milk and flesh acquire poisonous properties, though it will itself enjoy good health.'

\* There yet remains, applicable to the detection of alkaloïd poisons, Otto's modification of the method of Stas, the chief object of which is to remove not only any colouring matters likely to mislead, but also other principles or impurities which might render identification of the exact alkaloïd difficult.

among experimentalists used to be, and perhaps still is, to test suspected matters by introducing them into the gullet of a dog, and subsequently tying the gullet at its upper part, so as to prevent the return of the ingesta by vomiting. Dogs so treated having died with certain symptoms recognised as those of poison, the matters ingested were pronounced to be poisonous. Other experimentalists, however, discovered that dogs died with precisely the same symptoms if only the gullet were tied, nothing at all having been previously introduced into it! Similarly, the common practice of injecting under the skin of small animals certain substances the poisonous character of which it is desired to verify, has been recently demonstrated to be valueless as a test—a discovery which tends to relegate to the domain of mere hypothesis the various doctrines concerning tubercular infection and microphyte contagion built on experiments of this nature, and so triumphantly vaunted by Dr. Simon, in his address to the Medical Congress, as the best and most important achievements of vivisection. Professor Vulpian has, within the last few months, communicated to the Academy of Medicine of Paris a report in which he details the results of experiments, analogous to those of M. Pasteur, performed by him in his laboratory at the Faculty of Medicine. The report testifies that

M. Vulpian injected under the skin of rabbits saliva collected at the very moment of the experiment from perfectly healthy individuals; and this injection killed the rabbits so inoculated in forty-eight hours. The blood of these rabbits was found filled with microscopic organisms; among which was found a special organism discovered by M. Pasteur in the course of his experiments with inoculation of the saliva of a child who had died of rabies. One drop of this blood, diluted in ten grammes of distilled water, and injected under the skin of other rabbits, also brought on the death of these animals; the blood of which was similarly filled with microscopic organisms. These singular results, of which the interpretation is by no means easy, present also the no less singular peculiarity of not being stable. Rabbits placed in identical conditions, and inoculated with the same saliva, experienced no ill effects from their inoculation, and continued in excellent health. It would, therefore, appear that experimental microbiology is not yet on the way to become either an easy or clear science, notwithstanding M. Pasteur's *fiat lux*.

It has been further ascertained that the *bacillus anthracis*, the active agent in malignant pustule, proves, when tested by injection under the skin of animals, to be fatal to mice, but not fatal to rabbits.<sup>9</sup>

The bearing of facts such as these would, *à priori*, lead to the conviction that the experiments with snake-venom to which Sir James Paget looks for the means of saving human life, are not likely to be productive of any benefit, substances which act as antidotes on one animal being ineffective with others, and often utterly powerless in the human subject. Among a vast number of such investigations conducted at various times and in various places, and having all

<sup>9</sup> *British Medical Journal*, June 11, 1881.



proved futile, the best known are the three hundred experiments upon horses, dogs, cats, pigs, rabbits, kids, birds, and other creatures, performed by Drs. Brunton and Fayrer in England; and the series undertaken in 1875 by a special commission of the Medical Society of Victoria, Australia. The results of all these experiments, dealing with the venom of the cobra, rattlesnake, and tigersnake, were absolutely *nil*; and the report furnished by the Victoria commission states that various remedies were tried in a course of sixty-eight experiments, especial attention being given to Professor Halford's invention of the subcutaneous injection of ammonia. The commissioners observed no beneficial result from the use of any of the remedies. Eighty-one experiments were made in a fresh series upon dogs, one subject being a goat. All the animals succumbed after a greater or less number of hours. The impression left on the minds of those who conducted the experiments was that, though ammonia might prove beneficial for man, it was utterly useless as an antidote in animals.<sup>10</sup>

More serious confusion still arises to complicate the question, when we learn from Professor Halford's own investigations, that 'poisoned arrows similar to those by which Commodore Goodenough was killed in the South Seas, were tried on two dogs and a rabbit by wounding them freely, but without producing tetanus or any other symptoms.'<sup>11</sup> Dr. Swaine Taylor, F.R.S., interrogated by the Royal Commission on the subject of experiments with snake-venom, and the chance afforded by them of beneficial discovery, said:—

I expect no results from these experiments. I have read them all with great care. Ammonia has been recommended by Dr. Halford in Australia; but this has proved utterly inefficient when the experiments have been fairly performed; and, in truth, if you consider for a moment the mode of death from such poison, you will see how difficult it is for any antidote by injection to operate. The poison rapidly gets into the blood; when in the blood it alters this fluid; and unless the remedy proposed enters into the blood quite as quickly and very soon after the poison has entered, no good can be done. There may be some slowly operating poisons; but with regard to serpent-poison, when once it enters the blood, the effect is most extraordinary; the rapidity of death is very great indeed.

Facts such as these, which for lack of space I have been compelled to touch so lightly and inadequately, abound in every department of vivisectional inquiry. The fatal errors and inextricable confusion into which, by this method of research, therapeutic and prophylactic medicine has been plunged, cannot be over-estimated. Witnesses innumerable, of the highest eminence and reputation, have borne testimony to the disastrous influence exerted upon science and upon scientific men by the abandonment of anatomical, clinical, *post-*

<sup>10</sup> *Medical Journal*: Victoria, April 1876.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, June 1877. It has been stated also that pigs are not injured by the venom of rattlesnakes (Duckland), nor hedgehogs by that of vipers (Colebrook).

*mortem*, and rational methods of inquiry for that of experiment on the lower animals.

One of the best proofs that, for purposes of exact knowledge and practical medicine, vivisection is not regarded as a serious study, is found in the fact that at the Paris School of Medicine where my degree was obtained, and where vivisection is extensively practised, candidates preparing for the diploma are frequently warned by their tutors to avoid basing their answers to examination questions on vivisectional experiments. Among not a few rebukes on this score, which I have myself heard administered, I was particularly struck with one addressed by an examining professor to a candidate at the oral examination on forensic medicine.

‘What would you do,’ asked the professor, ‘in order to test the nature of the poison employed?’

Said the candidate: ‘I should try the contents of the viscera of the deceased person upon animals, and I should also procure some of the toxic agent suspected, and administer it to other animals in order to compare their symptoms with those exhibited by the deceased.’

‘Sir,’ returned the professor, ‘such a method as that is made for idle and inaccurate men.’

Again, I have found food for much reflection in the fact that the students whom I noticed as being the most intelligent, the most gifted, and the most percipient among my hospital comrades, were precisely those who, like myself, shrank from witnessing and discussing animal vivisection. And of those, on the other hand, whose intellect was of a mean or average order, whose minds were of coarse fibre, and whose tastes and habits were gross and unrefined, the greater number were not only partisans of the practice, but amateurs and practitioners of it. It seems to me indisputable that the increasing tendency manifested by the modern school of medicine to introduce the vivisectional method extensively into its curriculum, and to make the practice of it a high road for the attainment of professional honours, will operate disastrously on the future of science by repelling from its ranks men of real genius, dowered with the fine feeling and delicate organisation inseparable from the order of mental capacity they possess. If, on the contrary, the reproach which hangs over the medical schools were removed, their class books purified, and their lecture rooms cleared of animal torture, another generation would, I am profoundly convinced, see the profession largely recruited from a class of men totally different from those of whom the average medical student of the day is a fair type. We should then be able to number in the ranks of our physiological workers and professors, men with the mind of the poet, having reverent thoughts of life and of the office of humanity, and faculties capable of discerning and interpreting nature’s most secret operations by methods not dreamed of as *possible* even by the present race of vivisecting physicists.

Why, in the face of the manifold errors, and fatal bewilderment to which vivisection has confessedly given rise in its application to practical therapeutics, it should yet be so widely and persistently advocated by many of the very men who best know how to gauge its value, might, but for my six years' personal experience in a continental medical school, have remained for me an insoluble problem. Its explanation will be found in the following recollections, given as faithfully as my memory serves, of certain conversations which at various times took place in my presence among the professors, members, and students with whom I was familiarly associated.

My tutor, M. B——, whose lectures I attended while preparing my forensic medicine, told me one day that he was engaged with a pupil on a series of experiments with alkaloid poisons on guinea-pigs and rabbits. 'But,' said I, 'have you not yourself repeatedly pointed out to me the erroneous deductions made from such experiments, and the fallacy of arguing from them to cases of alkaloid poisoning in the human subject?' 'Certainly,' he replied; 'but our work is not intended in the way you suppose. We shall produce a very interesting report which will constitute a pretty (*joli*) chapter in experimental toxicology. You have the English rage for utility, and no appreciation of artistic investigation pure and simple. Is there no interest, apart from practical therapeutics, in knowing what, under certain conditions and in certain organisms, is the action of special substances? We experiment for artistic motives, and because the solution of particular problems and the observation of particular processes interest us, without reference to the application of our knowledge in clinical practice. The work of the physiologist is purely "scientific," and the less he fetters himself with utilitarian limitations the better artist he is.'

Another member of the faculty, whom I will call Professor G——, thus expressed himself on the same subject. I may add, parenthetically, that this gentleman was a universal favourite with his pupils, and always affable and genial. 'I do not assert that vivisectional experiment has ever been indispensable to discovery, nor do I expect anything material from it in future. It is not because it has been useful, or because we think it may be useful, that we ought to vindicate our right to practise it freely. The true ground of our vindication is that if once we permit moralists and clerics to dictate limitations to science, we yield our fortress into their hands. Morality is a question of national habit and custom, and what is strictly moral in one country is considered grossly immoral in another. [Here he gave instances.] Science is the one sound, indefeasible, and definable heritage of civilised man, and we must not permit any interference with her supremacy. For, by-and-by, when the rest of the world has risen to the intellectual level of France, and true views of the nature of existence are held by the bulk of mankind, now

under clerical direction, the present crude and vulgar notions regarding morality, religion, divine providence, deity, the soul, and so forth, will be swept entirely away, and the dicta of Science will remain the sole guide for sane and educated men. We ought, therefore, to repel most jealously and energetically all attempt to interfere with the absolute right of Science to pursue her own ends, in her own way, uninterrogated by churchmen and moral philosophers, forasmuch as these represent the old and dying world, and we, the men of science, represent the new.'

If I should be asked what is the real position taken by the leading champions of 'free' vivisection, and concealed from the public under the plea that the practice conduces largely to the benefit of humanity, I would define it thus :—

1. Repudiation of the religious and sympathetic sentiments, and of the doctrine of man's moral responsibility, as superstitious and untenable.

2. Deliberate determination to dissociate themselves from all but those who join in such repudiation ; and to make of the practice of experimental physiology on living animals a rallying point for the expression of that determination.

ANNA KINGSFORD.

## BREAKERS AHEAD.

THE LAND, TRADE, AND LABOUR QUESTIONS, VIEWED FROM AN  
AMERICAN STANDPOINT.

## LAND.

To an American, who is somewhat familiar with the currents of commercial thought on both sides of the Atlantic, and a student of politico-economic questions, the problems with which British statesmen now find themselves confronted are of special interest. They seem, indeed, to be of the most serious character, and causes which have led to the present situation are worthy of careful examination.

Chief among these is Steam. The present Land Question had its birth when Watt, Fulton, and Stephenson harnessed this power and made it the world's transporter on both land and sea. The labour-saving, wealth-creating, wonderful steam-engine became at once a chief factor in the world's work. The locomotive opened continents of fertile land to the plough that must otherwise have lain fallow. Practically steam lifted the cheap and fertile acres of the United States and set them down alongside those of the British farmer; nay, it did better than that, for it left the land where the sun and rain come in their proper season, and where, as expressed by Jerrold, the soil is so fertile that 'if tickled with a spade, it will laugh in a harvest,' and it placed the *harvest* in competition with that of the less favoured isles of Britain. Let us take a recent specimen fact. On the 15th of December the steamer 'Servia' left New York for Liverpool, with four thousand tons of food; a portion of that cargo left Chicago but a week previous. On the 24th of December it was in Liverpool, four thousand miles distant, at a cost—and here is, perhaps, the most marvellous feature—of about five dollars, or one pound sterling, per ton, equal to twenty-five cents, or one shilling, per 100 lbs.—a sum that a drayman would charge for conveying a parcel of similar weight from one side of London to the other.

While this enormous mass of food was being hurled across the ocean by the power of steam, the lightning was flashing under it, carrying the messages of commerce; and when the golden grain

reached port new owners were in waiting, and new bargains had been made in the Mississippi valley for fresh supplies. All this, through the agency of forces which have been discovered within the present century, and which, if foretold to our grandfathers, would have exposed the prophet to prosecution for witchcraft, or secured his imprisonment as a lunatic. Steam removes mountains and merges the fertile furrow of the prairie farm in the closing furrow of the sea, while electricity has become our familiar spirit. The romance of the *Arabian Nights* has become reality; steam is our geni, and electricity our slave of the ring.

The tendency of these great forces is to equalise the value of land throughout the world; and in Great Britain and Ireland, owing to the system of land tenure and ownership, and also to the prevalence of the policy of Free Trade, the problem is already further advanced than in some other countries. The farmer who pays rent cannot live, or at least live as men are accustomed to live now-a-days; the land will not yield two profits; it is a question whether, if improvements in transportation and increase in production in other parts of the globe continue in the future as they have in the past, it will yield one. It would seem that either the British landlord or his tenant, to use a bit of American slang, 'must go.' The land, or at least its produce, must decline in value, for it cannot compete in raising cereals; and if all is devoted to grazing or growing vegetables, the increased supply will again reduce the market price of this form of produce, so that the income from land must in any case be limited.

Nor is the export of food products from the United States limited to cereals. A recent article in the *New York Produce Exchange Reporter* says:—

In the temperate, salubrious climate of this country, with immense areas of productive land adapted to the best quality of cereals, fruits, and vegetables, the volume of our product is now so vast that, with the rapid increase of population, it has become a matter of the highest importance to the physical well-being of the people to put all these products into forms and conditions that will preserve their value as food from season to season. The average health and strength of the masses in all parts of America has been greatly advanced in the last twenty-five years, and this is directly due to their constantly growing knowledge of that greater variety and better quality of food which is essential to vigorous health—a better and more generous sustenance for body and brain. Our manufacturers are learning more and more, not only how well the cereals, fruits, and vegetables, but all the varieties of fowl, game, fish, and meats which here abound, but which are perishable, may be preserved in the most perfect manner, and kept fresh and ready for daily use, when the period of summer has passed. As an indication of the importance of the canning business, it is estimated that in 1880, 40,000,000 dollars capital was engaged in it in the eastern and middle States alone; and of the single article of tomatoes 36,771,600 cans, worth at the factories 3,381,370 dollars, were put up.

The export demand for these productions is constantly increasing, and they are finding favour the world over; so that it is evident that the

British landowner will have to meet competition even in vegetables and fruit; that England must maintain her greatness by commerce. And this brings us to consider the second division of our subject.

### TRADE.

For many years the text from which the British merchant was never tired of preaching has been *Free Trade*. England was once a Protectionist nation; but when her industries were firmly established, it became her interest to break down the barriers to commerce which existed in the shape of tariffs, whether protective or for revenue, and she preached the gospel of Free Trade. Under this doctrine she has, until recently, prospered greatly, and it is natural that Englishmen should firmly believe in its principles. As a matter of abstract principle, there can be no question of the strength of the Free Traders' argument. If we could but realise Tennyson's dream,—

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world,—

prosperity would reign, and Free Trade would be prophet and prime minister in one. But like getting a universal language, or a universal system of coinage, or of weights and measures, there are, unfortunately, great practical difficulties in the way, and just now the tide seems to be setting against Free Trade. The United States can show, under a protective tariff, a phenomenal prosperity to match that of England which has been attributed to Free Trade. France exhibits analogous results, while Germany manifests a strong disposition to follow suit. It therefore behoves Englishmen to consider whether they have been correct in attributing all their prosperity in the past to Free Trade. Was it not largely due to the fact that this is an age of steam, which, together with its prime requisites, coal and iron, they were the first to utilise? This, together with their enterprise and energy, has given them the control of the carrying trade of the world, and the nation which has been the world's carrier has always controlled the world's commerce; witness Tyre, Venice, Genoa, Spain, Holland, and now England. We would not, however, claim everything for the transporter, because special circumstances have in each instance contributed to results; neither are we prepared to admit all for Free Trade which its enthusiastic advocates claim. A tariff for revenue is often necessary; the stimulus of Protection is sometimes necessary to establish industries which have in themselves the elements of success, provided they are not stifled in their infancy; but after they have for a time been thus nourished they should be weaned, and, as they grow, be forced to assume adult duties, and cease to be a public burden; for a high tariff necessarily imposes a burden upon consumers in the

shape of higher prices for most of the necessities of life. There may be emergencies which justify a high tariff for a time, as in case of war, where large revenues are a necessity, or, as above stated, to foster infant industries; but if long continued they pamper the protected manufacturers, discourage the enterprise which competition develops, and, worst of all, build up one class at the expense of the mass, and breed monopolies. The United States at the present time furnish an interesting illustration of this state of things. During 1861-62 a 'war tariff,' and also inland taxes, were imposed for the purpose of raising extraordinary revenues; after the close of the war these were continued to meet the interest charges accruing upon the heavy war debt. Of course, under the stimulus of such a high tariff, manufactures in the United States rapidly developed, and manufacturers grew rich. As the debt was paid down and less revenue was required, the manufacturers saw that revenues must be reduced somewhere, and raised the cry that duties on tea and coffee must be abolished to 'lighten the tax on the poor man's breakfast-table.' Now that revenues are still too large, a movement has been set on foot for a reduction in the inland tax upon spirits; but they will hear nothing of a reduction in a war tariff which is enormously excessive, and which could only be justified as a war measure. Ignoring the effect of our magnificent harvests during the past few years, they point to existing prosperity, and claim all the credit for Protection. To the labourer they say, 'You are protected against the pauper labour of Europe;' but they fail to say that the importation of that pauper labour is free of duty, that the great manufacturers are constantly importing it in order to avoid a fair division of the benefits of prosperous times, that the manufactured articles consumed by the labourer cost him two prices, and that machinery, the greatest of all competitors which labour has to meet,—a labourer that never strikes to help a fellow worker,—is being employed by them in a constantly increasing ratio, and they are fast strengthening their position so that labour—human labour—will be forced to submit to any terms that capital may see fit to impose. Of this we shall have more to say presently in connection with the consideration of the Labour division of this paper; but the rapidity with which the present tariff is enriching a limited class and breeding trade monopolies in the United States, abrogating the natural laws of trade, which tend to distribute wealth instead of concentrating it in the hands of a privileged class—to protect the interest of the masses by competition instead of taxing them by means of either laws or combinations, is attracting much attention among thinking men, and must in the near future result in a reduced tariff, or the country will be delivered over bodily to rings and combinations, which will abrogate the principles of freedom and equality upon which our government was founded, and ultimately establish an aristocracy and a peasantry with



lines as distinctly marked as in any European country. This tendency has been accelerated by the discriminations practised by the great railways of the country. Instead of observing the common duty of common carriers to charge all shippers alike for like service, and fix a reasonable maximum quantity beyond which they will not carry cheaper for any shipper, they habitually discriminate unjustly between shippers, and always in the direction of making the rich richer, and the poor poorer. The Standard Oil Company is a case in point: it was first made possible by railroad discriminations in its favour; it has now practically broken down competition in a staple third in magnitude among our national exports; and an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* recently estimated that it had doubled the wholesale price of petroleum oil, and that the profits of the company were one million dollars *per month*. Two years ago the legislature of the State of New York undertook to investigate its management, but, beyond eliciting a few facts of a general character, failed in the attempt. The report of the committee says:—

The history of this corporation is a unique illustration of the possible outgrowth of the present system of railroad management in giving preferential rates, and also showing the colossal proportions to which monopoly can grow under the laws of this country. Your committee were unable to ascertain the exact relations of the different organisations, owing to the refusal of several members of the Standard Oil Company, subpoenaed as witnesses, to obey the subpoena, and the refusal of those who did attend to answer our questions; but succeeded in establishing the fact that ninety or ninety-five per cent. of all the refiners of the country act in 'harmony' with the Standard Oil Company, and that they ship ninety-five per cent. of all the oil of the country; and of course the 3,500,000 dollars capital of the Standard is but an insignificant portion of the aggregate capital of this mysterious organisation whose business and transactions are of such a character that its members decline giving a history or description of it lest their testimony be used to convict them of a crime.<sup>1</sup>

As trade with the United States is of the utmost importance to the manufacturers of Great Britain as well as to the consumers of the United States, the question naturally arises, What can be done to improve existing conditions? The people of the United States, as respects Free Trade views at this time, may be divided into four classes of sentiment: first, the manufacturers who, following their pecuniary interests without regard to fair international reciprocity or the interests of American consumers, earnestly advocate the doctrine of Protection, and have convinced many people, and especially the labourers in their employ, that Protection is a good thing for the United States; second, those who believe in Free Trade pure and simple, but these are comparatively few in number; third, a large and growing class engaged in commerce and the professions, who perceive the evils of our present tariff, and would like to see it reduced to a point which would better protect the interest of the consumer, give our manufacturers a fair chance, and at the

<sup>1</sup> Report Hepburn Committee, p. 42.

same time yield a fair revenue, but who are not willing to support absolute Free Trade; fourth, the agriculturists, who as yet have not taken much interest in the tariff question, but whom the manufacturers have endeavoured to interest upon the Protection side by telling them that a home market was better than a foreign market, and that if our manufacturers were ruined the farmers would be ruined also.

Of these four classes the first is the only one well organised; each different branch of trade has its organisation to 'regulate' prices. The members have made money rapidly, and are willing to spend it freely to 'protect their interests.' They take a hand in politics; and in the last Presidential election induced the Republican party to espouse the side of Protection as a political issue. The 'pauper labour' cry was raised just previous to the election, and, as expressed by a prominent Republican politician, 'worked for all it was worth.' The Democrats, instead of manfully accepting the gage, and fighting the issue out then and there, upon its merits, which were largely on their side, hesitated to grapple with it on account of democratic manufacturers whose support they were afraid of losing, failed to expose the fallacy of the Protectionist arguments, and lost the day.

The second of the above classes—the out-and-out Free Traders—have at the present time but a small following; there are indications, however, that the Protectionists will endeavour to carry things with such a high hand that many of the third class will be driven into the ranks of the Free Traders. The most important factor in the situation, however, is the fourth class—the farmers—who far outnumber any other one interest; and if their attention could be effectually reached and their influence enlisted on the side of Free Trade, or Fair Trade, it would soon settle the question. How can this be done? At present they are making money, and are contented to pay high prices for all the manufactured goods which they consume. For several years they have had good harvests; while Free Trade England, their best customer, has had bad ones, and has paid them high prices for their surplus. Suppose, however, that England should get tired of this one-sided arrangement, and say that while Englishmen believe in Free Trade it ought at the same time to approximate Fair Trade, and that as long as the United States needlessly maintained her war tariff on English products England would impose a moderate duty upon American wheat and corn! Be it ever so little, the effect would be to fix their attention upon the matter, and their interests and instincts would at once be enlisted on the side of Fair Trade. In the beginning it might raise slightly the price of bread in England, for speculators always take advantage of such occasions; but prices would soon resume their accustomed level—a result which would be all the sooner attained, because a considerable portion of England's supply of imported cereals is derived from other countries than the United

States. Of course the first impulse of English Free Traders will be to oppose such a measure, because it would be an infraction of Free Trade principles; but in reality a duty of a penny a bushel on American wheat, or a penny a pound on American cotton, would do more in one year to advance Free Trade thought in America than all the publications of the Cobden Club for a century. It would be a flank movement which would dislodge the enemy, now so strongly intrenched that it is useless to attack him in front. It would enable Americans who believe in the rights of the many as against privileges for the few, to make headway against the onward march of monopoly, which threatens to ultimately overturn their free institutions. It would solve the American trade problem for Great Britain, make American manufacturers exert themselves to meet a fair competition, and thus give American farmers and other consumers manufactured goods at lower cost. Operatives would share in the benefits of improved trade, although all wage-earners are now feeling the effect of the enormous development of machinery. And this brings us to the consideration of the third division of our subject.

#### LABOUR.

From time immemorial labour has been recognised as the foundation of all wealth; land might be the source, but it was useless without labour. Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and other political economists all give it first place, and through all the ages those who controlled the most labourers amassed the greatest wealth. Within the present century, however, largely within fifty years, forces have been injected into the world's economy which, while not changing principles, have revolutionised conditions. At the beginning of this century the man who owned a thousand slaves or the man who employed a thousand men, was a wonder. To-day those who own machines, driven by steam, producing equivalent to the labour of a thousand men, are so plentiful that they no longer occasion remark. Scarce twenty-five years ago Cutter wrote *The Song of Steam*, which said:—

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
And in all the shops of trade  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel  
Where my arms of strength are made.  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,  
I carry, I spin, I weave,  
And all my doings I put in print  
On every Saturday eve.  
I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,  
No bones to be laid on the shelf;  
And soon I intend you may go and play,  
While I manage the world myself.

This was considered then a poet's dream, but only twenty-five years have substantially proved its reality. Necessity is still, perhaps, the mother of invention, but surely steam has proved itself the father.

In the Guide to the United States Patent Office, there is the following commentary upon machinery for the manufacture of paper :—

The old hand-press process produced about one hundred pounds a day ; a machine will turn out 2,000 pounds in the same time. A machine will convert a stream of fluid pulp into paper, dry and polish it, and cut it into sheets ; the time consumed in converting the pulp is two minutes—the old process was eight days.

A recent advertisement of a cocoa manufacturer recommends his wares for cleanliness by saying 'not touched by a human hand : ' and from a commercial paper published in the United States we extract the following description of a manufactory of food products :—

On this floor is located a marvellous box-making and packing machine, one of the most striking illustrations of the triumph of mind over matter ever embodied in machinery, and which will cut from the cardboard, shape, fold, gum, dry, and fill paper boxes with any material, carefully weighed or measured, at the rate of 1,500 per hour, or about 25 each minute. Nothing in the way of machinery can be more wonderful ; not even the Yankee pin machine, which will cut, from a roll of wire, pieces of the right length, head them, point them, polish them, sort them out with their points all one way, and stick them into papers, just twenty pins in a row, faster than one can count. With such deft, reliable, and rapid workers as these steel automatons no handwork can compare in putting up packages. The trouble, delay, uncertainties, and waste of the grocer's business are largely done away with by this machine, for it is positively cheaper to have packages done up tastefully, uniformly, and reliably than by hand labour which is sometimes neither neat nor correct.

What do these things mean to the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow ? What to the capitalist who controls these great forces ? Answer these questions from these extreme different points of view, and you get widely divergent conclusions : the labourer will say that labour is being ground into the dust by the iron heel of capital ; the capitalist will say that the chief benefits of these wonderful forces remain with labour, that no man gets more than a living, and that the labourer lives vastly better than he formerly lived, has more comforts, and should be satisfied. As with all extremes justice must be sought somewhere between them. All humanity has unquestionably benefited from these inventions ; but the real question is, What has been the *relative* benefit ? Has labour shared to a proper degree in the comforts which steam and machinery have conferred upon the human race ?

Human nature is such that we may start with the assumption that this is not probable. Capital alone had the means to utilise these great powers, and, as a rule, it gave to labour only what it was forced to give by the laws of competition. The labourer obtained but a

living in any event; the driver of the locomotive may obtain a somewhat better living than the old coach-driver did, but the locomotive earns enormous returns to the capital invested as compared with the horses and driver of the coach. Mill operatives earn a better living than the old hand weavers did, but the mill owner accumulates wealth beyond the dreams of avarice in the olden time. Unquestionably, however, the middle classes benefit to a greater degree than does the labourer; the middle classes are proportionately the largest consumers of manufactured goods, and the lower cost of these enables the middle class to live more luxuriously than before. This, however, does not help the relations of the capitalist and the labourer; the tendency of machinery is to concentrate all manufacturing into few hands; large organisations are less amenable to personal influences—considerations of humanity; it is their interest, and they have the power, to crowd down the labourer to the lowest possible limit; in many cases they are compelled by competition to pay barely starvation wages. This has in turn forced labour to organise, and trades unions do what they can to protect the labourer's interest. It is, however, an unequal fight at best; capital and machinery can be idle and not starve. The land owner with accumulations can let it lie fallow; but labour even with the closest economy can accumulate but slender stores, and these are soon exhausted. A new element has also been brought into this question—*education*. During the time steam and machinery have been making themselves felt, education has been looked upon, and justly, as a safety-valve for the passions of ignorance. Statesmen, political economists, everybody in fact, has prescribed education as the universal panacea; but they have forgotten that education has its wants as well as its uses. The intelligent labourer has the same wants as the capitalist, and appreciates the same pleasures; it would be strange, indeed, if he did not endeavour to secure a fair division of the comforts and luxuries of the age. An instructive debate took place last year in the Italian Parliament over the abolition of the grist tax, which has long pressed heavily upon the people. Signor Giovagnoli, a new deputy, remarked:—

The economists and financiers in the Chamber paid too little attention to the actual world outside; they had forgotten the existence of eighteen millions of the working classes who contributed largely to the charges of the State, and upon whom, indeed, the grist tax pressed most heavily. In past times, said the speaker, religious belief helped to mitigate the sufferings of the poorer classes. But now that science had done away with the religious delusion, even the poor aspired in this world to their share of happiness, of bread, of meat, and of wine; and unless science could also do away with the delusion of these necessities, social violence would make short work of legislation and legislators.

In Great Britain and the United States education has probably progressed sufficiently to act as a safety-valve, provided it is not tied down by capital; but the railroad riots of 1877 in the United States

and the present state of Ireland should admonish capital to meet labour fairly and liberally. A good steed is often spoiled by too close curbing and bad treatment; and this suggests the story of the American who, in explaining to a stranger the bad temper and uselessness of his poor half-starved-looking horse, said, 'Stranger, I've treated him like one of the family; fed him on slops from my own table, and I would pull the straw out of my own bedtick but what he should have enough to eat, and yet he don't seem to get along; I reckon it's in the blood.' 'Have you ever tried oats?' asked the stranger. 'Well, no,' said the countryman; 'we don't feed oats to work-horses much in our section, but I guess I'll try it.' A few weeks after this they met again; the horse had improved wonderfully, both in flesh and temper, and the greeting of the countryman explained it all: 'Stranger, there's nothing like oats!' Englishmen say that English workmen are improvident, unreasonable, and vicious, and that trades unions are ruining trade; that the Irish tenants are half-savage, that it is due partly to race and partly to religion, that they are incapable of self-government, and that the only remedy is the strong hand; yet in the United States the English workman is considered among the best, and Irishmen—no matter how ignorant and degraded when they arrive—improve rapidly, and the second generation is second to none either in ability or desire to perform creditably the duties of citizens. As regards religion, other Catholic countries do not experience like difficulties; and this suggests the inquiry, Have employers in England and landlords in Ireland graduated the supply of 'oats' to the increasing intelligence and needs of their workmen and tenants? Have they a fair share of comforts for the present and hope for the future? In this age it is hard to say which of these is the more important.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

From an American standpoint it looks as if the governing classes in England had not in the past kept this element sufficiently in view; that in the United States, even, legislation for the many has not kept pace with events in this high-pressure age; and that politico-economic problems are culminating which must now be solved. That they will be solved, and solved equitably, no one who has noted the ability, tenacity, and justice of British statesmanship will doubt. The nation that, more than any other, regulates the world, whose love of fair play is proverbial, whose humanity is such that its charity goes out to the uttermost parts of the earth at the first cry of distress, that even forms societies to prohibit the vivisection of brutes to benefit human beings—such a nation will not, after its attention is called to it, permit injustice or inhumanity to any class or section of its own citizens.

It is of course impossible, within the limits of a paper like this, to do more than touch upon a few of the principal points involved in such great questions. It has been my aim to write suggestively rather than thoroughly. It is an age of thought, in which 'the common sense of most' will rule; and my purpose will have been attained if I have in any degree contributed to this end and have pointed out some of the breakers ahead.

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## THE WISH TO BELIEVE.

### A DIALOGUE IN A CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

BERNARD DARLINGTON and Edmund Ashley became acquainted for the first time during their residence together for some ten days at a small hotel near Lake Coniston on the borders of Cumberland. They were men whose calling and religious tenets would argue them to be very dissimilar in character: but who had, in reality, many sympathies in common. Darlington was by profession a barrister. When an undergraduate at Muriel College, Oxford, he had been thrown in contact with men of keen and eager mind, whose principal ambition it was to keep pace with what is called the thought of the day; and who had sufficient powers of argument to enable them to say a good deal that was difficult to answer in favour of advanced opinions on things in general, and on religion in particular. He had constantly heard those around him speak of the absurdity of expecting *certainly* on questions connected with another world, when all the arguments producible in favour of religious belief had by many of the very greatest minds been long since weighed in a balance and found wanting. This idea had been for many years a first principle with him, and seemed indeed only the veriest common sense. 'Who am I?' thought he, 'that I should pretend to see clearly and conclusively the force of arguments which Hume and Gibbon, Huxley and Spencer have felt to be inconclusive?' Questions as to the immortality of the soul, the Divine origin of Christianity and the like, should, he thought, be left alone by a sensible, rational man. The controversies in their regard might indeed have an historical interest, but no more. Dispassionate judges held them to be incapable of solution; and the idea of certainty in their regard had only arisen from the passionate craving which exists in some minds to have definite knowledge and grounds for hope as to the future, which, in days when emotion was strong and reason not very circumspect, led many to catch at any theory, however insufficiently proved, that professed to satisfy their desire. Some great intellects of mystical and ideal tendencies were led by this same desire to create systems of belief which should answer to the need of their own hearts, and should at the same time serve as a sanction for their



moral code. To aid them in their endeavour they had invoked those myths and traditions of the past which in a more or less confused way express the anticipations, hopes, and fears of nations in the course of their history, and the speculations of the popular mind; and out of these raw materials of emotion, desire, and tradition, supported by a certain measure of plausible argument *à priori*, they constructed their several religious theories. The mass of mankind get their knowledge from the teaching of experts, and when master minds professed aloud their belief, the multitude felt that there must be ample warrant for it, and hence it soon spread; and as faith is in its very nature unquestioning, once gained, it was not readily abandoned. Then, when religion in one shape or another had thus become considerably diffused, common consent seemed to be a confirmation of its truth. There was, moreover, much in the nature of the human mind and of the world in which we live to strengthen religious belief as soon as it had come into existence. Man's natural feeling of helplessness and dependence amid the powers of nature harmonised well with the account which had been given him of certain potent and invisible personalities having control over the universe; while the idea of prayer and of its efficacy in securing Divine protection was readily welcomed as lessening the feeling of impotent dread which must have arisen in the human mind, should these vast powers have been deemed to act blindly, and without regard to our own wishes or happiness.

Such was, Darlington considered, in outline the origin of all religions—from the systems of Moses, Zoroaster, and Buddha, to those of Christ and Mohammed—and the foundations on which they rested needed only to be looked at that it might appear how weak and unsubstantial they were. There might *very likely* be much truth to be found as it were ‘in solution’ among the various creeds; but the idea of religious *certainly* was, he said, ‘utterly incompatible with exact thought;’ a phrase, we may remark by the way, which is often made to do duty for a great deal of the thing which it signifies; which magnificently condemns as unworthy of notice many arguments which require for their refutation considerably greater power of ‘exact thought’ than is possessed by him who disdainfully dismisses them. Darlington was, then, what is commonly called an Agnostic, using the word in its wider sense. He had been educated without any deep concern about religious subjects, and had believed rather because he never questioned himself about his belief than deeply or after reflection; and therefore it had not cost him much to abandon a Christianity which in him had never amounted to much more than an external profession.

Ashley was a Catholic priest; the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Sandown College. He had been a Catholic all his life, and had never been touched by the wave of scepticism which is sweeping over

the non-Catholic world in England. He had arrived at that time of life at which the opinions are generally fixed and set; so that now, although he might understand a point of view differing from his own by force of imagination, there was little fear of his own belief being in any way shaken. He had, however, great powers of sympathy, and was readily drawn to Darlington by the perception in him of a natural temperament both attractive in itself, and especially so to him by reason of its similarity to his own. Both of them had a strong love for scenery, which, in the lake country, is a sure bond of union; both were men of active minds and keen interests; and though one was by profession a dealer in syllogisms and the other a barrister, neither was given to that argumentativeness which so often makes clever men disagreeable. They conversed a great deal, but rather with a view to gaining information than to disputing. Religion was naturally a subject of interest to both; to one as the great centre of the outgoing phase of civilised thought; and to the other as the foundation of his whole life, and man's most important possession. Father Ashley found in his new acquaintance, in the course of their rows on the lake and rambles among the hills, so much of natural religious feeling, and so fair and candid a mind, as to make him form great hopes that some day or other he might come to a knowledge of the truth. Rightly judging, however, that much more than mere argument is required for conversion, he asked him to come and spend a few days at Sandown after the students had reassembled at the end of the vacation, in the hope that the sight of the practical working of Catholicism and its influence over the lives of the boys, so far as these might be seen even by a casual visitor, might arouse within him a still greater interest in the subject, and spur him on to more active inquiry. In the course of their conversations it transpired that Walton, an old college friend of Darlington's, and a convert to Catholicism, was now a priest in the immediate neighbourhood of the college. He had been driven by the freethinking spirit at Muriel in a direction exactly opposite to his friend. Dismayed at seeing so many cherished convictions, of whose truth he was deeply conscious, called into question and cleverly combated, he soon began to feel the difficulty—nay, the impossibility—of holding to the principle that each separate belief had to be proved by him on its own merits against men of far superior knowledge and logical acumen. He felt that life was not long enough for a work of this kind, and again he was often most dissatisfied with his own advocacy of the various dogmas. 'Surely,' he said to himself, 'life is meant for action, and it cannot be right that the very foundations and springs of well-doing should be in constant danger of giving way. All my efforts are spent in securing *them*, and very insecurely after all. How can I go on doing good when at every step the very thoughts I rely upon as proving my course to be worth pursuing are cleverly

attacked as being so many illusions, and when I feel my own knowledge to be in many cases so imperfect that I am ashamed to rest my belief on it?' This feeling led him by degrees to recognise the voice of God in the Catholic Church speaking absolutely and categorically, and relying not on processes of argument, but on its own Divine mission and inspiration. He recognised that the Church was God's viceroy on earth. He had studied her in her various aspects, her moral and ascetical theology, her official pronouncements, her practical system, and he found in them all a profound knowledge of human nature, and an uncompromising and elevated moral tone quite unlike anything he had seen elsewhere. He was not at all blind to the human weakness of her members, or the scandals of her history; but the system, and the representatives of the system—those who had taken full advantage of the assistance it offers to mankind—gave to the Church in his eyes a stamp of Divinity. *Vera incessu patuit dea*. And when his mind had taken this step, he felt that his old belief in the primary Christian truths rested on a new and secure basis. It was no longer his own reasonings from the nature of things or from Scripture, but the voice of God speaking through His chosen oracle which sanctioned his creed; and this being recognised, the mazes of human speculation were powerless to mislead him any more. Indeed, when he had once satisfied himself that he had found a living guide and teacher, he considerably lost his intellectual interests, which had ever been concerned more or less with inquiry into religious subjects, and betook himself on his reception into the Church to active missionary work as a priest. Darlington had been grieved at the very opposite courses he and his friend had taken. 'You will never convince me, however, Walton,' he said. 'Your change is no argument to me, much as I believe in your ability. You were *determined* to believe; you were not dispassionate, so you are no fair judge. You wouldn't give up your pet ideas, though, if you had been really fair, you should have done so. Your wish to believe was father to your thought.'

'I was determined to get at the *truth*,' replied Walton. 'I believed Christianity to be the truth, and I was resolved, if there was a way to seeing its truth more clearly, that I would find it; and I have found it.'

Darlington arrived at Sandown at about eight o'clock on a Thursday evening, some six weeks after the vacation had terminated. He was favourably impressed on entering the college, which was on a far larger scale than he was prepared for. The stone corridors, pointed arches, and Gothic windows and doors, gave it quite the appearance of a mediæval monastery. The professors had finished dinner when he arrived, but Walton had been asked to meet him, and they dined together with Ashley in the professors' parlour, a spacious room, simply but tastefully furnished with an oaken side-

board and chairs, a large mantelpiece of carved stone, Pugin's design, standing over the fireplace. After dinner Ashley presented Darlington to the President, who asked him if he would wish to attend the benediction service which was about to commence. He expressed his willingness, and was ushered into the chapel, a small edifice built in the Gothic style of the elder Pugin, and adorned with much handsome carving in wood and stone. He was a good deal struck by the serious and earnest demeanour of the boys, both older and younger. They all seemed, without any undue affectation of fervour, to be quietly conscious that they had a serious duty to perform, and to perform it as though they meant what they were doing. At the end of the service one of Bishop Challoner's solid and practical discourses was read, as the subject for the next morning's meditation, and then all turned round to the statue of Our Lady, which was so designed as to appear to offer the prayers of those in the chapel at the throne of grace, and sang the beautiful hymn, 'Maria, mater gratiæ, dulcis parens clementiæ, tu nos ab hoste protege et mortis horâ suscipe.' After all was over, a certain number of the professors, principally the younger ones, adjourned to the parlour to have tea, and invited Darlington and Walton to join them there.

'Certainly,' said Darlington to Father Davenport, the procurator, as they entered the parlour together, 'your liturgy and ritual are extremely beautiful. I think the idea of devotion to the Virgin Mother so touching. The ideal of a tender mother with human affections, to whom you have recourse as to one who can readily understand you and sympathise with you in your troubles, who has no heart to refuse to plead for you and help you, is to me a most beautiful conception.'

'And yet,' said Father Davenport, 'it is so often a difficulty to outsiders! It is one of the commonest stumbling-blocks in the way of conversions.'

'I think it very beautiful,' pursued Darlington. 'I declare when you all turned round to the statue at the end of the prayers and sang that hymn to the Virgin, the idea of trust and confidence in the invisible Mother who intercedes for you and protects you all, was so strongly expressed that it quite moved me—let me see, what are the words?'

Father Davenport repeated them. 'Yes,' continued Darlington, 'with the two "amens" at the end, one like the echo of the other. It affected me very much.'

'Ah! my dear friend,' said Ashley, who came into the room while he was speaking, 'a man who has the soul to feel all that should be a Catholic. He is out of place anywhere but in the true Church.'

Darlington smiled. 'I am afraid a good deal more is wanted for my conversion than that,' he said; 'you would hardly have me believe in a doctrine simply because I think it beautiful and consoling?'

'No,' said Father Ashley, 'but a man who has insight into and

perception of the Divine beauty of Catholic doctrine, must, I think, be on the high road to the perception of its *truth*. His admiration for it is surely a grace of the Holy Spirit, and if he is not unfaithful the rest will follow.'

'Won't you sit down?' said Father Davenport. They had been standing while they were talking, and Darlington perceived on looking round that the other professors were gradually settling themselves down in knots of two or three at different parts of the long table. Walton was seated at a little distance from them, intent on something in a newspaper. Darlington and Ashley sat down.

'Let me give you a cup of tea, Mr. Darlington,' said Father Davenport; 'we are rather proud of our tea and our cream too.'

'I shall be very glad to try it,' replied Darlington. 'I think that good tea is the most refreshing drink that ever was invented. No sugar, thanks. Of course,' he continued to Ashley, 'you express the thing differently from me, but I think we mean pretty much the same thing, and you are not the first man whom I have heard talk in a similar way. That manner of speaking and thinking, which I perceive in so many religious people, as though the fact that a doctrine is consoling makes it also true, is, I think, at the root of a good deal of my scepticism. It makes me suspect the whole basis of their belief.'

'But I think you are wrong,' said Ashley. 'We may say that the intrinsic beauty of a doctrine is an *additional* sign that it comes from God, but none would maintain that all doctrines which are beautiful are true. Take the Pagan myths; many of them were the creations of highly poetic minds; but certainly none of us believe in Elysian fields, however pleasant a prospect they might be.'

'Perhaps I expressed myself too generally,' said Darlington. 'I don't suppose that Christians would expressly *maintain* that a doctrine which is beautiful is therefore true. But still I must say that all my observations have tended to convince me that in very many cases their real state of mind falls very little short of that. They have *some* additional reasons, no doubt, but very insufficient ones; and their chief motive for believing is because belief is consoling and desirable. Do you remember Gibbon's account of the belief of the Christians of Rome under Pope Gregory the Great? He says that their temporal dangers and misfortunes from the constant invasions of the Lombard and various other causes led them to lend a ready ear to the hopes which the preacher held out to them of a happier state of things beyond the grave. Well, it seems to me that this is the state of many now-a-days. They are not happy in this world, and so they readily believe on very insufficient evidence tidings of another and a more satisfactory future life, and doctrines connected with it which tend to console them.'

'Should you say that the doctrine of hell tended to comfort or

console?' put in a youngish man, who had been listening to the conversation.

Darlington hesitated. 'It is not fair,' he said, 'to isolate a doctrine from the system to which it belongs. It is almost proverbial that hope, even though one pays for it with a certain measure of fear, is preferable to a dead level of hopeless dulness. I don't think you can dispute that the Christian view of the world, *taken as a whole*, giving as it does a *greatness* to life and a connection with a realised ideal, imparting to labour and privation, and all that would naturally be irksome, a value which far more than compensates for their unpleasantness, and holding out a hope for the gratification in the future of all our highest and deepest yearnings, is, in spite of everything on the other side, a far preferable and more consoling one to a mind which is dissatisfied with the present, than the prospect of dull repetition of past experiences until, in the end, annihilation arrives.'

'Surely,' said Father Ashley, going back to the first question which Darlington had raised, 'you cannot apply Gibbon's remark to the present age or to this country. He spoke of an exceptional state of things when the Romans were so wretched that they were ready to cling to any idea which afforded them a ray of hope. Not that I admit Gibbon's charge even with reference to the Romans, but I think there is even less colour for it now-a-days.'

'The exact circumstances may be different,' replied Darlington, 'but the general fact remains the same. Dissatisfaction was no doubt more widely spread then. But in one shape or another the *wish* to believe seems to me to be at the root of all religion still. One man turns to religion because he is *ennuyé* with the world; another clings to it because he has been brought up to it, and it is bound up closely with all the memories and associations of his childhood; another is attached to his creed because his ancestors died for it. Many become Roman Catholics because of the effect the gorgeous vestments, incense, and tapers have upon them. Newman himself admits that many can give no better account of the matter than that the Catholic religion is true because its fragrance is as perceptible to their moral sense as flowers to their sense of smell. In all these cases religion or a particular form of religion is embraced or adhered to from no rational motive, but simply because the believer wants to believe. As I said, the wish is father to the thought. Look at Moody and Sankey's converts—even the best of them. They had no new reason given them for belief. They were pleased and excited by the hymns and sermons. Sankey's performances on the harmonium was one of their chief motives. Religious belief gave them under the circumstances pleasant excitement, and so they believed—not because their intellects had received any new light—but because what they saw and heard made them *wish* to believe. I have seen so much of this that I am on my guard. I am quite alive to the consoling power of religion. I often

suffer from great depression of spirits, and *ædium vite*. I remember a schoolfellow of mine of a melancholy disposition, who used to go about crying out, 'Who will tell me of something to look forward to?' That is often my own feeling, and religious conviction would be the greatest comfort to me. But I am so alive to the fallacy of religious minds—the fallacy of believing because one *wishes* to believe—that I myself can never be a believer.

'Don't you think, Mr. Darlington,' said the young man who had spoken before, 'that the strong wish implanted in man's nature for religion may be worth something as an *argument*? Most of our appetites and cravings have a legitimate satisfaction; their existence seems to point to the existence of an object capable of satisfying them. Hunger is correlative with food, love with objects of love, and so forth; so it seems hard to believe that man has a thirst for religious knowledge, and yet that such knowledge is entirely unattainable.'

'I don't think,' replied Darlington, 'that you are attacking exactly the position I have assumed, though doubtless I do tend to think religious certainty incapable of attainment. I do not speak of any natural or general craving for religion among mankind. What I say is that attachment to religion or to a particular form of religion on the part of an individual, and for reasons peculiar to his case, so often supersedes—and most unreasonably supersedes—argument. This would hold good even if I granted what you are saying. I am speaking merely of that common fallacy—believing what suits one, or is pleasant—creeping into religious inquiry.'

'I don't yet see,' said Ashley, 'how you *prove* that the wish of the believer is father to his thoughts. After one has arrived by reason and grace at doctrines which are consoling, one may feel that they *are* consoling; but that is no proof that it is their consoling power which has made one believe them. If it is proved to me beyond doubt that I have come into a fortune of 10,000*l.* a year, I may find the fact very consoling, but it would be very unjust in you to turn round on me and tell me that I believe it simply because it is consoling.'

'I really could not give you in mood and figure an exact proof that it is as I say,' said Darlington. 'It is a matter of observation rather than of argument; and then, every one knows the tendency of human nature to believe what is pleasant. I think that it is at least a very remarkable fact that, whereas the evidences of Christianity are, to a great extent, common property and in everybody's hands, the people who are convinced by them are those who have what is called religious minds, or, in other words, who wish to believe. Lacordaire points out somewhere that, whereas Fenelon found in Scripture the strongest evidence of the truth of Christianity, Voltaire found in it only food for laughter. The proofs, such as they were,

were open to both alike; but to him who had no prepossession in favour of belief they were quite insufficient. Take Hume and Johnson, again; both able men and capable of doing justice to the arguments on both sides. Hume was dispassionate and unprejudiced; Johnson had, as one sees at every turn in his life, strong emotional religious cravings. The calm and dispassionate man found the evidences for Christianity quite insufficient—and surely such a man is the best judge of their *true* worth. It is the same now-a-days: your calm, clearheaded men of science think them quite insufficient and fallacious.'

'I don't know that calm and unbiassed men are always the best judges,' said Father Ashley. 'No doubt bias is a bad thing, but I think that apathy is worse. If your unprejudiced men are apathetic, if their minds and hearts are in things other than religion, I had rather have a *prejudiced* man who is in earnest, and whose heart is in the matter. If I were a prisoner, I had rather my judge were somewhat prejudiced against me, than that he had neither bias nor sense of responsibility. The former kind of judge, if he is conscientious, has something in him that one can appeal to which may overcome his prejudice; the latter may condemn me through mere sleepiness or inattentiveness. You may reason away prejudice, but not apathy, as its very characteristic is that it takes no pains to attend to your reasonings.'

Here a man, who had been an attentive listener for the last five minutes, but had not as yet spoken, broke into the conversation. He was somewhat stout, of middle age, and spoke with a resonant bass voice. He had been sitting alone at the other side of the table with a newspaper before him, but had for some time been making small pretence of reading it, as the conversation was evidently engrossing his attention. This was Father Walton, of whom we have already spoken.

'I think, Darlington,' he said, 'that your philosophy is at fault. You speak of the well-known tendency of human nature to believe what is pleasant. Well, I should say not only that such a tendency is not well known, but that it does not exist at all. I think the truth is exactly the opposite. If I am very anxious that a thing should be true, I find that I am slower, and not quicker, in believing it.'

The others seemed to be waiting for him to explain himself.

'For instance,' he continued, 'many years ago I was weak enough to bet rather heavily on a horse which was running in the Derby. When the first report got out that that horse had won, I found that all my companions, who were not betting men, believed it at once; but I was not satisfied until I had seen it in print, and its truth was beyond the possibility of doubt. Yet I was far more anxious than the others that the report *should* prove true.'

'That does certainly seem to be an exception to the rule,' said



Darlington. 'But still you can't deny that, *as a rule*, men tend to believe what is pleasant. "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought," has passed into a proverb.'

'I can't admit that it *is* a rule,' replied Walton. 'When boys here are anxious for a holiday, and have sent to ask the President to give one, I don't at all find that they over-estimate the reasons in favour of expecting it. The other day in a French religious community where I was staying, they were electing a new superior, and I found many who expected their favourite candidate to fail, though there was really a good chance in his favour. It seems to me that there is no rule of the kind you suppose.'

Here Father Davenport interrupted the conversation for a moment to replenish Darlington's cup with tea. Ashley, however, took the question up. Much as he wished to convince his friend, he could not see his way to accepting Walton's uncompromising denial of the former's principle.

'Surely you will not dispute, Walton,' he said, 'that there is a class of cases on the other side. I remember a very eminent physician who was so determined to believe that his remedies were effective, that if you told him they had not cured you, he simply answered that you were wrong and that they *must* have done so. It used to be quite an amusing scene with poor Bowring, whom you remember. Bowring suffered from very severe headaches, and Dr. R——, as I will call him (for I don't want to mention his name), was confident that he could cure him in two days. At the expiration of that time Dr. R—— made his appearance, and said with a confident smile, "Well, and how are the headaches *now*?" "As bad as ever," replied Bowring. "Ah, then," said Dr. R—— quite gravely, "you did not take my prescriptions." "I took them most religiously," said Bowring. "Oh!" said the doctor in a tone of relief, "then the headaches have gone." "But they haven't! I feel them still," said poor Bowring. "No, no," said R——, "believe me, they are gone. You have had so much of them that you can't help imagining that they are there still, but I assure you they are gone;" and it was impossible to convince him that they were not. Bowring had to pay his guinea for nothing, and to go to another doctor.'

Every one laughed. 'Poor Bowring!' said Father Davenport, who had been listening to the story. 'I can well imagine his distress of mind. I suspect he found food for a fortnight's grumbling in it.'

'Well,' continued Ashley, 'I think *that* a strong case of believing because one wishes to believe. Dr. R—— had made up his mind that his medicine was to be successful, and therefore he would have it that it *had* been.'

<sup>1</sup> All the anecdotes in this paper are substantially true, although reference to persons and places has been carefully avoided. Of course, their value as illustrations *depends* on their being true.

'I remember a case something like that,' said Darlington, 'of old Mrs. Arton, the wife of one of our farmers in Yorkshire. She had manufactured some ointment which she believed to be an infallible remedy for bruises and sores of every kind. To the best of my belief it really retarded their cure very considerably. However, in the end nature's tendency to self-healing used to assert itself, and it was most amusing to see the old lady's triumph at the complete success of her ointment.'

'I suppose,' said Ashley, 'she argued, "post hoc, propter hoc." The cure was subsequent to the anointing, therefore it was due to it.'

'It was just the same,' continued Darlington, 'with her prophecies about the weather. They were invariably wrong, but this never in the least shook her faith in her own powers; and when a glorious, still, sunny day appeared after she had prophesied "heavy rain and high winds," she would gravely assure you that it was raining in some parts.'

'Surely,' said the young man who had spoken before, 'the belief of some of the Tichborne tenants in the claimant illustrates what you are saying, Mr. Darlington. I should think there is little doubt that their strong wish to see their squire back again had a great influence in determining their belief.'

'Or,' added Ashley, 'take a conceited coxcomb, who thinks all the world is admiring him. That surely comes from his love of admiration.'

'I don't think we want for instances,' said Darlington; 'you must admit, Walton, that men have, at least in many cases, under such circumstances, a tendency to believe what is pleasant on very insufficient evidence.'

'I admit,' replied Walton, 'that men often deceive themselves into *thinking* what is pleasant, where there is no danger of being brought immediately face to face with the fact that it is untrue; but I don't think that in those cases they seriously *believe*, though they may say they do. If they have the pleasure of the thought without the pain of finding out that it is untrue, it gives them for the time almost as much satisfaction as real and deep belief. But it is not belief—or at least it is not conviction.'

'Dear me,' suddenly interrupted Ashley, 'what a very animated conversation is going on between Merton, Kershaw, and Gordon Brabourne! I suppose it is their usual topic—Roman *versus* Gothic in architecture and vestments.'

'He doesn't mean what he says, Gordon,' Merton was saying, a man with lively manner and pleasant voice, who sat at the end of the table. 'If the Romans wore the present Gothic vestments, and the square ones were Gothic, Kershaw would see all sorts of defects in the square ones, and would discover all manner of hidden devotional and symbolical meaning in the many-folded robes so much

loved by Pugin. Now, don't protest. You hold that the Roman Pontiff's infallibility extends to the shape of your *antependium*, the carving on your pillars, and the cut of your albs; you know you do.'

'Kershaw is a recent convert,' explained Ashley to Darlington; 'a splendid fellow, but a little extreme. He has just come back from Rome, and Merton chaffs him about what he calls his Roman fever.'

'My dear Merton,' replied Kershaw, 'how can you talk so much at random? Whoever said it was a question of infallibility? All that I say is that where Rome has set the example our duty is not to criticise but to imitate; that we do better by trying to appreciate duly the customs and usages of Holy Church, and to admire them as they deserve, than by setting up idols of our own creation in opposition.'

'Rank heresy, Kershaw,' said Merton. 'As though the style of architecture in Rome were set up for our imitation, any more than the way the Romans cut their hair, or the shape in which they trim their beards.'

'It seems to me,' said Brabourne, the third speaker, 'that if you insist on tracing these things to their origin, and making them more than a mere matter of taste, you should not forget that the present Roman architecture is originally Pagan—an introduction of the Renaissance. Gothic is the creation of Christianity.'

'Besides,' continued Merton, 'Kershaw is not even content with making it simply a question of what is authoritatively held up for our *imitation*. He demands *interior assent* also. Roman architecture and vestments are not only to be *used* by every loyal son of the Church, but to be *admired* also. The duty of interior assent is not confined to decisions on faith and morals; matters of taste are likewise infallibly decided for us.'

'You are very hard on me, Merton,' replied Kershaw; 'I never said that anything had been infallibly decided. I spoke only of my own taste in the matter, and it was you that insisted that it was grounded on the teaching of Rome; though I certainly do think that a priest shows a more becoming and loyal spirit if he is not content with obeying simply the letter of the law, but tries likewise to admire and like what Mother Church tells us to make use of, instead of looking in the first place to find out what he can criticise and run down without fear of formal heresy.'

'Without fear of formal heresy!' repeated Merton; 'what Mother Church *tells* us to make use of. Good heavens! I suppose you would agree with Ashburton; Ashburton, after he had been to Rome (shortly after his conversion), on his return to England used frequently to bring into church with him two large dogs with bells attached to their collars, which ran about during mass, making a most unearthly noise, because it reminded him of Rome.'

'I am surprised the congregation allowed it,' said Brabourne.

‘It was a very small congregation,’ said Merton, ‘and he was a considerable personage there, and a great benefactor to the mission, so he was privileged. I remember asking him what he did it for, and he gravely assured me that it had a most devotional effect upon him.’

‘Nonsense!’ said Brabourne.

‘He did really,’ said Merton. ‘I suggested an idea which would make what he said more rational. I said I supposed that all that reminded him of Rome was so associated in his mind with his first fervour, that it had a great attraction for him. But he would not accept this explanation at all. He would have it that there was something in its own nature devotional in the sound of the collar bells of these animals as they ran about in the church.’

Every one laughed except Kershaw, who said, ‘Well, if you are going to make a joke of the whole subject, I don’t think I can do much good by arguing it out with you. Besides, I have to say the half-past five o’clock mass to-morrow for the servants, so I will wish every one good-night.’

‘I don’t think he was sorry of an excuse to get away,’ said Brabourne, as Kershaw left the room. ‘He knows that when he gets on these subjects he has to fight against considerable odds; and then you are always so merciless with him, Merton.’

‘Yes,’ put in Ashley, from the other end of the table, ‘you are really too hard on him, Merton. Remember, Newman lays it down as one of the marks of a well-bred man that he is merciful to the absurd.’

‘Well, I really think it does him good,’ said Merton. ‘I have no patience with men who talk as though the cut of your chasuble and the length of your cotta were matters authoritatively ruled by the Holy See. As though great Rome, who is so large-hearted and liberal wherever she can be so without compromising principle, who tolerates an Armenian and a Greek rite utterly unlike her own, would ever indulge in such petty tyranny over our artistic tastes.’

‘Kershaw will be a very different man ten years hence,’ said Brabourne. ‘Some converts are so determined to find ideal perfection in every stick and stone in Rome that their judgment as to things Roman is completely warped.’

‘To me,’ said Ashley, ‘there is something admirable in Kershaw’s spirit, though I should not go the length he does. “Love me, love my dog,” says the proverb. I think it shows true devotion to Rome to have an affection for all, even the smallest things, that remind one of her.’

‘Yes,’ said Merton, ‘but the proverb does not say “Believe in me, believe my dog to be perfect,” or “Condemn others for not believing it to be perfect.”’

‘Surely,’ said Darlington, turning to Ashley and Walton, ‘Mr.

Kershaw's frame of mind, as you describe it, is another instance of the very thing we have been talking about. His wish to find ideal perfection in everything Roman makes him think he has found it.'

'I remember,' said Brabourne, 'an amusing instance of the same sort of thing when I took Compton—the Muriel man who was received two years ago—to Rome, just after his conversion. He had such an intense belief in the all-pervading piety of the place, that he gave a religious interpretation to everything he saw. We were strolling one day in the Campagna and lost our way. We wanted to find the Flaminian gate, and so we asked an old carter whom we met which was our way. He looked a sunny old fellow, and either found a difficulty in understanding our bad Italian, or did not feel in the humour for conversation. At any rate, not one word could we get out of him. I began saying, "What a grumpy old man that is!" but Compton was quite indignant with me for my shallow and uncatholic view of the matter. "This comes," he says, "of living in a Protestant country, where all motives are secular and natural. Depend upon it, that man is under a vow of silence undertaken in expiation for some sin of the tongue."'

'Well, I remember our friend Kershaw here used to talk,' said Merton, 'as though all the actions of a Roman were religious in object or motive, until at last I asked him point blank if he supposed that every man, woman, and child in Rome was a person of interior life, and he was quite offended at my making a joke of it. "I am sure they are," he said.'

'Well, now,' said Darlington, 'after all that you have told us, Mr. Merton, you should be a good authority on the question we have just been discussing. Don't you think that in a general way a man is more ready to believe in things because he wishes it to be so?'

'You mean, I suppose,' said Merton, 'that men like Kershaw believe Roman vestments to be perfect because they are determined to find everything that is Roman perfect?'

'Well, it seems to me from what you have been saying,' said Darlington, 'that men of this stamp have made up their minds to find their ideal realised when they enter the Church. They are sick of constant contention, and are enamoured of the idea of an authority which they are to reverence as infallible, which is to be decisive, and to set all fruitless disputation at rest. And then they expect her to fulfil more than she ever could fulfil or has promised—to decide on matters which she has neither the power nor the will to decide; and with this expectation in their minds they see in the customs of Rome—which are merely *private* customs—the decisions of authority.'

'They follow Rome in matters in which she acts, so to speak, as a private person, and not officially,' said Merton, who was more intent upon the peculiarities of Kershaw than upon the application Dar-

lington was making of them. 'They remind me of those who imitate the mannerisms of a great man as though his very imperfections must have a touch of his Divine genius. They are like the actors who imitate Irving's way of walking and articulating, whereas most sensible men know that these are, to say the least, not at all essential to his greatness as an actor.'

'I can't help admiring it,' said Ashley. 'It is devotion of the intensest sort which loves even the most insignificant thing connected with its object.'

'I can't agree,' said Darlington. 'I think it is ten to one that such a mind is a small one, and loves *only* what is unimportant; that it is incapable of appreciating true greatness. The actor who takes most note of Irving's gait and voice will not be his most intelligent admirer. A greater mind will take no note of them, but will pass to the *soul* of his acting. It is the small mind that observes his peculiarities, and ten to one stops short at *them*, and fails to appreciate anything beyond.'

Merton and Brabourne here looked at their watches, and, finding that it was late, wished the others good-night and left the room.

'At any rate,' resumed Darlington, 'it seems pretty clear that the converts of whom we speak supply us with an illustration of the principle I was supporting. Here are men maintaining in opposition to the arguments of those who have the very best right to speak, that all Rome's ecclesiastical customs are perfection even from an artistic point of view, and are designed as models for the rest of the Church; and all this simply because they have made up their minds beforehand to find Rome all perfect.'

'I think,' said Ashley, 'that both their expectation and their belief arise from a naturally sanguine disposition. That seems to me the solution of the whole difficulty we raised. It is a matter of temperament; a sanguine man is ready, a despondent man slow, to believe what he wishes. Ask Father McArton yonder' (pointing to a grave-looking priest who was reading a book and had taken no share in the conversation) 'if he believes that Macmillan will publish his translation of the *Eclogues*. He is very anxious to think that he will, but he is not at all a cheerful man, and I don't think you will find him very *ready* to believe it.'

Here Walton, who had for some time been occupied with his own thoughts, interposed. 'Temperament has its effect, no doubt; but it is a very imperfect account to give of the matter to say that is *all*. A man may be ever so sanguine, and yet in the case I gave before of his having a large bet on a horse at the Derby, he won't be over ready to believe on slight evidence that he has won. On the other hand, there may be far stronger reasons against the truth of the coxcomb's high opinion of himself, and yet he won't give it up. The coxcomb is not *honest* with himself. He nurses the pleasure of his

vanity ; and as there is no external test, as he is not forced to verify or disprove the truth of his view, he is able to keep it. The man who has the bet, on the contrary, is forced by the circumstances of the case to be honest with himself. He knows that the truth of his belief will soon be tested. He will soon know whether it is right or wrong, and there is little pleasure in the mere expectation, if after all it proves wrong.'

'This seems to me to be a new point,' said Darlington, 'and I don't quite follow you.'

'Well,' said Walton, 'I have been trying while you were talking to see the essential distinction between the cases that have been cited on both sides. I think I can point it out by an example which has occurred to me, which I think you will admit to be true to nature. There are two very different states of mind—anxiety that something should be really true, and the wish to have the pleasure of believing something. Here are two pictures. First take some lazy, comfort-loving, and selfish man. He is walking with a companion on a sea beach. No one is visible near him. Suddenly he hears what he takes to be the shriek of a drowning man, beyond some rocks at the end of the beach. His companion thinks it is only children at play. The rocks are hard to climb, and at some distance off. The man is readily persuaded that it is only children at play, and that there is no call on him to climb the rocks, or assist anybody. There is one attitude of mind—one picture. Now for another. An affectionate mother is placed in exactly the same circumstances as my lazy man. She thinks she recognises in the shriek her son's voice. Her companion says it is only children at play ; but this *does not satisfy her*. She entreats him to help her to climb the rocks, and they arrive just in time to rescue her son—for it is her son—from drowning. Now surely you won't deny that the mother would be far more desirous to be convinced that her son was not drowning than the lazy man in the parallel case ;<sup>2</sup> yet her wish, far from making her believe it, only makes her take all the more pains to satisfy herself as to the true state of the case. Genuine conviction that the fact is really as she hoped is what she wants ; and wishing for it doesn't help her a bit to get it. Our other friend, on the contrary, was not really and truly anxious to ascertain the *fact*. He wished to banish an unpleasant idea from his mind. I don't think he was truly or deeply convinced that there was no call on him to climb the rocks. He

<sup>2</sup> A friend to whom I showed these pages objects that the illustration is not apposite, as the mother's prompt response to what she takes for her son's cry for help is instinctive, and so affords no guarantee for the action of one who has not the mother's instinct, under similar circumstances. I have, however, retained it, as I cannot myself see that the mother's action is, strictly speaking, instinctive. Let those, however, who think that it is so substitute for the mother a very affectionate friend and judge for themselves whether in that case also Walton's picture is not true to nature.

was not anxious to be *convinced* that there was no call; he only cared to *think* that there was none. He did not wish to *adjust his mind to the fact* at all; he only wished to have a comfortable *idea*, and to banish an uncomfortable suspicion. He was not anxious that the *fact* should be as he wished; if he had been he would have used every means to ascertain whether it were so or not. If it is a matter of some thousands to a man that Oxford should have won the boat race, he is not ready to believe it on slight evidence; on the contrary, he examines into the reports he hears far more carefully than another.'

All listened attentively to Walton's explanation, and most felt that he had thrown light on the subject. There was a pause before Ashley said:—

'Don't you think that in the case you have given the fact that there is an immediate prospect of the belief being verified, and again the fact that it is a question of *immediate action*, may affect the frame of mind of the individuals concerned? Of course in religious belief the case is otherwise. One has to wait for verification until the end of one's life.'

'The only effect that I can see,' said Walton, 'is that it insures a person's being honest with himself. Where there is *no* immediate prospect of verification he can enjoy the luxury of a false belief without danger of discovery. Where there is an immediate prospect he feels it is of no use to think of anything but truth. If you observe, my lazy man, who was *dishonest* with himself and shirked his duty, took care that there should be *no* immediate test of the truth of his thought. Had he expected such a test, I think he would have climbed the rocks and made sure of the facts.'

'Then,' said Darlington slowly, 'as I understand you, you hold that where there is a real anxiety and wish about the *thing*—an honest desire for the truth of the *thing*, and not merely for the pleasure of the *thought*—that desire makes you *less* ready rather than more ready to believe.'

'Precisely,' said Walton; 'a shallow self-deceitful thought, called only by a misnomer "belief," may well enough be the result of wishing to believe; but true conviction never. I remember well a lady of my acquaintance who used to think her nephew a perfect paragon of perfection, and far the cleverest man at his college at Oxford. She sucked in eagerly all the civil things that people said in his favour, and systematically disbelieved less flattering reports. Here was one sort of belief. It arose from her wish—but her wish for what? That her nephew should *really* be the cleverest and most successful man?'

'I suppose so,' said Ashley unguardedly.

'Not entirely so, I think,' said Walton; 'but mainly from her wish for the *satisfaction of thinking* that he was so. The actual



fact was of secondary importance to her; but it is of primary importance to him who wants a real and deep conviction. I remember, too, in that very case that the truth of this was evidenced in a most amusing manner when this brilliant nephew was trying for a fellowship which was of some consequence to him. She paid far more attention to and was rendered far more anxious by arguments against the probability of his success, and seemed very doubtful as to the result—quite prepared for his failure; and why? Because *here* it was the *fact* of his success which was of moment, and not the pleasure of her own subjective impression.'

'You are getting dreadfully metaphysical,' said Darlington, laughing.

'I admit then,' continued Walton, 'that where the satisfaction of believing a thing is what is desired, and the correspondence of your belief with objective fact is a matter of small anxiety or importance to yourself, the wish is often father to the thought. Belief is readily obtained, although its quality is extremely bad. But where the truth of the *fact* is of the first importance, and an untrue belief is useless; where *genuine conviction* of the fact in question is desired, the desire will not beget readiness but rather caution in believing. It will make a man less easily convinced than another by the evidence ready to hand. He so much wishes that the thing should be true that he fears to believe it, holding, in the words of the proverb, that it is "too good to be true." But, on the other hand, he is more ready than another to give himself every chance of discovering whether what he so much wishes for *be* really true. He is interested in the subject, and his desire will make him search for a road to certainty, instead of waiting until such a road is unmistakably pointed out to him. The wish then, as I have said, may be father to a shallow self-deceitful *idea*, but it renders *true conviction* in a certain sense (as I have explained) slower, although proportionally deeper and surer.'

Here, for a time at least, Walton's homily came to a halt; and Darlington, who had been much interested with what he said, though a little bored at the argumentativeness and seriousness of his tone, continued turning over in his mind the whole question, and trying to put into shape his own impressions as to how much of truth there was in his friend's view.

'I don't deny,' he said, as he absently stirred his empty teacup with his spoon, 'that there is some truth in what you say. But as applied to religion it has a fallacy, and you know that Tennyson says that "a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies." You have to take it for granted that religious believers have these *deep convictions* and this *anxiety for truth*, and are not satisfied with prejudice. Of course the very thing I should say is that they are prejudiced and unfair. They view all the evidence partially. They ignore half of it.'

'Well, of course,' replied Walton, 'I can't *prove* to you that they are unprejudiced. All I am saying is that if they are honest and anxious for true conviction—*anxious* about the fact of religious truth with all its consequences, and not only for its consoling power as a beautiful thought, then their anxiety to believe is no argument against them, but rather in their favour. Of course how far one is honest and convinced is a question which each man must answer from his own personal consciousness. I can't prove to another that I am deeply convinced, though I may be certain of it in my own mind.'

'I suppose it comes to this,' said Darlington, 'that all your party are honest, and sincere, and convinced, and the rest, and all others are prejudiced and insincere. This is, to say the least, a decided and marked division of the human race.'

'No, my dear Darlington,' replied Walton, 'you quite misunderstand me. My position in all that I am saying is purely negative. I am only answering your objection. All that I say is, that where one is conscious of real conviction, one need not be afraid that it is the result of a wish to believe; and this because a desire to be convinced of a truth makes one harder and not easier of belief. I am defending our side of the question and not attacking you. There may be prejudiced Christians who arrive at the truth in a wrong way, or others who do not deeply believe. All I say is, that if I am conscious of conviction, I am sure it has not been caused by my wish to believe.'

Darlington was somewhat annoyed at a new element he thought he perceived in the discussion. His friend was not content with differing from him intellectually; he seemed to impugn his honesty and sincerity. His annoyance made him lose the thread of the discussion.

'It comes to this,' he said. 'You feel convinced, *ergo* you are right. What do you say if I reply, "I am convinced that certainty on these religious questions is impossible; that they are outside our ken altogether; *ergo* I am right, and it is so." I have just as much right as you to lay down the law. You make your own mind the measure of all truth.'

'You persist in misunderstanding me,' said Walton. 'I allow as much to you as I do to myself. If you feel really *sure* that religious certainty is unattainable, I think that a strong proof that your belief is not the result of a wish to think it so; and that is all that I say in my own case. You tried to make out that one's wishes, so far as they influenced conviction, did so unreasonably; and in self-defence I tried to show that anxiety for certainty that something is true, is an assistance in learning the true state of the case; and that it spurs one on to search for whatever proofs on the subject are attainable; and, far from making one's views of *existing* proofs sanguine, it has

the contrary effect. Lastly, I maintain that where belief is the result of prejudice, there is generally a feeling that it is not firm or deeply rooted. The mind is dimly conscious of its own want of candour, and of not having done justice to the question; although, of course, explicit self-examination on the subject would be contrary to the very nature of an uncandid mind.'

As Darlington made no reply, Walton pursued his own train of thought.

'I have always thought,' he said, 'that the shallowness of false and spurious convictions is excellently shown by Newman in quite a different connection in his *Essay on Assent*. He speaks of the confident opinions many people profess as to St. Paul's meaning in a particular text; and then he supposes that St. Paul suddenly appeared to answer for himself. How each speaker would modify and explain away what he had just been dogmatically asserting! Yet they had really persuaded themselves that their convictions were genuine, until there was a prospect of their being put to the test. When that prospect came, they were exposed to themselves and to others. As long as truth was not of the first moment to them, they tortured their minds into believing what prejudice or fancy dictated; or at best they proposed certainty on most inadequate grounds, and where there was in reality no certainty. Their search was in most cases not for truth, but for arguments to support their pet notions. They did not attempt to conform their minds honestly to the evidence before them, but viewed that evidence through the refracting medium of their own preconceived ideas, and gave all their real effort to the search for arguments in support of their view. Then suddenly, when truth became everything, and its discovery threatened to render impossible the satisfaction of believing and defending their own prejudices, the shallowness and unreality of their previous pretended convictions became unmistakable. It is the realising that truth is everything, and the mere repose of believing what is pleasant (if after all the belief is wrong) *nothing*, that makes a conviction worthy of the name, and ensures its being genuine, and surely, as far as it goes, this state of mind renders it more probable that your belief is *right*. It is not believing a thing that makes it true, but the thing being true is all that gives any value to belief. One should realise this. "If Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain." These words always strengthen my faith. They show that the Apostle's absolute belief and intense enthusiasm did not make him forget that they rested, not on themselves, but on objective facts for support, and that if these facts were mistaken all was in vain. His conviction must have had deep root to stand against this thought. He felt that he had staked everything on his belief, and so no one could be more desirous for real certainty of its truth than he. Yet he so clearly realised that it was not the present

satisfaction of believing, but the truth of what he believed that was important, that his desire and anxiety to be convinced was a guarantee of the depth of his conviction rather than a reason for suspecting it; and it seems to me that the case is the same with any earnest Christian who has a sense of realities. Of course he is anxious to convince himself; but he knows that a spurious conviction is worthless, and so his anxiety makes him all the more careful in the matter, lest he may be staking his all on an uncertainty.'

Walton was evidently full of his subject, but his whole tone was out of sympathy with the bent of Darlington's mind, and the latter began to find it hard to bear an active part in the conversation. His friend was so changed. He spoke with such earnestness—unpleasant earnestness. It seemed a sort of reproach to Darlington for being unable to rise to the same pitch. Then all his language about 'depth of conviction' and the 'necessity of being in earnest' was so new. Talking to him was a strong contrast to the religious discussions he remembered at Muriel years ago. They had been so delightful. Every one interested in the subject; no one unpleasantly excited or anxious: theory after theory mooted, discussed, and criticised; a real intellectual treat. Even to-night they had had a pleasant talk enough until Walton had absorbed the lion's share of the conversation. He introduced a tone of his own. It was like the change from fencing with foils to a duel with rapiers. He seemed to talk not for pleasure but like one who is defending something personal of great value, which he fears may be taken from him. At Muriel an objection used to be welcomed as fresh food for discussion; but with Walton it seemed to hurt and distress him. His answers were wanting in brightness. They were painfully elaborate and full. He seemed never content until he had pushed his arguments and views as far as possible, and answered objections to the very utmost that they admitted. In short his tone and manner had commenced to bore Darlington. Ashley was very quick to observe this, and he feared that the good effect of the conversation on Darlington might be undone if it was prolonged. As he saw that Walton was preparing to continue in the same strain, he said, 'I think it is getting too late for so exciting a discussion, and you will not sleep, Father Walton, if you go any deeper into metaphysics and psychology.' Walton looked up and saw in Darlington's face the true state of the case.

'I fear I have been too warm,' he said, 'but that is the natural consequence of the subject we have been discussing. Dr. Johnson says that the reason the early Greeks could argue so good-humouredly about religion was because they did not believe in it.'

The conversation passed to indifferent topics, and Darlington was thankful for the relief. Walton was obliged to go some ten minutes later, and his departure was the signal for the retirement of those who had not as yet gone to bed; and as Darlington was tired after his

journey, he was not sorry to follow suit and make his way to his room. Ashley saw his friend upstairs and wished him good-night, leaving him hardly in the humour to ask himself candidly how far his own views had been affected by what he had heard. The chief impression left on his mind by the conversation was that it had tired him at the end of a tiring day. But the seed was sown in his mind, and doubtless was destined one day to issue in fruit of some kind.

WILFRID WARD.

## *POLITICAL OPPORTUNISM.*

Aucun philosophe n'a influé seulement sur les mœurs de la rue où il demeurait. Pourquoi? Parce que les hommes se conduisent par la coutume, et non pas par la métaphysique. Un seul homme éloquent, habile et accrédité pourra beaucoup sur les hommes; cent philosophes n'y pourront rien, s'ils ne sont que philosophes.—VOLTAIRE, *Le Philosophe ignorant*.

WE see in the political writings and treatises of old writers, a persistent attempt to arrive at some general theory of government which shall become the watchword of all parties in the State. The sources of inspiration may have been either monarchical or democratic, yet the method is the same. Accept certain premisses, and from them all things which these writers believed good will flow.

Such was the method on which the two great parties in English politics depended for over one hundred years; the by-play of party tactics gives us no insight into their first principles. We must go to the origin of things to discover whence the forces emanate; we then discover two distinct creeds, each perfect in its inspiration and authority—each of them representing the two great divisions of the human mind; an inordinate veneration for that which is, and a restless striving for that which is to be.

We should be wrong were we to decry the system of government by party; on the contrary, we believe that the theory of a State united throughout all its parts for the elaboration of one final standard of social development is an impossibility. The national spirit of a people cannot always be kept at this state of high temperature, although the existence of external danger to the State, or of disintegrating influences at home, may produce that necessary requisite of social vitality, viz., united action on the part of a people; just as the animal organism in the exercise of its self-preserving energies, displays at times a concentration of vital power towards either a healing or developing effort. The even and healthy course of existence depends on an interchange of activity among the members and parts, each part at times enjoying increase at the expense of another which remains in abeyance. What we would wish to define in this article is the general tendency of modern political vitality as a whole, paying special regard to certain forms of activity which appear to be gradu-

ally becoming more important, whilst others, which are also necessary to the full enjoyment of healthy political existence, are becoming diseased and troubled by parasitic growths.

That old Whig section which in the origin of party government dimly recognised the necessity for political change, has been forced in many instances to go beyond the goal which it had erected as the limiting point of its own energies. It has changed its character, more often, and more completely, than the Tory section have theirs.

The special reform which each generation in turn has seen accomplished finds the old Whig party at its close degenerating into a state of timid agnosticism with regard to the reforms which loom in the future. The fear of a democracy on the one hand, and on the other an inveterate jealousy of its social congeners, the Tories, have often been the political skeleton which the hereditary Whig preserves in his ancestral cupboards. At no period in the history of the Whig party has this phenomenon been more apparent than of late. Various crucial questions have cropped up which affect their order, and the landed influence of their great family leaders; they have also before them the prospect of having not only to consent to, but also to take part in, the execution of extensive reforms, which must more or less affect the conditions of their social existence. There is arising, therefore, among this class a feeling of bewilderment at not knowing on what rock of the British constitution they should plant their flag, and rally round them the loyal remnant of what once constituted the most advanced political party in the country.

Whilst the Crown still possessed considerable power over the formation and dismissal of ministries, the Whig party had behind them an invaluable break against the possible effect of their own theories. They were protected also so long as the position of the Prime Minister had not yet arrived at its present development. Again, so long as they could assure themselves that the leader of the Liberal party would be one of their own order, they could feel confident that he would be actuated by the tender feelings of a Palmerston or a Russell for their social privileges, and with a due spirit of veneration for the attributes of royalty. But times have changed; the future succession to the leadership of the Liberal party may, and we hope will, fall to the hands of men of the school of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington. Their guidance of the Liberal party would undoubtedly be a guarantee to the more timid Liberals that their interests would not be submerged beneath the tide of a rising democracy. On the other hand, such a leader might find himself exposed to influences within the ranks of his necessarily heterogeneous body of followers, which would force him to take some momentous decision in his conduct of reform, such as would operate as great a schism in the party, as the conduct of Sir R. Peel regarding the Corn Laws and Free Trade did among the

ranks of the Tories of the last generation. The taunt of Lord Salisbury as to the suppressed influence of Lord Hartington in the present Cabinet is, perhaps, but a foreshadowing of the struggle which may sooner or later declare itself among the followers of the Liberal party. The fact is, that the old Whig politician was not so sincerely Liberal in his convictions as he was hostile to the preponderating influence of the Crown. His true object was to acquire for his own party the chief share of political power, and to govern the country through the intermediate influence of the shopkeepers and the middle class. For this reason he was forced to construct tenets of a popular character on all leading political questions. The old Whig party would, however, have been the first to exclaim in abhorrence had many of their dogmas been forced to their logical conclusions.

In their way the Tory party have been more logically consistent than the Whigs, and the old Shibboleth of Church and State which represented the party cry of their followers in the last century requires little modification to adapt it exactly to the teaching of the Beaconsfieldian school of politicians. One element alone is perhaps absent, or any way greatly diminished, viz. an enthusiastic belief in the truth of their own tenets.

In politics, unlike an exact science, there are no necessary axioms to start with. A straight line does not lie evenly between two points—at least, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury would not teach that it did. Two and two may make either four or five, according as you argue the matter. In science a general theory is only a motive to the experimenter to test its exactness. He does not act as the politician does, namely, to rig his experiment so as to fit in with his general theory. Were it so, natural science would still be in the stage of alchemy and epicycles. Politics is however so essentially a popular science, that it has to be conducted on principles which will suit it to the appreciation and comprehension of the most vulgar and illiterate, as well as often the most selfish and narrow-minded. An immense field for quackery therefore opens itself out before the enterprising statesman. There is no theory so barefaced that it may not at times be used with a certain measure of success. The Tory party have especially signalised themselves of late years by adopting this method. Like the Egyptian priests of old, they have had a private religion for themselves of a very free-thinking character, while they have preached to the people the closest orthodoxy. They have alternately played on the scruples and prejudices of each separate class of the community. One day it is the warlike instinct of the people that they fan; another the farmer is warned against admitting the labourer to equal political rights with himself; a third the uninstructed artisan has the red-herring of Protection and Fair Trade dangled before him. The Bible and Beer was the old form under which this party carried on their system of political corruption,



while to-day they preach dismal sermons to all owners of property to beware of the communistic policy of a Radical party.<sup>1</sup> We have no reason for vilifying the Tory party for following these tactics; their object is a natural one—self-preservation. If they have, not a little, lowered the standard of their teaching, the fault if any lies with those persons who, having the opportunity of being instructed, choose rather to be captivated by their tortuous logic. There is a miserable degraded tone of sophism which clings to the teaching of this party. Its inspiring genius is a mixture of fear lest the lower classes should eventually subvert the order which an aristocratic form of government represents, and conviction that such a subversion would likewise involve immense disasters to the country. The first of these motives of action is derived from a purely self-regarding stimulus, and by so much debases the whole groundwork of their political teaching. It offers, also, one of the leading inducements to certain of their followers to practise a system of charlatanism in politics, such as we see a remarkable development of among the latter-day forms of Tory politicians. The second motive is of itself not an unworthy one. It is, moreover, the motive upon which every Conservative party in turn must depend to give force to its principles. The human race is at once endowed with the capacity and desire for ever bettering its own condition and adapting its institutions to its ever-altering requirements. On the other hand, there is an element of self-destructiveness inherent in humanity. No phenomenon is more remarkable than the perpetual efforts of human societies to rise higher in the scale of civilisation, accompanied by desperate thrusts in the direction of self-annihilation.

The gradual spread of sounder general ideas among the democracy is certainly however developing a spirit of self-independence among them, which, while in no way necessarily Radical in its character, estranges them day by day more fully from aristocratic conceptions of government. This we believe to be a necessary order or development. Before this influence those Conservative associations of working men must crumble, as at present constituted, before they can have a solid existence in the future. What property has the working man of to-day to conserve? What is he called

<sup>1</sup> The following from Lord Carnarvon's speech at Portsmouth is a specimen of the use of big words with small meaning:—'Depend upon this, whenever free speech ceases in the House of Commons, they may call that body by any name they please, but freedom will have gone forth from her ancient and venerable shrine. It is said that we won our liberties years ago, and so it was our forefathers won their freedom; but the fight to-day is with a very insidious foe indeed, who, using the sacred name of liberty, seeks to destroy all that liberty holds most dear. These are the men who in their heart of hearts hate liberty with an implacable hatred. These are the men who in the true Jacobin spirit seek to level down, instead of in the English spirit seeking to level up. These are the men who in the field of culture, in everything which adorns, raises, and beautifies human life, would make a solitude and then call it peace.'

upon by his Tory teachers to venerate? Why, a system which in its essence is intended to minimise his influence in this country, to hand over that influence and power to others, to preserve the quasi-feudal form of our county government, to maintain a gigantic system of political disfranchisement of his equals in counties, to enable the Crown and an irresponsible minister to make wars and treaties without the consent or sanction of Parliament, and lastly to maintain a system of land laws which indirectly debars the cultivator or labourer from ever being able to become a freeholder of his house or holding. How too is this order of things insidiously concealed from the appreciation of the electorate. To-day the elector is too often indifferent to the real meaning of things. Politics is either a profitable speculation to him, or an amusing show. A travelling menagerie affords about the same gratification in a rural district as the London lions of political parties who occasionally visit his town or county. Each different lion roars at the electors after his own manner, until he either fascinates his audience by his individual gambols, or he produces a poor sort of impression compared with the last exhibiton which took place at some heyday election time, when there was a great deal of extra civility ('if nothing else more solid') going about, and a large amount of talk of what would be done for that little corner of the globe if a certain manager of a menagerie of animals was duly and properly supported.

It is moreover not only the proverbial Hodge who is amenable to this system of political management; outside a generally small clique of ardent and sincere politicians in a constituency, the great mass either do not care, or they care so little that they think more of personal considerations than of the teaching of rival candidates. There is also a vast quantity of people who feel considerable intellectual difficulty in discriminating between the varied jargon of political factions, and so soon as, like the memorable dove, they are able to alight on the smallest branch above the flood of incoherent controversy which surrounds them, they cling with the tenacity of despair to the twig which has been assiduously limed for them by various scheming party rhetoricians.<sup>2</sup>

Observe the present tactical methods of the Tory party. First we have the 'pious views,' which Sir S. Northcote condoned regarding Fair

<sup>2</sup> The *Times* of November 22 says:—'It is no disparagement of the present electorate to say that they demand a different sort of political sustenance to that which satisfied the old constituencies. They are less instructed in politics, they are less acquainted with the facts of political history, they are unskilled in making allowances and administering qualifications; they delight in broad effect and bold conclusions. Those who have to enlist their support must give them the entertainment they look for. The most accomplished advocate who has been only accustomed to argue before the judge finds himself in a new and strange field if he is called upon to drive conviction home to the mind of a common jury. He has to learn that every point has to be pressed with untiring reiteration, and that refinement of argument and a nice scrupulosity are equally thrown away.'

Trade. Next we have a select series of fulminants of a sectarian character, to be applied against the Liberal party in the Bradlaugh difficulty. The invaluable stalking-horse of obstruction affords the Tory leaders the opportunity of performing hidden gambols through the instrumentality of their more irresponsible followers. The unholy alliance of the Tory party with the Land Leaguers is instanced by Lord Salisbury's speeches and Mr. O'Donnell's letters; these are things which when taken together are tangible indications to intelligent persons outside the ordinary electorate of the value and sincerity of Tory strategy.

Such persons as are believers in the merits of Conservative statesmanship must often feel heartily ashamed of the tactics of their leaders. The Tory party are very jubilant over the twelve seats they have gained since the general election, and they are so far right that if they can successfully hoodwink the present, only partially educated, electorate, they might no doubt stave off for a time a certain class of reforms which are peculiarly hateful to them, viz., those dealing with the forms and procedure of Parliament, those dealing with purity and cost of elections, and lastly and not least, those dealing with the tenure and devolution of landed property. If they could but succeed in this, they believe they might yet succeed to another brilliant term of office. Unhappily for them, though happily for the country, their cup of hope is likely to be dashed from their lips. The only thing which could assist their purpose would be some singularly rash conduct on the part of the ultra-Radicals. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone could alone bring this about. The position which the Prime Minister occupies in the country is a peculiar one, apart from the transcending genius and power of oratory which he possesses. He it is who supplies the missing link between those two heterogeneous elements of Radicalism and Whiggery. So long as he remains they will act together; when he goes the Radicals might be tempted to try and throw the Whigs overboard. Our object in drawing this forecast is to preach a lesson for the future. The old hereditary Whig is, as we have said, owing to his antecedents, to his social and landed qualifications, in all but the 'accident' as purely a Tory as the staunchest supporter of Lord Salisbury. We may, no doubt, stave off awhile the demands for reform by intercalating a period of Tory misrule; we may defer the solution of pressing problems by employing Lord Salisbury and his party to tinker with them; but like a financial liability mounting up at compound interest, when the day of payment arrives the total sum will be the heavier. Buying on the account and perpetually carrying over will prove a very costly operation to those who have been the investors. The long-deferred reform in Ireland, and the conduct of the House of Lords with regard to this question for over eighty years, is a pretty good example of the consequences of this line of policy. The more timid members of the

Liberal party would do well to bear this fact in mind. We are warned by the secession of the Duke of Argyll and others from the liberal policy of Mr. Gladstone what to expect when his influence is no longer exerted on the body of his followers. Secession will not unlikely become the order of the day. We are told by certain political seers that a coalition party formed by the Tories and old Whigs is to be the dominant party of the future. Nothing, however, could be more miserable than the fate of such Whig perverts. Renegades from their own party, distrusted by their political associates, they would occupy an impossible position in such an administration.

The Radicals, on the other hand, believe that they will be able, at no distant day, to exercise a predominant influence in the Liberal Government of the future. They express themselves dissatisfied at the minor position they have heretofore occupied in the ranks of the Liberal party. Time after time they say they have assisted the Whigs to office, and each time they have seen the special measures of reform which they advocate put off or ignored; the time, they say, is at hand when, if the Whigs are unwilling to accept their programme, they prefer to remain out in opposition until such time as they are strong enough to carry all before them. It might be said to such a threat as this that the country will never be thoroughly Radical or willing to accept the Birmingham school of politics with its Caucuses and Liberal Five Hundreds; that this country requires even from a Liberal party certain guarantees of social and propertied qualifications before it is willing to confide its affairs to a class of advanced politicians; this guarantee the more moderate Liberals of the old Whig school can alone offer; and that therefore the country will never accept a government which represents solely the power of the democracy. This contention would, we believe, be undoubtedly true under normal circumstances, especially so long as the electorate is open to be bribed, and real political issues can be adroitly turned by the employment of political management and 'chicane.' But will this state of things always remain the case? Although the autocratic power which it pleases the Tories to ascribe to the present Prime Minister has no existence in fact, so long as he represents the majority of the voting power of the electorate, it cannot be denied that the position of the First Minister of the Crown in England is daily becoming a more and more important one.<sup>3</sup> A return to the system of triennial parliaments may not unlikely be one of the questions which

<sup>3</sup> In Bolingbroke's *Essay on Parties*, vol. i. p. 437, we find the following eloquent passage:—'An arbitrary government is suited to any character; a free government requires a great or at least a good one. In the former, all kinds and degrees of power are in the prince or flow from him; in the latter his powers are limited and confined. When he wants to increase and extend them he must derive the faculty of doing so from his people, and from hence it follows that as long as such a constitution remains entire and uncorrupted the prosperity, the ease, and even the security of government will depend on the disposition of the people towards the prince, as

will early occupy the attention of the people, especially on the advent of another Conservative ministry of the Salisbury school. Parliamentary majorities, when led by a powerful minister, are daily beginning to feel the irksomeness of the curb to their action which an antiquated state of procedure produces, a procedure which was elaborated in times when a popular assembly had to guard itself and its Liberal minority against the prerogative of an autocratic and unelected sovereign, whose title to overrule the wishes of the people was derived from no other sanction but that of divine, hereditary right.

We have suggested these ideas for the purpose of deriving from them the important deduction that the future policy and creed of the Liberal party as a whole should be one of what, for want of a better term, we have called 'Opportunism.' We should renounce the traditional policy of the old Whig school, and create a new spirit among the younger members of the moderate Liberal party. What that new spirit should be might manifest itself by a determined effort to remodel and reconstitute the character of the Upper Chamber, to purify and cheapen the cost of election, to extend the system of county government on the broadest possible basis, and lastly, and most important of all, to encourage by every just legislative effort the greater division of landed property among the people. To this end the electorate should be educated. No effort should be spared to instil just views on political matters into the minds of the still partially educated, yet ever extending, body of voters. The dangers which exist from the present demoralised and ignorant conditions of a large portion of the voting power of this country are considerable. Herein lies an important aim for the Liberal politician of the day to set before himself.

It cannot be denied that the object of all reformers is not the same. The Liberal party must in the nature of things consist of heterogeneous elements. All sections may be in favour of reform, yet where the opportunist is willing to aid in carrying a measure for the purpose of remodelling and readapting some worn-out portion of the old political machine, there is another more Radical section whose object is to make the reform of so sweeping a character that every other portion of the machinery must be changed also in order to suit it. We do not believe it possible, in a country which has for so many centuries possessed free institutions, that the people will ever give their undivided confidence to a revolutionary class of politicians. The Englishman is not so dissatisfied with his national history that he is prepared to see the continuity of its development destroyed, the balance of his social interests submerged, or the work

the disposition of the people will always depend on the behaviour of the prince towards the people.'

A more close and complete definition of the position of the Prime Minister of the day in England could hardly be drawn than this.

of future generations prematurely dealt with. There are many things which a philosophic Liberal consents to endure, and institutions which he is willing should proceed slowly towards their natural decay, although their conditions may be in many ways anomalous, because he does not see his way to effecting a beneficial change, any way in his own lifetime.

There are questions, however, which, from the point of view of political opportunism, we should direct greater attention to than they usually receive, namely, the population question, and the paramount necessity of a more extended and enlightened system of education of the people in view of the extended and extending political franchise.

Probably one of the least-considered, though at the same time one of the most vitally important, problems of the future in England is the question of population. Matters affecting trade and the laws regarding property are only correlate questions, which vary in their importance together with this other factor. England has practically doubled her population since the beginning of this century, besides having kept up an immense flow of emigration to other countries. Even in the last ten years the population has increased three millions. Every temporary increase in prosperity caused by trade or abundant harvest can be traced by noting the fluctuation of the birth and marriage rate among the population. Nothing synchronises more completely in an inverse ratio than the price of bread and the birth-rate among the people. That such a fact should be true is an immense indication, if any were wanted, of the improvident character of the English working class. No sooner does a small increment of wages accrue to the people during prosperous times than it is at once absorbed by increased cost of living through early marriage among the more improvident; but the increase of population so caused again reacts on the condition of the labourer by creating more competition in the labour market, and therefore a lower rate of wage. The cost of production is no doubt kept down, but the profits derived from trade are absorbed by the manufacturers in the higher interest obtained on capital in consequence of the lower rate paid to labour. Capital thus rolls up with capital, and becomes more and more concentrated in the hands of the few, while the great mass of the people are only semi-maintained at what we may call a food-level. Where great competition for labour exists it can be readily shown that the ordinary scale of wages for unskilled labour will be exactly the amount which is required to clothe and feed the labourer, and no more.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> In Table III. of a pamphlet advocating Fair Trade by Mr. Alfred Morris, called *England's Progress in Prosperity examined by the Light of National Statistics*, this eminent financier boldly calculates that in the distribution of national income among the people '14,375,537 persons divide between them 163,071,950*l.*, being at the rate of 11*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* per head, and only 22*s.* 6*d.* more than the average cost of relieving a

We thus see that in an over-populated country like England, which is perpetually relieving its state of congestion by emigration, the wage-level will in general never be high enough to permit the working classes to save to any considerable extent, especially when, on the first symptom of a prospect of bettering his condition, a young man considers himself justified in burdening himself with a wife and family. That we owe an immense part of our colonial influence and wealth to this improvident system of reproduction of the species no one can deny, and therefore the habit, though economically bad, has incidentally in the past been of political advantage.

No doubt, if we could count upon our trade prosperity continuing to advance by the proverbial bounds and leaps which it has done in England since the period when we established free trade, all might go well for an indefinite period. There is no absolute reason why this coal and iron rock of an island, placed in a somewhat inconvenient corner of the Atlantic Ocean, should not remain the chief seat of the world's manufacturing industries so long as its people are better able to fit themselves technically in the struggle of the world's industry, and so long as other countries, notably America, are prepared to send food at a cheap rate to this workshop of the world. Can we, however, always retain this position of superiority? We have heard a great deal of late from certain persons who point out the danger to the safety of a country which is not, as they term it, *self-contained*; which does not, in fact, to a great extent, produce from its own soil the greater part of the food it requires for the sustenance of its people. Mr. Caird showed, in his speech this winter before the Statistical Society, that, to grow the 40,000,000*l.* sterling worth of corn which we import, 5,000,000 additional acres of land would be required; for the 12,000,000*l.* of butter imported 2,000,000 acres; the barley and oats, worth 9,300,000*l.*, 1,500,000 acres; the 15,000,000*l.* worth of live cattle, cheese, &c., 3,000,000 acres—making a total of 11,500,000 acres more which we should require to feed our excess of population, exclusive of labourers required for cultivating this new area. Even if we possessed this area to-morrow, thrown up one fine morning from the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, our position would not be improved unless we begin to cut the garment of our population to the cloth of land which we possess. Without wishing to drift into the thorny discussion of the Fair or Free Trader, we may, without fear of contradiction, assert that England's advancing tide of trade prosperity, which has been accompanied by an equally rapid growth of the population, must sooner or later reach its flood, to be succeeded by a period of retrogression

pauper in the year in question, not the cost of keeping the permanent inmate of a workhouse, which, varying in different unions, is never less than one-and-a-half times the average cost of relieving the general pauper population.'

until we arrive at some point of stable equilibrium. It will be at this point in our national history that the population question will become a burning political problem for the country.

There are many reasons which lead us to believe that the culminating point of England's mercantile prosperity is not yet fully reached, though it cannot be immeasurably far distant. What will be the political consequences which we may expect when this conjunction of events occurs, viz., a diminished foreign trade and a redundant population?

In former centuries England was little more of a manufacturing nation than France. She was largely agricultural. Vast tracts of country were still unenclosed; the whole of the now fertile plains of Southern Scotland were nothing but rough sheep runs. Seven million acres have been added by enclosures to her agricultural area during the last 100 years. There was no stress of competition in those times, no danger of rack-rent being levied on the cultivator. Bread may have been occasionally dear, but population was relatively smaller, the people could stand the scourge of hard times and not succumb. Consider, however, the past decade. Where should we have been with our 35,000,000 inhabitants depending for one-third of our necessary food supplies from foreign countries, unless by a peculiarly fortunate coincidence during this period of unqualified dearth, relieved by only two average years of productiveness, we had not been able to draw upon America for cheap food? That food must be paid for, however, cheap though it be, and the famine with which we were threatened regarding food did not, fortunately affect our manufactures. We still found customers in the world's markets ready to buy from us. We sold largely, and bought corn, besides foreign securities, &c., with our surplus.

Let us now suppose that our trade had failed to find a market in the same way as our fields had failed to receive the sun. The great overworked, underfed, barely existing, and improvidently self-producing fourteen millions of operatives Mr. D. Morris refers to would be starving, and in all probability animated by a most dangerous spirit of sedition. Those selfsame uneducated and careless voters, who witness the doings of their parliamentary representatives with the indifference which we have said they would have shown for a travelling menagerie, would be among the most rampant of the disturbers of social order. It is here that the question of the laws affecting property would become a vital question. You cannot effectually dragoon a people who have the power of sending as their representatives to Parliament members pledged to carry out organic reforms of the country's laws. You could not under these circumstances protect the interests of a land-owning minority and a body of manufacturing capitalists against the revolutionary measures which the electorate might insist upon at such a period of failing prosperity in trade.



Those many anomalies which are tacitly accepted and hardly even cared for in a period of general prosperity would be ruthlessly dealt with by a thoroughly democratic Parliament. A considerable depression was lately and is still holding in its grip one of the chief industries of the nation. Fortunately for the privileged classes the chief consequences of the depression are borne by the land-owners themselves in the shape of reduced rents and diminished incomes. The trader's turn might come next, and it is to be doubted if he will be equally ready to accept reductions of his profits or loss of his capital, from the simple fact that his capital is of a more movable character than the landowner's, and it does not of itself possess the advantage of conferring social and political importance. The extraordinary and almost complete concentration of land and capital in the hands of large capitalists in this country will prove a grave source of peril to our institutions the day we are brought face to face with a starving electorate of labourers and operatives. What use will it be in those days for Tory candidates to continue their bleatings about Fair Trade, the indefeasible rights of property, and the dignity of the Empire abroad? They would be howled down, and hooted from every political platform in the country. The various supporters whom they had formerly captivated by their specious theories would be the first to assist in their political execution. On which side would be found the Jingo politicians of the London music halls and taverns when they found themselves out of employment and their families starving? and how would the Tory exclusionist of London villadom in the suburbs register his vote when he found the poor rates and income tax mounting up against him?

Emigration cannot be forced upon a people wholesale, as we have seen in Ireland, for the simple benefit of a class; the house at home will be gutted before one man will consent to leave it against his own will and free inclination. What, then, is to be the cure? Where is the dyke to be erected against the possible inroad of a revolutionary sea? Opportunism should be our guide. The gradual diffusion of landed and other property among the masses by discouraging the system of entails and life interest—the encouragement of thrift, and of self-respect and independence among the people, the gradual education of the labouring classes in political knowledge, the creation of a decentralised system of government, and especially the inculcation of providence in marriage—these are the main methods on which a Liberal party should rely to prepare for eventualities, which, as we have said, no prudent or farseeing statesmen should ignore.

The Church, if it is to exist as an institution, would do well to take an active part in the scheme of general liberal education of the people. It is quite as much interested as the politician in the problems of the future. Its own existence is not assured to it

by a lease in perpetuity. Its nine millions a year of revenue is not intended solely to enable it to maintain a genteel class of teachers of one particular view of the dogmas of Christianity. The example of family improvidence, which many of its members are not ashamed to be guilty of, is not one whit less mournful as an example to the poorer classes than the irresponsible rubbish which the politician often thinks fit to discharge himself of for the benefit of the free and independent electors. Some persons would seem to think that, because within the last few years an embryonic system of primary education, founded on a more or less religious basis, has been provided for the people, we are at liberty to rest and be thankful that the country possesses the necessary machinery for civilising the labouring classes. Education, however, is unworthy of its name if it is simply to stop short at a system of pedantic book-teaching, flavoured with an admixture of mild, undenominational, religious teaching. The narrow-minded education of the school of Jesuits, with its solid backbone of fanaticism, would be better than such colloidal stuff as the present board schools sometimes offer under the name of national education. What this sort of half-hearted state of education is likely to produce we can judge of by the opinion of one of the boldest and ablest speakers of naked truths that natural science has produced, either in England or abroad. Professor Huxley in one of his Lay Sermons 'On Liberal Education' says:—

A workman has to bear hard labour, and perhaps privation, while he sees others rolling in wealth and feeding their dogs with what would keep his children from starving. Would it not be well to have helped that man to calm the natural promptings of discontent, by shewing him in his youth the necessary connection of the moral law which prohibits stealing with the stability of society,—by showing to him, once for all, that it is better for his own people, better for himself, better for future generations, that he should starve than steal? If you have no foundation of knowledge and habit of thought to work upon, what chance have you of persuading the hungry man that a capitalist is not a thief, 'with a circum-bendibus'?—and if he honestly believes that, of what avail is it to quote the commandment against stealing when he proposes to make the capitalist disgorge?

It should not be forgotten, whatever the self-complacent politician may say, that the institutions of this country will sooner or later have to descend a steep and lengthy gradient before they have arrived on a level with the ideas which prevail in most other democratically-governed countries in the world. Day by day the government of the people by themselves is growing into a living reality. No period in our history offers a more valuable study to the sincere Liberal than the present. So many questions of first importance have been successfully staved off, or scotched by the obstructive tactics of succeeding generations of the Tory party, whether in office or out of office, that we have before us a long standing list of dangerous arrears. There are signs, we have said, that certain of our so-called Whig leaders are not enthusiastically anxious to deal with these problems.

The matter of representation of the people, and the redistribution of electoral centres, is one vast question which has endless bearings on the future. We have advanced the franchise in our urban districts at a far greater rate of progress than we have their educational condition. The whole tone of electoral morality is at a singularly low ebb in this country. The anomalous position of the agricultural labourer, with regard to the franchise, is an absolute anachronism. He, too, must have the privilege of the franchise conceded to him. How great, then, is the need of extending his political and social education! The reforms such as must be made not only in our land-laws regarding the tenure of the land, but the still wider question of the devolution of property, and the restrictions which shall be allowed in the form of settlements regarding it, is a subject which we cannot expect to see satisfactorily concluded during the life-time of a single generation.

The eminent and venerable statesman who still presides over the destinies of this country will not, as he tells us, be for ever with us. He will not be able to see any more than ourselves the eventual form which these many measures of crucial change in our social institutions will take. He represents to us the one existing link between the two diverging elements of the Liberal party. By birth, by antecedents, by property, by inclination—a Whig; he is, on the other hand, by his intellect, by his sympathies with the people, by his distrust of political caste, a Radical. Trusted by all parties among the Liberal ranks, he is naturally an object of fear and detestation to his political opponents. Yet it may come to pass, should the Liberal party fail to realise their function, that he will be the last minister of the Liberal party endowed with an affectionate veneration for existing institutions. The House of Lords has gravely to fear the conduct of a minister who should feel himself independent of the feelings of the Upper House. Reform, we have said, in the constitution of that Upper House, is a subject which moderate Liberals of the Opportunist school should gravely ponder, if we are to preserve the character which an English Upper Chamber is fitted to occupy in our national history. We shall receive no assistance in this respect from the Tory party. They will never, so long as they exist, dissipate from their minds the impenetrable gloom of prejudice and suspicion through which they contemplate any change of the existing order. If they and the institutions which they blindly venerate are to be preserved, it must be through the intermediary agency of others than themselves. Their proper sphere of action, however, exists, and the order of mind which they represent is a tangible quantity in the psychological division of the human race. Their function, however, should invariably be one of *opposition*, never of government. In the former character their action may at times be of use to the State, in the latter they only develop disturbance.

If it be allowable to conclude with a symbolical figure derived from the methods of science, we would say that the state of civilisation of every age would seem, as it were, to be similar to the meeting point on a curve of two infinite expressions. This curve which illustrates the rate and mode of development of human progress is unknown to us, save in a very small limit of its arc. The history of the past reveals to us but a few steps of backward integration, while the differentiation of the present tells us but the next few steps of the immediate future. We are acquainted with no known function which shall enable us to express at any given moment the exact form which this curve shall necessarily take, neither do we distress ourselves that we are unable to do so. It is sufficient for our purpose that we should be able to trace the curve in the immediate vicinity of our own epoch. The small portion of this biological arc which concerns ourselves is infinitesimal when compared with the whole. Yet so far as we are concerned, this infinitesimal portion is of the highest interest to us personally. Within this small fragment lie the interests of our own age, of our own lives and those of our children. What, then, shall be the form which our political expressions should take? Shall they be of the order of which our Conservative friends approve? Shall they provide for the simple continuation of the human race in a straight line? Shall they allow for points of stagnation and retrogression, or shall they represent, as we have said, a curve in which the race is ever rising higher and higher towards some unknown goal?

The conflict of political parties would seem to suggest the idea that the human race resembles some great planet perpetually revolving round some distant centre. One force is always acting to induce the body to move forward on a tangent to its true orbit, while another, a centripetal force, is always acting so as to change its direction. The resultant of these two conflicting forces traces out the curve we speak of, viz., the actual path which the orbit of civilisation follows, while the two forces of Radical and Conservative action are the two determining factors in the phenomena. 'Tis said that history repeats itself; in our language we should say it completes a cycle. It has its counterpart in a body revolving eternally, with varying velocity and affected by varying perturbations, around some unknown centre, the eternal and primeval source of all energy.

BLANDFORD.

## THE BABYLONIAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.<sup>1</sup>

PRIOR to 1872 all that was known of the Babylonian legend of the Deluge was derived from certain quotations from the work of Alexander Polyhistor found in the writings of Eusebius (ob. A.D. 340) and of Syncellus (ob. A.D. 806). Alexander Polyhistor was a contemporary of Sulla, and was taken prisoner by the Romans during Sulla's campaign in Greece (B.C. 86) and sold as a slave. In his writings Polyhistor gave sundry extracts from Berossus, the Chaldean historian, and one of these contained a brief account of the legend of the Deluge.

The similarity in several particulars of the account given by Berossus when compared with that contained in the Book of Genesis is so striking that many scholars were inclined for a long time to maintain that the Chaldean story of the Deluge was probably derived from Jewish sources at the time when the Jews were carried away captives to Babylon. But recent discoveries have completely upset all such theories.

In the autumn of 1872 Dr. George Smith, Assistant in the British Museum (alas! too soon cut off by an early death), had the good fortune to discover an Assyrian tablet of clay belonging to the Library of the Palace of Sardanapalus containing the cuneiform account of the Deluge. This tablet gave clear indications of having been originally divided into three columns. On the third column Dr. Smith read the words 'on the mountain of Nizir the ship stood still. Then I took out a dove and let her fly. The dove flew here and there, but there was there no resting-place; she returned back again to the ship.' He recognised at once that here he had lighted upon a fragment of the cuneiform account of the Deluge. With unwearied patience he set himself to search for further pieces through the thousand fragments of Assyrian earthen tablets treasured up in

<sup>1</sup> *Der keilinschriftliche Sintfluthbericht, eine Episode des babylonischen Nimrodepos.* Habitations-Vorlesung gehalten an der Universität Göttingen am 18. Dec. 1880, von Dr. Paul Haupt. Mit dem autographirten Keilschrifttext des babylonisch. Sintfluth-fragmentes. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs, 1881.

*Der keilinschriftliche Sintfluthbericht.* Excurs von Paul Haupt in E. Schrader's Keilschriften und das Alte Testament. 2 Aufl. Giessen: J. Ricker, 1882.

the British Museum, and was successful in finding fragments of two other copies of the Deluge tablets which enlarged the text in the way most required, with several important variations.

One of these duplicates, which was pieced together from sixteen small fragments, contained the usual inscription, 'property of Sardapal, the king of nations, king of the land of Assyria,' with a note intimating that the account of the Deluge was the eleventh of a series of tablets of which many fragments were discovered in the British Museum. After enormous trouble Dr. Smith succeeded in piecing a number of these fragments together, and ascertained that the account of the Flood which they contained formed only a portion of a great epic poem in twelve long cantos of about 3,000 lines which recounted the exploits of an ancient king of Erech.

The name of the hero celebrated in this earliest epic poem is contained in the ideogram the phonetic value of which is Izdubar, which, however, in that form must not be regarded as the real name of the hero. But, whatever be the exact name which lies concealed under this form, it is certain that Izdubar is identical with Nimrod spoken of in Gen. x. 8-12.

Professor Haupt states that the fragments of the Nimrod epic as far as yet discovered begin with a description of the sufferings which the city of Erech, the former capital of South Babylonia, had to endure under the tyranny of Elamitic conquerors. Erech had once been ruled by Dumuzi, or Tammuz, the Adonis of Babylon, whose sad fate was yearly lamented by women, as alluded to in Ezek. viii. 14. After the death of Tammuz, his wife Ishtar or Astarte, the Babylonian Venus, assumed the government of Erech. She was, however, unable to withstand the invaders, or, as it is termed in the cuneiform tablet, 'to lift up her head before the foes.' In this emergency Nimrod appeared on the scene already known far and wide as a mighty hunter (Gen. x. 9). He came from the Babylonian city of Marad; his ancestor was Shammashnapishtim (*the Sun of life*) who had the surname Adra-hāsis or Hāsis-adra, 'the wise and god-fearing one' (comp. the appellation of Noah, 'a just man and perfect,' Gen. vi. 9), the Xisuthros of the story of Berosus. In Erech Nimrod dreamed a wonderful dream. The stars of heaven seemed to fall upon the earth and to strike his back; a terrible being stood before him with claws like those of a lion.

Nimrod was greatly troubled at this dream. He consulted all the wise men and seers as to its meaning, and promised them rich rewards. No one of them could interpret the dream. At last he heard of one seer highly famed for his 'wisdom in all things, his knowledge of all that was visible and that was concealed,' who, however, lived far from men in a cave in a solitary wilderness among the beasts of the forest. 'He ate his food with the gazelles at night, he was a companion by day of the beasts of the field, his heart diverted

itself with the worms of the water.' The name of this wonderful personage, who is depicted in the representations on the Babylonian seal-cylinders as having horns on his head, and with the feet and tail of an ox, is *Ēabāni* (George Smith writes the name *Heabani*), which signifies '*Ēa*,' the god of the water-deeps and of unsearchable wisdom, '*is my begetter*.' Shamash, the sun-god, the protector of Nimrod, first tried to induce *Ēabāni* to go to Erech, and to interpret the dream to Nimrod. Then *Sā'idu*, 'the hunter,' went to him, but in vain. At last Nimrod ordered *Sā'idu* to bring out with him the two women, *Shamhatu* and *Harimtu*, in order that they might induce *Ēabāni* to go. *Shamhatu* first went to him, and afterwards *Harimtu*, 'and before their speech,' as it is said in the fourth column of the third tablet, 'the wisdom of his heart fled and vanished away.' He consented accordingly to go to Nimrod, but determined to bring with him a powerful *mandinu*, a lion of the desert, or possibly a tiger, in order to test the strength of the much-praised hero. Great feasts were appointed in order to celebrate the arrival of the wise seer. Nimrod conquered the lion, whereupon *Ēabāni* entered into friendship with him, and from thenceforward was his inseparable companion.

The tablets which relate what followed are unfortunately much damaged. As far as can be made out from the fragments of the story which have yet been discovered, Nimrod and *Ēabāni* appear to have entered into an alliance to slay *Humbaba*, the tyrant of Elam. They were successful in this attempt, and they freed Babylon from the yoke of the foreign usurper. Thus closes the fifth canto of the epic.

The sixth tablet, which is found in the collection in the British Museum, London, is, with the exception of the eleventh tablet containing the episode of the Deluge, the only one of which the original text has as yet been published in the London volumes of inscriptions. Professor Haupt, whose interesting lecture before the University of Göttingen forms the basis of this article, gives the following description of this tablet:—

After that Nimrod had slain the tyrant *Humbaba* and had placed the crown of Erech upon his own head, he stood at the pinnacle of power, and the goddess *Ishtar* sought to win his love.

To gain over the favour of Nimrod the majesty of *Ishtar* lifted up her eyes. Nimrod, said she, be my spouse! Thou shalt be my husband and I thy wife. I will let thee drive in a chariot of gold and gems; the kings, the princes, and the lords shall be obedient to thee, and kiss thy feet.

Nimrod, however, rejected her hand. Thou wert in love with *Tammuz*, said he, for whom they mourn year by year. Thou wert in love with the Eagle; still, however, thou brakest his pinions. Now he sits in the wood, and cries, 'O my pinions!' Thou wert in love also with the Lion, who is full of power; thou lovedst the Horse, valiant in battle, also with *Tabula*, the shepherd, and *Ishullānan*, the

gardener of thy father, but thou didst reward them all badly. Now thou art in love with me, yet will it fare with me no better than with them.

When Ishtar perceived this, Ishtar was angry, and went up to heaven, and Ishtar stood before the face of Anu her father, and before the face of Anatu her mother, and said, My father, Nimrod hath insulted me.

Thus closes the second column.

In the following column the enraged goddess is described as begging her father to create a god-like bull, and to send it against Erech. Anu did as she wished, but the monster was conquered by Nimrod and Ēabāni. Ēabāni seized it by the horns and tail, and Nimrod dealt it the deadly blow. Then Ishtar ascended the walls of Erech and pronounced an awful curse. 'Woe to thee, O Nimrod,' cried she, 'woe to thee!' When Ēabāni, however, heard these words of the goddess, he cut off the member of the god-like bull, and flung it to her in her face. Then Ishtar assembled her train, Shamhāti and Ĥarimāti; over the member of the god-like bull she raised a lamentation. But Nimrod, by means of Ēabāni, got the ox brought before the sun-god, Shamash, and consecrated to him the conquered monster. Thereupon they washed their hands in the Euphrates, took the way back to Erech and returned back there again.

Punishment, however, followed hard upon the heels of this impiety against the gods. Anatu, the mother of Ishtar, carried off Ēabāni by a sudden death, and smote Nimrod with sickness. Racked with pains and tortured by fearful dreams, the hero resolved to seek out his ancestor Shamash-napishtim, Hāsis-adra, the son of Ubaratutu, the distant one, who at the mouth of the streams lived an immortal life, in order to inquire from him how he could recover his health. He set out upon the journey, and came to the scorpion-men, monsters of gigantic size and of mixed form, who watched over the sun at its rising and setting. Their feet rested in hell, while their heads touched the lattices of heaven. One of the scorpion-men pointed out to him the way to the land where Hāsis-adra dwelt, who had been carried off to the gods, and Nimrod set out upon his wearisome wanderings. He passed through a widely extended, unfruitful, sandy desert, until he reached a wondrous grove, whose trees bore precious stones in place of fruit, and were watched over by the two nymphs Siduri and Šabītu. At last he arrived at a sea and found there the ferryman Urubél, *i.e.* servant of Bel. They embarked together on the ship, and Urubél steered to the 'waters of death.' After a long voyage they arrived at the distant land at the mouth of the streams where Hāsis-adra dwelt, and he described to Nimrod how he was saved from the great Deluge. This account of the Deluge fills the first four columns of the eleventh tablet of the poem. Hāsis-adra



announced then to Nimrod also the oracle of the gods, and told him how he could be delivered from the curse which rested on him. Urubél took the hero with him, bathed him in the sea, whereupon the curse was washed away. Nimrod then embarked again on board the ship with the ferryman, and returned back to Erech healed of his disease. He again raised there his lamentations to heaven on behalf of his departed friend Ēabāni, until at last the god Ēa heard him, and ordered his son Merodach to bring back the shade of the seer from the underworld, and to permit him to ascend to the land of the blest, where the fallen heroes dwell, lying upon beds of ease, and drinking for ever crystal water. With this statement the epic closes.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, writes Professor Haupt, was the first to point out, in the *Athenæum* of the 7th of December, 1872, that the twelve cantos of the Nimrod epic refer to the annual course of the sun, through the twelve months of the year. Each tablet answers to a special month, and contains a distinct reference to the animal forms in the signs of the zodiac. Lenormant has adopted the same view in his work *Les premières civilisations*, and Professor Sayce in his *Babylonian Literature*, p. 27 ff. Thus Ēabāni, the wise ox-man, who appears in the second canto, corresponds to the second month Iyyar (April-May), and to the bull in the signs of the zodiac. Nimrod becomes the friend of Ēabāni in the third canto, which corresponds with the month Sivan (May-June) and the zodiacal sign of the twins. In the seventh canto he falls sick, for in the month Tishri (Sept.-Oct.) the beams of the sun are weaker; while in the eighth tablet, corresponding with the Marchesvan (Nov.-Dec.), which is distinguished by the zodiacal sign of the scorpion, Nimrod meets with the scorpion-men. Moreover, the Deluge forms the subject of the eleventh canto, corresponding with the month Shebat (Feb.-Jan.) which is consecrated to Rimmon, the god of storms and rain, and harmonises with the eleventh sign of the zodiac, Aquarius, or 'the waterman.' The latter month is styled in Sumerish-Accadian 'the month of the curse of the rain,' or, as we might almost say, the 'Deluge-month.'

The account of the Deluge is the most interesting portion of the whole epic. The eleventh tablet, which contains this portion, is the best preserved of the whole series. Three copies of it have been discovered, unfortunately not altogether perfect. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam brought two years ago from Mesopotamia a small half-burnt fragment which proved to be the beginning of a fourth Deluge-tablet, and contained the very important information that the city of Surippak (for which Berosus in his account of the Deluge substitutes the name Larancha) was situated on the Euphrates. It was, however, found impossible up to the present to translate the first twenty lines in any satisfactory manner. There has, however, been lately added to the collection in the British Museum another portion of a Babylonian

clay-tablet, upon which the beginning of the text in question was found to be almost intact. A cast of this fragment was, through the kindness of Mr. Theophilus Pinches (who has succeeded Dr. George Smith in the British Museum), sent to Dr. Paul Haupt of Göttingen, and the learned professor has, for the first time, been able to give the beginning of the Deluge as it appears in the cuneiform inscriptions. The following is a rendering of Dr. Haupt's translation:—

Shamash-napishtim said to him, to Izdubar, I will relate to thee, O Izdubar, the history of my deliverance and the oracle of the gods will I announce to thee. The city Surippak, the city, which as thou knowest, lies (on the banks) of the Euphrates, this city was (already) ancient when their heart inclined the gods therein (to the) causing of a Deluge; the great gods (all these) were there; their father Anu, their counsellor the warlike Bel, their throne-bearer Adar, their prince Ennugi, the Lord of the unsearchable wisdom, the god Ea sat however with them (in council), and their determination he announced to his

The meaning of the words that follow Professor Haupt considers doubtful; Professor Halévy has rendered them as follows: 'to his Worshipper, worshipper! worshipper! Venerable (one)! venerable! worshipper, hear; venerable, be attentive.'

Man of Surippak, son of Ubara-Tutu [*i.e.* servant of Tutu, or Merodach], said he, leave thy house, build a ship, give over . . . of life, they will destroy the seed of life; preserve thou in life, and (bring) up the seed of life of every kind into the interior of the ship. The ship which thou shalt build, . . . yards in length shall be its measure, and . . yards of similar size its breadth and its height [the numbers in both cases given upon the tablet have disappeared; Smith's translation '600 (?) cubits and 60 (?) cubits' is not justified] and sea, provide it (also) with a deck.

When I perceived (this), I spake to Ea, my Lord, (the building of the ship), O Lord, which thou hast therefore ordered, (if) I should carry it out, (then will laugh at me) the people and the elders. (Ea opened his mouth and) spake, said to his servant, to me. (If they laugh at thee) thou shalt say to them (Every one) who transgresses against me and . . . verily I . . . and I will the (wide heaven's) vault . . . judge will I above and be (low). Then shut not to (thy door) (until shall come) the time, that I will send thee word. (Then) enter in through the door of the ship, (and) bring into its interior thy store of corn, all thy property and goods, thy (family), thy servants and thy maids, and (also) thy relations. The (cattle) of the field, the wild-beast of the field, all what . . . (will I) send (to) thee up, that (they all) may wait at the door. (Adra)-hasis opened his mouth, and spake, he said to Ea (his) Lord, O my Lord no (body) has (ever) built a ship (in this manner) (upon the land); . . . may I see and the ship . . . upon the land . . . as thou hast ordered.

Then built I accordingly the ship, and provided it with the means of sustenance. I divided its interior into . . divisions, I looked to the joints, and filled them up, three sars of pitch I poured over its outer side, three sars of pitch over its inner side.

The last paragraph is given in Professor Haupt's Lecture, but does not, for some reason or other, appear in his excursus to Professor Schrader's work:

(All that I had) I brought together; all that I had in silver I brought together; all that I had in gold I brought together, all that I had of living seed (I

brought together), and all this I brought upon the ship; all my male and female domestics, the cattle of the field, the wild-beast of the field, also all my relations I ~~lew~~ embark. As now the sun brought on the appointed time, then spake a voice (?) in the evening will the heavens rain destruction, enter into the int(er)ior of the ship, and shut thy door. The appointed time has arrived, spake the voice (?) in the evening will the heavens rain destruction. With terror I looked to the going down of the sun on (this) day (P), the day (which) for the embarkation (was appointed), fear had I, (yet) I stepped into the interior of the ship and shut my door (behind me), in order to close up the ship. To the Buzurkural, the steersman, I gave over the great erection together with its cargo.

Then Mû-shêri-ina-namûri [water of the morning-redness at day-break?] erected itself from the bottom of the heaven, a dark cloud, in whose midst Ramân let his thunder crash, while Nebo and Sêrrû rushed loose upon one another, the throne-bearers strode over mountain and valley. The mighty P'estilence-god unchained the whirlwinds, Adar let the canals ceaselessly overflow, the Anunnaki [the gods of the great subterranean water] brought floods, the earth they caused to tremble through their power, Ramân's billows-swell reached even up to the heaven; all light lapsed into (darkness).

. . . the earth they devastated as . . . . they carried on thereby war against men. The brother looked not any more after his brother, men concerned themselves no more about one another. In heaven the gods feared themselves before the deluge, and sought refuge, they ascended up to the heaven of the god Anu. As a dog upon his bed, the gods cowered down together on the lattice of the heaven.

Ishtar screamed like a woman in travail, there cried the sublime goddess with loud voice. (Everything) is turned into slime, which I have announced before the gods as an (impending) calamity. Therefore have I before the gods announced the calamity, the war of annihilation against my men have I announced. I, however, do not bring forth men for this purpose that they like a brood of fishes should fill the sea!

There wept the gods with her over the Anunnaki [the gods of the great (subterranean) water], upon one spot the gods sat mourning. The lips they pressed together . . . . Six days and seven nights maintained wind, flood and storm the upper hand, at the breaking of the seventh day (however), the storm slackened, the flood, which had carried on a war like a (mighty) army, quieted itself; the sea abated, and storm and flood ceased.

I sailed through the sea lamenting, that the dwelling-places of men were turned into slime; like trunks of trees floated the corpses about. A crevice I had opened and as the light of day fell upon my countenance, then I quivered all through and sat myself down weeping, over my countenance flowed my tears. I sailed through the lands (now) a fearful sea, then emerged a piece of land twelve measures high. Towards the land of Nizir, [which probably means 'deliverance'] steered the ship. The mountain of the land Nizir held the ship fast, and let it no more loose. On the first, on the second day the mountain of Nizir held the ship fast &c., (also) on the 3rd and 4th day the mountain of Nizir held &c., (also) on the 5th and 6th day the mountain of Nizir, &c. At the breaking of the 7th day, I took a dove out and let her fly. The dove flew here and there, but there was no resting-place there, therefore she returned again back. Then took I a swallow out and let her fly. The swallow flew here and there; but as there was no resting-place so she returned again back. Then took I a raven out and let it fly. The raven flew away, and as it saw that the water was falling it came again near (the ship), as it waded cautiously (?) (through the water), but it did not return back again. Then let I (all) out to the four winds, a sacrifice I offered. I erected here an altar upon the height of the summit of the mountain, even seven Adagur-vessels [i.e. vessels containing each a seah, 2½ gallons] I set up, under them I spread calamus, cedar-

wood and riggir. The gods inhaled the savour, the gods inhaled the sweet-smelling savour, like flies the gods collected themselves over the offerer.

When the goddess Ishtar came up, she lifted up on high the great bows (?) which Anu had made according . . . . . these gods. By the jewels of my neck! (said she) I will not forget these days, I will think (of them) and they shall not be forgotten for ever. The gods may come to the altar, Bêl (only) shall not come to the altar, because he has acted inconsiderately, and has caused the deluge, and has given over my men to destruction.

When the god Bêl came up and saw the ship, he stopped, full of anger (?) was he filled against the gods and the Igigi [the spirits of the heaven]: 'What soul has then escaped! No man shall remain alive in the destruction.' Then opened Adur his mouth and spake, he said to the warlike Bêl, 'Who except Êa (can) have known the matter? Êa knew (thereof) and has informed him of all!'

Then opened Êa his mouth and spake, he said to the warlike Bêl: 'Thou art the warlike leader of the gods, (but) wherefore, wherefore hast thou acted so unconsiderately and caused the deluge? Upon the sinner let his sins fall, upon the wicked let (his) wickedness fall. Be thou entreated, that he may not be destroyed, be gracious, that he may not . . . . In place of again causing a deluge, let lions come and diminish mankind; in place of again causing a deluge, let hyenas come and diminish mankind; in place of again causing a deluge, let a famine occur, and (depopulate) the land; instead of again causing a deluge, let the Pestilence-god come and diminish mankind! I have not communicated (to him) the determination of the great gods, a dream (only) I sent to Adra-hâsis and he understood the determination of the gods.'

The meaning of this clause is, as Professor Haupt has noted, that Adra-hâsis possessed by his piety the gift of understanding dreams. Had he been a godless man he could not have understood the dream aright, or known of the coming Deluge.

Then came Bêl to reason, he stepped up into the interior of the ship, seized my hand and lifted me up, lifted up also my wife, and put her hand in mine, turned himself to us, stepped between us and blessed us: 'Hitherto was Shamash-napishti [the sun of life] a man, now, however, shall Shamash-napishti and his wife together be raised to the gods. Shamash-napishti shall dwell in the far land at the mouth of the streams!' Then they took me and translated me into the far land at the mouth of the streams.

Here closes the episode of the Deluge in the Nimrod epic.

Several very interesting questions arise in reference to the foregoing narrative, some of which may here in conclusion be glanced at.

In the first place the similarity of the phraseology used in many parts of the Babylonian account with the narrative of the Book of Genesis is most striking. We may instance the word used for the Deluge in both narratives, the description given of the characters of the Adra-hâsis and Noah, the expression used with respect to the destruction of all flesh, and phrases such as the cattle of the field and the wild beast of the field.

But the two narratives present most striking differences. We do not here so much refer to the polytheism of the one, and the monotheism which characterises the other narrative, or even the very different manner in which the sin of man is spoken of in the two

narratives. But we rather refer to the fact that no mention what, ever occurs in the Babylonian narrative of 'the covenant' made after the Deluge, which forms so important a feature in the Mosaic narrative. Dr. George Smith, in his Chaldaean Genesis, p. 272 (or p. 228 of the German edition edited by Professor Fried. Delitzsch), does, indeed, make the Babylonian tablet speak of 'a covenant' established by Bêl with Hâsis-adra, though no particulars of that covenant are related. But in the more correct translation of that clause, as given by Professor Haupt, the word 'covenant' utterly disappears.

As no mention is made in the cuneiform inscriptions of the covenant narrated in the account in Genesis, so likewise, as might consequently be expected, no allusion is made in the former to the story of the rainbow being constituted as the sign and symbol of that covenant. That interesting episode of the Book of Genesis entirely disappears. In place, however, of the covenant with Noah, the Babylonian account presents us with the striking expostulation of Êa, the god of wisdom, with Bêl, in which he recommends Bêl not to destroy the human race again in such a wanton manner.


This omission in the Babylonian narrative is important, especially when taken in connection with the fact that that narrative makes mention of the sacrifice offered up after the Deluge, and of the gods smelling the sweet savour thereof, in terms almost identical with the Book of Genesis, though the spirit of the two narratives is singularly dissimilar.

It will be admitted by all that the two differing accounts are by no means independent of one other. But the differences between them are too striking to permit us to believe that either narrative was directly copied from the other.

In several places the cuneiform narrative throws, however, new light upon that in the Book of Genesis. For example, the statement in Gen. vi. 16, about the 'window' of the ark, has always presented a difficulty. One window would plainly have been inadequate to give light to such a structure, and, still more, a window of such a diminutive size. To meet this objection, the Hebrew word *צַהַר*, *sohar*, has been usually regarded as a collective noun; and inasmuch as it is actually treated in the passage as feminine, this latter fact has been regarded as decisively in favour of that explanation. Not a little, too, can be said in its defence. But inasmuch as in the corresponding passage in the Babylonian account distinct mention is made of the ship being covered with 'a deck,' it now appears highly probable that *צַהַר*, *sohar*, in Gen. vi. 16, ought not to be regarded as identical with 'the window' spoken of in Gen. viii. 6, but ought to be translated 'deck' or 'roof.' The word occurs in the singular nowhere else in Hebrew, and it has probably been incorrectly viewed as connected with the dual noun in Hebrew, which signifies

'mid-day.' The view of Schultens, Dathe, and, later on, of Rosenmüller and Ewald, is thus strikingly confirmed that the word in question ought to be regarded as identical in meaning with the corresponding Arabic word *طير*, which signifies 'a roof.' The statement in the Book of Genesis would consequently mean that the roof over the ark was to terminate in a narrow ridge, only one-fiftieth part of the width of the entire ark.

But this incidentally tells in favour of the higher antiquity of the narrative as related in the Book of Genesis. The cuneiform inscriptions speak distinctly of the building of 'a ship.' Bini élipa, 'build a ship,' is the Assyrian phrase. The Assyrian word *elippa* is identical with the word for 'ship' commonly used in Chaldee and Syriac. Moreover, the Babylonian account speaks of 'a steersman' being required for the navigation of his 'ship,' and of the ship 'sailing.'

In contrast thereto the Book of Genesis only speaks of an ark, or coffer, or huge chest. The word used in Genesis, תבה, *tebhah* (connected with the Egyptian *teb*, *coffer*, *sarcophagus*, *tebh*, a *vase*), is only used in Biblical literature in reference to the ark of Noah, and to the ark of bulrushes, in which the infant Moses was placed. It has not yet been discovered in the cuneiform inscriptions (see Fried. Delitzsch's edit. of Smith's *Chald. Genesis*, p. 321). The corresponding Arabic word, derived in all probability from the Hebrew, is commonly used in the signification of a *box*, *coffin*, and as the *chest*, *bosom*. The Book of Genesis does not speak of the ark as *sailing*, or of a *steersman* being required. It was simply designed to *float*, and nothing more. That floating chest seems to have terminated above in a narrow ridge somewhat in the form of . The idea of the building of a ship must have been necessarily a later idea than that of the construction of a mere floating ark, and the simplicity of the narrative of the Book of Genesis in this and many other points is strongly in favour of the greater antiquity of its narrative.

Thus also the translation of Adra-hāsis is only another version of the story of the translation of Enoch. The Babylonian narrative seems to have confused the two, which are kept apart in the Book of Genesis. Was this confusion caused by the fact that the length of Enoch's earthly existence was 365 years? We have seen already that a solar myth is the basis of the Nimrod epic.

CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT.

*OPIUM AND ENGLAND'S DUTY.*

It is astonishing and encouraging to observe what a number of eminent men have recently pressed forward to instruct the public on the Opium question. Their articles generally begin by lamenting the profound ignorance of the British public on this most important subject. Yet four or five years ago, when the ignorance was denser than it is now, these learned experts were silent; and as they display much zeal in attempting to prove that there never was any necessity for agitating the question at all, one may be forgiven for surmising that it is not the ignorance but the knowledge of the British public which they really dislike. Another common feature of these recent utterances is that they labour to impress upon the public mind certain facts with the air of having made new discoveries, although these facts have been repeatedly stated in books, pamphlets, and articles put forth by the Anti-Opium Society years ago. The difference is that the publications of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade tell *all* the tale, while the new school dilates upon Chinese shortcomings, and shows an amazing shortness of memory about such trivialities as the Opium war and the Chefoo Convention.

Having been granted the privilege of reply to Sir Rutherford Alcock's paper,<sup>1</sup> I am compelled to choose between a detailed exposure of its mis-statements and omissions, and an attempt to lay the whole ~~case~~ more fairly before the reader. The former task has already been undertaken elsewhere<sup>2</sup>; and on the whole the latter seems preferable (with an occasional remark on Sir R. Alcock in passing), although the limited space at command renders the task a difficult one.

In this unhappy opium case China is plaintiff, Great Britain the defendant, on whose behalf serious counter-charges are brought against the accuser. Unless we have some knowledge of the character and circumstances of the contending parties, it will be impossible to form a just estimate of the value of the pleas set forth on either side.

<sup>1</sup> 'Opium and Common Sense,' *Nineteenth Century*, December 1881.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Friend of China* (Dyer Brothers), January number; and in the *Guardian*, Jan. 4.

Ourselves we know, or think we know, but one precautionary remark is necessary. We are not only the accused, but also both judge and jury—an unfortunate circumstance for China, which has to contend against a natural prejudice in our breasts that such an upright, generous, and philanthropic people as we are could not possibly be guilty of the crime alleged. The plaintiff, on the other hand, does not enjoy a high moral reputation in this country. The Chinese are generally regarded as an arrogant, mendacious, money-grubbing, materialistic race, frugal and industrious it is true, but cowardly and insincere. A great deal might be said to mitigate this bad impression of their character, if space permitted; but at least this inference may be fairly drawn: if you hold the Chinese to be morally inferior, you cannot fairly plead their shortcomings as sufficient excuse for your own.

The Government of China is a paternal despotism. The Emperor appoints the provincial governors, who are removable at pleasure, and while in office are held responsible for the order and well-being of their charge. Liable to be degraded or beheaded in the event of trouble arising in his province, compelled to furnish funds to the court without driving the people to revolt by over-taxation, the position of the provincial governor is necessarily difficult. He has to administer the Government through a host of badly-paid officials, and to maintain order with a military force ill equipped and quite incapable of a contest with foreigners. Military matters are now somewhat improving in China, but I describe the state of affairs during the period which we have to review. When we blame China for not crushing out the opium-trade fifty years ago, all these circumstances should be taken into account. The worst feature in their case, the shameful venality of the officials, is not surprising when we are told that they are under-paid, or not paid at all. For us first to corrupt them with bribes and then to justify our violation of law by their fall from virtue, stamps the course which can stoop to such a plea as a bad one.

Having introduced the plaintiff, we proceed to a brief history of the events which led up to the indictment brought against the English nation. A century ago a handful of foreign traders, mostly English, and these connected with, or under the control of, the East India Company, were residing at Canton by the favour of the Chinese Government. It is important to note that at that time, and for sixty years after, there was no international intercourse between the two countries, except the brief embassies of Lord Macartney in 1792 and Lord Amherst in 1816, which sought but failed to obtain a commercial treaty. These merchants at Canton voluntarily placed themselves under Chinese law, and were allowed to trade under conditions which, though distrustful and slightly contemptuous, permitted a lucrative traffic. The Chinese Government knew nothing, refused to know



anything, of Britain or of India, and indeed would not have any direct dealings with even these individual Englishmen dwelling in their midst. A guild of Chinese merchants, called the Hong merchants, was appointed, to which was granted the exclusive privilege of trading with the foreigners, and through the Hong merchants alone would the Government communicate with the 'outer barbarians.' Under these irksome and humiliating restrictions trade was carried on quietly and prosperously for a considerable period. The prevailing tranquillity was occasionally disturbed, now by the restiveness of the foreigner under the restrictions imposed, again because the Chinese laws, particularly that of homicide, could not be quietly submitted to by honourable Englishmen. But on the whole the East India Company shipped home the tea, and imported its cottons and woollens, comfortably enough, until attention was called to another article of importation, the effects of which were found to be highly injurious. 'It is now asserted that, opium or no opium, there must inevitably have been war between China and this country sooner or later. Would then that it had been so! A war justifiable to our consciences, a war even not much worse than ordinary wars, would be a different thing to look back upon. But it is at least quite uncertain that there would have been war at all. A mutually beneficial trade between two great nations has a natural tendency to grow, until it becomes too valuable for either party to dispute lightly. Add to this that, even with the provocation of the opium-trade, it was not China but Britain which drew the sword, and this confident assertion that there must have been war in any case does not seem worth much. There is no reason why China should not have been brought into the comity of nations as peaceably as was Japan.

Opium had been brought from India to China perhaps for a century before; but that previous time is no concern of ours. It came in small quantities as medicine; in medicine, in all probability, it was employed. Foreigners had heard of no other use; and there is no Chinese evidence of opium-smoking before the last quarter of the last century. It is as idle to refer to this previous carriage of opium to China by the Portuguese, as it is to point to the mention of the poppy in the Chinese Herbal, as an extenuation of our fault. The wickedness of the trade began when it was known that the drug was used in vicious and ruinous indulgence, and when it was imported in violation of Chinese law. Some doubt hangs over the precise date. Probably the first prohibitions were local, and, it may be, temporary. But in the year 1800 there was no longer doubt. An imperial edict had stringently forbidden the importation, on the ground of its exceeding harmfulness.

The baneful effects of the opium vice are established by universal experience. One may apply to it the theological maxim, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Two considerations will show that

the opposition of a few dissentient voices does not detract from the general conclusion. Most of these are quite clear on the point that opium is bad for everybody but Chinese. They would be horrified at the suggestion that opium should be freely used in England, and approve the efforts, or the supposed efforts, of the Indian Government to keep it out of the way of the natives of India. Only in China they think it is good for a man, or not so very bad, to use opium as a narcotic. On another point these dissentients are all alike; every one of them is prejudiced in favour of the defendant in the case before us. They are all Englishmen. No French or German medical man, no single Chinese authority, has been quoted to testify to the innocence of opium. Some of these apologists are opium merchants, who aver that the drug by which they made their wealth is a boon and a blessing to China; or it is a gentleman employed in the India Office, who considers opium-smoking as safe as 'twiddling one's thumbs.' We have not space to set forth here the immense preponderance of evidence as to the very great injury inflicted upon themselves by the votaries of the opium-pipe. It must suffice to point out that there is no country in the world in which the habitual use of opium is regarded as anything but a dangerous vice; and wherever it has shown a tendency to become general, there the Governments have prohibited the drug. Take one or two instances. In our own province of Assam, in India, the poppy was grown: men, women, and children used the drug, and it seemed that the province would, in a little while, be depopulated, had not the Indian Government stepped in and uprooted the poppy and taken vigorous measures to restrict the consumption. The case of Burma is fresh within the memory, the papers having been published only last year. Commissioner Aitchison reported:—

The papers now submitted for consideration present a painful picture of the demoralisation, misery, and ruin produced among the Burmese by opium-smoking. . . . These show that, among the Burmans, the habitual use of the drug saps the physical and mental energies, destroys the nerves, emaciates the body, predisposes to disease, induces indolent and filthy habits of life, destroys self-respect, is one of the most fertile sources of misery, destitution, and crime, fills the jails with men of relaxed frame predisposed to dysentery and cholera, prevents the due extension of cultivation and the development of the land revenue, checks the natural growth of the population, and enfeebles the constitution of succeeding generations.

This report has been accepted by the Indian Government, and consequent orders have been issued to close two-thirds of the opium-shops. After this, in the international discussion with China, British lips cannot plead the harmlessness of opium. We deplore and endeavour to prevent its use in India; we declare it, by Act of Parliament, to be poison in England; and it is impossible for us to deny the right of China to regard the drug in the same light. But of all

the witnesses to the banefulness of the drug, none is so convincing as China itself. We need not quote English witnesses, like Dr. Lockhart, who, after thirty years' experience in Chinese cities, tells us:—

Opium-smoking is extremely injurious, and in the large majority of cases is carried to a constantly increasing extent, and consequent increasing injury on the physical condition of the smoker. Opium-smoking is not so great a *social* evil as spirit-drinking, but it is a very much greater evil to the individual himself;—

or Sir Thomas Wade, who wrote:—

It is to me vain to think otherwise of the use of the drug in China than as of a habit many times more pernicious, nationally speaking, than the gin-and-whisky drinking which we deplore at home. It takes possession more insidiously, and keeps its hold to the full as tenaciously. I know no case of radical cure. It has insured, in every case within my knowledge, the steady descent, moral and physical, of the smoker; and it is so far a greater mischief than drink that it does not, by external evidence of its effect, expose its victim to the loss of repute which is the penalty of habitual drunkenness.<sup>3</sup>

These, and a hundred other European witnesses, we may leave, to point to the unanimous and unqualified condemnation of the drug by the Chinese themselves. It must be admitted that among the European witnesses there is some difference of opinion as to the proportion of cases in which the opium-smoker becomes a total wreck. That some who indulge in the pipe do not seem the worse for it is commonly allowed. The Chinese, however, are agreed that the habit is always a vice—always injurious. It is remarkable that not one single Chinese apologist for opium has been found; not one to say that it is to be put on a par with alcohol. Mr. Cockburn writes from Ichang, in November last:—

The Chinese themselves ought to be the best judges as to whether opium-smoking is beneficial, harmless, or injurious. I must have heard hundreds, both smokers and non-smokers, express their opinion on this point, and I have never met with one who did not condemn the practice as evil, and only evil. None will point to cases in which it has done good, none will defend it as being, if taken in moderation, a harmless though expensive luxury. The keeper of an opium-shop will tell you he must do something for his bread; but he will not try to prove that he is a useful member of society. All I have seen and heard goes to show that, sooner or later, opium gains the mastery over the man who once begins to take it.

All the missionaries give similar testimony, and Sir Rutherford Alcock himself confirms it. He told the House of Commons Committee, in 1871, that 'he thought that the Chinese themselves all admit that the effects of opium-smoking are bad; that the men who smoke opium look upon themselves as morally criminal.' One may sum up thus: Opium is universally regarded as bad by everybody everywhere; except that some Englishmen, who want to sell the drug to China or to maintain the opium revenue, hold that it is good, or not so very bad, for the Chinese. The Chinese, however, happen to be, of all peoples in the world, those who are strongest in

<sup>3</sup> *Correspondence respecting Treaty of Tientsin*, p. 432.

the condemnation of the drug. They prohibited it in 1800, so soon as they knew its effects; and they have never swerved from their opinion about it from that day to this.

The first twenty years of the century passed off quietly. The Chinese Government is blamed because it did not at that time stamp out the trade. Had they been possessed of prophetic vision, possibly an attempt would have been made; but who before 1820 could foresee the terrible expansion of the vice—the wars and losses which would result from it? The almost steady import of about 4,000 chests would only, according to Mr. Hart's calculation, supply 40,000 smokers; and if his estimate be too small, the number, whatever it was, was but an insignificant fraction of the Chinese population. The vice was probably almost confined to the wealthy and official classes, or it could not have been so conspicuous as to provoke legislation. This hypothesis is confirmed by the fact that Barrow, who in 1792 lived for some weeks among the mandarins, notices their addiction to opium-smoking, while the other members of the Macartney Embassy, who travelled inland from Peking to Canton, do not appear to have observed it, although they must have daily watched the boat-people and porters—classes now notorious for their propensity to the vice. There is absolutely not an atom of ground for the supposition that at this period native opium was smoked in Eastern China, and no real evidence that it was smoked at all. Even in 1860 the native drug was all but unknown eastward of Hankow. The danger had not assumed such formidable dimensions as to goad China to the perilous enterprise of attacking these formidable Western barbarians, whose heavily armed ships were almost as much men-of-war as merchantmen—able, on occasion, to cope with a whole French fleet of war—and which were supported by Her Majesty's ships in the background. So a tacit understanding grew up between the Chinese revenue-officers and the merchants; bribes were given and received so regularly as hardly to be distinguished from the dues of the legitimate trade, especially as there was a good deal of underhand dealing in the payment of these also. Messrs. Jardine, Dent, and the others were legally smugglers, but the sin sat lightly on their consciences. The Chinese, on their side, must not be unfairly judged. They treated the opium-vice as they have always treated gambling, prostitution, and other vices. In China the magistrates do not merely administer law; they keep a watch upon the public morals, and put forth sermons in the form of edicts. It is a grand mistake to regard this as affectation or hypocrisy. The Chinese regard government as a sacred function bound to teach morality to the people, and wonder quite as much at the British Government's ignoring or even licensing vices, as we marvel at the spectacle of a Chinese emperor preaching homilies to his subjects. Indubitably, all these vices are in a measure kept in check by the Government; and also, confessedly, they are

none of them extirpated, and are all fertile sources of bribes to the minor, and perhaps sometimes the higher, officials. So the opium-trade established itself, and nobody felt unusually shocked or alarmed.

In 1820 there was an increase in the import from 4,000 to 6,500 chests, and the next year the opium-ships were driven away from their old anchorage, and took refuge at Lintin, in the mouth of the river, further out of sight of the authorities. Henceforth the trade yearly increased in amount, and deteriorated in character. The East India Company sent more and more opium: the smugglers made Lintin a starting-point whence to carry it further and further up and down the coast. Space forbids even a sketch of the slow but sure gathering of the storm which burst in 1839. Ample and repeated forewarning was given but disregarded. In view of the impossibility of checking the trade, Heu Naetse and others counselled its legalisation. After full deliberation the Emperor and his ministers rejected the suggestion, and orders were sent down to Canton for rigid enforcement of the law. All this was anxiously watched by the British Superintendent of Trade at Canton, and faithfully reported home. In 1836 Dent, Jardine, and seven more notorious opium-importers were in three successive edicts ordered to quit the country: an order they disobeyed. The repressive measures became even more rigorous. Seizures and executions were frequent. As a warning to foreigners, the Government strangled a native opium-smuggler in the square of their little settlement. The Chinese smugglers no longer dared to carry the poison into the country, whereupon the foreign merchants armed their ships' boats, and carried it in themselves. A seizure from one of these being effected on the landing-steps of the factories, the Hong merchants threatened to pull down the owner's house; but the foreigners combined in its defence. Hotter and even hotter was the pursuit of the nefarious traffic, until Capt. Elliot—who had again and again protested against it, implored his countrymen to desist, denounced them to the Chinese Government, and begged its assistance to control them—at last reported that it had practically ceased, so far as Canton was concerned. Then came 'Lin's raid,' which Sir R. Alcock refers to as if it were a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, 'the one solitary instance of decided action.'<sup>4</sup> What was this 'Lin's raid'? Lin Tseh-seu was despatched to Canton in 1839 with dictatorial power and a special commission to extinguish the opium-trade. When he arrived the Canton river smuggling had been stopped, but the great floating castles at Lintin were chock-full of the poison, and the coast traffic was still open. Lin surrounded the foreign factories with armed men, and refused to allow food to be carried in until that opium was surrendered. Captain Elliot and the merchants

<sup>4</sup> Sir Rutherford Alcock's assertion that during the eighteen months before Lin's raid in 1839 the trade at Canton was actually carried on in four boats carrying the Viceroy's flag, is absolutely contradicted by Captain Elliot's official narrative.

speedily capitulated. Lin got the opium, more than 20,000 chests, valued at six millions of dollars. Elliot said 'he will sell it'; but Lin mixed the whole with lime and poured it into the sea in the sight of all men! The news reached England, and war was declared. Practically Elliot had already commenced it. Lin desired and proposed the resumption of the legitimate commerce, but Elliot and the British ships removed to Hong Kong; the opium-trade was reopened; Lin tried to deprive Hong Kong of provisions, whereupon Elliot attacked the Chinese fleet. The Opium War was begun. We do not forget nor wish to conceal that there were, and long had been, troubles about the etiquette of official intercourse, and about foreigners being subject to Chinese law. But the immediate and the real cause of the war was opium.

We cannot recount the hideous series of massacres which at last compelled China to submit to our terms in 1842. The treaty of peace included a heavy indemnity for war expenses and the payment of six million dollars for the destroyed opium; but in spite of Sir H. Pottinger's urgent persuasions, the Emperor would not legalise the trade. Hong Kong, now a British free port, became the headquarters of opium smuggling, and for fifteen years the trade returned to its old character prior to 1820. Sir R. Alcock argues that China has no right to say that we 'have imposed upon them by force and against their will a pernicious drug and an injurious trade,' because of their inactivity during these fifteen years! As well knock a man down, half kill him, and then say, because he makes no resistance to his purse being taken out of his pocket, that he surrenders that purse voluntarily. Hong Kong was the nest of a numerous fleet of Chinese smugglers and pirates, which too easily obtained a legal title to fly the British flag. One of these was lying at Canton; the Governor boarded her, and arrested some pirates. The British flag was said to have been insulted, and again there was war. \*By the treaty of Tientsin the opium-trade was legalised.

In 1869 negotiations were carried on for a revision of this treaty, during which the Chinese protested against this legalisation, and implored that the old prohibition might be restored. It is pretended that the Chinese were not coerced into the legalisation of 1858. Let those believe this who can. It makes no difference, because it is certain they are coerced now. They have asked release, and have been refused. Their demand and entreaty was put into writing, and Sir R. Alcock took it to Calcutta, where he endeavoured to persuade the Indian Government to agree to a gradual diminution of the export. In the correspondence relative to the revision of the Treaty of Tientsin, by a *suppressio veri* disgraceful to our Foreign Office, this memorable Chinese protest, the very fulcrum of the question, finds no place. But Sir Rutherford read it to the House of Commons Committee in 1871, and thereby laid the foundation for the present

agitation against the opium-trade. His Convention with China, signed and sealed by both parties, which permitted a small increase to the import duty on opium entering China, was rejected in London.

The latest event in the history is the Chefoo Convention. This was agreed upon between Li Hungchang and Sir Thomas Wade in 1876. Despite the legalisation, opium-smuggling still gives trouble on the coast of China. Sir T. Wade got the Chinese to assent to the opening of four new ports, agreeing on his part that opium should be stored in bonded warehouses until all dues were paid. He seems to have overlooked that China might increase the local dues, and so possibly diminish, or even extinguish, the trade. But the Indian Government was not caught napping. We took the four ports, but refused to execute the *quid pro quo*. The position of the trade at present is this. By the tariff of the Treaty of Tientsin we compel China to admit Indian opium into the treaty ports at a low duty, which we have refused to allow her to increase, and at the same time we prevent her from taking effective measures to extinguish smuggling. We do all this knowingly and deliberately in the interests of the Indian revenue. This is the indictment brought against Great Britain.

The above historical review tears into tatters the shameless assertion that China has been 'a consenting party to the trade from the first to the last.' For an exposition of the vagueness and irrelevancy of the plea that the opium-smoking of China is a result of the growth of the poppy in the western provinces, and of the shadowy foundations on which it is based, we beg to refer the reader to an admirable pamphlet by the Rev. A. E. Moule, just published.<sup>5</sup> A few words upon the accusation that the Chinese are 'insincere,' which in face of the facts encountered would be impudent were it not ignorant. The remissness of the authorities and the venality of the officials are admitted, but these no more evince insincerity in their antagonism to the opium-vice than in their laws against gambling and prostitution. The same inefficiency of the administration and corruptibility of its agents which enabled foreigners to introduce the foreign drug account for the lamentable progress of the native poppy. In spite of this, however, the evidence shows that the native cultivation was held in check until the Opium War and the legalisation of the foreign trade made it both more difficult and less important to interfere with the native growth. If the Chinese must be poisoned, it matters little whether the drug comes from abroad or is prepared at home, and, as it happens, the home-grown article is the less noxious. A memorandum of the Indian Government shows that up to 1817 native opium was produced only in Yunnan; that up to 1848 the Chinese Government strenuously, and with partial success, opposed the

<sup>5</sup> *The Responsibility of the Church as regards the Opium Traffic with China.* Dyer Brothers.

cultivation. In later years the laws have been allowed to fall into desuetude in many districts, and after the Tientsin treaty a project was actually contemplated of checkmating the foreigner by the encouragement of the native poppy until his drug should be ousted out of the market, after which the intention was to extirpate the home production. The plan seems to us absurd, but we know on Sir R. Alcock's authority, and on that of the Chinese Government, that it was seriously considered. Nevertheless, it was rejected, and the Chinese laws against opium only sleep, and are not dead. When Captain Elliot sanguinely expected the legalisation of the trade, he set it down as a matter of course that the Chinese would thereupon rescind the prohibitions against native cultivation. The expectation has been confidently repeated many times since, but has never been realised. Nor have the Chinese laws been altogether inoperative in recent years. Lately Tsu Tsung-tang reported to the throne that he had cleared the North-West of the poppy. Within these two or three years opium-shops in Chinese cities have been closed by the thousand. Still it is notorious that in western China and in Manchuria the poppy has greatly extended since the Treaty of Tientsin, and since we refused in 1869 to join with China in a united effort to check the trade: this fact, regrettable in itself, is the chief obstacle to the proper understanding of the subject in this country. Those who have never visited China, nor given much attention to the information which may be obtained in respect to the country and people, cannot understand how this connivance at the home poppy growth is compatible with a genuine desire, on moral grounds, to extinguish the traffic. Nevertheless, all appearances notwithstanding, the Chinese are thoroughly sincere. The subject requires ampler treatment than can here be given to it. First, there is the question of power. Can the Chinese Government enforce its anti-opium law? Lord Aberdare reminded the meeting at the Society of Arts that in England smuggling was put down, not by police, but by lowering duties until it did not pay. China, with its inefficient and corrupt police, must always fight opium at a tremendous disadvantage, and he must be sanguine indeed who can expect that the mandarins will ever do more than hold in check and considerably diminish the opium production. It must be remembered that the anti-opium party in England do not advocate the attempt to repress the opium-vice in China by legislation. Believing opium to be unnecessary and injurious, they heartily approve the Indian Government's attempt to repress its use in Burma; but China is out of our sphere. It is for the Chinese Government and people to elect whether they will fight opium by moral or legal methods, or both. We only say that Great Britain ought to leave them free, ought not to force opium into their country. A second consideration of great importance is the absence for these many years of one ruling will at Peking.



Minors have been on the throne; the sceptre has been wielded by women in the seclusion of the harem. Thus it has been that the provincial governors have followed their own ideas. Honest energetic men like Tso and Shen Pao Chin, Governor Tseng, and Commissioner Yien, have cleared wide regions of the poppy, while other provinces have, during the same period, been extending the growth. But we cannot pursue this subject further here. As important indications of the present mind of the Government, we may point to the letters published here of Marquis Tseng and H. E. Li Hung-chang, and to the treaties last year concluded between China and Russia, and China and the United States, in which the opium-trade is made contraband. These treaties afford indubitable proof of what the Chinese would do in the case of England if they could.

The assertion that China only seeks revenue from opium is refuted by their conduct. Probably, if they cannot get prohibition, they will accept an increase of the foreign import duty if offered. But if revenue is their object, their course is clear, viz. to legalise the home trade, tax it as highly as it will bear, and at the same time to encourage the foreign trade in preference, because the revenue from the latter is more easily collected, and the production of food for their immense population is not diminished by the Indian drug. On the other hand, if we really believe that China must and will have opium and only cares for revenue, there is absolutely no reason for persisting in our odious compulsory policy. On that hypothesis the trade will go on although the compulsion is withdrawn. It is alleged that the removal of coercion would do no good, because China would still be supplied from one source or other, but it would certainly do no harm, and the Chinese assuredly believe that it would enable them to grapple successfully with a growing and portentous evil.

To denounce an evil is proverbially easier than to devise a remedy. But in this case the remedy is simply to cease to do wrong, and there is no obstacle in our way but the financial difficulty. This being so, the agitators might reasonably hold that it is properly the duty of the responsible Government to seek ways and means for abolishing the scandal. But the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade has not evaded the consideration of what practical steps ought to be taken. As Sir R. Alcock has given an incomplete and incorrect account of its proposals, it is desirable to recount the course which has actually been followed. The first proposition in Parliament was 'the gradual withdrawal of the Government of India from the cultivation and manufacture of opium,' which bears a strong likeness to the plan which Sir Rutherford himself advocated five years before. Subsequently a deputation waited upon Lord Salisbury, then Indian Secretary, to urge him, if he could not diminish the production, at least to order that it should not be increased. His lord-

ship seemed to promise so much, but the export to China has increased.

When the terms of the Chefoo Convention were made known, the Society vigorously urged the ratification of the opium clause. Last year Mr. J. W. Pease grappled with the revenue difficulty by proposing in the House that in order to enable the Government to carry out his policy Great Britain should render pecuniary aid to India. In the autumn a great meeting in the Mansion House, London, adopted a series of resolutions, one of which repeated the declaration that this country ought to give reasonable aid to the finances of India; another demanded a thorough remedy for the scandalous Government sale of opium in British Burma; another was as follows:—

That in the opinion of this meeting it is the duty of this country, not only to put an end to the opium-trade as now conducted, but to withdraw all encouragement from the growth of the poppy in India, except for strictly medicinal purposes, and to support the Chinese Government in its efforts to suppress the traffic.

This resolution does not call for the entire suppression of the opium export from India, the large cultivation in the Native States not being mentioned. If it comes to pass that the importation of opium is again prohibited in China, this branch of the trade would have to be dealt with. But it is a difficult part of the subject, which does not press for an immediate solution. What the resolution does demand 'is an end to the opium-trade as now conducted;' that is, to the trade carried on solely for revenue, regardless of moral considerations, and forced upon the protesting Chinese. In regard to British India, it calls, not for the abandonment of the monopoly and the throwing open of the trade, which would be indirect and very possibly more effective 'encouragement,' but that the monopoly regulations shall be maintained and used to produce the drug only to such an amount as shall suffice for its legitimate medical use. The support to be given to China is not defined: moral support we certainly ought to give, and events will show whether more is required. This review of five years' proceedings shows that the Society has gradually matured a scheme which, if not final, is immediately practicable, which would entirely alter the relations of the Government and the nation to the trade, relieving us at a stroke from its moral guilt; and nothing is wanted for its happy execution but that the public should consent to find the money. This may seem a hard condition, but the British nation has too much good sense to expect to atone for a great national crime without paying some penalty. The 20,000,000*l.* paid in connection with the extinction of colonial slavery is a glorious precedent, and is probably the one single item in our vast national debt which no Englishman regrets.

## THE CONFLICT IN GERMANY.

To those who remember from personal experience the great popular rising in Germany of thirty-four years ago, and who since then have seen their much-suffering country pass through three wars full of ever-increasing sacrifices, it is a strange reflection that the hoary-headed monarch upon whom the fullest honours have been showered in spite of his despotic past, should once more, without the slightest provocation, shock the conscience of the nation by claiming his right divine to govern wrong in the most rococo style of heaven-born privilege. The Prussian Constitution of the 31st of January, 1850, in section iii. ('Of the King'), paragraphs 43 and 44, clearly says:—'The person of the king is inviolable. *The ministers of the king are responsible.* All government acts of the king require, for their validity, the counter-signature of a minister, *who thereby takes the responsibility upon himself.*' In the face of this fundamental law, which, be it well remembered, had to be inscribed into the Constitution even after the Berlin state-stroke of November 1848, William the First now asserts his right to 'conduct the government and the policy of Prussia according to his own pleasure,' by declaring the ministerial counter-signature to be a mere formality, in no wise touching the independent action of the 'inviolable' king.

Thus he assumes the personal responsibility, and at the same time wishes to cover himself with the shield of his inviolable character. It is the doctrine which his late brother put forward, that 'there must not be any sheet of paper (*i.e.* no Magna Charta) between himself and his people.' As if to purposely nettle the public mind by a repetition of this evil-famed phrase which preceded the Revolution of 1848, William the First goes on to say that the Constitution is nothing but 'the expression of the monarchical traditions of the country, whose true development reposes on the living relations between its kings and the people.' It is a mere ringing of the changes on the utter undesirability of any 'sheet of paper' which would restrict the arbitrary rule of the Prince.

To add to the enormity, the Rescript, though apparently containing only a royal monologue for the instruction of the Prussian State

Ministry, is addressed in reality, by a sort of incidental phrase, to the German Empire at large; for its Legislative Assemblies are threateningly informed that they, too, have to bow to the Grand Monarch's 'personal government.' This latter expression (*persönliche Leitung der Politik Meiner Regierung*), so hateful to all upholders of representative government, is literally to be found in the Rescript, or ukase. And to cap the whole, all officials whom the decision of the State authorities can remove from their posts of trust, are told that henceforth their oath of office is held to include the duty of supporting the Monarch's personal views at parliamentary elections, not only by refraining from any act of opposition, but by positively advocating and representing the King-Emperor's policy (*die durch den Dienst eid beschworene Pflicht auf Vertretung der Politik Meiner Regierung auch bei den Wahlen*). In case of their refusing to barter away their political birthright for the Monarch's mess of pottage, they are threatened with losing their daily bread.

Are these Louis-Quatorze notions within the traditions of either ancient or modern Germany?

Let any one who wishes to inform himself on the point, look at the oldest written Constitution of the Empire. In what we call those benighted days of the Middle Ages, every King, or Kaiser, of Germany issued, like a President of the Swiss Federal Council or of the United States of America now, from an election in which any 'full free man' might be chosen for the headship of the realm.<sup>1</sup> Once elected, he was legally only a 'King of the Germans' (for this, and not 'of Germany,' was his title) as long as he kept the Constitution he had sworn to maintain at his accession. No laws could be proclaimed by him without the assent of the Parliamentary Estates. If he broke the Constitution, the Estates were entitled to resist him by force of arms. According to a special enactment he could be tried and deposed for any violation of the compact. A regular tribunal for such cases was established by the Constitution.<sup>2</sup> Nay, his very life could be declared to be forfeited as soon as the trial had resulted in his deposition from the kingship.<sup>3</sup>

So late as the second half of the seventeenth century, in spite of many changes for the worse, Algernon Sidney<sup>4</sup> still wrote of the Germans (the italics are his own):—

Their princes according to their merit had the right of persuading, *not the power of commanding*; and the question was not, what part of the Government they would allow to the Nobility and People, but what the Nobility and People would give to their Princes. . . . Whoever understands the affairs of Germany, knows that the present Emperors, notwithstanding their haughty title, have a power limited as in the days of Tacitus. If they are good and wise, they may persuade; but they can command no further than the law allows. . . . No man, I presume, thinks

<sup>1</sup> *Sohnabenspiegel*, art. 103.

<sup>2</sup> *Sachsenspiegel*, B. 3, art. 52.

<sup>3</sup> *Sohnabenspiegel*, art. 105.

<sup>4</sup> *Discourses concerning Government*.

any Monarchy more limited, or more clearly derived from a delegated power, than that of the German Emperors.

In the same *Discourses* the writer emphatically dwelt on the position of the free Hanseatic Cities. Now, Algernon Sidney, the Republican, must have known something of the difference between a limited monarchy and personal government.

Like more than one country, Germany had a deep fall. But what were her aspirations as soon as the nation recovered its freedom of action in 1848?

After the people of the south-west had given the signal of emancipation by rings along the Rhine; after Berlin had fought with that grim resolution so powerfully depicted in Freiligrath's noble song:—

*Sie fochten dreizehn Stunden lang ;  
Die Erde hat gezittert !  
Sie fochten ohne Sang und Klang ;  
Sie fochten stumm erbittert !  
Da war kein Lied wie ' Ça ira '—  
Nur Schrei und Ruf und Röcheln !  
Sie standen ernst und schweigend da  
Im Blut bis zu den Knöcheln !—*

after the Prince of Prussia (now German Emperor) had been compelled to seek safety as an exile in England, where it was given out he had gone 'for the study of constitutional law;' after Vienna, adopting the national black-red-gold banner, had driven out Metternich; after King Ludwig of Bavaria, the friend of Lola Montez, had been forced to abdicate and to leave the country, a self-constituted provisional Parliament, composed of Liberal and Democratic leaders, met at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the old free city where the Kings of the Germans had formerly been elected up till the dissolution of the Empire in 1806.

Two different proposals for the reconstitution of Germany (including, it need not be said, the Federal provinces of Austria, as well as the eastern provinces of Prussia and Schleswig) were then placed before that Provisional Assembly. One of these projects, advocated by Welcker, the veteran champion of a moderate constitutional monarchy, was brought in in the name of the so-called Committee of Seven. According to it, Germany was to have:—

1. A Chief of the Confederacy (*Bundes-Oberhaupt*), with responsible Ministers.
2. A Senate, composed of representatives of the various States of the Confederacy.
3. A People's House (*Haus des Volkes*), formed by direct elections; one representative for every 70,000 inhabitants.

There was to be (paragraph 5 of the same bill) one German army; one diplomatic representation abroad; one system of commercial and navigation laws, of entrance duties, coin, measures,

postal, water-conveyance, and railway management. Also, unity in civil and penal law, and in judicial procedure; and a Federal High Court of Justice. A National Bill of Rights (*Nationale Freiheitsrechte*) to be guaranteed to every part of Germany by the central authority. A Constituent Assembly for working out this reorganisation of the country was to be convoked. In the meanwhile, a Committee of Fifteen, chosen by the Provisional Parliament, were to watch over the fulfilment of the necessary preparations, and to take, if need be, measures of their own for its realisation.

It will be seen from the above, that the word 'Monarchy' is never mentioned in this constitutional manifesto. It was omitted from no lack of monarchical inclinations among the men who framed it, but simply because, in the then existing state of public opinion, they thought it prudent to proceed very cautiously.

In opposition to this bill, the Republican party, by the mouth of Friedrich Hecker and Gustav von Struve, laid before the Provisional Parliament a plan for the establishment of 'United States of Germany' on the Democratic principle. The programme called for the abolition of standing armies, and the creation of a national militia. It then went on to questions of local-self government; the abolition of all aristocratic privileges; the severance of the State from the Church; the freedom of the press; the right of free meeting; trial by jury; the introduction of a progressive income tax; the amelioration of the condition of the working classes; the formation of a Ministry of Labour; the introduction of the co-operative principle; and the mapping out of Germany into more equal provinces, or circles (*Reichs-Kreise*); and, last but not least, the abolition of monarchical rule. This last paragraph of the bill literally ran thus:— 'Abolition of the hereditary, monarchical form of government, and substitution, for it, of freely elected Legislative Assemblies, at whose head freely elected Presidents are placed, all united in a Federative Constitution, after the example of the United States of North America.'

That programme, no doubt, represented the views of the majority of German democrats in the early part of 1848. Some of them, however—and among them the writer of this article—held views of a stricter national union. A gradual conversion in the latter sense took place in the course of the Revolution. Instead of 'United States of Germany,' a 'German Commonwealth' was then aimed at by the Republicans.

For the time of transition, all sections of Democracy, and even some advanced Liberals, considered a strong central authority, in the shape of a Provisional Governing Committee at Frankfort, to be necessary. On this question, however, the first fatal division occurred in the Vor-Parlament. Had the Constitutional Liberal leaders, such as Freiherr von Gagern, Welcker, Dahlmann, Bassermann, and their

friends, combined with the adherents of the Swiss and American principle for the establishment of a strong Provisional Executive, surrounded by a Parliamentary army of volunteers, with a simultaneous decree for disbanding the princely armies, Revolution would have turned out a success, instead of an abortion, whether the issue had been a United Empire or a Commonwealth. But the chiefs of the Moderados preferred accepting appointment, as so-called 'March Ministers,' under the various princes. They thus were not only rendered useless, or worse than useless, for the popular cause, but almost became personally interested in not strengthening the revolutionary central authority to an extent desirable for the establishment of real unity.

This rapid sketch is only meant to show what a tremendous gap there is between the aspirations even of the moderate Liberal Monarchists of a comparatively recent period of national revival, and the unspeakable claims of the present Emperor-King, who lived, first as one of the vanquished, and then as one of the victors, through those days of promise and trouble. No description shall be given here of the stormy debates of the German Parliament from May 1848 to June 1849; of the many democratic risings in various parts of the country, especially in Baden, where the Republican banner was repeatedly raised in battle; of the siege and heroic defence of Vienna during a whole month, which ended with the court-martialling of Robert Blum and a band of friends of freedom; of the attempt at reconstructing an Imperial German crown, carried in the Parliament at Frankfort by a majority of but four; of the subsequent election of Frederick William of Prussia as Emperor by the weak majority of 290 against 248, and his haughty refusal to accept a 'crown that was bespattered with the blood and dirt of a Revolution';<sup>a</sup> or of the compulsory retreat of the National Assembly to Stuttgart, where it was finally dispersed by force of arms—Germany's revered poet Uhland receiving on that occasion a stroke on the chest from a dragoon's sabre. Nor shall the picture of the third rising in Baden and Rhenish Bavaria, in 1849, be unrolled here, when the Army itself, driving out the dynasty, unfurled the flag of national freedom and union. That last and greatest movement was only overthrown in a series of battles, by Royalist armies four times larger, under the supreme command of the then Crown-Prince of Prussia, who finished up his victory by court-martial fusillades continued during three months, and by wholesale arrests to such an extent that all prisons and all disposable strong rooms of Baden did not suffice to hold the captives, whilst the mass of refugees, numbering more than ever had gone forth from France or Poland, was such that, twelve years afterwards, this south-western corner of Germany had not a population as large as it possessed before 1848!

<sup>a</sup> Letter of Frederick William IV. to Ernst Moritz Arndt.

Are these tragic events a proof that the admiration for that 'personal government' which the victor of those sorrowful days now claims once more, is ingrained in the German people?

## II.

More recent events, of world-wide fame in the military annals, in which William the First played a prominent figure—as all royal figure-heads play on such occasions—have gradually obliterated, among the younger German generation, the recollection both of his actions before and during 1848–49, and even of his 'right divine' aspirations and deeds up to 1866. After 1870 he was fondly called the *Heldengreis*, the 'Triumphator,' the 'Eagle,' the 'revived Barbarossa' (would that he had to bow at last, like his enmountained prototype, before a League of Free Cities!), 'Kaiser White-beard,' and what not. There was the utmost willingness among the multitude to let bygones be bygones. Nay, a positive rush was made, by not a few, into servile attitudes of adulation. A great common danger had created a fellow-feeling which enthusiastically overleaped all barriers of caution and reason. What a chance for a monarch of such antecedents to right himself for ever with an over-willing public opinion!

Instead of this, a Rescript from which Polignac might have shrunk, and which Mazarin, had he been placed in such circumstances, would probably have regarded as very unwise, is gaily thrown at the head of the nation of thinkers. It is signed 'William,' and counter-signed 'Bismarck.' Perhaps it ought to have been signed 'Bismarck,' and counter-signed 'William.' We recognise the hand of the Minister in the peculiar style, down to the slips in grammar which so often disfigure his rambling speeches; for, like the Emperor Sigismund, this high and mighty Chancellor is *supra grammaticam*.

However, though the style is undoubtedly Prince Bismarck's, the text, unfortunately, fits in but too well with the feelings of the Monarch. Who can deny that these are again the sentiments of the Prince who, under the government of Frederick William the Fourth, headed the ultra-reactionary party, and therefore was usually called the 'chief of the Russian party at Court'? Who can deny that these are the sentiments of the 'Grapeshot Prince' (*Kartätschen-Prinz*), as his later designation was, who advised resistance to the last, on the 18th of March 1848, and whose palace could only be saved from destruction by popular fury through the inscription 'National Property' being chalked upon it by the hand of some cunning friend of the people's cause? Who can deny that the rescript contains the sentiments of the Prince who, as commander of the Royalist Army of Restoration and Revenge, made many a mother weep in 1849? Who can deny that these are the sentiments of the Prince who, at his coronation,



haughtily 'took the crown from the table of the Lord'? Who can deny that they are the sentiments even of the King who, in 1870, proclaimed himself Emperor in the castle of Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles, in the midst of the army leaders, rather than wait for, or even allow, the decision of a German Parliament?

But let that pass. For some time this renewed conflict has been clearly coming. To those who have attentively followed Prince Bismarck's characteristic tactics, the sudden renewal of his interest in the 'poor man's' lot, after nearly fifteen years' neglect, was in itself an omen. More recently, his jaunty declaration that 'we must pass through another conflict,' awakened attention and created alarm. Then came his theory of the 'fixed point in the State'—meaning thereby the absolute right of the Crown; and his still more enormous assertion that Prussia is the 'family estate' of its monarchs. These were unmistakable indications that Russian autocracy, combined with a Grand Vizierate, was, in his view, the proper form of government for Germany.

In his random attacks he did not even spare the judges, once the pride of Prussia. They, too, were declared to be imbued with the spirit of opposition, and to render their judicial sentences in accordance with their malevolence. As to the advanced Liberals, or Progressists, they were simply 'Republicans in disguise,' the 'Girondins of Germany,' and so forth. Naturally, it was the great Chancellor's duty to 'denounce them to his Majesty.' By way of occasional change, they were also accused as unpatriotic men, as enemies of German unity (*Reichsfeinde*)—they whose leaders had worked for national union and freedom, at a time when Herr von Bismarck was yet a mere eccentric hanger-on in the camp of that reactionary Prussian squirearchy in whose nostrils the very name of a united Germany stank!

Berlin has, for many years past, been uninterruptedly represented in the Prussian House of Deputies, and in the Reichstag, by men of the Progressist party (*Fortschritts-Partei*)—advanced Liberals, as Englishmen might say. In the Communal Council of Berlin, also, that party has prevailed through the same period, and given to the town an exemplary municipal administration. Forsooth, therefore, it was dubbed by the Imperial Chancellor 'the Progressist Ring'!

In such way these were met who aimed at fuller representative institutions on the theory that 'the king can do no wrong,' and that his ministry is to be responsible to Parliament. Government by cabinet order is now opposed to their demands. Practically they are told that the king *can* do wrong—according to his *bon plaisir*; and, let it not be forgotten, at his risk.

On this subject, a Prussian State Minister uttered, some forty years since, remarkable words of warning. He wrote:—

From Berlin the doctrine is being propagated that whoever brings forward a complaint against a minister, thereby attacks the King. This doctrine is the keystone of the mere bureaucratic kind of government; for its consequence is, that he also attacks the King who brings forward a complaint against a provincial governor or his counsellors. In France, that doctrine could be upheld for a time because *lettres de cachet*, written beforehand *in blanco*, were always ready for use. BUT, AS FRANCE SHOWS, THIS IS THE GREAT HIGHWAY TOWARDS THE MISFORTUNE OF KING AND COUNTRY. It is a doctrine utterly at variance with the spirit of our State. Without a Bastille it cannot be maintained; and whoever tries to maintain it, spreads misfortune.

It was Herr von Schön, the fellow-worker of Stein and Hardenberg; the real author of peasant emancipation in Prussia; the author also of the great municipal reform in the towns; the author, moreover, of the document which usually passes as the 'Political Testament of Baron Stein,' who penned these lines soon after the accession of Frederick William the Fourth, in a letter addressed, on the 12th of May, 1841,<sup>6</sup> to Field-Marshal von Boyen. A day or two after the publication of the Ordinance of the 4th of January, they were reprinted by the Liberal *Vossische Zeitung* at Berlin. That journal, in former times almost a Government organ, but for many years past now the mouthpiece of the Progressists, exerts much influence among the cultured classes by its additional weekly Literary Gazette. Showing to the King, as in a glass, what may be the result of absolutist claims like those once put forward in France, the *Vossische Zeitung* significantly asked, in regard to Herr von Schön's letter:— 'Are we to assume that matters have arrived with us at the same point, or rather that they have gone back to it?'

Fortunately, there are no judges at Berlin who would visit the author of this question with the punishment which Prince Bismarck might like to deal out to him. Hence his tears over the alleged unfaithfulness of the very Courts of Justice.

### III.

This new constitutional conflict has been planned on the same lines as the one which was fought between the Crown and the Prussian House of Commons twenty years ago. It looks—to use the mocking words of a journal in the Bismarckian interest—as if a kind of 'Conflict jubilee' were to be celebrated. The language is to-day almost identically the same as that which was used, after the dissolution of the House of Commons, in the royal manifesto of the 11th of March, 1862. The tactical manœuvres employed for the destruction of whatever parliamentary power there is in existence, are also the same to-day as they were then. Whilst the despotic forces of the Crown attack the upholders of representative government in front, a simultaneous attempt is being made to weaken them, and get up troubles

<sup>6</sup> See his *Papiers*, vol. iii. p. 367.

and difficulties for them, in the rear, by means of enticements craftily held out to the working classes of the towns.

As a prelude to these Catilinarian tactics of the Chancellor, came the disgraceful orgies of the Jews' Chase, begun on a larger scale at Berlin on the New Year's night of 1880-81. There was evidently more method in those ugly rushes and riots than may be generally suspected. They turbulently heralded in the renewal of that pseudo-Socialist policy which Herr von Bismarck—strange irony of events!—had initiated twenty years ago in secret league with the pseudo-revolutionist Lassalle, who was of Jewish descent. The German citizens of Hebrew origin, or of the Mosaic faith, belong, in their great majority, to the Liberal and Radical camp. Several of them have achieved the most honourable prominence in the progressive parties to which they attached themselves. The great statesman whose ideal is his own Dictatorship under cover of the King's personal government, finding these popular leaders of Semitic blood as stumbling-blocks in his path, did not scruple to dally coquettishly with the organisers and approvers of the Jews' Hunt. An underhand alliance was struck up, in old Roman fashion, between out-and-out partisans of Cæsarism and certain shady leaders of a misguided rabble. A court preacher, Stöcker, acted as the go-between and spiritual head of the crusade. The same man, though only brought in by a second ballot at the late elections, in spite of his having been a candidate in several places, is now in the German Parliament a chief exponent of this cross-breed between princely absolutism and professed philanthropic care for the multitude.

At one time, Lassalle, Prince Bismarck's earliest teacher, passed for an ultra-revolutionary agitator in the interest of that section of the working classes which aimed at communistic institutions. I have never joined in this estimate of his character. On the contrary, long before his occult dealings with King William's despotic minister had been revealed by the latter himself, I had declared against Lassalle as against an undoubted helpmate of the impending *coup d'état* policy. I held the so-styled democratic phraseology in which he clothed his assaults against the Liberal and Radical upholders of the Parliamentary cause to be a mere cloak of deception.<sup>7</sup> None who read Lassalle's writings and speeches carefully, could avoid coming to the same conclusion. Compliments were addressed in them to a certain 'profound and subtle statesman,' who was extolled as against the 'Liberal spouters' of fine talk.' A hopeful expectation, founded on positive 'previous knowledge,' was expressed that the Constitution would be overthrown by that profound and subtle statesman, and that universal suffrage would be proclaimed 'by royal ordinance,'

<sup>7</sup> See *Ein Freundeswort an Deutschlands Arbeiter, Bürger und Bauern*. Von Karl Blind. ('A Friendly Word to Germany's Working-men, Citizens, and Peasants'); 1862.

through a 'Tory Ministry.' The King was advised to firmly lay his hand on the hilt of the sword (*auf den Knauf des Schwertes gestützt*), in order to effect this state-stroke (*Staatsstreich*), and thus to 'found anew the power of the House of Hohenzollern as on a pillar of strength.' All kingship, the alleged Democrat further declared, was in its origin popular kingship; and that character—he asserted—still belonged to the Royal House of Prussia.

On the day, therefore,—he said in one of his speeches—on which the King is put on his trial, and government is to be charged with having overthrown the Constitution, by having introduced universal and direct suffrage through a cabinet order of the Monarch (*durch Octroyirung*)—on that day I shall allow the State Prosecutor to put me in the dock as the intellectual accomplice and co-author of the overthrow of the Constitution.

These teachings of Lassalle were the teachings of Bonapartism before the 2nd of December, 1851. Bonapartism, too, got into irresponsible power by striking up a shady alliance with certain pseudo-Socialists, and by using the restoration of full universal suffrage as a deceptive parole. Herr von Bismarck made his political studies on that subject in France, when accredited to the Tuileries. Lassalle, a would-be Persigny under sham-revolutionary guise, completed Bismarck's education in that particular branch of statecraft. This has been as much as confessed by the Prince himself in Parliament, when he avowed that he was visited in secret by Lassalle at the time the latter was held to be the mortal enemy of Government, and that he was indebted to Lassalle for many spirited political conversations.

I happen to know that Countess Hatzfeld, Lassalle's most intimate friend through life, declared, after his death, that 'if he had lived six months longer, he would have entered into a Government position.' Lassalle's fellow-worker and legatée, Lothar Bucher, who also has occupied himself with State Socialism, at all events entered afterwards into a Government position as Bismarck's most trusty confidant—a position he holds to this day, and in which he has recently re-edited a work of Lassalle.

All these facts are patent before the eyes of the world; yet how often is Lassalle's true character still misjudged! But then, 'the world wants to be deceived.'

Napoleon the Third dabbled, like most usurpers, in occasional experiments for the alleged benefit of the masses, so as the better to be able to crush the intermediate, more cultured classes which generally prize political rights. It is a policy that can be traced from the days of Greek tyrants into the history of Eastern despots, and from some of the kings of the old French monarchy to the usurper Czar Boris Godunoff. As a rule, it need scarcely be said, there is generally some seeming basis for this interference of the tyrant with the prevailing institutions of social economy. In so far he is able to

put on the mask of a benefactor of the people. But he always takes good care neither to go beyond a certain line, nor to hurt his own selfish interests which are the grossest bar to public welfare. His very power is founded on a see-saw game between the propertied and the disinherited classes; alternately maintaining order, as he does, for the former, and craftily holding out allurements to the latter. By turns he either flatters or smites the several classes until cowardly or over-confident human nature becomes so thoroughly disgusted with the long series of acts of violence and trickery, that the despot at last falls to the ground between two stools.

There is full reason, no doubt, for the enactment of laws of insurance against accidents in industrial employment, and against the helplessness of workmen in old age. A State which goes by the maxim that in the battle of life everything is to belong to the strong, is not in reality a civilised State, but merely a political reflex of what occurs in the animal kingdom. Prince Bismarck, taking his rhetorical cue from Stöcker and others of that saintly connection, says that 'practical Christianity' forbids permitting such injustice to the weak. It would, however, be better to lay the stress on the duties of 'practical Humanity,' thus including the totality, instead of a minority, of mankind. He also declares that 'the unprotected classes must gain the conviction that the State not only remembers them when taxes are to be paid, and recruits to be furnished, but that it also thinks of them when they are to be shielded and to be supported, so that they, with their weak forces, shall not be run over and trampled down on the great highway of life.'

True; but then how is it that Prince Bismarck's schemes only apply to the working class of the towns, which is but a small section of the working class at large?

Let statistics speak! Lassalle once endeavoured to make out that 94 per cent. of the population of Prussia have to live from hand to mouth. Be that as it may, at all events the towns' population in Prussia, and throughout Germany (even as in France and other Continental countries), consists in its vast majority of the agricultural class. Two-thirds, if not more, of the aggregate population of the country consist of peasants and labourers. One-third only (burghers and working-men) live in the towns. How is it, then, that Prince Bismarck, in the fulness of his practical Christianity, does not bring forward any bills for the insurance against accidents, and for the sustenance in old age, of the labouring classes in the country? Can it be that he merely wishes to set the two sections of the towns' population, in which the Liberal and Democratic aspirations are chiefly embodied, at loggerheads, whilst he carefully avoids touching the pocket of the landowners?

These questions are often asked now in Germany. The deep sympathy he professes to feel with 'the workman and his wife' is

tested by the light of inquiries which often lead to utter astonishment. His vague references to State help for some industrial establishments are being probed by similar inquiries. Already under the tuition of Lassalle, he phantasmagorically produced this idea, as he does now again under the fresh tuition of Professor Wagner and Dr. Schüffle. Can it be, some men ask, that the well-known fact of a portion of the landowners being mixed up with industrial enterprises (in the same way as some of them are in this country in Lancashire) has anything to do with his rhetorical flights into the region of State Socialism? Are those members of the aristocracy who get dividends from large manufacturing establishments to be indemnified, as it were, out of the pocket of the ordinary middle class for any loss they may incur through compulsory accident insurance and kindred laws?

'State help,' 'shorter hours of labour, with the same wages as before,' and cognate ideas, are the theme upon which Prince Bismarck likes to enlarge now in a kaleidoscopic fashion. In one and the same breath, he boldly avows that 'he does not shrink from them,' and yet that he is 'far from facilitating the industrial enterprises of one portion of the citizens by subsidies taken from the other!' It is a will-o'-the-wisp manœuvring of the most puzzling kind. Off and on, he is all things to all men; cajoling or threatening, according to the expediency of the moment. The 'fixed point' in his policy, however, is the greater glory of the Crown, untarnished by parliamentary restrictions. This is his real object; or rather let us say, his real object is the maintenance of his own 'One Man's' power, with the Crown for his hiding hood. He is of the *Ego et rex meus* school. Only he has the wisdom of putting the *REX* in front in full capital letters.

#### IV.

In the conflict between the Crown and Parliament, which preceded the war of 1866, historical allusions to Charles Stuart and his minister Strafford were freely bandied about in the House of Deputies at Berlin. When men who do not want to be treated as slaves are stung to the quick, they cast about for weapons which otherwise they would gladly leave untouched. Herr von Bismarck did then sting the representatives of the people to the quick. Sometimes he would carelessly, during the debates, withdraw behind a door, and then say that he 'heard quite well enough there what was going on.' On another occasion he would threaten the representatives of the people with having the regulations for menials (*Gesinde-Ordnung*) read to them as a corrective for their behaviour. This was in keeping with his earlier *Junker* notions, when he said the great cities, the hotbeds of anarchy, had better be swept from the face of the earth.

The constitutional conflict of his first ministerial career was virtually smothered by the war against the German Confederacy. After the unexpectedly rapid successes of that risky enterprise, he asked for indemnity; and he got it. Nothing succeeds like success; this was no exception to the rule. Moreover, Herr von Bismarck thought it prudent at that time to conciliate the Liberal party by some concessions. A peace at home was therefore patched up; steady perseverance in the attainment of political objects being seldom found with the many.

After 1870, those who confound the effect and consequence of an act with the original intention of its author, readily flew to the conclusion that the establishment of German unity had been the Prussian statesman's scheme from the beginning. A closer study of his career shows the fallacy of this view, as a closer study of Count Cavour's career shows that the Piedmontese statesman only aimed at first at the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy in the North. So far from believing the unity of all Italy to be feasible, Cavour not even held it to be desirable. He thought the South would prove an utterly disturbing element in the enlarged kingdom which he resolved to found by means of the French alliance; the cession of Savoy, and even of Garibaldi's birthplace, being the price which had to be paid. More than this, Count Cavour was prepared to allow French nominees to be planted on the thrones both of Tuscany and of the Two Sicilies. It was the nobler group of uncompromising patriots among the moderate Liberal Constitutionalists, and, before all, the unceasing agitation of Mazzini and the active readiness of Garibaldi, which really brought about a united Italy in spite of Cavour. The proofs of this could easily be furnished. Any one who doubts it might be enlightened by the Deliverer of the Two Sicilies himself.

Matters were analogous in Germany. The Pomeranian nobleman aimed at the aggrandisement of the House of Hohenzollern. For this he was ready to divide Germany with the House of Habsburg. Not being able to come to terms with the Emperor Francis Joseph, he entered into negotiations with Louis Napoleon, and formed an alliance with Victor Emmanuel, whom he urged to 'deal a stab into the heart' (*Stoss ins Herz*) of Austria by rushing up with an Italian army to Vienna. Had the successes of the Prussian army not been so unexpectedly rapid; there is no doubt a French army would have appeared in the Rhinelands, in order to seize there a 'material guarantee' for certain promises alleged to have been made by word of mouth. In accordance with what was supposed to be an agreement or virtual pledge, the Rhenish fortresses had in a great measure been deprived of their means of defence. A French attack, with a simultaneous war on the Bohemian frontier, would therefore have been difficult to meet; all the more so because, in such a contingency,

a Danish attack for the recovery of the German Duchies would have been combined with the French move.

Fortunately, there was no time for these dangers to develop themselves. Still, even in the flush of his victory, Bismarck had to submit to the humiliation of leaving the famous 'Paragraph V.' inserted in the Treaty of Peace with Austria, at the dictation of Napoleon the Third. That paragraph referred to the northern districts of Schleswig-Holstein. It was a sop thrown to Denmark for the non-performance of a Bonapartist scheme.

The war of 1866, it must not be forgotten, had been a desperate means of getting rid of a steadily growing internal difficulty which threatened to overwhelm the policy of absolutist government by the grace of God. This is not the assertion of Radicals; it is the deliberate statement of Herr von Bismarck himself. It will be found in his despatch to the Prussian ambassadors, dated the 27th of May, 1866. There it is laid down that, in the then untenable organisation of the German Confederacy, there was danger of a coming 'great crisis' with the most powerful 'revolutionary outbreaks;' that such a 'catastrophe' must be forestalled by timely reform; that it was 'not the mass of unjustifiable claims which confer strength upon the revolutionary movements, but that usually it is the smaller portion of legitimate claims, which furnishes the most effective pretexts for the Revolution, and gives its movements a lasting and dangerous power;' and that, therefore, 'in the interest of the monarchical principle in Germany,' a governmental initiative is necessary. This was Bismarck's prologue to the war against the Confederacy.

Few out of Germany know, indeed, how strong the popular current then was; how boldly men proclaimed their views; how widely ramified Democratic sympathies were, reaching into circles where otherwise views consonant with those of the governing caste might have been expected. On this latter point the writer of this article can speak with some degree of confidence. Fifteen or sixteen years of bureaucratic oppression and assumption, after the overthrow of the great movement of 1848-49, had gradually brought about a powerful revival of the national sentiment. The conflict in the Prussian House of Deputies, arising out of the intolerable claims of the Prince who had vanquished the cause of German freedom and union by force of arms and by drumhead law, fed the flame of renewed discontent until it burst forth with a mighty blaze. Ay, some curious chapters might be written, were the confidential utterances and political connections of men laid bare, who naturally inclined towards a constitutional monarchy, and who afterwards stood forth again under that colour, but who, during a time, were ready to make common cause with Democracy, out of despairing detestation of a self-willed royal despotism and its ministerial dictatorship.

Men of eminence in politics or literature, who might at any



moment have been pounced upon by a princely police, courageously allowed their names to appear month after month as sponsors of Democratic prints published abroad by exiled leaders. Toasts were given at enthusiastic German riflemen's meetings in honour of those exiles, and for the establishment of a Commonwealth on the Swiss pattern. Attempts to enter into contact with exiles were made by this or that minor prince, who was supposed to be ready for a candidacy for the Kaisership after the re-convocation of a National Constituent Assembly. Under these circumstances, the Austrian Court, on the advice of a former proscribed member of the National Assembly of Frankfort, took the initiative of a project of Federal reform, by calling the German princes to Frankfort-on-the-Main, under the presidency of the Emperor Francis Joseph. But the Prussian King would not come. Hence the Austrian plan failed; and the public mind, daily growing more indignant at the want of regular institutions of freedom and at the loss of national dignity, readily listened to those who aimed at self-government by the people.

The Schleswig-Holstein war was an interlude. Contrary to the notion prevailing out of Germany, it was not Bismarck who had at first favoured that war. Both Prussia and Austria originally opposed, by their votes at the Frankfort Diet, all decisive measures against Denmark. It was the smaller kingdoms and principalities, in which the popular movement had grown wellnigh irresistible, that instructed their delegates to press the matter to an issue in the sense of the Schleswig-Holstein people who had fought Denmark from 1848-51. But when Federal execution was resolved upon in spite of the Courts of Berlin and Vienna, then these latter stepped in, brushing aside the military forces of the minor princes. Finally, Prussia, on her part, ousted Austria. In the same way, not being able to bend Austria to his plan of a partition of influence in the north and the south, and unwilling to work for a Federal reform in which the House of Hohenzollern would not have had the exclusive headship, Bismarck resolved upon the war of 1866.

It is matter of history that the representatives of the Prussian people were at first averse to that war; that there was a mutinous spirit in the Landwehr; that in some instances the latter had to be forced into the railway trains by the regular troops. But the banner of Prussia being once unfolded, this resistance disappeared. It disappeared under condition of the enterprise being carried to glory and victory. This is not what Bismarck's antagonists say; he himself said it, but a few weeks ago, in the Reichstag. With an openness for which credit may be given to him, he declared that 'if this unfortunately necessary fratricidal war (*Bruderkrieg*) had been lost for Prussia, he—if he had at all seen his home again—would universally have been held to be the scapegoat, the criminal who had frivolously led the country into perdition.' The qualifying words, 'if he had at

all seen his home again,' are understood to refer to his often-mentioned intention of blowing out his brains in case of defeat on the field of battle.

At all the triumphal ovations, at the entry in 1866 (Prince Bismarck continued), I always remembered the words of a comrade on the battle-field:—'Had things turned out differently, you would have been beaten to death by the brooms of old women!' I pledged my existence, my honour, my future, I may say: my conscience, for the accomplishment of this work which was crowned with success. I gave my master the advice which turned out well. Had the work miscarried, my advice would have been changed into a cause of utter destruction.

The war of 1866 being declared by its author to have been 'a fratricidal war which was unfortunately necessary,' it will be permissible to repeat this description of his enterprise without exactly holding it to have been necessary. Had the South revengefully drawn the logical consequence in 1870, what might have been the result for Prussia! German patriots of the South acted differently; and so the gleeful expectation of M. de Lavalette, expressed in 1866 in a diplomatic circular, that the threefold rupture of the Confederacy into a North German Bund, an expelled Austria, and a loose group of Southern States, would facilitate a French war on the Rhine, remained an empty boast. German patriotism, German valour insured the victory. The laurels were placed on Bismarck's brow. Even Moltke, the silent 'ruler of battles,' was only turned into a Count. Bismarck became a Prince and a Serenity.

## V.

With the wider field of his activity, with the larger aims that grew out of it, the audacious Prussian Richelieu, the dictatorial Minister who at first had only proceeded, in his special kingdom's politics, on the lines of the notorious *Memoir of a Prussian Statesman of 1822*, expanded into a German statesman. '*Es wächst der Mensch mit seinen grössern Zwecken.*' It is true, unlike one of the earlier Prince-Electors of Brandenburg, who well understood the importance of the Eastern Question for Germany, Bismarck carelessly maintained, before the last Russian war, that 'that little bit of Herzegowina' would not lead to any conflagration in the East; and again, that he 'would not sacrifice for such matters the bones of a single Pomeranian musketeer.' But when the result of that war was that Prince Gortschakoff called out from Baden-Baden, across the Vosges: '*Soyez forts! soyez forts!*'—then Bismarck fully understood the gravity of the situation. Without loss of time he made a personal pilgrimage to Vienna, in order to form an alliance, or an understanding, with the Power to which once he had desired to give a 'stab in the heart.' The step was universally looked upon in

Germany as a correct one. What a strange commentary, however, it formed upon the war of 1866; for suppose his sudden thought of offering eternal friendship had been repelled!

Prince Bismarck has had a lucky hand in the various enterprises he boldly planned; but a nation's politics must not always be placed on the cast of a die. He who never dares never wins; but he who always dares cannot for ever hope to win by hair-breadth chances. It was, therefore, but reasonable for Prince Bismarck to steady himself, at all events in home politics, by taking the National Liberals into his confidence, and thus gaining ballast for the State vessel. The programme of that party was but a limited one. With an abnegation worthy of a better cause, the National Liberals, by their timid moderatism, courted the ill-concealed disregard of more outspoken men. Still, the connection between them and Government served to soften the asperities of a highly-pronounced individuality whose passion for irresponsible rule otherwise scarcely brooked any trammels. Nor can it be denied that some useful measure occasionally arose out of that curiously-matched combination—all the more so because the more advanced, or Progressist, section of Liberalism now and then struck in with success. In those days of 'give and take' between the Chancellor and the Liberals, he would patriarchally sit in his Tobacco Parliament, endeavouring, in condescending intercourse, to carry on government by table talk. Having a strong taste as much for talk as for action, he seemed to enjoy the part of a political Luther in undress; and being listened to, in his most free-and-easy anecdotal humours, with a deference bordering on worship, even he could not be so bearish as to refuse all desired concessions to his attentive companions, or *umbra*.

Still, nature, though driven out with a pitchfork, will return in the end. Now and then storms arose, such as occur in the best regulated families; there were sudden flashes of wrath and '*quos ego*' threats which sadly shook the political household. To one thing the ambitious and self-willed statesman would never consent—that is, to the introduction of a law establishing real ministerial responsibility. *He* was the Ministry; *he* was the State; and *he* would not be responsible to any one but to his King and his God—that is to say, twice to himself. Nay, not only would he not be responsible to any Parliament; but often enough the other ministers—his colleagues in appearance, his mere subordinates in reality—had to feel the weight of his hand; the slightest attempt at an independent opinion being visited by dark frowns and by the offender's final expulsion from office. 'Frictions' the superior personage called these occurrences; and of 'frictions' there was no end. To withdraw into his tent, to spread rumours about his impending resignation, or even to offer it, so as to force the hand of his august master whose 'humble

'and always ready servant' he professed to be—these were the usual practices, regularly attended with success.

Right and wrong are often strangely mixed in human affairs. Right, in point of fact, I distinctly hold, was on Prince Bismarck's side during the 'frictions' which arose out of the Arnim case. Whether the mode of warfare is to be admired by which he overcame and destroyed his antagonist, whether his political considerations were not largely alloyed with personal motives bearing less close inspection, is another question. But right he there was, in the nation's interest. The same relentless and angry energy which nerved him in that matter, became, however, unpleasantly active also as soon as his 'One Man's' power was touched by any proposals for a constitutional reform in the sense of ministerial responsibility, or even by any criticism in Parliament directed against any of his acts.

Being as much given to chatting as to bold deeds, the Chancellor now and then forgets himself so far as to sap the very foundation of that Infallibility which he claims for himself. Thus, whilst hurling incredible insults against the Liberals because they would not follow him through thick and thin in all his changeful moods, he occasionally blurts out, when he is in the talkative vein, an avowal that, in spite of his previous stormy laying down of the law on matters of State Socialism, he 'had not, after all, fully made up his mind on the subject, or that he was not at one with himself to the same extent as he was before, or that he had not yet formed a decision from want of instruction.' Yea, even he 'had often to reconsider matters; to strike out many important things from his drafts; to alter them; to quash them; and to work at them over again.' A year ago, he 'had the establishment of a bureaucratic institution in his mind's eye' for the proposed law of insurance against accidents. Now, he has 'become convinced that the mass of cases which would arise was such that they could not be disposed of in that way, and that therefore corporative organisations' (whatever that may mean, for he has not yet given any hints on the subject) 'would have to be established for the purpose.'

Such is the ever-changing ebb and flood in the Chancellor's mind. Still, his wisdom must always be decisive for the time being. The collective wisdom of a majority in Parliament goes for nothing. When it suits him, the Ultramontane Centre party are treated as the sworn enemies of the country; he binds himself by an oath before Parliament 'never to go to Canossa;' and forthwith a granite monument is erected by his admirers, in remembrance of the event, in the Harz mountains. These are the merry days of the 'Kultur-Kampf,' when rebellious bishops are bundled off, and Germany has found her second Luther, whom even freethinkers may follow at a watchful distance. Later on, the scene changes. The May laws are put in abeyance; negotiations are entered into with the Holy Father; Italy

is alarmed by dark threats of an intended restoration of Papal territorial sovereignty. The Liberals who had supported the May laws, are left in the position of whipping-boys whom Windthorst sarcastically tells that he hopes they will in future, 'as children that burnt their fingers, be shy of the fire.' What the next transformation scene may be, nobody can pretend to say, except the Chancellor—who even may not know himself.

The German nation has, however, grown tired of a system or game which alternately uses up all parties for the object of maintaining a Vizierate, relieved by a running parliamentary farce, with a frowning royal absolutism as a dark 'background. In the influential position he occupies, the high and mighty Minister has, of course, many resources at hand for influencing the elections for the Reichstag. When he pleases, he may disturb the circles of the Liberals by approaches towards the orthodox Conservatives; by holding out allurements both to the peasantry and the landowners in the shape of protective duties on corn; by using 'Social alliance' stratagems with the workmen of the towns; by winking at the worst outbreaks of the passions of hatred, envy, and malice among the mob against the Jews; or even by bringing a fresh war 'in sight.' Nevertheless, the tide has of late been steadily rising against him.

Thanks to the crafty manœuvres in question, the German Parliament, not counting insignificant groups, is at this moment still divided into three main parties: Liberals, Conservatives, and Ultramontanes; the first of which, ranged under different banners, have, however, in the aggregate, a comparative majority as against each of the other two parties. The latest electoral statistics show that, of the 5,301,000 votes recently cast throughout the Empire, the Liberals, the National Liberals, the Liberal Unionists, and the Progressists, combined with the People's Party and the Social Democrats, obtained 2,481,000 votes, whilst the two Conservative sections obtained only 1,200,000, the Ultramontanes 1,149,000; the small remainder going to the Welfic group, the Alsatian Protest party, and the few deputies from Posen and North Schleswig. There are, however, 9,090,000 men on the voting register. Now, of a great many of them it may be said with safety that they are on the Liberal and Radical reserve, and only refuse taking part in the political strife at present from sheer disgust.

This disgust reaches even, I think I am able to assert, into the Upper House of Prussia, though perhaps this fact may not be fully known at Court. As to the majority of the working classes in the towns, it is a promising feature that they have refused, in their majority, to yield to the blandishments of Prince Bismarck in the last elections. He himself avers that his 'promises and offers of an emancipating legislation have been received in the large centres of industry with less confidence' than the promises of the Liberal Opposition, and

that 'the defeat which Government, and he personally, had suffered from the workmen in those great towns, has to a certain degree discouraged him.' Again, he remarked in the same speech, that—

the masses of the workmen themselves oppose the Governmental attempts to improve their condition with such mistrust that they would rather elect representatives of a party which on the domain of political economy advocates the right of the stronger, which forsakes the weak in the struggle against the power of capital, and which refers him, instead, to his own human dignity, to free competition, to private insurance, and I do not know what other words—in short, refusing him all State help.

This, of course, is the princely Catiline's own way of putting things. State Socialism, used in the 'large centres of industry' as an engine of party warfare against political progress by an aristocratic upholder of feudal institutions and royal absolutism, is not what enlightened workmen who respect their 'human dignity' can accept as a bribe for submitting to political degradation. Stung by their conduct, the Imperial Chancellor so far forgets himself as to declare, with a reference to an expression of Frederick the Second, or the Great, that the Monarch, in order to carry his point, must not shrink from making himself a 'King of the Beggars' (*le Roi des Gueux*). Well, a beggarly alms-receiving mob following deferently at the heels of an inviolable Autocrat or his irresponsible Minister—this, then, is the ideal of a State which the man of blood and iron has come to in his present straits; and he actually thinks he can juggle and charm the working class with it! Would not German workmen who respect themselves rather act in the spirit of Gueuses than of *Gueux*?

Another promising feature is, that the three chief Liberal sections, among which that of the Progressists has been returned at the last elections with the greatest number of votes, have come to some kind of union in presence of the common danger; and that, moreover, they have combined to bring in a Bill of their own for the indemnification and the insurance of workmen against accidents. This Liberal Bill, which has been referred to a Committee, is certainly capable of very large improvement if it is to satisfy legitimate claims. But one of its provisions merits unconditional approval—namely, its applicability not only to the large centres of industry, but also to 'agricultural enterprises and to forest administration.' The landed interest and industrial capitalism are thus equally dealt with for the better security of the toiling millions, '*die da unten wimmeln ohne Brot und Recht*,' to speak in Sallet's pathetic words.

If the progressive parties of Germany take such questions, which come home to the masses, more regularly in hand in a large-minded, large-hearted sense, a weapon of attack against them will be struck from the hand of the would-be Dictator, and gradually the stage will become clear for a more promising treatment of the nation's

concerns. The time surely is past for experimentalising once more upon the German nation after the manner of the grandly bewigged *Serenissimi* of the last century, who aped Louis Quatorze. This fact, William the First and his Wolsey in cuirassier uniform will yet learn, and to teach them that truth without delay is every free-minded patriot's bounden duty.

KARL BLIND.

## THE GRIEVANCES OF THE FARMERS.

THE paper by Sir Bartle Frere on the Land Agitation in Aberdeenshire, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for December last, is so inaccurate in its statements, and so misrepresents the demands of the Aberdeenshire farmers, as to call for a reply. And as the position of agriculture and the grievances of farmers are the same in other parts of the United Kingdom as in Aberdeenshire, or differ only in degree, the opportunity may be taken to explain the real nature of the complaints, and the remedies which are proposed for their redress.

Since the article in question appeared, a great meeting of over 2,000 farmers (representing, it was said, over 40,000 farmers in the North-Eastern District of Scotland) has been held in Aberdeen, at which agricultural questions were fully discussed, and a series of resolutions, moved and seconded by well-known tenant farmers, unanimously approved.

These resolutions summarised are to the following effect : —

1. The change of circumstances since current leases were entered into (the leases are almost invariably for nineteen years) necessitates a reduction of rents which landlords ought to grant, and thus share part of the loss arising from the existing long-continued agricultural depression.

2. Primogeniture, entail, and hypothec, along with all presumptions of law in favour of the landlord and against the tenant, ought to be abolished.

3. Legislation is urgently necessary to secure to tenants

- (1) Compensation for improvement of their holdings ;

- (2) Freedom of cultivation ; and .

- (3) Free sale of the produce.

And such legislation should apply to existing leases.

There is thus an authoritative exposition of the grievances of the Aberdeenshire farmers and the measures demanded for their redress with which the statements of Sir B. Frere may be compared. Before, however, examining Sir B. Frere's statements in detail, it may be



worth while to examine briefly the picture he has drawn of the social relations between landlord and tenant in Aberdeenshire.

According to the general view presented, the relations between landlords and tenants in the 'good old times,' and down to six years ago, were, if not absolutely satisfactory to farmers, as nearly so as could be hoped for among a class whose nature it is to grumble; but now, from causes which are incomprehensible (to Sir Bartle Frere at least), the scene of peace and contentment is completely changed, and discord reigns supreme.

Turning to details, Sir Bartle says on the game question: "In the good old times the burden of the game laws was little felt. Game was unsaleable except surreptitiously, and it was easier and more profitable to steal the minister's cow or the neighbour's sheep than the laird's stags or grouse." The drawing here is rather confused. The burden of the game laws may have been, and I believe was, little felt in the 'good old times,' but if so, how could it have been easier to steal sheep than to poach grouse? In 'the good old times' the burden of cattle-lifting or sheep-stealing was hanging, a burden many had to bear, and doubtless did not find to be light.

Sir Bartle supports the assertion made by game preservers that the number of people on afforested land is greater than lived on the sheep farms and crofts before they were converted into deer forests. If Sir Bartle had kept his eyes open in passing through one of the many glens afforested on Deeside, the numerous ruins of farm buildings and crofters' homes, contrasted with the present solitude, would have prevented his espousal of so grave an error. The story retailed of a farmer complaining of the fencing of a deer forest, because he could not now get a chance of killing stags in winter, shows that some one has been making 'game' of Sir Bartle, and foisting 'chaff' for grains of fact.

'Claims for unexhausted improvements,' says Sir Bartle, 'have been adjusted between landlord and tenant without much reference to law courts.' If this simply means that there have been few lawsuits about tenants' improvements, the statement is true. How could there be lawsuits when tenants had no legal claim to go into court with? Without any redress they had to submit to the injustice of either having their rents raised or of surrendering their improvements with the farm to the landlord. I do not recollect any single case where a tenant leaving an improved farm got any compensation whatever, and to say that there have been few lawsuits, because compensation was settled by mutual agreement, is wholly inaccurate. Nothing perhaps could more clearly show complete ignorance of the whole subject than such a statement. Why, the fact that the tenants' improvements have been appropriated by the landlords without compensation, coupled with excessive rent, is the gist of their present complaints.

'The tenants have talked,' says Sir Bartle Frere, 'seriously and systematically of withholding rents,' &c. So grave a charge ought only to have been made on clear and distinct evidence. All that individual farmers may have been tempted to say, smarting under the feeling that their rents were greater than they could pay, let them work never so hard, it is, of course, impossible for me to know; but I do not hesitate to say that the statement as made by Sir Bartle Frere, 'The tenants have talked seriously and systematically of withholding rents,' is utterly absurd.

Meanwhile the shrewd Aberdeenshire farmers, as Sir Bartle Frere calls them, will, from the manner in which they and their affairs have been dealt with, form a shrewd notion of the treatment King Cetewayo experienced at his hands and of the value to be attached to his representations of South African affairs. Sir Bartle Frere has altogether failed to understand the relations between landlord and tenant in Aberdeenshire, either in 'the good old times,' six years ago, or now. In 'the good old times' (I fear that the best that can be said of them is that they are gone), the relations between landlord and tenant were of a far more intimate and social character than now obtain. Mutual obligations and duties were recognised and acted on. The tenant frequently met his landlord, and addressed him, no doubt respectfully, but freely, and on Sundays all met together very much on an equality in one place of worship. Now-a-days, the tenant, as a rule, rarely sees his landlord, and when he does it is usually at a formal meeting of duty on one side or the other. The tenant is handed over to the factor, who acts as a 'buffer' to keep the two apart, and the landlord has seldom an opportunity of hearing directly what his tenants have to say. The Presbyterian church of his forefathers is not respectable enough for the landlord of to-day. He frequents the Episcopal church—popularly supposed, with a tinge of contempt, to be the kirk of the gentry—and, generally speaking, endeavours to increase the distance between himself and his tenants, who, not quite unconscious of the laird's feeling, possibly, in their independence, show no desire to narrow the widening breach.

Perhaps the first public evidence of the want of sympathy between landlords and tenants in Aberdeenshire was manifested in the election, under open voting, of the late Mr. Dingwall Fordyce as representative of the county in 1866, against the combined influence of almost the whole landlords of the county. The election, without a contest, of the late Mr. McCombie for the western division of the county in 1868, very much to the astonishment of the landlords, was a further step towards complete independence, and the contest which resulted from the attempt to unseat him in 1874, when the landlords' candidate was defeated by a majority of nearly

eight to one, was rather a contest between classes than political parties.

The failure of the Game Law Conference between landlords and tenants (a well-meaning attempt to throw oil on the troubled waters), held in Aberdeen in 1870, convinced the farmers that they could hope for no willing concession from their landlords, who had neither the tact nor grace to concede such reforms as had become inevitable, and, if granted in time, would have conciliated the farmers. In 1881 the landlords had to submit to the same reforms embodied in the Ground Game Act, which, with the abolition of rural hypothec, are hailed as the first fruits of agrarian agitation in Scotland.

The present relations between landlords and tenants in Aberdeenshire are therefore not due to any sudden change in the minds of the farmers, but such as have naturally enough arisen from a long experienced feeling of injustice and oppressive treatment.

It is not surprising to find Sir Bartle Frere making the not unusual statement that landlords get only a return of 3 per cent. on their capital; but I confess I did feel surprise that Mr. Caird, in what seemed to be a carefully prepared statistical paper, gives currency to the same fallacy, or rather misstatement.

Mr. Caird must know very well that investors, in giving thirty years' purchase of the net rental for land, expected a good deal more than 3 per cent. for their money, leaving out of account the social consideration and the power over one's fellows that landholding gives, and on which, under the euphonious name of right to select tenants, the Duke of Argyll places so much weight.

A very valuable Blue Book recently issued shows that the agricultural rental of land in England increased in the twenty-five years from 1853 to 1878 no less than 10,408,822*l.*, or fully 25 per cent., and in Scotland 2,254,908*l.*, or nearly 42 per cent.; that is, an increase of 1 per cent. per annum in England, and of  $1\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. in Scotland, on the rentals of 1853. These figures enable us to see what return land has made since the adoption of the policy of Free Trade on the capital invested in its purchase.

Taking an average estate in England, bought in 1853 at thirty years' purchase, the investor had not only the 3 per cent. return on which he bought, but found his income increase at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum during the next twenty-five years, and himself at the end of that period in possession of an estate worth one-fourth more than when he bought it. In Scotland the increase would have been two-thirds greater.

Has any other important class of investment given an equally good return?

It is quite true that landlords have expended a certain amount

of capital on their estates; but, exclusive of the expenditure necessary to maintain the rental of 1853, the amount is comparatively small.

The value of the increase of the rental of Great Britain at thirty years' purchase is over 380,000,000*l.* Mr. Caird, in his *Landed Interest*, estimates the total expenditure on improvements by landlords in England and Scotland during the same period at 48,000,000*l.*

It is extremely difficult to estimate tenants' profits. From investigations made by me six or seven years ago, I concluded that in Scotland the profits realised by the best farmers did not in average seasons exceed 6 to 8 per cent. on their capital after crediting the farm with the rent of a residence and the produce consumed by the family, and without allowing anything for management. On small holdings, laboured by the farmer himself, the return did not probably exceed 3 per cent. with labourers' wages in addition. But it may be safely stated that, putting the last seven years' together, farming in the United Kingdom has yielded no interest on capital. According to Mr. Giffen, the loss in the last four years, as compared with average seasons, amounts to between 150,000,000*l.* and 160,000,000*l.*, or annually about one-half the rental of the United Kingdom, and, if we reckon the money employed in agriculture at 450,000,000*l.*, an annual loss of 8 to 10 per cent. on farmers' capital.

Sir B. Frere's knowledge of political economy appears to be even less than his acquaintance with Aberdeenshire.

'There is an "unearned increment" in professional fees, as there is in land,' says Sir Bartle Frere. Assuming a fee to be fair payment for services rendered, how can any part of it be 'unearned'?

The increase in the rent of a farm may be due to one or more of several causes. The landlord may have expended capital on it, in which case the increase due to that expenditure properly belongs to the landlord; or the increase may be due to tenants' improvements, and would properly belong to the tenant; or the increase may arise from the general progress of the community, and not from anything done by either landlord or tenant. This increase has been called the 'unearned increment.'

But speculations regarding the unearned increment are of very little practical value, either now or for many years to come. The prospect as regards agricultural land is very much towards a decrement, and such being the case, questions about unearned increment may be profitably left out of the discussion.

The rights of private property in land as enunciated by Sir Bartle Frere are of the most absolute and far-reaching character. He cannot indeed see any difference between the rights of property in land and the rights of property in one's own person—the brains or hands, for example. After going so far, it would be little more sur-

prising or absurd if the writer went on to recommend landlords, if the present agitation continued, to take themselves out of the country, and their estates with them. It is quite true that both land and brains are gifts of Providence, but there is this essential difference between the rights of property in them. The gift of brains is to a particular individual, and his right of property in the gift may be held as demonstrated by the fact that he alone has the absolute control of its use. The gift of land was not to any individual, not even to any one generation, but to all, past, present, and to come, who, with due regard to the rights of others, should apply their labour in making it useful to man. •

I should, however, doubt whether it is politic for landlords or their zealous friends to raise such questions. A just appreciation by the public of the true rights of property in land would probably give revolution rather than reform.

But when Sir Bartle Frere appeals to so-called abstract rights, to defeat or prejudice all reform, his assertions cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged; and when the Duke of Argyll publicly declares that landlords 'have paid for their estates in every possible way,' he provokes the inquiry, 'In what way did the Dukes of Argyll pay for their estates?' and, even if that could be satisfactorily answered, the more serious question of the right of one generation to alienate in perpetuity the patrimony of the nation remains behind.

But enough, and perhaps too much, of Sir Bartle Frere. Let us now examine the nature of the grievances which have caused the present remarkable and significant movement among the Scotch farmers. I have said grievances, but they practically, I think, resolve themselves for purposes of legislation into one—the appropriation without compensation of improvements made by tenants on their farms. Restrictions on the mode of cultivation and on the sale of certain articles of produce are much and justly complained of; but if a tenant had full security for his improvements, freedom of cultivation and sale (with right to the landlord to interfere in the case of deterioration) would almost necessarily follow. There is the further complaint that rents are too high, and in some cases demands have been made for a revaluation of rents under Parliamentary authority. Rent, however, is a question between individuals, which does not, in the first place at least, affect the community in the same way as the other matters in debate. • •

Compensation for improvements and freedom of cultivation and sale are subjects of vital importance to the public at large, because they are indispensable, not only for the full development of the agricultural resources of the country, but, from change of circumstances, even for the maintenance of the present low standard of cultivation. The payment of a higher or lower rent does not directly affect the

community, but it must become a question of national importance if the exaction under long-standing leases of a higher rent than the land under the present system of tenure will yield accomplishes the general ruin of so important a class as the farmers of Great Britain. Let us hope that a timely revision of rents by landlords generally will render it unnecessary to consider the question of legislative interference in the adjustment of rents—a step which only the last necessity could justify.

The presumption of law, both in England and Scotland, is against the tenant having any claim to compensation for improvements, and there is scarcely an instance where a tenant has compensation by agreement. Even in these times, when farms are hard to let, I have heard of no case where a landlord has agreed to give a tenant market value for the improvements he may make on his farm. In the absence of any protection by law, tenants' improvements, however valuable, may be, and, as a rule, are, appropriated without any compensation by the landlord, even although, as is often the case, he or his predecessor has assured the tenant that he would be liberally dealt with. If the farm is held under a yearly tenancy, the rent may on six months' notice be increased to the full value of the holding, including the tenant's improvements. If under lease the rent is, as a matter of course, revised on its renewal, and it is the common and bitter experience of tenants that the rent is increased on the improvements they themselves have made, and that not unfrequently to the full extent of their value. Should the tenant quit, the landlord reaps the value of his improvements in the increased rent paid by the successor; for I do not recollect a single instance where a waygoing tenant has been compensated for his improvements, however great, or however inadequate the return from them which he has had time to reap.

The evils arising from the want of compensation for improvements and of freedom of cultivation and sale of produce are as great in England as in Scotland, and the complaints of injustice on the part of farmers may have as good grounds in the one case as in the other; but, considering the larger proportional increase of the rental of Scotland, there may be a difference in degree. In some respects also the Scotch tenant is more strictly bound, and consequently more in the power of his landlord, while in times of depression, such as the present, the nineteen years' lease holds the tenant, without hope of escape, till his means are completely exhausted and himself ruined.

The presumption of law, to take another instance, is, in Scotland, against a tenant having the right to assign his lease under any circumstances. He cannot even name a successor in his will. Unless the landlord expressly authorises the tenant to assign (which he never does) or

to bequeath his lease (which is rarely the case), the law says he has not the power to do so, and the landlord may object to any successor except the heir-at-law. Cases have not been rare where a tenant at the beginning of a lease has expended more than his own money in improvements, and becoming insolvent, by having his capital fixed in the land, has had his lease forfeited and his farm relet by the landlord at a handsome advance due to the ruined tenant's improvements. In such cases the right of hypothec gave the landlord payment in full, and left only miserable dividends to the other creditors.

Tenants' improvements have been appropriated under circumstances even more reprehensible. I have known more than one instance where a lease made valuable by a deceased tenant's improvements has been forfeited because the heir-at-law could not give personal residence on the farm, an almost invariable condition of tenancy in Scotch leases. The law empowered the landlord to object to any successor except the heir-at-law, and as he had no right to assign, however good the assignee, the landlord resumed possession of the farm without giving one farthing of compensation.

Another example occurs to me that shows the extent to which landlords will sometimes carry their power over their tenants. The heir-at-law of a tenant who had invested all his means in the improvement of his farm was a distant relative whom he barely knew. His wife, according to the law of Scotland, was not heir-at-law to the lease. The landlord, on application, consented to allow the widow to succeed, but with the condition that the lease should be forfeited if she married again without her landlord's consent.

In no part of the country probably has more been done in the improvement of land than in the county of Aberdeen, as may be inferred from the exceptionally great increase in its rental during the last thirty years. According to the Blue Book already referred to, the rental of Aberdeenshire was in 1852-53 445,316*l*. In 1879-80 it amounted to 685,839*l*., an increase in twenty-seven years of no less than 54 per cent., or 2 per cent. per annum.

Those who know Aberdeenshire will not dispute the statement that a very large portion of the county has been reclaimed from the barren waste by the hard toil of industrious crofters, such as Burns portrays in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' and that their improvements have been appropriated by the landlords without compensation. A newly-married powerful young man rented, or possibly built, a humble cottage of two rooms—'a but and a ben,' as it is called—on the edge of a moor, with probably an acre or two of arable land. The moor provided scanty enough grazing for a cow, to which the

wife attended, while the husband worked by day on a neighbouring farm, and in his evenings and spare hours employed himself in laboriously converting, yard by yard, almost foot by foot, the stubborn glebe into corn-growing land. No one knew the labour he expended, or reckoned the hours of 'early morn and dewy eve' devoted to the toil, but the heaps of boulders exposed in the process, and which still encumber the margins of the fields, attest the severity and magnitude of the labour. Years passed away, it may be ten or fifteen, and the rough inhospitable moorland bears fair crops of the hardy oat, turnips, and grass. But the man himself bears evidence of the cost of the transformation. The labour outside his little croft to maintain himself and his family, added to the work of reclamation, has told on his once powerful frame, and the force of his strength is well-nigh spent. To the wife, the faithful partner of her husband's labour, life has been far from easy. She has not only done her part, by a frugality and self-denial verging on the habits of the miser, to maintain a home and bring up their children, but out of doors has, in seed time and harvest, taken part in the labour of the farm. Toil and care so hard and unremitting have bent the once elastic frame, and withered the early comeliness of cheek. The worthy couple might justly hope that so many years of hard and unceasing industry would secure for them some relaxation in their declining years. But no. The nineteen years of the croft is about to expire. The holding, for which 5*l.* of rent was paid, probably twice as much as it was fairly worth when the tenant entered, will now fetch 20*l.* in the market, and the temptation is too much for the landlord. The tenant seems to him, looking at the holding in its improved state, to have the place too cheap. He knows little of what has been done to make the rent seem low. Perhaps he does not want to know. He may even consider himself generous in offering a renewal of the lease at the price he can get from a new comer. The hard-worked couple know that the new rent will entail a continuance of their drudgery, with possibly the same fate to their children. The savings of their prime, sunk in the improvement of their croft, have been swallowed up. They must submit or go. There is no alternative and no redress. More than half worn out they must begin the world anew, and, thankful if they have children to help them, they struggle on.

Such, almost from the cradle to the grave, has been the life of the Aberdeenshire crofters, and their children follow them. I have drawn no fancy picture. Many cases, such as I have attempted to describe, I myself have known intimately, and I recollect a valued friend, who knew the circumstances well, explaining to me in detail how the crofters on the skirts of Benachie, 'where Gaudy rins,' had suffered in the manner I have explained from a landlord who has



made himself rather conspicuous by his complaints of the idleness and extravagance of Aberdeenshire farmers.

But the crofters themselves have been speaking out. The estates of the Earls of Aberdeen have been long regarded as the most liberally managed in the county, and the tenants considered specially fortunate in their landlord. In October last Lord Aberdeen convened a meeting of his tenantry to consider the causes of the present depression, and, as will be seen by the following extracts from the public report of the meeting, several of the tenants expressed themselves more freely than is usual at such interviews.

Mr. William Mathew, Methlick, said he was a crofter and had held his croft for a long time—between him and his father since the year '28. That croft was once six acres of arable land in a very zig-zag position, and twenty acres of moor and marsh. The first increase in the rent was from 4*l.* 5*s.* to 7*l.*, then to 13*l.* 10*s.*, and now it was 22*l.* He had made these twenty acres of land at from 12*l.* to 18*l.* an acre, and there he stood, with regard to that croft, wanting relief.

Mr. George Fraser, Hill of Skilmafilly, said his grandfather had rented a croft at from 5*l.* to 5*l.* 5*s.*; the present rental was 100*l.*, and he, now the tenant, was not grumbling even at that. His father had spent 2,000*l.* on it, and he did not think it had been altogether thrown away.

Mr. George Christie, Quilquox, in a somewhat incoherent way, made a statement to the effect that he had improved his croft, and had not got a shilling for what he had expended.

Lord Aberdeen said he would be glad rather to hear any suggestions that might tend to improve the condition of the crofter. He was afraid from the speeches that the expenses attendant on crofting were too heavy for the crofters.

The reclamation of waste and the improvement of land have not been confined to the crofters. Farmers generally have in the last thirty years expended an enormous amount of labour and capital on their farms, of which the increased rental of the county already mentioned may be taken as proof. Landlords in some cases have been responsible for the capital, chiefly by borrowing, but the tenants have had to pay interest on it at rates varying from five to six and a half per cent.

A gentleman who, in my opinion, has a wider experience and better opportunities of coming to a just conclusion than any other in the county, recently informed me that after careful consideration he did not think that the landlords of Aberdeenshire had as a whole expended more on their estates during the last thirty years than would have maintained the buildings and other improvements at the beginning of that period, and that it might fairly be said that the tenants had made the whole of the improvements, either with their own money, or by repaying both capital and interest of the money borrowed by the landlords to execute the works of improvement. It may be added, in confirmation so far of this statement, that on

many estates farm buildings have been erected, or rebuilt and enlarged, either wholly or in great part at the tenants' expense.

At the meeting of the Aberdeen tenantry above referred to, one of the principal tenants, a leading farmer in the county, who in the days of hustings seconded the nomination of the Tory representative for the county, gave utterance to feelings very general among farmers in Scotland. Mr. Copland, Mill of Ardlathen, referring to the practice of the landlord sending some one to value a farm, said there ought to be one valuator for the proprietor and another for the tenant.

In his own case—although he reluctantly referred to it—he was never asked one single thing of what he had done for the past seventeen years. He had drained part of it, he had built fences, and trenched a good deal and laid money out, paid interest, and afforded carriages till he had spent between 600*l.* and 700*l.* He never dreamed but what these would be taken into account, but instead of that they never saw his lease or knew what he laid out on the farm, but raised his rent, 105*l.* He had expected that the rent would have been lowered rather. He had been told that he was a great fool for having taken it, and he believed he was. But when once he was settled in a place, he was unwilling to leave it. He had been on the Haddo House property all his days, and he thought that for the few years he might yet have before him, he would put up with it, but he certainly thought two valuers would have shown a different figure indeed.

If such speeches represent the practice on estates considered the most liberally managed in the county, what can it be on the others?

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the meetings, not only in Aberdeenshire, but in Scotland generally, is their spontaneous character. Sir Bartle Frere hints that they were the work of agitators, but nothing could be more unwarranted. The meetings have been convened and organised by tenant farmers exclusively. The simple explanation is that the agricultural depression has become too heavy to be borne quietly, and the farmers, adopting the only course open to them, have met in public to proclaim their grievances and call upon Parliament to give redress. It is vain to seek consolation in the delusion that this movement of farmers is the work of agitators. The cry for reform is not due to the wishes or will of any individuals or class. Change of some kind is forced on landlords and farmers, whether they will or not, by the new conditions affecting the business of farming and the increasing pressure of foreign competition, and the sooner the necessary changes are made the lighter they will be to those who must bear them.

Two, and only two, really adequate measures of reform have as yet been offered to the public. One is continuity of occupancy<sup>1</sup> by the cultivator, so long as he pays the fixed rent agreed on between himself and his landlord for the new tenure; and the other is embodied in the Bill of the Farmers' Alliance.

<sup>1</sup> See pamphlet, *The Remedy for Agricultural Distress*, published by the Agricultural Press Company (Limited).

Continuity of tenure recommends itself to the landlord whose sole object is to get the highest money return from his estate, as well as to the tenant who understands his business: to the former, because the cultivator has a greater stimulus under this system than any other to develop the resources of the soil, and so will be able to pay the highest rent; to the latter, because he knows that with time, security, and freedom, he can make the land yield more than most people dream of, and if his profits are small he is at least secure in the possession of a permanent home.

The leading principle of the Bill of the Farmers' Alliance is (1) to give a tenant quitting his holding the indefeasible right to sell, subject to the landlord's right of pre-emption, the improvements he has made, at their market value, and (2) to conserve to the landlord any increase in the value of the land arising from causes other than the tenant's improvements.

This reform, if less thorough than the former, has the merit of interfering less with the existing system and ideas respecting the rights of property in land; and if its leading principle were loyally adopted and made really effective, the reform, coupled with a revision of rents, would, in my opinion, stimulate a development of the soil sufficient to meet the competition from abroad, and settle, with great advantage to landlords, farmers, and the public, the land question for a generation.

The present system of tenure by the cultivator is altogether artificial, and contrary to the conditions that the soil itself prescribes as essential to its proper cultivation. So long as the British farmer had an insatiable demand for his produce, and was protected by heavy transport charges against the competition of foreigners, who produce on conditions much more favourable than himself, the economic unsoundness of the system did not manifest itself; but the cost of transit is yearly diminishing, and neither the landlords nor the public are yet alive to the gravity of the agricultural crisis or to the importance of the changes necessary to place the farmer in a sound economic position. If British agriculture is to maintain a successful competition with foreign produce, the British farmer must have freedom of cultivation and feel assured that he will reap such fruits of his skill and capital as nature may give, without fear that they will be enjoyed by another; and the position which will insure this is incompatible with the rights landlords now assert over the land and its cultivators. When landlords are ready to accept a system that will give them the largest return from the land that its proper cultivation will afford, and are prepared to abandon the remnants of their feudal power over the cultivator, the solution of the problem will not be difficult. There is, however, much reason to fear that the agriculture of the country will be allowed to drift into a position

from which it will take a generation to recover, and only after changes far more momentous than would be involved in timely measures of reform.

Meanwhile the farmers of Aberdeenshire have done good service to the cause of agricultural reform by the practical exhibition of their earnestness and determination to have redress; and Sir Bartle Frere, if he has not done much by his paper to throw light on the state of affairs in Aberdeenshire, has at least thrown a good deal of light on Sir Bartle Frere.

JAMES W. BARCLAY.

## THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.

To one whose object is to warn his countrymen of an impending danger adverse criticism does not appear very serious; yet, that an apparent inconsistency may not prejudice the argument which will be urged in this paper, I would forestall the question why one who has spoken of the 'Silver Streak'<sup>1</sup> as no longer affording protection, should attach any importance to the compromising of our insular position by a dry land communication with the Continent. In this there is no inconsistency. If I am right, and there is danger to a nation which, having a doubtful naval superiority over its nearest neighbour, is persuaded that it can defy any probable combination of foreign powers, then this danger will be immensely increased by the establishment of the proposed route. If I succeeded in showing that a force sufficient to march upon London could be landed upon our southern coast, how much more easy would it be to land a force to hold the Dover end of the Channel tunnel for a few hours, during which regiments would be brought up by each line at intervals of five minutes. If an attack by sea would have a fair chance of success, the danger is not decreased when with it may be combined an attack along an even more expeditious route; a route, be it remembered, which has this peculiarity, that it can only be assailed at either end. Let a small force occupy the outlets, and they need not trouble themselves about the line of communication.

If, on the other hand, I am wrong, and there is some magic in the 'silver streak' which makes it for ever impassable to our enemies, then surely that which breaks the spell cannot be tolerated. If, in spite of any unwisdom, apathy or parsimony upon our part, an invincible navy will always appear whenever and wherever we may want it, let us not construct a route whereby it may be eluded. Let me then not be accused of inconsistency if I discuss the additional danger of an additional route.

We are, it seems, if certain commercial projectors succeed, to have a dry land communication between this island and France.

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, May 1881.

Engineering science has pronounced it practicable, the projectors have decided that it will pay, and the work has even been commenced in a tentative form. What effects would be likely to ensue upon its completion might be considered upon social, political, commercial, or military, including of course naval, grounds. I propose as far as possible to confine myself to these last, and it may give some value to these pages, that I am enabled to quote the opinions of a military authority occupying the highest position in the estimation and favour of the country.

At the outset I would endeavour to dispel a delusion with which many have been content to deceive themselves. The very prevalent belief that our shores are permanently safe-guarded by the seas does not of course attribute to our seas any peculiar property by which they are made less the 'highway of nations' than those which surround other lands. There is a tacit assumption that we possess a navy which, if not a match for all others put together, could at least beat the combined fleets of any two or three Powers. As a matter of fact we have no such navy; we have not had such a superiority since the early days of Louis Philippe, nor, from the nature of our institutions, is there any reasonable ground for supposing that we shall have it again. It is more consistent with fact to say that our navy is on an average equal to that of France, but very inferior to that of France, combined with any other maritime Power. The battle ironclads built or building in England number thirty-eight. Those of France in the same category are equal in number, but somewhat superior in offensive and defensive power, and also in speed. This may be disagreeable to admit, but if we may believe our own best naval authorities, or the verdict of a competent and independent foreign writer on naval matters, it is true. A rather amusing confirmation is given to the old saying that 'facts and figures can be made to prove anything' by recent correspondence upon this question, in which, according to the views of the different writers, thirty-eight English ships greatly outnumbered, or fell far short of, thirty-eight French ships. But the popular misconception of the primary fact upon which our present security is supposed to rest may well make us cautious in anticipating the result of the entirely new condition of things which a Channel tunnel would bring about.

The dangers of a novel route for hostile invasion must be calculated upon purely military considerations. But while technical knowledge is required to estimate the military value of the proposed tunnel, there is one consideration that comes home to us all. The commercial merits of the scheme I do not propose to discuss, I am content to accept the assurance of its promoters that it will pay; that is to say—that it will pay its shareholders. But will it pay England?

If the tunnel is made, even its warmest advocates must confess the necessity of such fortifications as shall secure to us the possession of

our end of it. These fortifications must be sufficient to render a surprise or an escalade by a small force all but impossible. They must always be kept in the highest state of efficiency, and should be garrisoned by picked troops. The eminent authority from whom I shall quote points out that foreign powers put the cost of fortifications required to guard the mouths of tunnels piercing mountain frontiers upon the companies which construct the tunnels. In the case of the Channel tunnel it seems that the taxpayers of this country will have to pay the shareholders' piper. And be it remembered that these shareholders will not necessarily be all, or even mostly, Englishmen. Capital knows no country. A demand for shares on the Paris Bourse will cause them to gravitate thither. Any anticipation of interference by the Government which should depreciate the shares in the English market would facilitate this movement, while the Suez Canal shares exemplify another possibility.

Nor, though I do not wish to discuss the political bearings of the proposed scheme, can I entirely pass over the fact that if this tunnel were made we could not be the sole rulers of its destinies. A demand would soon arise, and perhaps first from a certain school of politicians among ourselves, for the 'nationalisation' of the tunnel. It would be on the highway of continental and Transatlantic traffic, and a question would arise which might bring fresh difficulties upon our backs.

Reverting to the military aspect of the matter, it may be well to take notice of a few 'popular arguments' often used by its projectors in support of the proposed scheme. That they are often used gives them a certain importance, and that they have not been overlooked by military men will be seen from the following quotation from my military authority. He writes:—

'Let us dispassionately discuss whether our pride in being an island is simply an affair of sentiment, or whether its roots stretch down to the strata where sound reasoning flourishes. Let me confess that it is difficult to do this, for does not the remembrance of the sufferings we have experienced in the Channel come vividly before us, and do we not contemplate with pleasurable anticipation the construction of a Channel tunnel which if made would save us from their recurrence whenever we again visit the Continent? The remembrance of the "middle passage" to the African slave cannot be much more horrible than the idea of a Channel steamer is to the ordinary ease-loving Englishman. Let us confess therefore, at the outset, that we enter upon this discussion with a *prima facie* bias in favour of the scheme which promises us deliverance from such miseries in future. Another influence is also working in favour of the tunnel, namely, the increasing dislike felt by some to anything like exclusiveness—the idea that everything should give way to plans intended to promote our means of communication with other nations, and that no old-

fashioned suspicion of, or want of faith in, the honourable and peaceful declarations of our neighbours should be allowed to influence us. We are told that at all hazards we must endeavour to foster and promote the principle of universal brotherhood, and that it is a waste of time to stop and consider the prejudices and the ignorance of those soldiers and sailors who imagine that our national safety can be imperilled or even lessened by the construction of this tunnel. We know that generals like Napoleon and Wellington believed in the possibility of successfully invading England even before giant transports driven by steam had ever ploughed the sea. We know how the latter strove with might and main to arouse the nation to a sense of its military and naval weakness in 1849, and that, although little was done in consequence, still no invasion has been attempted. These soldier and sailor croakers have always existed amongst us, and though we have never listened to them, Queen Victoria still reigns over a free people. As we have afforded to make light of their arguments in the past, why should we not continue to pooh-pooh them in the present and the future? The world is tired of wars, and we are such a virtuous well-governed people, no one is ever likely to make war upon us. It is perhaps natural that generals and admirals think differently; "there is nothing like leather," or, in other words, large fleets and armies, to them; their minds are too professional, too narrow, to take in the gospel of universal peace and brotherhood; they are incapable of adopting new ideas, and those they are possessed of are based on insular prejudices and class superstitions.

'The great foreign powers do not object to tunnels under their Alpine frontiers; why should we dread a tunnel under our Channel? Go and study the border provinces of France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Austria, Russia, &c., and you will find there in many places a network of railways and highroads, the number of which is being constantly added to. The military rulers in those States do not protest against the existence or the construction of these means of intercommunication. If these warlike nations, whose thoughts are constantly turned upon war and to a preparation for it, see no objection to railways across their frontiers, or tunnels under the great mountains that protect them, why should we be pusillanimous enough to dread the construction of a tunnel under the wet ditch that has hitherto protected our frontiers?

'Can there be anything more absurd than the fears expressed about the construction of this tunnel, seeing that it could be flooded or rendered impassable in very many different ways in a few minutes? Is it not ridiculous to imagine that any foreign general would ever dare to march an army through it, knowing how easily we could guard its exit, and drown or blow up those who had so foolishly ventured into it? If the French could invade us through it, surely it would confer upon us a similar privilege; if our end of the tunnel could be



seized by a *coup de main*, why should we not seize the Calais end at any time we wished with similar facility? The French Government is quite prepared to submit to all the risks and dangers it would create to them; why should we be less reasonable, less courageous, and refuse to entertain the project? Think of the blessings it would confer, and how immensely it would facilitate and encourage trade. Wars cannot be made without due notice; and, with all the appliances which mechanical science places at our disposal, we should have ample time under any circumstances for guarding ourselves against any danger—if there is any—which this tunnel would expose us to. To the ordinary Englishman this mode of reasoning would be satisfactory; he is told this tunnel can be neutralised, made sound in fact by means of an international convention, and that it is ridiculous to imagine that any civilised power would ever under any circumstances disregard the terms of such an agreement. As far as I can judge, few people have as yet thought at all upon this subject, many have not yet heard of it; but at any rate it would seem that very few are aware that any graver interests are involved in it than saving tourists from the miseries of sea-sickness when crossing between England and France. No discussion has yet taken place on this question: one or two desultory articles have appeared in the press upon it which seemed to be rather feelers thrown out to invite public attention to the subject than articles to convince readers upon one side or the other.

‘It would seem to be the wish of some that this subject should come before Parliament as an affair to be dealt with like a private bill for the construction of an ordinary railway, in which no great national interests are involved whatever; but as many of our best military and naval men view the proposed scheme with undisguised horror and alarm, let us patiently consider what they have to say: let us weigh their arguments carefully, and not dismiss them, as they are dismissed by one of the great advocates for the tunnel, who in a recently delivered lecture on the subject said of those who disagreed with him, and whom he evidently regarded as fools because they did so, “I can offer no argument which will induce them to change their opinion; I will not stop to consider their prejudices or their ignorance.”’

Before quoting the answer given to these questions, I would suggest another consideration to those who do not accept the proposed scheme upon such slight grounds, but who believe that all danger will be met by the fortification of our entrance to the tunnel. It is not safe in England to assume that we shall do a thing because we agree that it is of even paramount importance, or that if we commence a public work it will be finished within a reasonable period. Much would depend upon the Budget, the state of political parties, or the popular fallacy of the hour. There would not be wanting those who

would declaim against the necessity for any fortifications. In 1851, the year of the first International Exhibition, the dawn of a millennium was the war-cry of the peace party. All military inventions were excluded as barbarous anachronisms, and so fatuously did some believe in the installation of perpetual peace that six colossal wars have hardly persuaded them of any error in their calculations. But as we now stand in presence of an armed Europe, of powers whose soldiers are counted by millions, let us suppose that it is decided to erect the necessary fortifications. If we may judge from the past and take Lord Palmerston's fortifications of Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c., as examples in point, we should contract for the completion of the works within some ten years. They would not take less. (The Spit-head forts, which were decided to be of vital necessity, have been more than twenty years in process of construction, and are not yet completed.) A sub-contract with Providence for security during that time would be desirable: but let us assume that the works have been successfully completed—how should we stand then? Upon this again I would quote the words of one more qualified to judge than myself.

‘The chief reason for objecting to the tunnel, as I understand the matter, is, that, guard it as you may, its construction would introduce a new and very serious element of danger into the problem involved in the defence of England against invasion, although some differ as to the extent of that danger. Whilst I believe this to be the conviction of most military and naval men of experience, I am aware there are a few who think the danger can be effectually guarded against; but that the tunnel would be a new source of danger is, I think, virtually undisputed. Let me illustrate the case as if it were a household matter. If England were now insured against invasion by a company, or by any great military power acting in that capacity, there can be no doubt that a largely increased premium would be demanded the day the tunnel was completed. A new risk would have to be calculated for, and therefore to be charged for. In this instance the increased premium would be in the form of more forts and a larger army, for which we could only pay by means of increased taxation.

‘All thoughtful students of war know from history how often the very best plans of defence have failed just at the very moment when their application might have saved from destruction those who had depended upon them. How often do we not hear of ships provided with watertight doors and every appliance sufficient to save them from sinking in the event of collision, still going down, because at the moment of trial these many contrivances would not work, or, in the confusion, the wrong cranks were turned, the wrong cocks opened, or through men losing their heads in the dreadfully critical

moment, and so forgetting the use, or the very existence even, of these ingenious appliances! The Queen's commission in the pocket of the governor of a fortress does not make him a hero, nor would it endow him with coolness in danger, or with presence of mind in moments of sudden and appalling peril, any more than it would with military genius. War, and every operation connected with it, whether by sea or land, is made up of accidents; how often have we not seen the torpedo fail to go off, the shell to burst, the most carefully contrived mine to explode, and the galvanic battery and the fuse fail to act! Soldiers and sailors know all this, and therefore dread to stake our national safety upon any such plans or mechanical contrivances; but where they, through their experience and knowledge of the danger, fear to tread, the projector and the speculator are prepared to rush blindly in.

“The military engineer tells us that it is quite possible to convert Dover into a first-class fortress by a very large expenditure of money, and by so doing to render the capture of our end of the tunnel by a regular siege a very great military operation that might take many weeks to effect, always saving accidents and treachery, or the cowardice or temporary insanity of those in authority within it. There is, however, always in these admissions a “but” or an “if,” or some possible, although perhaps an improbable, contingency reserved, and those versed in military matters object most strongly to allowing the safety of our realm to depend upon any possible accident, no matter how remote or improbable it may be. They assert that if the tunnel were constructed, the possession of the Dover end of it by a hostile army holding Calais would hand over England to the enemy. All their theories, all their ideas regarding the dangers to be incurred by a Channel tunnel are based upon this belief; if it be a false one, then all their reasoning falls to the ground. Knowing the defenceless condition of our ports and of our shores generally, and how difficult it is to persuade any Government, no matter who may be in power, to expend the large sums which their protection by forts and batteries would entail, it is felt that we should never have Dover so protected, and that Parliament would neither be prepared to vote the large capital sum required to create the forts, nor the great annual outlay which their armament and maintenance would entail. Again, it is urged, that do what you may, expend a million, if necessary, upon the military works which the construction of this tunnel would certainly necessitate, what security have you that our end of the tunnel, with all its galvanic wires and other contrivances for igniting the mines and letting in the sea, shall not be seized some night suddenly by a couple of thousand men introduced into the place by treachery, or allowed within it by stupidity, or who had forced their way in by escalade or by surprise? To land such a body of men any dark night during calm weather in Dover harbour would be an easy opera-

tion ; or why should they not be sent through the tunnel itself without any warning ? Every one who knows how affairs are conducted in England will readily admit that the position of the mines intended for the destruction of the tunnel and of the wires and batteries belonging to them, as also of all the mechanism for flooding the tunnel or for otherwise destroying it, would be known in the headquarter staff office of every great military power. To keep such matters secret in commercially governed England would be simply impossible. The enemy, therefore, who seizes our end of the tunnel will be masters of it ; and as we are told that trains can easily run the distance between France and England in half an hour, and that, as there are to be two lines of rails in the tunnel, trains can follow one another safely at intervals of five or six minutes, before morning broke, 20,000 infantry might easily, having come through the tunnel, be in possession of Dover.

‘ This may be considered a visionary scheme, but it is just such a one that so often succeeds, its very boldness and daring being elements strongly in its favour. It would be the affair of a dashing partisan leader, and is a small one compared with the great military operation involved in the invasion of England. Few wars have ever occurred in which an equally daring enterprise has not been attempted, and where in the world’s history has there ever been before such a reward, such a bait, as the possession of London, the conquest of England, held out to the successful adventurer ? It is the contention of soldiers that the possession of the Dover end of the tunnel would hand over England to the army who had seized it ; four or five marches would enable it to reach the Thames, and with the fall of London falls England never to rise again. There is no calculating what would be the amount of the “ indemnity ” or ransom we should have to pay our conquerors, and there is no reason why they should not insist upon holding Dover in perpetuity as part of the terms on which they would alone make peace, just as Germany retained possession of Strasburg and of Metz in 1871, and that we should have to restrict our standing army, indeed the military force kept up at home, to a few thousand men, as the Prussians were forced to do by the French in 1807. With both ends of the tunnel in the possession of France, we should be powerless for ever, for she could send an army through it to this country whenever she wished. Why therefore, we are asked, should any risk, no matter how small, be run that could possibly lead to such disaster, to such national annihilation ? We are again reminded that, whenever any hostile nation can plant foot upon our shores with an efficient army of about 150,000 men, whether they be landed from ships or come through the tunnel, England will cease to be an independent nation. To disembark such an army with all its horses, wagons, guns, and stores, successfully on our shores from transports, even in calm weather and without any interruption from our

fleet, would be a great military operation of no small difficulty: it would be a colossal enterprise, only to be undertaken by a highly disciplined army under very able leaders. But on a dark calm night to smuggle on shore at or near Dover a couple of thousand men, or to send them suddenly through the tunnel without any warning, without any declaration of war, without any premonitory sign of such an intention, and to seize by surprise our end of the tunnel, with all its telegraph offices, batteries, and wires intended to destroy it, would be a very simple matter. The opportunity would be the only difficulty, and it could easily be created by a skilful adversary untrammelled by those notions of international right and wrong which guide our public conduct.

‘Let us suppose that the supreme power in France had been entrusted to the hands of a man whose national morality was on a level with that of Frederick the Great or the first Napoleon: is it to be supposed that such men would be restrained from any faithless action, from any treachery, by the fact of its being contrary to the customs of war, or to the uniformly accepted principles of international law? Did the most solemn treaties save Silesia from Frederick’s greed for territory, or Genoa or Venice from the fame-thirst of Napoleon? Can we have any guarantee that no one like either of those two great men shall ever rule over France in the future; and until we felt the effects of the blow he delivered to us, until, in fact, upon waking up some morning, we found our end of the tunnel and Doyer in his hands, how are we to discover the ambitious conqueror under the perhaps lawyerlike exterior of the elected Minister or President? When Napoleon first left Paris to take command of the army of Italy, he bore no mark of the beast on his forehead by which his inscrutable ambition could have been ascertained, and in like manner it is quite possible that the government of France may some day or other pass into the hands of a man of supposed peaceable proclivities, but beneath whose demure exterior may be hidden an ambition and a thirst for conquest quite as fierce and as all-absorbing as that which we know burned in the souls of the two great commanders I have named. Assuming a disguised, or rather an unrecognised, Napoleon to hold the destinies of France in his hands, is he likely to be restrained by conscientious or moral scruples from attempting to seize our end of the tunnel by a *coup de main* without any sign of warning whatever, and when he had lulled us to that most dangerous of sleeps, the sleep of confidence and unsuspection?

‘Go, study the history of Frederick’s dealings with Maria-Theresa, and of Napoleon with every European prince, and then say what is the nature of the treaty or of the obligation that either would respect, or for one moment be restrained by, when they found themselves in a position to capture the greatest and the richest

prize that man has ever dreamt of. The morality of both would prompt them to disregard the most solemn treaty, the moment they thought the interests of their nation, of their dynasty, or of themselves personally, would be furthered by breaking it. Might we not go further and ask where in the history of the world, from the earliest time down to the tearing up of the Black Sea clauses in the Treaty of Paris, or when Khiva was made Russian, or when Tunis was added to the African possessions of France, do we hear of treaties or solemn engagements being respected by the nation who had an interest in breaking them, and who felt itself strong enough to do so?

‘Those who beg of us to pause before we assent to the construction of this tunnel remind us that it is no new theory, that it is the experience of all ages, that the nation which depends for its safety, for its independent existence, upon paper treaties unsupported by the actual strength that would always enable it to enforce compliance with them rather than upon that strength itself, is far down on the decline that leads to national ruin.

‘But we are told there is yet another danger which lurks in the manner in which this question is brought before us. The road to our ruin is paved with what look like good intentions. Just as at the end of the last century the way to the conquest of Switzerland, Germany, and Italy was prepared by the specious cry of universal brotherhood, so now we are told that we may with a light heart increase our wealth and our personal comfort, though we sacrifice our country to our selfish indulgence, and may all the time think that we are most virtuous people for our pains—for is it not all done under the plea of mutual trust and mutual confidence between nations? We are discussing a practical problem, and in doing so it is not necessary that we should enter into questions of morality, although they may, and certainly with us, and as far as would lie in our power, would, exercise a great influence upon it; but still we may perhaps with some advantage recall the words of men to whose voice the nation has listened attentively. The poet, who exercised no small influence over public thought at the time when we alone of all nations on earth had refused to bow our knee at the great Corsican’s dictation, says:—

’Tis well! From this day forward we shall know  
That in ourselves our safety must be sought,  
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,  
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.

‘Another still greater poet has, in more recent years, told us:—

No little German state are we,  
But the one free voice in Europe we must speak.  
It was our ancient privilege, my lords,  
To fling whate’er we felt not fearing into words.

‘What would either of those men think hereafter of the moral

grandeur of our position, if we have to be told that we must never again denounce some foreign crime in bold words, lest perchance the criminal should turn his power against us, and punish us by a sudden act of treachery for such a breach of the principle of universal brotherhood?

• ‘The nation that would shirk the responsibilities of independent national existence, and would hide its want of manhood and its patriotism under these pretty words, deserves to exist, and will exist, no longer than the moment at which its theoretical security is touched by the rough practical hand of the enemy, who will laugh at our cries against the “breach of faith” when the “confidence trick” ends in the way it always has ended—in the robbery of the deluded victim.

‘These are the notes of warning now being sounded against the tunnel scheme in military circles, where it is generally believed that its construction would create new inducements to our enemies to attempt the capture of London.

‘But it will be said, none of these things could happen without a declaration of war which must give us ample time for preparation and defensive arrangements of all kinds. Is that so certain? Have no invasions of late years followed so suddenly upon declarations of war as to leave no time for preparation? Have no countries been absorbed without a declaration of war at all? One feels that the facts are so open, palpable, that to press them further would be only unnecessarily to wound those foreign susceptibilities of which we are so much more tender than of our own.

‘But even if there were no precedents to cause such fears, putting it in a different way, have you the absolute right to expose your neighbours to so tremendous a temptation? What would be thought of the jeweller who hung the Koh-i-noor dangling by a string unwatched before his front door? Who would pity him if he lost it? Was there ever since the world began such a jewel to hang dangling before the eyes of rivals and poorer neighbours as is this great unguarded city of ours?

‘The soldier, whose military knowledge teaches him the value of a great unfordable wet ditch round a fortress, tells us that it is thanks to the Channel, to the “silver streak,” that we are not as other European nations seem to be, namely, nominally a population of citizens, but in reality one of drilled soldiers. How comes it that, whilst all the great and would-be-great Continental powers are bowed down by the weight of military burdens, we have hitherto lived in safety, and grown rich, though the army we maintain at home is so small as it is? How is it that we have not had to submit to the law of universal military service, nor to conscription in any form? What is it that has saved us from foreign invasion so long? There can be but one answer; it is our “silver streak.”

A railway company now asks permission to make an easy way through that guardian girdle to which it is asserted we owe so much.

A German, having been asked lately by an Englishman why it was that his countrymen went on yearly drilling hundreds of thousands of men who might be so much more usefully and profitably employed, replied: "You English with your great wet ditch round you, know nothing of the horrors of invasion; we are well acquainted with them, and having no natural line of defence, like the seas which encompass your shores, to protect us from attack, we infinitely prefer submitting even to the tyranny of our military system, to the immeasurable burden of universal service in the army, rather than run the risk of finding an army overrunning our country, and having to undergo the sorrow, the pain, and the public and private humiliation which that would mean. Of two evils we choose that which is as a flea-bite compared with the killing poison of the cobra." He went on to say that we English did not understand or appreciate how much we owed to our "silver streak." This conversation took place before the project of the tunnel had assumed the alarming proportions it now has; but what would that German have said if my friend had calmly told him, "We intend to bridge over that silver streak" as soon as our possible enemies on the Continent will raise the necessary funds for doing so. We believe in moral force, and we do not for one moment contemplate the possibility of any Continental Government being criminal enough to have any wish to invade England"? "Those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first drive mad," would certainly have been the German's instant thought. "Their wet ditch has so completely saved Englishmen from the necessity of contemplating the danger of war that they never do consider it at all, and they do not study the experiences of other countries or apply them to themselves. They do not realise that the question now is whether the very cause which has saved them from the necessity of taking into account the possibility of war shall or shall not be removed. Let them for a moment place themselves in the position they are so willingly going to assume—of a country which has to face the possibility of an invasion, provided only its enemies choose to invade it. Let them realise that the thing on which they propose to stake their national existence is the character of the man who may at any time hereafter have the means of wielding the power of France. Is human nature so utterly changed that it has become certain that what has been may never be again? We occasionally hear that some one of the great military powers begins to weary of the burdens imposed upon it by its army, and would fain reduce its numbers to modest proportions, but cannot do so because its neighbours will not follow suit. They have no wet ditch to protect their frontiers, they can have safety only in the strength of their army, in its being ready and able at all times to meet all comers, no matter from what quarter



the invasion may come. Mountain chains and rivers, with great fortresses to strengthen them, may on some sides assist in enabling them to concentrate their armies on vulnerable points, but still practically their frontiers are open in most places to invasion; armies have crossed them before and might do so again." The result is, that in order to protect themselves from the national destruction referred to by the German gentleman I have quoted, they are compelled to convert their territory into a camp, to offer up annually all their youth on the foul altar of the grim god of war, and to drain their coffers and their impoverished people of their last farthing in order to support the monster—the army—they have thus created, which, like an insatiable ogre, calls out day and night, "Give, give; more, still more;" the vampire that sucks the lifeblood of prosperity from the people, that is not satisfied as long as there are men, or any class of men, yet left for him to prey upon.<sup>2</sup>

'From this miserable fate we have as yet been saved by the Channel. We admit that the day which dawns upon a hostile army of 150,000 men established upon any part of Great Britain will mark the date of our destruction as an independent nation; but, as already stated, the invasion of this island, although a possibility, would be a most stupendous and difficult operation as long as our fleets or war ships can at all keep the sea. The "silver streak" is the great obstacle to the invader, but destroy its value by joining us to the Continent with a permanent sub-highway like the proposed tunnel, and then England becomes as it were a Continental power subject to all the dangers of that position. The tunnel in the hands of a foreign nation means that our fleet could no longer help towards our protection; its rôle of being our first line of defence would cease, and we could alone look for safety to a large army equal to that which France could place in the field; and such an army could only be provided by the industry-crushing system of universal service. Those who dread the construction of the tunnel ask, Is the nation prepared to pay such a price in order that we may be able to visit the Continent without suffering from sea-sickness?

'We are told the interest taken in the construction of the tunnel in France is greater than in England. Is this not natural? A nation that can place an army of three-quarters of a million of drilled and disciplined soldiers in the field has nothing to fear on the score of invasion from us, whose army is insignificant in comparison with theirs. It is the fact of France having this great highly trained army, whilst we could not even in England itself at this moment place an efficient army in the field of two army corps (about 60,000 men) of regular troops, although all our Army Reserve had rejoined the colours, that shows the absurdity of men saying when discussing this question,

<sup>2</sup> As I have stated further on, the military authority from whom I quote attaches a greater value to our insular position than I as a naval man can do.

“Why should we not seize the Calais mouth of the tunnel in the event of war or of its being threatened?” There is no reason why we should not do so by a *coup de main* or by treachery, but having done so with a few thousand men, and assuming we then poured all this army of ours through the tunnel, how could we with 60,000 men hope to make front against the hundreds of thousands that would be hurled against us? or what object could we have in attempting this forlorn hope? We could not hope to conquer France or even to capture Paris with such an army. In addition to this fact, which very naturally weighs much with the rulers of France, it is well known that at this moment there is a craze in Paris for all sorts of financial speculations, and companies started for the promotion of railways or banks, &c., in Tunis, Tripoli, or in fact in any foreign country, are certain to obtain there great financial support. The railway company “Du Nord” has the complete monopoly of the carrying trade in the Departments opposite Dover, so the construction of the tunnel would be a great gain to it. Its influence is very powerful, and it is exercised in favour of this scheme. Powerful financial houses in Paris also support it, and it is natural they should do so. But surely it is our business, the business of our statesmen, to study from an English point of view how this tunnel would affect us politically, although financial houses may fairly claim to deal with such questions on financial grounds unhampered by any political or patriotic considerations.

‘A tunnel under a mountain frontier uniting two great military States is, from a military point of view, of very little importance, but such a means of communication between a kingdom with an enormous and highly disciplined army, and one possessing but an insignificant military force such as ours, would be a source of constant weakness and danger to the latter. In great military States every law, every municipal and commercial regulation, is framed primarily on military considerations; the efficiency of the army is the first thought of the Continental statesman, and every interest is subordinated to that object. With us it is the reverse: military considerations come last. The great military powers united by a tunnel take care to guard each their end of it with strong works, the cost of which is borne by the railway companies concerned; but as such powers do not look to their mountain frontiers or the fortresses upon them for defence, but to their army, it would not be a very serious blow to them if their end of the tunnel were seized by the *coup de main* of a neighbouring enemy. Even although that enemy should be enabled to pour his invading armies through the tunnel, still their quarrel must be settled on many fields of battle during perhaps a long campaign; it could only end in one fashion, namely, in a struggle between two huge and fairly equal armies.

‘With us, our “silver streak” is our protection; our strength lies in it, for we have no army capable of taking the field against a Continental enemy on which to rely. That “silver streak” has hitherto relieved us from the necessity of rivalling France and Germany in military establishments; but destroy the value of that defence by tunnelling under it, and it is urged we shall soon have to add immensely to our regular army if we would wish to secure ourselves from destruction, or even from panic, that horrid malady from which all nations having insignificant armies, and with very powerful neighbours, suffer periodically. Hitherto, when experienced soldiers have endeavoured to warn England against the danger of invasion to which many still think we are exposed, it has been customary for those who did not share their views to point to our fleet, and ask, how could any large army be landed on our coasts as long as our ships kept the sea? There is very great weight in this argument, but will it not cease to be any answer at all if ever the tunnel be constructed? As already pointed out, the Dover end of it might be taken by surprise, &c., and once in possession of an enemy, he would then have behind him a first-rate line of communication with Calais upon which our fleet could under no circumstances make any impression. From that moment the fleet would cease to exercise any influence upon our fate; the question would be “purely military, and who can doubt of the result of a life-and-death struggle between an army of half a million of men and the handful of troops we could muster to oppose its advance upon London?’

‘We are not a military power, but we have long been the greatest naval power in the world; our navy has been as yet our tower of strength. Is the nation prepared to deliberately allow a highway which this navy cannot touch to be constructed between us and France? If it does, no matter what may be the rôle relegated to our fleet in the future, it is certain that England will soon be compelled to imitate Continental nations and, like them, become also a great military power.’

To the words which I have quoted little need be added. Optimists may consider the friendship of England and France as assured; let us earnestly hope that it may be so; but it were blindness to overlook the fact that with no country have we so many points of contact which might engender burning questions. At the present moment our friendly co-operation with France in Egypt may be compared to the proverbially difficult task for two men to ride one horse, neither being behind. If we get on amicably it is because on the one hand we claim political superiority, which we imagine that we can assert, and that, on the other hand, France is perfectly determined that we shall never reduce this imaginary claim into a reality. As we consider

our contingent right to a prevailing voice in Egypt to be a vital necessity, this implies sufficiently critical relations. Nor is it in Egypt alone that rival pretensions somewhat strain the friendly understanding which all Englishmen desire to maintain. Hardly a week passes in Newfoundland without the temper of our authorities being somewhat severely tried by the overbearing conduct of some French naval officers.

Granted that peace may, as I trust it will, be maintained for many years, it is a great element in its preservation that nothing would be gained by a rupture, while *vice versa* the prospect of an enormous though uncertain advantage would constitute a danger.

To revert to the actual facilities for invasion afforded by a submarine tunnel, the English end might perhaps be protected in a military sense by the fortifications of Dover.

It is a very striking illustration, however, of the difference between a real and a delusive security, that Dover as against a modern fleet is a very contemptible defence.

Most people, no doubt, imagine that the nearest point to France, the fortress which seems to invite attack, and in the first Napoleon's time might have defied it, has some real strength beyond what nature gave it. Feeling some interest in the point, I closely examined the fortifications and artillery of the famous fortress three years ago. Not being in Alsace-Lorraine nor in France, I carried my note-book in hand, jotting down my observations. The general result was that the guns, generally speaking, were of an obsolete pattern—popguns in fact. One among them, in a very commanding situation, attracted my attention from its superior size and modern appearance. Remarking upon the fact, I was told by an artilleryman that there were orders against firing it, as it would bring down the brickwork of the rampart. Briefly, from the old Norman citadel to the lowest battery there was not one single armour-piercing gun, nor do I believe that, excepting the two guns in the iron turret on the pier (if they are mounted now), have any been added. To place the significance of such a fact in a strong light, if we suppose that in a freak of madness the captain of a foreign ironclad had opened fire on our frontier fortress, the only fort between Calais and London, he might simply have knocked it into a heap of rubbish from behind his own armour without the loss of one life. If the nation is prepared to pay the cost of such fortifications as may to some extent neutralise the danger created by the new route, it should take care that the fortifications are finished and armed before this route is opened. The precaution once deferred may not be taken in time. One other observation I must be allowed to make, namely, that while in all that regards the army and operations upon land I gladly defer to the high authority whom I quote; upon the naval

question of the possibility of landing such a force as could strike a blow fatal to English liberty I can only agree with him when we possess such a fleet as he assigns to us. That confidence in our silver streak, which was once a true creed, has become but a superstition. That naval supremacy upon which it depended is no longer ours: there remains but *magni nominis umbra*.

DUNSANY.

NOTE.

I take this opportunity of rectifying an error in my article 'The Silver Streak' of May last. The brilliant feat attributed there to another distinguished officer was really performed by the present Vice-Admiral Sir William Mends, K.C.B., then in command of the *Arethusa*. After the episode in question, the gallant officer, as his frigate passed between the lines of the Allied fleets, received the hearty cheers of both, and—what is more unusual for a British seaman—the '*accolades*' of his French colleagues.

DUNSANY.

THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY.

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*THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.*

A REPLY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exceptionally strong position which we as a nation enjoy, there are, perhaps, no people more liable than ourselves to periodical scares, and Panicmongers are always ready to sound the note of alarm. It behoves, therefore, sensible people to carefully examine the grounds on which they do so.

In the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* an article written by Lord Dunsany appeared on the Channel Tunnel. He purports to deal with the question from a military point of view, and being, as a sailor, more qualified to speak on naval than military matters, shelters himself, when advancing opinions on strategical questions, behind a person whom he designates as an eminent military authority.

The great international work of piercing the Channel is at length emerging from the haze of doubt that has so long hung around it, and is taking its place amongst the engineering works that are in course of accomplishment; the public are beginning to recognise the fact that the difficulty attending its construction and working have been much overrated, and that, with the appliances now available, engineers will in all probability be able to pierce the lower measures of the chalk forming the bed of the Channel in from two to three years, and complete the work ready for traffic in from two to three more.

Any anticipated difficulty of ventilation will be got over during construction by the air that drives the boring machinery ; and when the Tunnel is opened, the same agency, viz., compressed air used in locomotives, will enable the traffic to be worked with economy and dispatch, the motive power actually improving the atmosphere through which the trains pass.

I do not wish in this article to allude to the question of the Tunnel paying its shareholders, or to dwell long upon the enormous advantages, social as well as physical, which a junction between the railway system of this country and the Continent must carry with it. Sir Garnet Wolseley affects to think them very slight, and has even stated that the saving of sea sickness to a few ladies and children is one of the main benefits to be looked for, from a successful completion of the Tunnel.

Such, fortunately, are not the views that have been held by a former Government of England.

In a despatch dated Foreign Office, the 24th of December, 1874, from the Earl of Derby to the Count de Jarnac, occurs the following passage :—

M. l'Ambassadeur,—Since the receipt of your Excellency's letter of the 16th of October last Her Majesty's Government have been engaged in the consideration of the various questions therein referred to, in connection with the projected Submarine Tunnel between this country and France, on which subject your Excellency has requested to be furnished with the views of Her Majesty's Government.

In reply to your Excellency's communication I will now do myself the honour of stating briefly what is the opinion of Her Majesty's Government upon the principal points involved in your letter and its enclosures.

Of the utility of the work in question, if successfully carried out, there appears no reason for any doubt, and Her Majesty's Government would, therefore, offer no opposition to it, provided they are not asked for any gift or loan or guarantee in connection therewith.

The Convention dated the 16th of January, 1875, between Mons. E. Caillaux, the French Minister of Public Works, and Mons. Michael Chevallier, President of the French Channel Tunnel Company, followed immediately after the receipt of the English Government's assent to the principle of a Tunnel.

Lord Derby's views are not less statesmanlike than might have been expected from so eminent a man, and his language is plain.

I admit that if the construction of a tunnel could be shown to be a source of danger it ought not to be permitted : considerations of public safety should override all others, no matter how important. Subject, however, to a few very simple and costless precautions being taken, the Tunnel can be demonstrated to be of no possible service to an invader, and if such nervous fears as are expressed in the article I am criticising were allowed to prevail, we should lay ourselves open to a just charge of pusillanimity, and become the laughing stock of Continental nations.

The eminent authority quoted by Lord Dunsany argues that 'if England were now insured against invasion by a company, or by any great military power acting in that capacity, there can be no doubt that a largely increased premium would be demanded the day the Tunnel was completed; a new risk would have to be calculated for, and therefore to be charged for.' Of course this style of argument is simply begging the question, and it may be equally fairly argued that no risk would be run and no insurance company would raise their premium because a few alarmists brought forward views incapable of proof; on the contrary, the insurance company would be more likely to lower their premium, because, while the actual conditions of security from a military point of view were unchanged, the probability of war would be diminished.

Lord Dunsany's eminent authority tries to prove that no possible arrangements that could be made would render the country secure from invasion through the Tunnel, and, to put his contentions shortly, they amount to this: 1st. That it is impossible to ensure a sufficient amount of vigilance to render the Tunnel's mouth secure against surprise. 2nd. That whatever arrangements may be made for rendering the Tunnel useless, they may fail from inattention or incapacity, and moreover, that it is impossible to keep such arrangements secret. 3rd. That Dover itself may be taken by a *coup de main*, and with it the Tunnel would fall into the enemy's hands.

Before dealing with these very remote, I will not say probabilities but possibilities, I must explain the precautions that would most likely be taken to guard against them, and in a few words describe the position of Dover as regards the Tunnel.

Having been employed for three years in the construction of the Dover fortifications, I have an intimate acquaintance with the works there.

If the natural strength of the position is considered in connection with the powerful works that have been erected at a cost, including the turret at the end of the pier, of, probably, somewhat under a million, Dover may fairly be ranked among first-class fortresses and be considered quite safe from any *coup de main* from without.

I will assume that the entrance to the Tunnel is outside the fortifications, but under the command of guns mounted in a strong outwork, that it is also under fire from the sea, and that a communication is, by means of a small gallery and shaft, made from the point where the heading passes under the sea, say at a depth of 180 feet from high-water mark, with the interior of the works, this communication being too small for purposes of traffic. Arrangements, under control of the military, would be also made to let sea water into the Tunnel; these arrangements, in place of being, as the eminent military authority implies, kept profoundly secret, would be matter



of public knowledge, so that, while they were absolutely clear of the possibility of being tampered with accidentally, they could be readily put into operation without the assistance of technical experts.

I will further assume that the trains on emerging from under the sea are lifted bodily by suitable hydraulic apparatus to the daylight, and that the normal condition of the inclined gallery connecting the Tunnel with the main railway lines is that it should be blocked in such a way that it would require some definite time, previously settled upon, to open it for traffic.

To return now to the fears of Lord Dunsany and his eminent authority as specialised under the three heads mentioned above.

Lord Dunsany states (I quote his actual words) that, 'to send a couple of thousand men suddenly through the Tunnel without any warning, without any declaration of war, without any premonitory sign of such an intention, and to seize by surprise our end of the Tunnel, with all its telegraph offices, batteries, and wires intended to destroy it, would be a very simple matter.'

In fact, we are asked to believe that a surprise party of 2,000 men are to pass themselves unobserved through the Tunnel, and seize the Dover end. How are they to do so? They cannot come by train, as, irrespective of any suspicions on the part of the booking clerks, special train arrangements would have to be made to carry so large a number; they cannot march, as they would be run over by the trains running, as they would do, at intervals of ten minutes or oftener without cessation day or night. How, therefore, the men are to make their way I fail to see. But assuming they have been able to do so, and have reached the bottom of the shaft, surely they can get no further; the inclined gallery is blocked, and to be lifted to the surface would require the assistance of the lift for a long continuance of time; while, if the inclined gallery were open to them, they would only emerge to find themselves under the guns of the fortifications, and, unless they could take Dover from the outside by a *coup de main*, they would be utterly unable to control the Tunnel in the slightest degree. The second danger anticipated is on the assumption that the arrangements for blocking the Tunnel are not available when required, or that the people who are appointed to use them are incapable; and in this connection secret wires, galvanic batteries, and dynamite mines are mysteriously hinted at. I should think nothing of the kind would be needed. The provisions made would in all probability take some such shape as the following:—1st, two or three, say 6-inch iron mains would be laid from the sea directly into the Tunnel, each main would be furnished with stop valves duplicated to render an accident absolutely impossible, and the keys necessary to work these stop cocks would be known to be in charge of the officer of the guard. Arrangements would also be made by which the ventilating engines, used for the ordinary

\*purposes of the Tunnel, could pump the smoke from their own furnaces into the Tunnel in place of fresh air. This could be easily and simply done, and would soon produce an atmosphere through which no living being could pass.

Now I would ask Lord Dunsany, or any sensible person not too easily scared, how it is possible for such arrangements to miscarry—, they are of a nature to be easily understood, they cannot be got out of order, everybody knows what is to be done, and anybody could do it. Either arrangement mentioned above would make the Tunnel absolutely impassable for any required length of time without injuring the structure, and our enemies would have the fullest knowledge of what awaited them, while they would also have the satisfaction of clearly understanding (from knowing how it was to be done) how absolutely impossible it was for them to escape their fate if once they attempted, against our will, to force an entrance into the Tunnel.

The third supposition is the only one that deserves serious consideration, viz. that Dover itself should be taken, and that then the mouth of the Tunnel, with its approaches, should fall into the enemy's hands.

Of course the improbability of Dover being taken is very great, but it must be admitted as a possibility; it could, however, only arise by our having lost command of the sea temporarily, and the enemy having made a landing on our coasts with a force of 20,000 or 30,000 men. Dover might fall into their hands either by a *coup de main*, which ought to be absolutely impossible, or by a hasty siege conducted to a successful issue before opposition in sufficient force could be organised. Let us assume these preposterous conditions also, viz., that the arrangements for either flooding or destroying the ventilation of the Tunnel have failed, and, further, that the hydraulic lift is still in working order; these appear to me to be senseless conceptions:—the lift at any rate would have been destroyed, as a single charge of dynamite fired against the ram cylinders would effectually destroy their action, and in such a way that it would take months with the best appliances of our largest workshops to repair them. Even on the above assumptions, how could an enemy make any use of the Tunnel? If he retained command of the sea, it would not matter to him whether he used the Tunnel or not, as all troops and supplies needed could be brought over as well by sea as through the Tunnel.

If, however, as would most probably be the case, we had only temporarily lost command of the sea, of what avail would the Tunnel be to him? Absolutely none; both approaches, i.e. the open mouth and the lift, would be under the fire of our ships, and a few shells would render it impossible to use the Tunnel at all.

It would appear, therefore, that at the only time when by any

stretch of imagination the Tunnel would be a source of danger, an invader could by no possibility make any use of it.

To sum up my arguments, I submit that absolute conditions of safety are secured, if, in the construction of the Tunnel, the following conditions are observed :—

1. The mouth of the Tunnel to be outside the fortifications of Dover, and under fire of its guns.
2. The entrance to the Tunnel, whether by lift or inclined gallery, to be under command of fire from the sea.
3. The works to be capable of being flooded, or otherwise stopped from a point within the fortifications.

I am really almost ashamed to have to argue in such detail against a fear which is purely imaginary, and after all, even if the opponents to the Channel Tunnel are right, is nothing as compared with the risks which we are running every day, and which pass unnoticed.

The value of the silver streak has been enormously reduced since the introduction of steam; the uncertainty of maritime operations in former days has been replaced by the most complete certainty; fifty years ago our fleets had absolute supremacy in the Channel, and to cross it was an uncertain operation involving a considerable expenditure of time; now our ships have a doubtful supremacy, and there is not an old screw collier which in fine weather would not run across the Channel in a couple of hours.

Have our nervous susceptibilities been thereby increased? Beyond our periodical fits of panic, I think not, and what, perhaps, is more remarkable, we rest quiet under the real cause of alarm that is offered by the enormous harbour works now being quietly constructed on the French Coast. At Calais a large harbour is being made, and at Boulogne a still larger refuge, for it is more than a harbour that is being constructed. The area of sea enclosed is many acres in extent, and the piers on either side extend for nearly a mile from the shore. What can these works be for? Certainly they are out of all proportion to what can be needed for commercial purposes. Far be it from me to suggest that they are designed as menaces to England. I do not think they are. But of this I am quite sure, that the danger to this country involved in the construction of these huge protections to foreign navies are sources of danger to us out of all proportion beyond anything that the most ingenious Panicmonger can evolve from the construction of a Channel Tunnel. On the other hand, the certain effect of substituting a Tunnel for the large boats, advocated by Sir Garnet Wolseley, would be to minimise the risk of invasion by sea. And what are we on our side doing? simply nothing. We have no harbours of refuge in the Channel capable of protecting our ships, and it is not very likely that we shall construct one.

I have purposely refrained from criticising the light way in which

the social advantages certain to arise from connecting this country with the continent have been spoken of, nor have I followed Lord Dunsany into the question of the unreliability of treaty obligations; their worthlessness is too well known, and the arguments he deduces have no bearing on the question under discussion, because the reasons in favour of the construction of the Tunnel must rest upon the absolutely sure foundation that there is nothing in the building of a narrow roadway twenty miles long under the sea that can add one iota to the difficulty of defending England. As to the probable moral effect such an arch spanning the distance between France and England, to quote Mr. Cobden's words, would have, people will form very different estimates; probably it may be fairly assumed, that while it could not be looked upon as enabling precautions for our national safety to be in any way relaxed, it would indirectly make us less disposed to settle our quarrels by fighting. An indisposition for war must be a necessary corollary to an extended commercial relationship. All people alike hesitate to jeopardise their property, but while the effect of a war is comparatively slowly felt by those whose property is realised, it falls quickly and surely on the commercial classes.

There are two schemes before Parliament. Either could, of course, connect with the French works.

In the Channel Tunnel Company's scheme, the land approach passes almost entirely through the white chalk, which is heavily watered. The construction of their works would therefore in all probability—temporarily, at any rate—dry all the wells in Dover. A fair sample of what may be expected from the white chalk in the way of water is evidenced by the quantity met with in the sinking at the east end of the Shakespeare Cliff Tunnel.

An ordinary detached fort is intended on the cliffs overlooking the proposed main railway station; but, perhaps, the simplest and most effective way of obtaining artillery fire on the Tunnel mouth would be to place a few guns in casemated batteries excavated in the solid cliffs behind the station. These casemates would be protected by iron shields, and communicate with the citadel of Dover by a subterranean passage.

Myself, I doubt the necessity, under the circumstances, of any special protection; but if it was thought desirable to provide it, such a disposition as I have mentioned would be safe against escalade, and afford a powerful and direct fire on the mouth of the Tunnel. The cost would be some 60,000*l*. It must be remembered that the site of the proposed station at the west end of the Shakespeare Cliff is completely under fire from the turret guns at the end of the Admiralty Pier.

Lord Dunsany's eminent authority says at the end of his article that a tunnel under a mountain frontier uniting two great military

states is, from a military point of view, of very little importance. If the shade of Napoleon could rise, would it not stand aghast at such a proposition? The crossing of the Alps in winter was justly considered a stupendous military achievement—far more difficult than crossing twenty miles of sea; yet the mouths of the St. Gothard and Mont Cenis Tunnels are not fortified, nor do the Swiss—notoriously a weakly-armed nation—live in fear; they know that it rests with themselves to render the tunnel harmless for offensive purposes.

In this country we have half a million of armed men, and though it may be true that we should find it difficult in half a day's notice to concentrate 60,000 men on any one spot, it is equally true that in a day or two's time 100,000 volunteers—as fine troops for defensive purposes as a country could desire to be defended by—and militia could be assembled in face of the Tunnel. Is it reasonable to suppose that with such forces available, our insular security can be affected by a narrow hole a few feet wide, twenty miles long, and capable of being blocked at a moment's notice by the simplest means? I leave the answer to the common sense of the public.

FRED. BEAUMONT.

## *THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.*

### A REJOINDER.

COLONEL BEAUMONT, who writes with judgment and moderation, in the present number of this Review, undertakes the defence of the Channel Tunnel scheme against the objections urged by an important military authority quoted by me in the last number.\* Whether his article will allay or increase the feeling that the tunnel would be a source of danger, is matter of opinion; but in any case it is natural and desirable that the advocates of the project should be heard and their arguments duly considered.

The very important question as to the effect which the Tunnel might have upon our national security may be considered under two aspects, according as to whether we consider that our insulated position does or does not render us unassailable. In the one case the Tunnel might be the only route of an enemy, in the other it might be an additional one.

The military authority already quoted by me leans to the former theory. Colonel Beaumont—and here I agree him—rather implies that the ‘silver streak’ is not the absolute safeguard it is often supposed to be. But in either case, if the Tunnel could be used by an enemy, which of course is the point at issue, it would constitute too serious a danger to be lightly slurred over.

Following Colonel Beaumont’s arguments as they occur in his ‘reply,’ we find first, at p. 306, a despatch from the Foreign Office, implying that H.M. Government (in December 1874) saw no objection to the Tunnel. The despatch, like everything proceeding from Lord Derby, is characteristic both of his shrewdness and his caution; but to appreciate its full meaning, the circumstances of that day must be remembered. The Tunnel scheme was then a new one. The projectors naturally believed in its possibility; but many, perhaps the majority of the public, did not believe in it. Nothing in fact could evidence the practicability of a submarine tunnel except some actual borings in the locality, and at that time none had been made. Even now all must admit, that if a stratum of quicksand<sup>1</sup> extending from the sea downwards be encountered, it

<sup>1</sup> In boring one of the North-Western tunnels (the Kilsby Tunnel I think) a water-bearing stratum of sand was tapped, which caused infinite labour and expense,

would be fatal to the scheme ; and if that is still a possibility, in 1874 it was a probability. The impression on Lord Derby's mind, therefore, may have been that, if the scheme was a chimaera favoured by the French Government, all that he had to do was to decline any pecuniary liability and leave the bubble to burst. But whether this was, as seems probable, Lord Derby's motive or not, another weighty consideration must have been present to his mind. France in 1874 was not the armed nation of to-day, she had just 'redeemed her territory' from hostile occupation at vast cost, and no one then thought of her as a probable aggressor. I do not therefore think that Lord Derby can be quoted as approving of the scheme at this present moment.

Colonel Beaumont next gives, at p. 307, the first precaution against danger which he assumes must be taken, viz., that the entrance to the tunnel should be outside the fortifications (of Dover, I presume), 'but under command of guns mounted in a strong outwork ; that it is also under fire from the sea, and that a communication is by means of a small gallery and shaft made from the point where the heading passes under the sea, say at a depth of 180 feet from high-water mark, with the interior of the works, this communication being too small for traffic.'

The obvious precaution here suggested, of having the entrance commanded by the guns of an English fortress, is of course very proper ; but its efficiency is only weakened by the farther suggestion that the entrance should be 'also under fire from the sea,' i.e. possibly of an enemy's fleet.

Colonel Beaumont would also have means—not very effectual, as will be shown later—of flooding the Tunnel, but he decidedly objects to those means being kept secret, as a high military authority suggests. They are to be 'matter of public knowledge,' that is to friends or foes alike, in which case a pound of dynamite in a cartridge with time fuse might abolish this security at any moment.

Colonel Beaumont suggests a further and very good precaution, if we could believe in its adoption, or that if adopted it would be long maintained, to the great annoyance of passengers and hindrance of all traffic. He tells us that the 'trains are, upon emerging from under the sea, to be lifted bodily by suitable hydraulic apparatus to the daylight.' Those who remember a somewhat similar arrangement on the Midland Railway will see at once that this would simply waste as much time as had been gained by making the Tunnel, and on that account perhaps Colonel Beaumont supplies an alternative route by 'an inclined gallery connecting the Tunnel with the main railway lines.' This 'inclined gallery' route is as a 'normal condition,' to 'be blocked in such a way that it would require some definite time, previously settled upon, to open it for traffic.'

and a stream still flows from it. Under the sea of course it would have been an insuperable obstacle.

It is not made very clear here which route is to be actually used, the lift or the incline: but whichever be adopted, the other would appear to be a superfluity.

The suggestion of my military authority that the Tunnel itself would furnish a convenient route for a surprise party of 2,000 men, is met by two objections on the part of Colonel Beaumont. They cannot come by train, because, 'irrespective of suspicions on the part of booking clerks, special train arrangements would have to be made.'

To this the obvious reply is that the suspicious booking clerks would be deposed from their stools for such an occasion, and as to the special arrangements for carrying 2,000 men, if the French could not make them on their own railways with practically unlimited rolling stock, they must have learned little or forgotten a great deal. Colonel Beaumont forgets that the trains might come from Paris or beyond it.

The soldiers being *in* the carriages, therefore, and not outside them, cannot be 'run over by the train,' as Colonel Beaumont suggests.

As the use of dynamite mines is dismissed as quite unnecessary, the two remaining securities suggested are—1, 'two or three say 6-inch iron mains' for flooding the Tunnel; 2, arrangements for pumping smoke instead of fresh air with the ventilating engines.

As to the two or three 6-inch mains, has Colonel Beaumont calculated how long they would be doing their work? Not having the sectional area of the Tunnel, or the depth of water above the orifice of the main, I cannot make the calculation, but I should not be surprised to find that three days—possibly three weeks, would be necessary. Water can be pumped out, too, as well as poured in.

But no one denies that while England stood on her guard at her own end of the train, any attempt on the part of an enemy to pass through it would be madness. It is not what we *could* do, but what we actually *should* do, that is in question; and there all experience, all knowledge of human nature, but especially of English nature, warns us that with us, careless confidence is the rule, wise precautions the exception. If we have any system as to precautions against dangers which cost money, it is to defer them to the latest moment.

It cannot be said exactly that we don't 'lock the stable door until the steed is stolen,' because, luckily for us, the horse-stealers were busy elsewhere, and our steed is as yet in his stall; but this is our good luck and not our good management. It does not do to dogmatise about the future, of which we know nothing, but perhaps our best guidance is found in that couplet of proverbial wisdom which tells us—

The thing that has been is the thing that shall be,  
What our sires have seen, that our sons shall see.

And what have *not* our sires—nay we ourselves—seen in the



way of carelessness as to our national defences? One might fill volumes with instances, but to take a recent well-known and memorable one.

The largest, most expensive, and most important of our naval works may be considered the new Basins, Docks and building slips at Chatham. Now what is their history? Any one not knowing it and looking at that vast product of human energy, would say, 'see what a proof of British foresight and patriotism!' That would be the exoteric view; the esoteric is somewhat different. We were unwillingly forced into that effort, first, by the tardy conviction that in the means of maintaining or repairing our fleets in time of war, our unquiet neighbours had stolen a march upon us. Lord Palmerston rather surprised the House of Commons some years ago, by stating that the new naval arsenal of Cherbourg alone contained more basin room than all our yards put together. But these colossal excavations chiefly in rock were not made in a day. We had resolutely shut our eyes to them as to other efforts of naval activity in France; we might have shut our eyes until the present time, but for that wise Prince, who, though a foreigner by birth, was the most patriotic of Englishmen. But we need not go back so far for proof of English carelessness, when the fact stares us in the face, that our navy, our main defence against armed Europe, is at least 60 or 80 per cent. below the preponderating force which all English statesmen agree is a vital necessity for us. Can we then be told that a new danger would be met by new precautions, and that our national habits of vigilance ensure us against any relaxation of these precautions?

As Colonel Beaumont proceeds, his reasoning will to many be far from reassuring on the naval part of this question, while it confirms what has just been said as to our unreasoning confidence and supineness. He tells us that the value of the 'silver streak' has been enormously reduced by the introduction of steam, and I quite agree with him, but when he goes on to say that the fact has not at all affected 'our nervous susceptibilities,' he only demonstrates the military ignorance of the British public.

But the next paragraph in the 'reply' is far more 'scaring' than anything the 'alarmists' have written, and to my mind more conclusive against the Channel Tunnel scheme. It is part of the case against the scheme, and has been so taken by naval and military authorities, that a subsidiary attack by sea would be made by our assailant. Does Colonel Beaumont reassure us in the passage at p. 310?—

We rest quiet under the real cause of alarm that is offered by the enormous harbour works now being *quietly* constructed on the French coast. At Calais a large harbour is being made, and at Boulogne a still larger refuge, for it is more than a harbour that is being constructed. . . . What can these works be for? Certainly they are out of all proportion to what can be needed for commercial purposes. . . .

But of this I am quite sure, that the danger to this country involved in these huge protections to foreign navies is still greater than the Tunnel is assumed to be.

Very possibly; and *raison de plus* against furnishing an additional route to an invader, who will soon, as Colonel Beaumont shows, be in a position to assemble fleets and armies to any amount within sight of our shores.

It is a curious change in our national character, that while our ancestors, after a bloody struggle of many years, compelled the haughty Grand Monarque to destroy the harbour he had constructed at Dunkerque, as being a menace to us, we look on calmly at the growth of harbours infinitely more dangerous to our national safety.

It may seem paradoxical, but is it not the truth that our carelessness increases in the ratio of our danger?

It is admitted that if the English end of the Tunnel is guarded by a fort, that fort must be seized by treachery or force before an enemy can use the Tunnel. The obstacles suggested to such seizure are either moral or material. Let us examine those not already dealt with. Colonel Beaumont only tells us that, so far as moral motives are concerned, 'an indisposition for war must be a necessary corollary to an extended commercial relationship.' If this means that traders dislike an interruption of their trade, it is undeniable; but if it means that two nations which trade with each other never go to war, all history tells us the contrary. Other authorities, English and French, tell us it is very wrong on our part to suspect a neighbour of any treacherous act in the future. Perhaps so; but what guide have we to the future but experience of the past? and if we find that France did in this present century seize the fortresses, not of a neutral or merely friendly nation, but of a close ally, by the most shameful treachery, is not that an argument of some weight?

Every reader of military history knows that in 1807-8, while Spain was pouring out her blood and treasure for France, sending her armies and her ships to fight the battles of France abroad, French troops, by the basest stratagems, seized upon her frontier fortresses. I shall not quote English authority in support of this odious charge, but that of a recent and by far the most truthful of French historians. M. Lanfrey tells us (vol. iv. pp. 242-3):—

On enjoignit donc aux capitaines généraux (i.e. Spanish) des diverses provinces de faire aux troupes françaises l'accueil le plus amical. Elles en profitèrent pour s'emparer partout des places fortes et des citadelles qu'il se trouvaient à leur portée. D'Armagnac à Pampelune, Duhesme à Monjuich et à Figuières, plus tard Murat lui-même à Saint-Sébastien, agissant la plupart à contre-cœur, mais obligés de se conformer à leurs instructions, mirent en œuvre les plus honteuses supercheries pour s'emparer par trahison de ces places qu'ils n'auraient pu prendre de vive force. Ces actes, sur le sens desquels il était difficile de se méprendre, commencèrent à jeter l'épouvante dans l'âme du roi.

Few French writers have dared to speak thus of the man who until very lately was the idol of the French nation, and is so still with a portion of it, notwithstanding these shameful acts, compared with which the sudden seizure of Dover at this moment would be honourable. The actual means varied in each instance, though all were vilely base; but if anything could make treachery more treacherous, or perfidy more perfidious, it was the end aimed at by these means. It was no less than the theft of a crown—the crown of an ally—that was to be compassed by this treason.

There is no force in the possible reply that the First Napoleon is dead and gone, unless it could be added that his memory was abhorred in France for these shameful deeds, a fact which no one will affirm. Yet as the crime was fruitless, nay disastrous in its results, one might have expected that all French historians would condemn it as much as M. Lanfrey.

French writers, however, who are severe on ‘perfid Albion,’ consider our attack on Copenhagen in 1801 without a previous declaration of war as an analogous case, and a perfidious breach of the law of nations. Those who believe that the British Government had private information which justified the attack will dissent from this view; but assuming the charge to be proved, it would be another instance of hostilities in peace time, though not of secret treachery.

Perhaps the lesson from the past, a lesson which all nations except ourselves to some extent practise, is that it is wise to assume the possibility of an attack without any notice under circumstances which cannot be foreseen. The material obstacles to such an attack by surprise—an attack supposed to be made by a force of, say, 2,000 men—seem to be generally exaggerated. With the extended international communication naturally expected by the promoters of the Tunnel scheme, many thousand English and French passengers will come and go daily, some in civil life, some in military—who will distinguish them? Each year brings us nearer to the time when French citizens and French soldiers will be convertible terms, and any two thousand unarmed Frenchmen may, as far as we know, be composed of picked companies from this or that army corps. We have neither passports, nor ‘bureaux des étrangers,’ nor ‘alien laws.’ All come and go unquestioned and unobserved.

‘But the arms and the ammunition?’ These, I apprehend, exist in England at present, and can be bought and stored in any houses hired by Frenchmen beforehand. If they do not exist, they can be ordered, for we supply the world with arms. To assemble two thousand passengers coming by the South-Eastern or London, Chatham, and Dover Railways and their branch lines, would not be difficult, nor to arm them in small groups at different places.

A dark night being assumed, the remaining part of the enterprise

—the seizing of the gate, the overpowering of the unsuspecting main guard, and the securing possession—would be deeds of daring and prowess as great as the prize in view. An impossibility? That is the reason it might succeed; it is just such impossibilities that do so, and the Tunnel railway, with an almost continuous line of carriages, would do the rest.

I have said that it is such enterprises, apparently impossible, that succeed, and there have been many in our naval annals. The most desperate, yet generally successful and popular achievements have been those known as ‘cutting out’—that is, attacks by open boats upon an enemy’s ships in an enemy’s harbour, and I may cite one as among the most brilliant and picturesque of these exploits. The small British frigate ‘Seahorse’ was blockading another frigate of about equal size in the harbour of Porto Caballo, on the Spanish main. The idea of ‘cutting out’ the frigate from under the Spanish batteries by means of his small open boats, manned with only one hundred men, inspired Captain Hamilton, and, when communicated to his crew, was received with three hearty cheers. The boats, commanded by the captain himself, left the frigate at night and made for the harbour, not unobserved, however, by a Spanish launch ‘rowing guard’ at the entrance. This did not deter the gallant assailants. Two boats proceeded to cut the cables, the others attempted to board at different points, two only out of the six succeeding at first. The Spanish crew, numbering 365, retired before the headlong attack of probably not eighty assailants, and two boats’ crews remained to tow the enemy out if captured. For some minutes the issue was doubtful; but while the deadly struggle proceeded below our lithesome sailors sprang aloft like a flight of night-birds: the gaskets were cut, the sails dropped curtain-like from the yards, the ship gained life, and floated out like a summer cloud or a vision, amidst the roar of guns from the battery, the continued fire of musketry, the loud curses of the Spaniards, and the measured splash of the oars. When the struggle ended outside the harbour, one hundred and nineteen of the enemy lay stiff and stark, ninety-seven were wounded, while the loss of the victors was trifling!

This brilliantly successful exploit was of the irregular and desperate kind to which the well-known saying, ‘C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre,’ would apply, and it shows us that in war not only the chances of success, but the object to be gained, must decide. Readers of naval history know that there were special reasons why at all hazards the ‘Hermione’ should have been captured, or rather recaptured.

In the case supposed of an attempt to seize the English end of the Tunnel, obtaining thereby a perfectly secure line of communication, the object aimed at would, in a military sense, justify any conceivable risk.

It is somewhat singular that the authorities quoted by the friends of the Tunnel scheme are French or other continental writers, field marshals and statesmen who see no objection to a road connecting them with the richest and, in a military sense, the weakest country of Europe. From their point of view no doubt they are right, but Englishmen may attach even more weight to the opinions of their own military officers, whose sympathies and interests are altogether English, and whose lives have been devoted to the service of their country. It is in that belief that I again lay before the public the very effective answer of one who has earned the right to be heard upon the military side of the question. It is as follows:—

‘There is one of *Æsop’s* fables which tells how an unfortunate old man was persuaded to go through a series of antics, changing his mind every few minutes, and coming at last utterly to grief from paying attention to the laughter and ridicule of neighbours, amongst whom there were always some who found fault with him. The promoters of the scheme for connecting the one unarmed people of Europe by land with the great armed nations of the Continent have evidently great faith in this device for persuading John Bull to effect his own ruin.

“How very absurd it is of you, my dear man, to take any precautions! How silly of you to suppose for a moment that what has been will be again! Don’t you know that France and Germany are keeping up their enormous armies without any intention of ever using them? And then listen to what all the great continental soldiers and statesmen are saying about you. It is *M. Gambetta’s* business to look after the safety of England. It is the great *Von Moltke’s* special province to warn you of any possible risk you may incur in a military sense from such an undertaking as this. Depend on it, all the English soldiers and sailors who ask you to pause before you throw away the protection of the winds and waves that have guarded you so long, are fools. It is quite unnecessary to elicit their views, or to answer their arguments. We can dispose of them much more shortly by calling them names. They are all panic-mongers! There!—of course you won’t listen to them again. Men who have fought in the many odd corners of the world, and whose special business it has been to face danger calmly, are just those most prone to nervous fears. The more carefully they state the risk which, they allege, should be provided against, the more evident it is that they are begging the question. Past history is nothing to us: we wish to avoid all allusion to it. It is nonsense to suppose that any nation will ever wish to do again what every nation has again and again done in past times. Rest, John Bull, rest! Though we don’t think any special precau-

tions are necessary, and don't mean to take any that are not forced upon us, it may be desirable, in order to quiet popular fears, to sketch out many ingenious engineering devices by means of which the tunnel could be destroyed. If danger ever should arise, trust to us and to our mechanical contrivances to protect you."

"The old fable ends with the quaint advice, "not to mind the laughter of fools." I by no means wish to apply that coarse term to those who differ from me, for those who are now striving to laugh away our security are certainly no fools. It may be convenient to inquire who they are.

"The construction of this tunnel is urged upon our notice chiefly by men who have special and personal interests involved. If we look upon it entirely as a financial speculation, it is very natural that the inventors or proprietors of boring engines should urge the scheme forward. I have no wish whatever to impute any wrong motives to them, but in discussing this question it must be remembered that the demand for this tunnel does not come from the English people nor from any large section of them; it emanates chiefly from a few railway projectors and speculators who hope to make fortunes out of it, and from engineers who own patent engines they hope to have used in its construction, or who hope to be engaged professionally in the undertaking. On the French side the scheme is mainly supported by the great financial house that possesses the largest proprietorship in the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*, and it is scarcely necessary to state that its success would greatly enhance the value of that property.

"It may seem somewhat invidious thus to refer to the personal interests involved in this projected undertaking, but the consequences it involves are too serious to admit of our ignoring any information on the subject, and this knowledge should, I believe, be in possession of the British tax-payer. If any one should propose to carry out some great engineering work on my property, urging it upon me with many specious arguments, dilating upon the direct benefit it would be to me, and the indirect blessings it would confer upon mankind, my first question would be, "Pray, sir, may I ask why it is you take such an interest in my welfare? Kindly explain to me what your interests are in the projected undertaking?" If I were answered that he hoped, as the Americans would say, to "share in the plunder," to become rich in the manipulation of the company's stocks, or by the sale of engines, machinery, &c., I should be careful how I allowed myself to be carried away by high-sounding declarations that everything had been designed in the interests of humanity, and with a view to benefiting the empire.

"If these are the great defenders of the scheme, whom is it, on the other hand, proposed we should allow to become the proprietors, the absolute owners, of this one secure approach to our shores, which

would be available in all weathers and at all hours by night or day? The chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company afforded us this information when, a few days ago, he said to his shareholders:—

‘It is my duty to tell you that the shareholders in the Submarine Company, as appearing on the register, number 601—gentlemen of high position, not only in the three kingdoms, but in France and other parts of the Continent. So far from this being an exclusive society, anybody may become a member of your company if they please; and I hope to see from different parts of the world gentlemen, and ladies too, instructing their brokers to buy shares in the company, with a view to have an interest in something which they consider will contribute to the civilisation of the world. It is a company in which any man or woman may become a shareholder if they like.

From this speech it will be seen that in our dealings with the Channel Tunnel proprietors we should have to do, not with any patriotic body of English men and women, who, if called upon to make sacrifices for their country’s good, would, in any crisis, willingly aid in the destruction of their property in the interest of their country’s safety—no, not only are those whose duty it would be to elect the directors, and to have the patronage to all the positions of trust about the tunnel, to be of any and every nationality, but we may assume that the majority will be foreigners, who would not only be indifferent to the safety of England, but whose patriotic instincts might be enlisted against her. It was notorious at the time when the Suez Canal Company was being launched in France, that the hope of cutting England out of the trade with the East was a very powerful incentive to many who took shares in it. Might not a similar result follow upon the formation of a Channel Tunnel Company, if it be understood abroad that the construction of such a tunnel would be a heavy blow to the security and maritime supremacy of England?

‘Let us deal now with another side of the question. If it can be clearly shown that any danger, no matter how slight, would be entailed upon England by the construction of this tunnel, I see no good reason why it should be allowed, because seven years ago the Government of the day raised no objection to it. The foreign policy of England is not of a nature so constant and fixed that we need, in this tunnel question, be influenced in the least degree by the diplomatic correspondence between our Foreign Office and the Count de Jarnac in the year 1874. It is generally understood that the tunnel scheme was then looked upon as fanciful and unfeasible. It was not then regarded as having entered within the zone or scope of practical undertakings. No one believed it would ever be made, and, if mentioned, it always raised a smile, as does now any reference to flying machines as substitutes for railways. It must be remembered that no treaty with France on this subject has ever been ratified, and that until a few months ago the whole question has been in abeyance.

Our Government in 1874 appears to have so regarded it, for they do not seem to have invited the opinions of any naval or military men upon what is essentially a great naval and military question; and for the same reason, it would seem, our admirals and generals treated it then with similar indifference. The subject has now, however, assumed a different aspect; and it cannot now be allowed to go by default: those in the army and navy who are best able and most entitled to express an opinion upon it are almost unanimous in condemning it as a project that is fraught with danger to our national existence. We must not, therefore, allow this tunnel to be begun without the fullest possible inquiry into the manner in which it would affect our future as a nation.

‘To urge as a reason for allowing it to be made without any further investigation, and without obtaining the views of all our best soldiers and sailors upon it, that a refusal would lay us open to a charge of pusillanimity, and would make us the “the laughing-stock of continental nations,” is surely little less than an endeavour to burke all further inquiry. Those who urge this upon us would apparently allow the fear of ridicule to influence them, but not the fear of danger.

‘The question is a great national one, to be decided by the people of England, not by the “nervous fears” of individual experts, or the plausible pleadings of interested speculators. It is absolutely necessary that it be given the fullest possible publicity, and that evidence be taken on it for general information by men who are above all suspicion; and in coming to a final decision upon it, the fact of our Minister for Foreign Affairs having informed the French Ambassador in 1874, that H.M. Government would, under certain circumstances, “offer no opposition to it,” should not be allowed for a moment to weigh one feather’s weight in the balance. Their decision was apparently arrived at, as I have said, without any consultation with those who could judge of its military and naval bearings, and it should be, I therefore think, entirely disregarded.

‘To maintain the contrary is to put forward a plea very much like that of the legal paper which the other day, by an ingenious calculation as to the number of miles from the shore to which our jurisdiction extended, and expressing a grave doubt whether we had any jurisdiction at all under the sea, proved that by international law we were bound to permit our national destruction. To all which I would reply in the words of the greatest of our constitutional lawyers, who, when speaking about our destruction of the Danish fleet, said: “It is in vain to refer to the law of nations for any authority on this subject, in the unprecedented circumstances in which this country is now placed. What usually passes by that name is merely a collection of the dicta of wise men who have devoted themselves to this subject in different ages, applied



to the circumstances of the world at the period in which they wrote, or circumstances nearly resembling them ; but none having the least resemblance to circumstances in which this country is now placed."

'As a contribution towards the discussion of this most important subject, I venture to make the following remarks upon the views and opinions of the very few who have advocated the cause of the tunnel without being personally and directly interested in its construction. Their monetary interest in the undertaking puts out of court many of its advocates, so that I need not pause to criticise their arguments.

'We are told that as Dover is "a first-class fortress" it is quite safe from a *coup de main* from without. Lest our soldiers should become the "laughing-stock of continental engineers," I must begin by pointing out that Dover is not so regarded by our army. This is not, however, a very important matter, for the danger is not lest 20,000 or 30,000 men should land somewhere in the neighbourhood of Dover and take it by a *coup de main*, or a "hasty siege" from without, but that it should be taken by surprise by a mere handful of men from within. Those who ridicule the "fears" of men who dread the construction of this tunnel write and talk as if, according to all past experience, it was a certainty that the nation which intends to attack another would give warning of its intention beforehand.

'My contention is, that were a tunnel made, England as a nation could be destroyed without any warning whatever, when Europe was in a condition of profound peace ; but that as long as no tunnel connects England with the Continent this could not take place. The reason is obvious. To seize our end of the tunnel, with all the telegraphic wires and the various mechanical contrivances designed for its destruction, together with the forts and batteries constructed around it, would be a small military operation, requiring no preparation that would attract any attention whatever. Calais is in the First Army Corps district, where the standing force always with the colours is about 26,000 men, from which the handful of troops required for the surprise of Dover might easily be furnished at a moment's warning. They could be embarked at either Dunkirk, Calais, or Boulogne, at all of which places there are garrisons, without the possibility of any warning reaching us. If such an operation were contemplated, the first step would be the military occupation of every telegraph office in the district. To assert that no such operation could be effected without our obtaining ample warning of it is to assume that the general charged with its accomplishment is as entirely ignorant of the business of war as the man must be who makes such an assertion. Still more easily might a few thousand men be sent at night through the tunnel itself whilst we gentlemen of England were abed, dreaming of the time when the lion and the lamb are to lie down together without the latter being devoured by the former. A party coming through the tunnel in two or three

large trains would suffice to capture our end of it and all its attendant works. To say this could not possibly be done without its being known at our end of the tunnel that the trains had started from Calais, is absurd. The veriest tyro on the staff could devise offhand a scheme for keeping us ignorant of what went on in, say, the whole Calais district from midnight until the following morning. It is not likely that ticket-takers or telegraph operators on the French side would be allowed any channel of communicating with us until the operation had been effected. The whole plan is based upon the assumption of its being carried out during a time of profound peace between the two nations, and whilst we were enjoying life in the security and unsuspection of a fool's paradise.

‘If it be said that this is to suppose that the nations of Europe are “Ashantees,” I reply that, taking the whole period of the last two—the most civilised—centuries of the world's history, from 1700 down to the present time, not one war in ten has commenced with any formal notice whatever giving warning of the intention to commit the first hostile acts; that in the vast majority of cases wars have been begun in some form of surprise by one nation on the other; that some cause of irritation having arisen, acts have been done by subjects of one nation upon those of another which were not regarded by the aggressor as acts of war, and that these being vehemently resented by the aggrieved nation have led to sudden and unexpected reprisals; that secret treaties, such as have continued down to our own day, for the dismemberment of some of the European fraternity, have been the commonplaces of history; that every nation of Europe, specifically Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, England, Spain, Portugal, and the United States of America, have each severally, and often together, commenced hostilities, whilst the ambassadors of the power attacked were still residing at the court of the assailant, and whilst their envoys were still at the court of the assailed power, and without any pause or time granted for a declaration of war to reach the assailed power. When surprise has not been deliberately attempted nations have constantly drifted into war, there being no time at which the hope of peace was given up till long after the most violent hostilities had been carried on, and even battles had been fought.

‘No form of government can be said to be more chargeable than another with this kind of action. Republican America, republican France, despotic Russia, imperial France, imperial Austria, kingly Prussia, constitutional England, have vied with one another in such acts. The fact is, that a nation in a condition of profound peace is utterly unable to judge of what its own feelings would be during the excitement of some sudden sense of wrong done to its national life. Certainly, taking into account our seizure of the Danish fleet in 1807, and our assurance to Spain, after Admiral Byng

had destroyed their fleet, that it was not to be considered as a declaration of war, we have carried both the sudden change from peace to war, and the classification of acts which do not constitute war, to about as extreme a limit as any power.

‘At the same time also our own history presents the most startling instances of the successful capture by dash and surprise of seaboard fortresses. The story of our colonial empire is replete with such events, but perhaps the most striking was the capture, in 1807, of Curaçoa, for a description of which I would refer my readers to Cust’s *Annals of the Wars* or James’s *Naval History*. Upon that occasion what was deemed an impregnable fortress—what, in fact, some gentlemen would doubtless term a “first-class fortress”—was taken in a few hours with an insignificant loss. The expedition had been sent nominally “to reconnoitre the island of Curaçoa, and to ascertain the disposition of the population to ally themselves with Great Britain.”

‘I should like to refer all those who attach much importance to the remarks of the *République Française* on the Tunnel to the incidents of the French invasion of Spain in 1808, and of the manner in which Figueras, Barcelona, Pampeluna, and other fortresses were thus surprised, during peace and friendly alliances, by the French troops.

‘In the year 1816 Portugal seized the Spanish territory of Monte Video, and her conduct was thus described in a minute subscribed to by all the great powers of Europe: “At the very moment when a double marriage seemed to bind more closely the family ties already existing between the houses of Braganza and Bourbon, and when such an alliance was to render the relations between the two countries more intimate and more friendly, Portugal has invaded the Spanish possessions on the River Plate, and invaded them without any previous declaration.” Despite this European condemnation of their conduct, Portugal retained possession of her conquest, and none of the protecting powers moved a ship or a soldier to support Spain, which had appealed unreservedly to their protection. I could multiply examples indefinitely, from all periods of history, of the fate of those nations who have relied for their security upon anything but their own strength and forethought.

‘The civilian may start in horror at the statement that Dover could be taken by surprise. If he has any doubt on the subject, let him test the question for himself, and go at once to Dover; let him walk along the piers after midnight and judge for himself; let him imagine a few steamers arriving alongside the quays, and then ask himself what there would be to hinder the men they carried from landing. The last thing that would occur to the minds of the few policemen and coast-guardsmen about at that hour would be, that those they saw landing were enemies; until they had been made prisoners no

suspicion would naturally occur to them. Why should it be otherwise in a state of profound peace with all mankind? Let the civilian then walk from the beach to the gate of every fort, where, if he would announce himself to be an officer returning home to barracks, the wicket would be opened to him, and if he entered, he would see but two men, one the sentry, the other the non-commissioned officer who had been roused up from sleep by the sentry to unlock the gate.

‘The first few men ashore from these supposed steamers might thus easily obtain an entrance into every fort in Dover; the sentry and the sleepy sergeant might be easily disposed of—the rifles of our sentries at home are not loaded—and the few men on guard made prisoners whilst asleep on their guard-bed. Knowing what our barrack-life in England is like, and what our manners and customs are, I assert most positively that an enemy might to-night in this manner obtain possession of every fort in Dover if he wished to do so; and I have no doubt we might do likewise in Calais or Boulogne had we any object in attempting it. The whole garrison of Dover consists of about 2000 men, distributed almost exclusively amongst four forts, at the entrance to each of which there is always a small guard furnishing a sentry over the gate; and I have no hesitation in saying that if it suited the purpose of an enemy to do so, an enterprising leader could, in the manner I have sketched out, make himself complete master of all the place any fairly calm night, and that if the affair were well managed nothing would be known of it in London, or even outside Dover, before the following morning. I must apologise for having even so far committed myself to details that are self-evident to any soldier of war experience; but they have been rendered necessary by the repeated assertions of inexperienced men, that no such surprise would be possible, as the enemy could not prevent us from obtaining early intimation of his intentions from ticket takers, telegraph-men, and others on the French side of the Channel. I shall not insult the intelligence of my readers by attempting any detail of the measures that would be taken by the enemy to lull all suspicion, and to prevent any intimation of his intentions from reaching us. The required precautions will suggest themselves to the most simple-minded of soldiers.

‘I admit then that Dover can be taken by surprise even now, whilst England is still an island; but the operation would be a far more certain and an infinitely easier one if a railway tunnel connected Dover with Calais. The railway projector is apt to remark when this admission is made, “If Dover can be so easily surprised now, why dread the construction of the proposed tunnel?” The answer is a simple one: “We have no reason to dread the capture of Dover by surprise as long as no tunnel has been made; for the enemy who had seized it must be in such very small force that we could easily turn him out of it, for he could only be reinforced by the sea, where rides

our fleet. To send reinforcements to the handful of men who had seized Dover during the night, the enemy must have command of the Channel, and very extensive preparations would be required beforehand for the concentration and embarkation of a very large army. Those preparations could not possibly be effected before Dover had been taken by surprise without attracting attention. They would necessarily be spread over several weeks, so that we should be well warned beforehand; and if they were postponed until Dover had been so captured, it could easily be retaken by us before the enemy could complete them, or be in a position to land a large army on our shores.

‘As long as no tunnel connects Calais with Dover we have consequently little to fear from the capture of our “first-class fortress.” To seize it at present by *coup de main*, to be effected by a handful of troops, would fulfil no useful purpose to an enemy; such an operation would be to send the men employed to certain eventual destruction. The case would, however, be far different if a tunnel existed; for its capture by the enemy would enable a large army to come by rail through it.

‘No discussion as to the merits of schemes for the destruction of the tunnel, or of the chances of their always being in working order when required, must enter into the question, whether the construction of a tunnel is or is not to be allowed; for if our end of it and the neighbouring works of Dover can be taken by surprise, no such discussion can be of any practical value. If a robber can possess himself of my hall-door key, why embark in a discussion as to the strength of the door itself?

‘We are told that the exit from the tunnel should be under the fire of works to be constructed—we are not told who is to pay for them—and that arrangements are to be made for letting the sea into and keeping the air out of the tunnel; but of what avail would any or all such contrivances be if our end of the tunnel, and its attendant forts and batteries, were taken by surprise? That they could be so taken by surprise if the attempt were made whilst the horizon of peace was cloudless, I assert most positively, for owing to our belief in the virtuous intentions of others, we live in a constant condition of unpreparedness for war.

‘It is no argument that because we are already exposed to the danger of invasion, and that the new great harbours being constructed by our neighbours on their Channel coast increase that danger, that therefore we should incur the new risks which this tunnel would entail upon us. I am fully alive to the danger of invasion which the tunnel projectors now for the first time are anxious to enlarge upon, but I know that as long as no tunnel exists we must have long warning before this country can be successfully invaded: it is because I believe that if this tunnel be ever made, we may find an army

in possession of Dover without having had any warning at all of the danger that threatened us, that I would beg of my countrymen to pause ere they allow their birthright of insularity to be filched from them in order that a few speculators and projectors may become rich.

‘The invention of steam has greatly facilitated the operation of disembarking armies, and the result has been periodically recurring panics about the invasion of England. Those panics have cost us millions, and who that knows anything of our Stock Exchange will deny that the creation of a Channel tunnel would greatly increase the recurrence of those panics and would intensify their effect? We all know how injurious these panics are to trade, and how certainly they point to increased military and naval expenditure. It is therefore, I contend, very necessary that every taxpayer should study this subject for himself, not as a matter simply bearing upon the sea-sickness suffered by those who cross the Channel, but as one which will seriously affect his pocket.

‘The invasion of England may or may not be, or the surprise of Dover after the tunnel had been constructed might or might not be, a very remote contingency—so remote that the present generation, having counted all the risks, might possibly resolve to ignore them; but the recurrence of panics immediately that a tunnel was completed under the Channel would be such a constant drain upon our resources that we cannot afford to omit them from our argument on this subject. We should have costly schemes of fortification suddenly undertaken, and sudden and often ill-considered additions made to our army, the fortifications to be left unfinished and the augmentations to our military strength as suddenly reduced when the panic blew over and subsided. Such a condition of affairs would be as disastrous to our trade and revenue as it would be injurious to our financial position. This dread of sea-sickness is so ever-present to the minds of many that it blinds them to the consequences which their scheme for enabling them to avoid it would involve; the remembrance of a bad passage across the Channel when surrounded by crowds of sea-sick women is apt to preclude any serious contemplation of the injury that panics which would have their origin in the tunnel, if it were made, would inflict upon us.

‘There is a very important aspect of this question which has as yet been little considered: I allude to the respective effect which the successful invasion of England would have upon us as a nation whilst we still retain our insular security, and what it would be were we united with the Continent by a tunnel under the Channel. Let us examine this a little. If England were now successfully invaded, the enemy’s army, having reached London, could dictate its own terms of peace to us. Let us assume those terms to be the payment of say 600,000,000*l.* and the surrender of our fleet. England

is so small that it could be very easily overrun by a victorious army, for Woolwich—our one great arsenal—in his possession, we could not arm and equip a new army. We should have no other course open to us but compliance with these terms, but in accepting them we should have at least one grain of comfort and of hope left to us, for it would be felt that we should thereby rid ourselves of the enemy's hateful presence. If we were worthy of our ancestors, there would be no good reason even then why we should 'despair of the commonwealth.' If our spirit was healthy, we might still become once more a great nation. Having been caught napping once, we would surely take measures for protecting ourselves from any recurrence of the catastrophe that had befallen us, and would construct a new fleet far bigger in proportion to that of other nations than we had ever possessed before. Possibly we might not be actuated by any craving for revenge, but we should, I hope, be influenced by the reawakening of that grand old national spirit that in former ages made us what we were, a spirit that would enable us to accept cheerfully the sacrifices we should have to make in order to pay for the creation of a new army and a new navy. With the successful invasion of England under existing circumstances we should lose well nigh all except the power to re-establish ourselves again as a great nation; but the successful invasion of England after a Channel tunnel had been constructed would be our final destruction as an independent people. Let us assume that the enemy's army were in occupation of the Thames from London to Woolwich, he would naturally demand, in addition to the terms already described, that the Dover end of the tunnel should remain for ever in his possession, in order to prevent us from ever again attempting to raise a new army or build a new fleet. He would naturally warn us, "If you ever presume to infringe the terms we have now made with you by attempting to create any new army or navy, we will forthwith send back troops by the tunnel to bring you to reason." The perpetual yoke of servitude would be ours for ever.

'The successful invasion of England is believed to be a feasible operation by nine military and naval men out of ten. Before the days of steam Napoleon believed it to be so, as did Wellington also, when steamships had become so common that he described England as being joined to France by an "isthmus of steam." Under ordinary circumstances, we are never likely to take effective measures to protect ourselves against invasion; but remembering what the effect of invasion would be upon us under the circumstances described above, surely we should have wisdom enough to refuse permission to the speculators who now ask to tunnel under, and so render useless to us, that "silver streak" which has hitherto been our best and most effective line of defence.

'No one can be prouder of the ability and of the great achievements of our civil engineers than I am, but I hope I may never see

the day when the safety of this country is allowed to depend upon the most cleverly-conceived and most ably-constructed mechanical or electrical contrivance for the destruction of a tunnel under our Channel. If one tunnel be made, the projectors tell us, we shall soon have many others, each with its line of railway. In a few hours we collected in Windsor Park last summer a force of over 50,000 men, and those who doubt the possibility of being able to concentrate an army of three or four times that strength at Dover by means of the projected tunnel, with its double line of rails, should study the pages of Jacquemin, and see what use the Germans and French made of their railways in the month of July 1870. In these days of railways, the facility with which large bodies of troops can be moved is greater when they are entrained by detachments at a number of places, than when a previously concentrated force has to be despatched all from one locality.

‘As I have already said, this question is one of the most vital importance, and must be settled by the people. We cannot allow it to be treated as we would treat a bill for the construction of an ordinary railway. The subject must not be discussed in any hurry; it must be laid before the people in all its aspects. Every taxpayer is deeply interested in it, apart even from the possibility of our being successfully invaded, for as surely as the tunnel be made it will give rise to panics, and panics mean increased military and naval establishments, and therefore largely increased taxation.

‘If it be necessary that we should find an outlet for the energy of our active-minded railway projectors, then by all means let us direct our attention to the construction of a tunnel between Ireland and Great Britain. From Portpatrick to Donaghadee is only about the same distance as from Dover to Calais. It is of great national importance that we should have the easiest possible means of communication between the two islands, and before we embark in any dangerous scheme for uniting us with France, in the hope that increased means of communication between the two nations will reduce all hostility and enmity between them, let us try the experiment with Ireland. Let us try the effect of a tunnel upon the Irish question, and see whether such a description of union might not be more successful in binding together the people of the two countries than was the political union effected in 1800.

‘I must again repeat what I have already said in a previous paper on this subject, viz., do what you may to arrange contrivances for the destruction of the tunnel, spend any amount of the company’s, or still worse, of the country’s money on fortifications round its mouth, serious dangers will still exist, although experts may differ as to the amount or extent of that danger. If this be so—and ninety-nine soldiers and sailors out of the hundred will admit its truth—why should the whole nation incur this risk in order that the few who yearly cross



the Channel should be saved from sea-sickness? If we would avoid panics, the people as a body must believe in our actual security; their peace of mind is as essential as that actual security itself, for the evil of panics is only to be exceeded by the actual evil of invasion. A few serious panics would cost us as much as would the construction of a large well-fortified harbour at or near Dover, and such a harbour is what we really stand in need of, where our fleet could lie during war, and where, during peace, large passenger steamers could enter at all times of tide.

‘We hear much of the panic-monger in the writings of those who favour the construction of this tunnel. But who is the real panic-monger? Is it he who would have us create a work that must be the prolific parent of panics, or is it the man who strives to warn his countrymen against such an error? “I leave the answer to the common sense of the public.”’

DUNSBANY.

## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

### A CIVILIAN'S VIEW.

THE attempt of Lord Palmerston to prevent the construction of the Suez Canal is now universally admitted to have been a mistake. It could not be supposed that Great Britain would be allowed to keep a great highway of nations closed in order to guard her route to India against possible danger. Possibly the same reflection may hereafter be made on the attempt to prevent the opening of the Dardanelles. Not less impracticable have been some of the counsels of a military policy with regard to the defence of distant dependencies. Wellington complained to Peel that the Empire was not fortified; Peel, in reply, requested Wellington to submit a plan for the fortification of the Empire. Even had the plan been submitted and shown to be feasible in itself, the maintenance of fleets on a ruinously expensive scale would have been required to keep open the communications. Perhaps the fancy of fortifying the Empire has prevented our distinctly seeing the real and supreme necessity of securing at any cost the military safety of these Islands. In the same way vague Imperial aspirations have disguised the real and supreme necessity of thoroughly incorporating Ireland. The immunity of the Islands from the danger of invasion has always been, and still is, of paramount importance, not only to their commercial prosperity, but to their political well-being, and not to theirs only but to that of all nations.

It will be admitted that no physical feature of the globe, not even the cluster of little hills by the side of the Tiber, has played a more momentous part in history than the Channel. To feel its importance, we have only to think of the Armada sent to convoy Parma and his veterans over it, or of Napoleon with the legions of Austerlitz standing baffled on its shore. Only by a double accident, the diversion created by the landing of the Northmen in the Humber and the dearth of provisions which compelled the English fleet to put into port, was it prevented from exempting a Saxon realm from feudal aristocracy, and a National Church from Papal domination. In the

sixteenth century, and again in the seventeenth, it saved the Reformation. In the time of Louis XIV. and the Absolutist reaction it saved liberty. In the time of the French Revolution it saved order. In the time of Napoleon it saved national independence—not the independence of England alone, but that of all nations. By exempting England from the necessity of keeping up a large standing army, it has preserved her from military despotism, and enabled her to move steadily in the path of political progress. It is now the barrier between her industrial people and the conscription, saving her thereby from what would be equivalent to an immense load of additional taxation. A convulsion of nature which should dry it up would be almost as fatal to England as one which should ruin the dykes would be to Holland; and any event which, by diminishing its efficiency as a military barrier, should perceptibly diminish the security which it affords to English wealth, would be a virtual loss of untold millions. For the sake of trade itself, the fortress must be first considered. Any expenditure which its defences really need must be ungrudgingly incurred; and anything, however apparently lucrative, which would render it less impregnable must be foregone. This is not militarism, but commercial prudence. It cannot be said that the Channel, or anything else which conduces to security, interferes with the propagation of ideas: the intellectual isolation of England is already almost a thing of the past.

A civilian can have no opinion about any military question. It seems hardly necessary to dwell, as some military authorities have done, on the danger of passing a defile in face of an enemy; evidently an army thrusting itself into a pipe twenty-two miles long, and capable of being flooded, without having secured command of the mouth, would have reason to repent of its temerity. But it is alleged that the enemy might suddenly and without warning effect a landing in sufficient force to hold Dover for two hours, within which time it might be reinforced through the tunnel. This implies lawless treachery on the part of the invader, but it is a treachery of which the First Napoleon, with such a prize as the conquest of England in view, would have been guilty without the slightest hesitation. The invitation of foreign aid by treason or faction within the realm is happily beyond the range of our worst dreams, though the commandant of Dover would carry the key of England in his pocket. On this point all that is necessary for us to say is that Sir Garnet Wolseley is not a weak alarmist or a professional pedant.

There are some reasons for hoping that war is gradually dying out. We have not for some time had commercial wars like those between England and Holland in the seventeenth century, nor are we likely to have them again, except on a small scale and with barbarous nations, such as China, or with the petty potentates of Africa. Wars in support of the claims of dynasties, such as that of the

Spanish succession, and armed litigation between monarchies about their rights to provinces in Italy or Germany, such as filled the eighteenth century, are also numbered with the past. There are general influences which tend in the same direction. The people, formerly food for powder, are now getting votes, which regard for their own lives and for the enjoyment of their wages, if not a larger philosophy, will lead them commonly to use in favour of peace. Science is at once rendering war fearfully expensive and divesting it of the glitter and romance by which, after all, it in some measure lived. Perhaps the sight of the North American Continent, so organised under the federal system as to maintain peace within its precincts, and thus reaping the untaxed fruits of industry, may not be without effect on the rest of the world. On the other hand, neither revolutionary wars nor wars of nationality appear by any means to be at an end. German nationality is yet hardly settled, and may have to be once more defended against French jealousy and revenge. Slavonic nationality is a question evidently fraught with disturbance, and with the possibilities of collisions between great powers. Revolutionary anarchy may again give birth to military despotism, the fell necessities of which were proved by the career of the military despot who began by proclaiming, perhaps not insincerely, and certainly in accordance with his personal interest, that his empire was peace. Conquest itself, and diplomatic struggles for ascendancy, have not yet ceased to trouble: witness Afghanistan, Tunis, and Egypt. The craters of communistic volcanoes at Paris and Cartagena still smoke, and other eruptions may be at hand. The mere burden of the military system, when it becomes intolerable, may lead some power to rush to arms as the only means of breaking a long deadlock of ruin. On the pacific influence of commerce rather too much reliance has been placed: nations, like men, are as often governed by their temper as by their interests: moreover, Free Trade does not gain ground, nor is it possible that it should gain ground while the import duties are needed to maintain vast armaments. Arbitration makes way, but its sphere is obviously limited: legal questions such as that of liability for the damage done by the *Alabama*, or a difference about a boundary, it may settle, at least if the wrath of the parties is not violently excited: in questions of national independence or ambition, such as those which led to the Italian and Franco-German wars, it is powerless. Apart from specific causes of quarrel, the war spirit as well as the hunter instinct still lingers in the breast of man. Nor is opinion firmly settled even in quarters where we should expect it to be so. The Free Christian Churches may be reckoned as steady opponents of war, but State Churches still worship the God of Battles. In De Maistre we find a hideous passage describing the earth as a vast altar on which sacrifices of human blood must for ever be offered by the sword; and if Canon

Mozley, in his Sermon on War, does not go so far as this, he does in effect almost renounce for his form of religion the hope of effectually preaching peace on earth.

For the present, then, military security is indispensable: though not the most beneficent of objects, it must take precedence of the rest; commerce must make the necessary sacrifices for it; and if the line of a projected railroad is drawn through the defences of the Fortress, the project must be laid aside.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## THE CHANNEL PASSAGE.

### AN ALTERNATIVE.

THE majority of persons who leave their island home of Great Britain for the continent of Europe, are deeply interested in the mode of passing over, or under, the waters of the Channel. The proposal which has lately almost monopolised the attention of the public has been a passage under the waters by means of a Railway Tunnel. It is true the contingencies inseparable from such a work are great, but the contingencies do not much interest the general public, who deem it to be the business of promoters and shareholders to deal with any financial, constructive, or other difficulties which may arise. Opinions, professional and otherwise, have always differed respecting the feasibility of carrying a tunnel under the bed of the Channel. The prevailing opinion of experienced engineers is that, provided sufficient capital were forthcoming and sufficient time afforded, the tunnel might possibly be completed, though no responsible engineer would venture to predict its accomplishment as a certainty.

The preliminary and experimental work of boring a short driftway has been in operation for some years, during which time the attitude of the British public has been on the whole that of patient indifference, with occasional expressions of utter unbelief. Of late, however, a great change has taken place in this attitude, partly from the conviction that the tunnel and its promoters have stood for ten years in the way of any important improvement in the Channel service, but chiefly from the danger to the safety of England which it is apprehended might result from its construction.

It is an obvious condition of the tunnel project that the Governments and people of the two countries to be connected by it should be strongly, if not unanimously, in its favour. Without this approval such a work ought not to be proceeded with, even if the capital had already been obtained for the purpose. So far, however, as can be gathered from the usual sources of information, a strong feeling of distrust and dislike has grown rapidly since the serious dangers to which the tunnel may contribute have been clearly brought before the public. On this point I will quote the recent weighty words of one of our greatest military authorities, whose views are well known to be held

alike by nearly all naval and military men who have carefully considered the question. 'The tunnel,' he remarks, 'would introduce a new and very serious element of danger into the problem involved in the defence of England against invasion.' . . . 'War and every operation connected with it, whether by sea or land, is made up of accidents: how often have we not seen the torpedo fail to go off, the shell to burst, the most carefully contrived mine to explode, and the galvanic battery and fuse to act! Soldiers and sailors know all this, and therefore dread to stake our national safety upon any such plans or mechanical contrivances (for destroying the tunnel in case of invasion); but where they, through their experience and knowledge of the danger, fear to travel, the projector and speculator are prepared to rush blindly in.'

That soldiers and sailors are not alone in their dread, is evidenced by a recently published letter of Mr. E. A. Cowper, a Past President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, whose ingenuity and powers of invention no one will dispute. He writes: 'Some years since I had occasion to make calculations in relation to an engineering question connected with the proposed tunnel, and considered the subject a good deal. I attempted to design arrangements by which the tunnel might be made safer by its being stopped, or flooded, or blown up in an instant, if necessary, but I confess that I was not in any way successful in my attempts.'

Objections of this character by military and civil authorities will naturally and properly have great influence on public opinion, and when once the possible dangers pointed out have been fully realised, the further prosecution of the tunnel works will become an impossibility.

Those who recall, with a shudder, their sufferings in the present Channel steamers, will probably fear that relief by other means cannot be found for their miseries. Fortunately, however, this is by no means the case, as we shall presently see.

It would be idle to speculate as to the author of the first proposal for crossing the Channel by means of a tunnel. No engineering project can be simpler—on paper—since it is only necessary to draw a straight line on a chart, make a cross-section of the Channel, showing the depth of water and the position of the tunnel below the bed of the sea, and the thing is done. One of the earliest proposals for a tunnel was by M. Matthieu, a French engineer, who submitted elaborate plans to Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul, in 1802. These plans were publicly exhibited in the Luxembourg Palace for some time, but have unfortunately been lost. Various other French proposals have appeared from time to time. In 1856, M. Thomé de Gamond, after a series of geological investigations, worked out a scheme for a tunnel, to be constructed by sinking shafts through thirteen islands artificially formed in the line of his proposed railway,

and thence driving right and left in the ordinary manner of a tunnel on land. This scheme was referred to a scientific commission by order of the French Emperor, who suggested further investigations by shafts and short headings at the expense of the two Governments, but the matter appears to have proceeded no further. Numerous other French projects evidence the fact that the fascinating problem of a submarine tunnel received much consideration from French engineers before any attention was bestowed upon it by English engineers.

It is significant to observe what a large proportion of submerged tubes of some kind or another have been proposed by engineers of great experience, who evidently were of opinion that the ordinary and apparently easy course of driving a tunnel under the bed of the Channel involved in reality greater contingencies than their own admittedly novel and untried submerged tube method. Mr. Bateman, a Past President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, proposed to traverse the Channel by means of cast-iron tubes 13 feet in diameter and 4 inches thick, not floated out in long lengths and sunk, but constructed by adding successive 10-foot portions to the ends, under the protection of a horizontal sliding cylinder or working chamber 80 feet in length, to be advanced by powerful hydraulic rams.

Mr. Zerah Colbourn, an American engineer, suggested the adoption of a cast-iron tube lined with brickwork, to be built in a dry dock on the English coast, each day's work being hauled out, so that space was left in the dock to add further lengths, until 20 miles in length of tube or tunnel was floated out and submerged. The tube was to have been maintained sufficiently clear of the bottom, to obviate risk of its grounding, and thereby resisting the tractive action of the numerous tugs, which this remarkable sub-aqueous ship 20 miles in length, and 18 feet in diameter, would require for towage. Quite recently, Mr. Bradford Leslie, an experienced and distinguished Indian engineer, published a pamphlet descriptive of an iron tubular tunnel to be submerged to a certain depth below the surface, and retained there by opposing forces—the buoyancy of the tube, and the anchorages securing it to the bottom of the Channel. Innumerable schemes have been suggested by individuals of various callings, for iron tubes simply bedded on the bottom of the Channel, to be silted over, it was assumed, by the action of the tidal current.

There was clearly one point in common in all these projects, and that was the desire to avoid the danger of utter destruction which must befall an ordinary tunnel driven under the bed of the Channel, if, through fissures or otherwise, an influx of water over-mastered the pumps. At such depths, neither divers nor pneumatic appliances could be employed, and the tunnel would



have to be abandoned, although it might have been completed within a few yards of the opposite shore.

So great a weight has always been attached to tunnel contingencies that many persons have proposed, as a less risky alternative, the erection of a bridge across the Channel. A wild project of a M. Boutet, an adventurer of no engineering experience, was carefully investigated by the late Emperor Napoleon. Large models were made, and it was warmly advocated in France; but the objections to any bridge scheme were obviously too numerous and important for any influence, however great, to overcome. It is not probable that any projects for bridges, or for pipe tunnels, either floating below the surface, or resting on the bed of the Channel, will be again revived.

My own attention was first seriously directed to this question of Channel communication in 1862; but for reasons which, to my mind, apply as forcibly in 1882 as they did twenty years ago, I decided to waste neither time nor money upon tunnel projects of any kind, and addressed myself to the less visionary alternative of large ferry steamers. In 1864, 1865, and 1867, assisted by Mr. William Wilson, C.E., I made surveys of the coast on each side of the Channel, and deposited plans for improved works at Dover, with a view to steam-ferry navigation; but the Admiralty and the Dover Harbour Board saw difficulties in the proposal, which prevented further progress at that time.

About the year 1867, Mr. Low, a well-known mining engineer, submitted to me a carefully-considered project for a tunnel, and as he had the good fortune to have Lord Richard Grosvenor as a supporter, I acceded to his request to reconsider my anti-tunnel views with reference to this special tunnel proposal; but again, and finally, I declined to associate myself, as engineer, with any tunnel scheme. Sir John Hawkshaw took a more sanguine view of the proposal, and acted for some time with Mr. Low as joint engineer to the work.

In 1870, in conjunction with Mr. Abernethy, as joint engineer, and the late Mr. Ward Hunt as chairman, I submitted to the consideration of Parliament plans for a harbour on the western side of the Government Pier at Dover. The Bill for this work was passed in the House of Commons, but withdrawn in the House of Lords. In 1872, an amended, and much more comprehensive plan, embracing a harbour of refuge on the eastern side of the Government Pier, was also sanctioned by the House of Commons, but rejected by the casting vote of the Chairman in the House of Lords.

The plan last referred to is all that I need now describe, as nothing has happened during the past ten years to change the views which I then entertained as to the proper mode of dealing with the difficult problem of Channel transit.

My Channel Ferry project may be, perhaps, shortly described as a project for the establishment of huge floating railway stations, which would traverse at a high speed the distance between the English and French coasts. That is to say, a continental train from Victoria or Charing Cross would run into an ordinary first-class station at Dover, and then straight ahead on to and between the decks of a very large ferry steamer. To give effect to this scheme it is clearly necessary that still water should be secured for the steamer whilst loading, and the varying range of the tide provided for by some mechanical contrivance. The first desideratum was to have been attained by the prolongation of the present Admiralty Pier, and the construction of a new one on the east side to enclose about 95 acres of water, and the second by suitable hydraulic platforms or hoists capable of raising or lowering an entire train to the level of the deck of the vessel. The ferry steamers were to be not less than 450 feet in length, 57 feet in beam, and 12 feet in draught, and it was calculated that, with 10,000 indicated horsepower, the speed would exceed 20 miles an hour. Two lines of rails were to have been laid along the lower deck of the steamer, on which the passenger carriages would remain in complete shelter, with platforms, waiting and refreshment rooms, and the other conveniences provided in stations ashore. On arrival in harbour on the French side, the train would be disembarked by the aid of hydraulic appliances, and proceed direct on its way, the total saving of time being estimated at not less than two hours, as compared with that occupied under the present arrangements.

During the elaborate investigation before the Committees of both Houses the important question of conveying carriages and trucks by the large steamers was fully considered, and also the speed and size of the vessels to be employed.

Sir E. J. Reed, C.B., M.P., the late Chief Constructor of the Navy, was of opinion that 'If you know beforehand that you are going to carry trains you can make the vessel just as perfect as if she had no trains. . . . Twenty-three miles an hour is perfectly practicable as proposed.'

Mr. Joseph d'Aguila Samuda, one of our most experienced ship-builders, remarked, 'I do not think that putting trains on board would in any way whatever damage the character of the vessels as sea-going vessels.'

Sir William G. Armstrong, C.B., now President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, said, 'I have made myself acquainted with the details of Mr. Fowler's proposal. I think it is a very practicable thing, and the scheme is less speculative than any others which have been proposed.'

Mr. T. E. Harrison, the Chief Engineer of the North Eastern Railway, remarked, 'I have no doubt at all that the plan, as here

devised, of running the whole train on to a gangway which would be lowered by hydraulic power, is a most perfectly simple operation, and reducible to the greatest nicety, and I am quite satisfied if any person arrived there and were asleep in the carriage he would be put on board without knowing anything about it. . . . The tunnel might perhaps be done, but the chances are that you would find such difficulties that you could not complete it.'

The great length and great beam, and the special design of the vessels secures a minimum of pitching and rolling, and with the short 'choppy' seas of the Channel, the motion of such vessels would be exceedingly slight. On this important point, Sir E. J. Reed remarked in his evidence in 1872: 'I think that in a vessel of the dimensions contemplated by Mr. Fowler, and with proper designing, you would get a vessel of almost unexampled steadiness.' This view was confirmed by Mr. John Laird, who said: 'The motion caused by such a sea as there is between Calais and Dover would have very much less effect upon vessels of this large size than upon small vessels; and I am also of opinion that the great speed of these vessels would tend much to reduce the motion of the vessels, as, passing from one wave to another with great swiftness, the action of one wave to some extent would counteract the effect of the other. I feel satisfied, so far as I am able to form an opinion, that there would be no engineering difficulty in carrying out that part of the scheme.'

With regard to the harbour, Mr. Lyster, the Engineer in Chief of the Liverpool Docks, and a very high authority on harbour works, said, 'I think there will be an admirable harbour formed under the powers included in the Bill, as well as sheltering the existing harbour and the northern face of the Admiralty Pier, which is now exceedingly exposed to any weather from north to east. . . . The effect on the port of Dover would be to shelter the harbour, and make a very convenient roadstead for vessels to bring up in before entering the harbour.'

Sir James Anderson, formerly Captain of the 'Great Eastern,' Captain Sherard Osborne, Captain Halpin, and Vice-Admiral C. Robinson also spoke to the perfect practicability and value of the proposed Channel Ferry.

Ten years have passed away since this evidence was given, or more than twice the time necessary for carrying out the complete harbour and steam through communication scheme then proposed, and during these ten years hardly anything has been done to ameliorate the sufferings of passengers. The opinions already cited show that from the first no unprejudiced practical engineer or seaman entertained any doubt as to the feasibility of putting trains on board, and carrying them across the Channel with safety and despatch. For goods steamers the arrangements are easily managed, as the

problem is simply to place the greatest possible number of trucks in and upon each vessel to secure the maximum economy. For passengers, the arrangements must necessarily be more elaborate. By every train the mail and luggage vans, and the ordinary and invalid carriages would be taken through to their destination in Paris or elsewhere, and as a rule the luggage would be examined during its transit across the Channel in commodious rooms provided for the purpose, so as to save the traveller the delay and annoyance of examination in Paris or London.

Some objections have naturally been made to the proposal, but chiefly by those who have never taken the trouble to understand the details of the scheme. For instance, it has been suggested that the train if placed on deck would be exposed to wind and weather, and be altogether disagreeably situated. No doubt; but the train as already described would not be placed on deck, but carried under the upper deck, and be protected as in any other first-class station. In default of better arguments it has been attempted to ridicule the system by suggesting, that as passengers would probably leave their carriages during the Channel crossing, the transit of the carriages would merely be for the accommodation of the umbrellas and rugs, which would be their sole occupants. Such an argument hardly needs refuting, for it would apply equally to the whole system of through carriage accommodation, which has been so laboriously built up during the last quarter of a century in England and abroad. Passengers leave the train at York to dine, but they retain, and highly esteem the comfort of the through carriage provided for their whole journey, and in the case of the Channel Ferry the arrangements and advantages would be precisely the same. Experienced railway managers are fully alive to the value of providing through carriages and all possible conveniences, for competitive traffic, and they know how trifling a matter turns the course of a traveller along one railway or another. It would, I think, be difficult to exaggerate the comfort which would result from the ability to secure a seat at Charing Cross or Victoria stations, especially when ladies and invalids are concerned, with the knowledge that there will be no disturbance, no hunting about at Calais or Boulogne in the dark, and no separation of family parties, or necessity to mount into carriages with unknown occupants.

In the event of the ferry project being carried out, the lines of the South Eastern, and London, Chatham, and Dover Companies would be brought together into one central station at Dover, in a position giving very convenient accommodation for the town, and at which every through Continental train would stop, whilst with the tunnel scheme, no such convenient station for Dover would be possible, as the descent into the earth must necessarily commence far away from the town. Opponents of the Channel Ferry project—ten years ago—offered the public two alternatives, namely, the construction of

a tunnel, and the establishment of steamers somewhat similar to those on the Holyhead station. Since the date of my last application to Parliament, several attempts have been made to improve the communication by means of a better class of steamer, but these attempts have been comparative failures, as I anticipated, for want of proper harbours.

Sir Henry Bessemer's clever and bold attempt to mitigate the sufferings of passengers by means of a swinging saloon centrally placed in a large steamer, will be fresh in the memory of all; and it will not be forgotten that the large ship proved so unhandy, that on her trial trip (in May, 1875) she knocked down about a hundred feet of the Calais pier. The 'Bessemer' steamship was, as regards length, beam, and horse-power, as large as the majority of ocean-going vessels, but her draught was comparatively small, and steadiness in a heavy sea cannot be obtained with a very shallow draught of water. Her length of 350 feet, combined with special construction of her bow and stern, secured practical immunity from pitching, but her beam of 40 feet was not equally efficient to prevent rolling.

No less sanguine expectations were entertained with respect to Captain Dicey's novel system of twin steamers. The first of them, the 'Castalia,' was 290 feet long by 60 feet wide over all, the two hulls, or rather half-hulls, being 17 feet wide, and spaced 26 feet apart. On trial, the speed of the 'Castalia' proved to be so low as to practically exclude her from the continental service, and consequently another twin-ship, the 'Calais-Douvres,' was built. This vessel was 300 feet long by 61 feet wide, but, instead of two half-hulls, she had two complete hulls spaced 25 feet 6 inches apart. The draught of water was 6 ft. 8 in., the horse-power 4,200, and the speed only 14 knots.

Both the 'Calais-Douvres' and the 'Bessemer' had engine power in excess of that of the great troop-ship the 'Serapis,' which vessel is 360 ft. long by 49 ft. beam, with a draught of 21 ft. 6 in., a displacement of no less than 5,800 tons, and a speed of 14 knots. In other words, if the harbours could receive her, this steady ocean-going deep-draught troop-ship would perform the Channel passage in the same time and at the same cost as either of the two recent shallow-draught novelties. I claim, therefore, that experience since 1872 has entirely justified my contention before Parliament that the first step towards improved Channel communication is the construction of adequate harbours.

It will probably be alleged, and with perfect truth, that whatever may be the harbour accommodation required at Dover on the English coast, works of a similar character will be required at Calais or Boulogne, or both, on the French coast. So far from this being an objection, I consider it one of the many advantages in the ferry system as compared with the tunnel, because both

countries alike would profit from the establishment of these harbours of refuge, and a saving of life and property would result. No undue temptation would be given to aggression, and no permanent destruction of harbour works could be effected in the event of a war.

As regards the possible evils to which the tunnel might give rise in case of war, I will add nothing to the opinions I have quoted, but will content myself by reiterating the conclusion arrived at by me in 1862, and of the reasonableness of which I and my colleagues satisfied Committees of the House of Commons in 1870 and 1872, that if intercommunication by the unbroken continuity of vehicles between England and the Continent be desirable, of which there can be no doubt, those objects can be obtained by ferry steamers at a fraction of the probable cost of a tunnel, even assuming the latter to be practicable, which is by no means proved, and that the necessary harbours would, undoubtedly, be a great convenience and safeguard, and could in no possible way be a source of danger to England.

JOHN FOWLER.

## LANDOWNING AS A BUSINESS.

LANDOWNING is a business as much as cotton spinning. And farming too is only another business. When a young farmer in Norfolk hires a farm, he says he is going into business. *Mutatis mutandis* all are governed by the same general principles as other kinds of business. All intelligent men who have ever considered the subject are agreed so far.

If this fact were fully recognised, there would be an end of all feudal and semi-feudal views on the relation of landlord and tenant. They are simply two men dealing with one another in a matter of business. The landlord wants to sell the right of occupying a farm for a term. The tenant wants to buy this right. The price will be governed by the state of the market at the time, and all those other considerations of *quality* and *demand* that make the price of other kinds of goods.

Yet though all this is so plain that any man of business would feel he was committing himself if he denied it, yet in practice it is very often lost sight of, and the old feudal principle is acted on instead. A hundred, or even fifty, years ago the feudal idea was almost universal. The sounder view that the relation of landlord and tenant is one of business is mainly an outcome of Free Trade.

A certain number of landlords see it clearly enough, and for some years, in agricultural newspapers and elsewhere, the advocates of the tenants have pressed the business idea strongly in support of particular points favourable to tenants. But there are still a great many men without personal bias who look on the relation as feudal in character. They think and speak of it accordingly with perfect honesty. The fact is, the old feudal ways had many very pleasant points and incidents. When a landlord was a man of sense and character, as many in England always have been, and sound judgment was used in the management of the estate, the result of feudal principles was often very satisfactory to both parties, and produced, on the whole, much quiet happiness.

When a great nobleman like Lord Fitzwilliam can call together his tenants in a bad time and forgive them a half-year's rent all round, it is not easy to speak against feudalism.

When it can be said that on Lord Derby's estate there is still a tenant whose ancestor followed Lord Derby's ancestor to Flodden Field, what chance can there be of getting rid of the influence of feudalism?

A man capable of ignoring such a relation would be capable of ignoring his father and mother. There is the thing, and it cannot be put down from outside.

In truth, the state of things in many midland counties, where tenants go on upon the same estates from generation to generation at rents much below the true value of the land, is nothing else but the result of feudalism.

Does any one suppose that in ordinary times a great body of tenants can enjoy such an advantage and feel bitterly towards the system under which they live?

It is of no use but to face the truth. It is the liberal dealing of a great majority of landlords, and the satisfaction of tenants in consequence, that keeps up the feudal idea, and that gives the landlords much of their influence. Accordingly tenants have stronger feudal ideas than landlords themselves.

In Scotland, where the dealings of landlords and tenants have been carried on much more upon business principles, the influence of landlords is much less, and there is much less feudal feeling, in spite of some leanings from which a different result might have been expected.

This is in substance the explanation of many of those half-feudal practices that more or less exist still. The expectation of some landlords to influence the votes of their tenants at elections arises from this cause. Very few landlords deliberately try to exercise such influence. My experience is that by far the greater part of it comes from the free will of the tenants. Few farmers have strong political views. A great many think, and rightly, that their personal interests in the main are the same as the interests of their landlords, with whom and their families they have lived long in personal friendliness and kindness, and often are proud of the connection.

So frequently, even if the tenant does sacrifice any leanings of his own in order to vote with his landlord, he is not sorry to do so, and that the other should feel an obligation to him in consequence.

The claim of many landlords in regard to game is another branch of feudalism.

Here, again, in substance, landlord and tenant seldom differ seriously. It is only when excess comes in that there is any difficulty, or the landlord commits the silly foolishness of allowing wretched vermin like rabbits to injure costly crops. Some idiots, like paupers, will always be left in the land, I suppose, so long as the world lasts.

We have had the clearest proof in the past two years how strongly landlords recognise the claims of their tenants upon them.



The amount of rent that has been forgiven in the past two years has been very large. I know well what the losses of tenants have been in many parts, and that often mixed motives, as the fear of having farms thrown on their hands, have weighed with landowners.

But the amount of kindness and goodwill landlords large and small have shown has been very great, and has not been recognised as it deserves to be.

However worthy the great majority of tenants really are in my judgment, there are some of a different sort who are not above taking advantage of kindness as a means of working out the last penny possible for themselves. There is no doubt some tenants are bad men, just as is the case in other classes.

I do not know the reason, but certainly the tenants' advocates in farming newspapers and the periodical press partake too much of this temper. I think they often do their clients much more harm than good. They press, quite rightly, that in substance the relation of landlord and tenant is a business relation, and that various rights and advantages are due to the tenant in consequence. But it is very common to find an article that begins with the claims arising out of the business relation, and ends with claims that can have no other foundation than pure feudalism. Even that which kindness has been willing to give, is demanded as an undoubted right. Men of this stamp often speak of the question as being wholly one of rent. We are told that nothing will satisfy the tenants except a large and permanent reduction of rent, and such reduction is demanded as a right; as if it were a duty of a higher law resting on landlords. Some men are not ashamed even to use covert threats when their one aim is to break through their own plain money contracts.

The point that such men miss is, that the tenants cannot have the advantages arising from the right of free contract, and the advantages arising from feudalism too. It must be either one thing or the other.

In spite of such a blunder as the Irish Land Act is proving itself to be, and under which Sub-Commissioners, of no weight, have been sent out to cut down rents on some arbitrary feudal principle, regardless of the true value of the land, in a way unknown in England or in any civilised country for centuries, and which sets at naught the plainest rights of ownership, it is surely impossible in these times that the dealings of landlords and tenants should rest generally on any other basis than that of contract. If free contract is the only sound principle of reason and political economy, common sense forbids that, so far as it makes in favour of tenants, it shall be acted upon, and that for the rest feudalism shall rule, if only tenants will thus gain an advantage. Both must be upon one horse, whoever gains or loses. Whatever one's preferences may be, it is impossible to help seeing that the world has passed beyond feudalism, whether for good or for evil.

The fact that free contract is so often claimed for tenants and by them is practically conclusive. Public opinion is clearly drawing towards that view. Though there may be sentimental aberrations among leaders in Parliament, for party ends, as in the Irish Land Act, yet increased education and development draw steadily in favour of free contract in all ways. There is therefore no choice. If it has its disadvantages for landlords, it will have its advantages too.

Men like Mr. James Howard, the agricultural machine maker at Bedford and M.P., are not content with free contract. They constantly urge compulsion by Act of Parliament in favour of tenants.

This is nothing else but Protection weighting the scales in favour of tenants. It is wholly unsound in principle, in spite of the pretence that it is only securing the tenant's capital. It would be as reasonable to secure Mr. Howard's capital to him in his machine business. If any one looks beyond the words, he cannot help seeing that hiring land, or a house, or anything else, is only a quasi-buying the use of it for a limited term under certain conditions. The rent is nothing else but the price, paid by instalments. When the bargain has been made, there is neither right nor room for further conditions being imported into it by either party.

It is the same whine that worked so much injustice when the Irish Land Bill was under discussion, the assertion that tenants are not on equal terms with landlords in bargaining for farms. The truth is that at the present time many landowners have much the worst position in bargaining, and always have so when times are bad.

It is very seldom in any kind of dealing that the two parties are really on equal terms. Labourers certainly are never on equal terms with farmers. Just now opinion is in a transition state, and in much confusion; whilst the future prosperity of land depends upon true and quite clear views being held by all whose interests are at stake.

It is certain that the number of sadly bad seasons for farming in the past ten years has strained the relation of landlords and tenants in many parts of England and Scotland to the uttermost.

In some and even in many parts it has fairly broken up the rural and social state. Many farmers have been ruined, or so much crippled by losses as to be obliged to give up their farms. Even those who still remain have suffered heavily; whilst landlords, though no doubt the loss to them has not been so fatal, except when encumbered, have had to be content with much reduced incomes, and often to meet the business of farms being thrown on their hands under difficult circumstances.

Reduced establishments and lessened expenditure are to be seen amongst country gentlemen on all sides. There is no longer any shame about such reductions, and quite rightly. Unless a landlord has some other source of income, there is no choice. He must either spend less money, or shortly be ruined.

I only speak of this to show the reality of the pressure on landowners who have made remissions to their tenants. When the trouble has been met with sense and firmness, the ultimate injury has not been serious with most.

There was a story about the Clubs last spring, that, whether true or *ben trovato*, had a world of moral in it. Some one met by chance, in the country, the wife of a large landowner in one of our best farming counties. 'Why, you are not coming this spring to your house in — Square!' he said. '— Square!' she answered, 'we have let our house there. We have five farms on our hands. We have hired for a trifling rent the Rectory in our parish, which chanced to be vacant. We have broken up our establishment, and shut up our house here, and we have a better balance at our bankers' than we ever had in our lives before.' Whatever else this was, it is clear it was not a case of ruin.

It is certain, from the published reports of some of the sub-commissioners of the Duke of Richmond's Commission on Agricultural Distress, that in some districts there has been no distress at all amongst farmers. It is mentioned expressly that Cumberland and Westmoreland have not suffered. No doubt, this arises from the quantity of land in those counties under grass.

The other reports have not yet been published, so we do not know of what other counties the same can be said. But I have been staying during the past autumn in a good many counties of quite different agricultural character—Essex, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, and Somerset—and it was quite plain that the loss amongst farmers had been less, just in proportion as more of the land was in grass.

In cheese-making districts, the low price of cheese, for a year or more, had been a loss; as, too, had been the rot among sheep that were not cleverly managed; but much loss or little loss was nevertheless, on the whole, the effect of little grass or much grass. Of course, even in a grass district, bad farmers suffered much more than good farmers. And the landlords of such bad farmers have suffered accordingly both from the remissions of rent they have had to make, and from having farms given up by the previous occupiers. In the more purely agricultural districts, as distinguished from pastoral, there can be no doubt the losses of both landlords and tenants have been very severe, as I have said.

It must be clearly realised that, though England and Scotland are probably much the best farmed countries in the world, there are still many middling and bad farmers. Even in the best counties there are many ignorant and backward men, often not having enough capital, and others of irregular habits. In well-farmed counties the majority may farm well; but in the ill-farmed counties good farmers are the exception, and everywhere there are enough bad farmers. Any one who understands farming can see this whilst only driving along the roads.

It is common, if a crop goes against a good farmer at any time, to have it pointed out how heavy his loss has been, and there are always plenty of Job's comforters ready to make the not very wise assertion that if he had spent less money in manuring, &c., his loss by the bad season would have been less. Such statements proceed from ignorance. In farming, even in a bad season, there are compensations in many ways on well-farmed land. Weather which is bad for corn is good for turnips and grass, to take a simple case. And though such compensations will not make up for a bad season, they lessen the loss, and sometimes very much lessen it. Again, on well-farmed land, when a good year comes the return is enough to make up for much previous deficient profit, and many a crop that is caught by unfavourable weather in its early stages, and would in ordinary course be very inferior, pulls up surprisingly during its later growth, because it has plenty of powder under it, *i.e.* manure.

So that it is not at all too much to say that much distress of tenants on an estate is generally an evidence of previous bad management and an inferior class of tenants.

It will thus be seen that the farming losses in the past few years have been very unequally distributed, both as respects districts and estates.

I write of course as a landowner, and I shall no doubt be asked, What is the practical result of all this? What is the best a landowner can do in present difficulties?

I believe the only possible answer the facts will justify is, that landowning is a business, and can only be successfully managed on business principles; that is the motive with which I write. It is of no use to look back on fifty years ago, when land was commonly spoken of as the safest of all investments, and a landowner considered he had only to sit quietly in his arm-chair, and his rents would come in as regularly and easily as dividends from Consols. All this has passed away, so that I lately heard of a highly respectable banker gravely asserting that there was now only one safe investment in the world, and that was Consols. A landowner must now manage his business well, and his return will be large or small as it is well or ill managed. If he understands the business, and will give his mind to the work, it will be so much the better for him. If he does not understand it, he will have to employ some one else who does understand it thoroughly. If he employs a bad manager, he is sure sooner or later to lose seriously; the profit or loss wholly depends on the management.

Of course, there will be good times and bad times for this business, as for any other, especially depending so much as farming does on the weather; some seasons in which it will pay better, others worse.

The owner of the business will have to adjust himself to all the changes and chances that may occur from any cause, quite as much

from those outside his own control as from those he can influence. No doubt, there are districts and estates in which it is possible to let farms still at a satisfactory rent. Most landlords will prefer to let their farms, if good farmers are willing to hire them.

But there are many farms and many districts in which farms cannot be so let. We often hear of farms being offered at great reductions, sometimes rent free for some years. Men tell of the number of farms a landowner has on his hands, I fear not without a sort of exultation on the part of some.

In such circumstances there can be no doubt, as a question of business, what ought to be done. The landowner ought to take to the land in earnest, and by the help of sense make the best profit possible out of it, whether more or less than it formerly paid.

Farming is not a mystery any more than any other business. Knowledge of the business is no doubt necessary either in the owner or manager; and if there is skill, too, the profit is likely to be satisfactory. Any one who has sense and sound judgment that would enable him to succeed in any other work of life need have no fear that he will fail in farming, if he employs competent men to do the details for him, of which he is ignorant. It is lucky that the number and quality of men able to manage farms to advantage is much greater now than it was fifty years ago. I can well remember in my youth, in Suffolk, how very hard it was to find men fit for such work. Now they are plentiful enough.

As to the extent of land it may be needful for an owner to farm, there are great landowners in the east of Europe who farm more acres than the whole of many of our estates contain, and who thus make large profits. These are what we have to take as examples. Englishmen are surely not behind Germans and Hungarians and Poles in ability to farm with success.

If any one takes the trouble to think about it, he will find it very hard to answer the question, Why should not English landowners farm successfully?

They are Englishmen, and in no way inferior to the men who hitherto have made farming their occupation. In body they are as vigorous, and as skilful in all that needs skill. In mind they are better educated; and have wider ideas with more grasp than most farmers. They or their younger brothers have succeeded in every profession and business on the face of the globe, and numbers have made large fortunes in them. If they understand their own wants and shortcomings, they have opportunities of finding and employing the best help in all respects that could be wished for. Yet these very men at the name of farming are supposed to be no better than so many babies.

I think this partly arises from early ideas and the habits of a class, partly because neither landowning nor farming has been looked on

as strictly a business. So where farming has to be taken in hand by landowners, it has not been well done, and loss has followed. But there are many landowners who even now farm successfully. A landowner has many advantages in farming that no tenant has. He needs less capital. He is not bound to pay his rent to a fixed time. He can adjust the times to his convenience. In stocking his land he may buy whatever kind of useful stock costs least money; so long as it pays him at last he does not care. He has not to think of the need of the stock selling well, within a limited time, in order to meet his rent; and successful farming now, too, depends less on small details of good management and skill than it used to do. The free use of artificial manure, and feeding with cake and corn largely, are in the landowner's favour. They make success depend upon larger conditions than formerly, and avoid many difficulties. I am far from meaning that skill and good management are unimportant; only that all does not depend on them as it used to do.

When landowners farming their own land are spoken of, it is often asked, Where are they to get the capital to do so?

Whether a landlord is owner in fee or tenant for life, his borrowing such a sum as he is likely reasonably to want for farming, is usually only a matter of business arrangement.

If the estate is encumbered, *i.e.* if the nominal owner is in debt, it may be a different thing. But even in the case of a tenant for life, at worst it needs that he should insure his life as a security to the lender, which is very likely the wisest thing he could do for the sake of his own family.

Usually if the tenant for life of an unencumbered estate wishes to borrow even a considerable sum to carry on surrendered farms, he will find, if he is known to be a man of sense, that his banker is ready to lend him what he wants. When the landowner has judgment, the banker is sure that his money will be in the farm—much of it in movable stock. This, and the life interest in the estate, notwithstanding possible adverse chances, is practically as good security as the bank lends money on every week to ordinary men in business; and the landowner is sure to find the dealers, who supply him with manures and cake, glad to give him credit at a moderately increased charge till the manure and cake have produced enough to pay the bill for themselves. It is forgotten how very soon the return for manure and cake comes back.

The difficulty of most landowners finding capital to farm their own land is I think only an unbusinesslike bugbear. It is, no doubt, quite true that some landowners are not able to farm their own land. This only shows the bare fact, that the business of landowning is not suitable for all. It is just like any other business in which one man is unable to succeed, and another perhaps succeeds with fewer advantages, and makes a fortune. The error is in expecting the land to

pay its interest like Consols. It is the same when there are encumbrances—in plain English, debts. In any other business, except landowning, everybody sees at once that the chances of a man who is in debt being able to carry it on successfully are bad, just in proportion to the amount he owes. Admit that landowning is a business, and it follows that encumbrance and debt necessarily cripple it. Of course, sometimes such crippling is fatal.

The truth is that on the question of debt England is not in its right mind. The stupendous extent of the business of the country and the degree in which that business is carried on on credit, the overwhelming wealth of great numbers among us, have blinded men's eyes to the true nature of debt. Debt in almost any form is simply bad and hurtful. Even when incurred in what is considered the legitimate course of business, it is often only the making undue haste to get rich, men trading on credit quite beyond the extent their capital justifies, in hope of large gains, thus really incurring the worst penalty of debt. Some men at least have not been without hope that the moral effect of the many bad seasons which it has pleased God to send us may be to open men's eyes to the ill effect of debt, and lead perchance to a more wholesome state of society.

No doubt there are others, too, who are unable to face the difficulty of taking land into their own hands.

Sometimes land is owned by women, or by men no better in business than women. We read of clergymen 'sorely tangled with the beastie,' like the Highland postman when given a pony to hasten the letters. So a living that depends on glebe for its income may be anything but gain to a clergyman. These are cases of injudicious investments; that is all. Still I believe it to be true that a great majority of landowners can, if they will, do well with land that may be given up to them, and for which they cannot find tenants on fair terms. Even very great estates, though they have exceptional difficulties, yet have also exceptional advantages to a man of energy and business aptitude. There was a well-known case, many years ago, of a great nobleman who inherited a very large income charged with a tremendous debt. It was said he lived on 10,000*l.* a year until the debt was wholly paid off. It used to be thought, in those days, that a man who only wanted all the conveniences and comforts that London and the country could give, could have them for 10,000*l.* a year. To spend more than this, he must go into horse-racing or illegitimate pleasures.

Let me say plainly I am not suggesting what is most pleasant and easy, or often most convenient, but what it is possible to do with least loss in present difficulties. It is often said, 'What is the use of suggestions of that sort? You will never get a lot of English country gentlemen to act in that way.' My opinion is quite otherwise. I believe there are great numbers of English country gentlemen who

are quite capable of doing whatever wants to be done, if they only understand clearly what it is. Even now many country gentlemen are managing land largely without difficulty, or at least serious difficulty; and every year the number will be greater. The energy of English gentlemen has not fallen off. Gentlemen have taken their full share in making England what it is. They know that difficulties are things to be overcome. Hitherto they have not realised their position. The attempt to force extreme views upon them is sure to rouse them to resistance.

There need be no fear of what will be the result of their efforts.

It may be asked, What right have I to expect to be listened to on this question? The answer is, that in Ireland in 1846 and the following years, after the great famine, I had the very same troubles to meet on my own property, and that I got through them successfully, in the end with gain.

The failure of the potatoes wholly upset the previous social state in Ireland; tenants mostly could not pay their rents, and without potatoes had no hope for the future. America was the one and only resource. Land was freely surrendered to the landlord with a kind of exultation, especially if he was known already to be in difficulties. Temporary abatement of rent helped little.

I had thus 1,000 acres out of nearly 4,000 given up, utterly exhausted in condition, because, of course, those who failed were the poorest and worst farmers, and their land the most run out. I could not let it for anything like the former rent. No doubt the facility with which land will get into grass in that climate, if it is well manured, is a great help to a landlord who has farms in hand. I had not capital from outside available for farming the land well at once. And the condition it was in was so worn out and hopeless, there was such utter despondency in the minds of all alike, and the uncertainty of whether land could be made to pay at all without potatoes in Ireland was so great, that it would have been very imprudent to take capital out of other investments, the interest upon which it was quite possible shortly might be the only dependence of wife and children for bread.

Whatever the troubles of landowners in England now may be, it is certain they are less than our troubles in Ireland were then.

It was a stiff fight, no doubt. Yet we fought through it in the way I have suggested, at last with gain. Of course we had to adjust ourselves to circumstances. At first the land fed much less stock than it afterwards came to feed. Lambs and young cattle were chiefly bought, because they cost less money, and would grow into value. Much was not spent in using bought manure and cake, which with my present knowledge I should certainly do, and which would have paid well. For several years the profits were very small—not more than 10s. or 12s. per acre for rent and interest; but as the con-



dition of the land improved, the profits have steadily increased, and in many years have amounted to 40*s.* per acre, the former rent having been 17*s.* No doubt great improvements have been carried on, during this time, by draining, fencing, and buildings of all sorts. The capital required for these works, as well as the stocking the land, was got by the simple expedient of living well within the lessened income and nothing else. It was realised fully that the management of the estate was a business; that if all the money that it produced was spent off the land, the business would be in the same position as if a manufacturer spent in living and pleasure all the money his mill yielded. The wants of the business of farming were therefore first thought of, and the surplus available for spending on other objects was reasonably restricted.

I believe this has been the main cause of my success. Whether the interest on the outlay was large or small, all above the old rent was additional income. The outlay from income might pay five per cent., or only two, but it was so much gain. I am quite aware that many will consider such a proposal to be a hard saying. But, in truth, there has been no real hardship. Nothing has ever been gone without of comfort or advantage to ourselves; still less for the education of children, or any other true need, or even convenience; only display was given up, and pleasures somewhat restricted. The money spent on stock and improvements has not been lost. It is all there, available for children, except the large slice that the Land Act has shamefully robbed me of this year. Whatever else it has done, that Act has wholly put a stop to all outlay by improving landowners, who have hitherto, like myself, been the largest employers of labour in Ireland.

In such circumstances as mine it is really only a question of will, whether a landowner chooses to spend his income in the improvement of his estate, thereby, in fact, saving money for his children, or to spend it in keeping a handsome establishment and what is called Living. I think I have had more pleasure from seeing the wholly changed appearance of the estate and all upon it, than I could have got from any number of smart servants, or carriages and horses, or entertainments. Even as a matter of show, does not the appearance of a thriving estate, with land and houses cared for and prosperous, yield more credit to the owner, than the utmost personal show could get him?

I am forced to moralise again, and say that the question of living within one's income, or not, is very closely connected with the former one I spoke about, of Debt. The practice of men living fully up to their incomes and beyond them is so common that it has almost come to be thought right. Yet what man of intelligence amongst us does not see the discomfort and wretchedness around him that comes from it?

The idea of free and open-handed spending has got to be connected in the minds of large classes with that of the fine old English gentleman. There is something unlovely in the habits of our neighbours in France of painfully saving and scraping up every sou that can be anyhow screwed together.

Plainly, too free spending helps the gains of those many tradespeople and others who add to their profit by the careless expenditure of the richer classes, and so do their best to encourage it. Yet it is all a delusion and a snare; a fault in our English character. Giving to all their due, neither more nor less, cannot be mean in any sense. If it is realised that landowning is a business, there is no ghost of a reason why the money produced should not be spent with care for the good of the business, and further gain, instead of being wasted in free living for the profit of outsiders. Let the wonderful effect of French saving habits that appeared after the German war be borne in mind—the amazing power of recovery in desperate misfortune by their own honest exertion, that it gave them. It was one of those noble results of self-reliance which may well blot out a world of petty meannesses. On the other hand, let any one try to think out what would be the position of this England of ours if only one half of the waste in drink and extravagant luxuries and folly was spent in the development of our land, or in any other reasonable manner.

I think too much cannot be said on the necessity of landowners living within their incomes, if they wish to succeed in their business. Landowners for generations have spent the profits of their business, and often more. May it not be said that to live well within his income is the Whole Duty of Man for landowners? All else good that such a man can do depends upon it.

Let any landowner, too, who understands the subject, and has a will, read some of those papers that advocate the cause of the tenants, or let him read that admirable display of his goodwill towards us with which Mr. Bright adorned his speech at Birmingham lately on his seventieth birthday, and I shall wonder if he is not ready to give up any superfluity, or do anything else that is necessary to make him his own master.

Meantime, by the good management of his estate, his own happiness will be added to, and the enjoyment of his blessings increased, in a way that those who have once tried it would not give up for anything in this world. It is one of those cases in which self-interest, opposition to those who wish to get the better of us, and our own comfort are all the result of acting wisely. It is worth while for landowners to consider, if they are unable themselves to make the honest value out of the business, *i.e.* their estates, how they can expect that other men will do so for them, and pay them over the proceeds to spend at ease?

What are display and show worth at the price of having to put

up with such sneering and jeering as we now have to submit to? My assertion is that it is at their own will to disprove such cavilling in the best way by treating the estate as business should be treated.

I have been told that the circumstances of Ireland are so different that we, who occupy land there, cannot rightly be called farmers. My own opinion, being now an old man long in the business, is that the truth is just the other way. The habits of farming in many districts in England are so fixed and unyielding, that whole agricultural classes are unable to adjust themselves to the changes of system which altered seasons and prices and times make necessary, and lose accordingly.

I passed the first thirty years of my life in Norfolk and Suffolk; and when I began to farm in Ireland under the Scotch system and with a Scotch bailiff, I learnt at once how much more economical Scotch management is than English.

The English four-wheel waggon and splendid team, compared with the Scotch one-horse cart, is a good illustration. Of the fact there can be no doubt. The difference is not less than a moderate rent.

It is by taking every advantage that the circumstances admit of, using Scotch economy of working, and by putting land into grass whenever that is advantageous; being content to look on to future profits, when they can be had, instead of craving for present profits; growing whatever crops pay best, and adapting the system of farming to the demand of consumers, whether in small things or large, that the work can be done. Some have recommended farmers to grow strawberries as a remedy for agricultural distress, and have been well laughed at for their pains. Let any one read the leading article in the *Gardener's Chronicle* for the 26th of November 1881, and see the immense value of garden crops imported into England, beginning with potatoes 2,500,000*l.*, onions 250,000*l.*, apples still more, and I think he will find a total proving that there is no real distinction between farm and garden crops. No one could pass September in Somersetshire, and see the trees covered with apples, a picture to look at, with capital grass below, without being sure there is in orchards a help of real value to most farms.

It is certain that the laying down land to grass is going on rapidly, and Mr. Caird told us lately that more than one million acres have been so laid down within a few years. He indeed implied that the process had gone far enough. It is strange he did not see that the very fact of so much having been laid down, proves the direction in which the practical instinct of all interested in land is guiding them. I know that in much of Norfolk and Suffolk there are numbers of large farms which have three or five acres in grass only. A small grass *pighile*, as a run for a few calves or a sick beast or a

horse, is all many have. Can any one think such a farm would not pay better in the long run with one hundred or more acres in permanent grass? About 1815 much grass was broken up, in consequence of the high prices of corn, and in many places the land still shows, by its ridges and furrows, that it was once in grass. It may seem presumptuous to differ from such an authority as Mr. Caird; but my experience is that an estate that has little land in grass is now suffering, and an estate on which there is much land in grass is flourishing. I believe grass is the main hope of the English landowner, and the limit is not as yet nearly reached when for him it will be advisable to stop laying down land. Further, if the views lately put out by Mr. Lawes on Fertility should, as is most likely, prove to be sound, and stand the test of the experience and judgment of practical farmers, the time must soon come when much grass will alone save our land from exhaustion.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lawes's experiments go to prove that the loss of nitrogen in the soil, by the infiltration of rain through it whilst in cultivation, is so large that it quite outweighs any reasonable manuring, and the ultimate result must be impoverishment. The roots of grass will alone seize on the ammonia, and keep it for production. In Ireland we have suffered hardly at all, because so much land is in grass. On the whole western half of England, though the climate is less favourable to laying down land than in Ireland, yet it is not unfavourable. I cannot doubt that in these parts much more land should be put in permanent grass, and probably all the heavy land; and that it is for the interest of landowners to have this done somehow, and pay for it if needful. Even on the drier side of the kingdom I think it will pay to lay down much heavy land. I know all the objections about such land getting sour, and running to natural grasses of small value. If the land is really dry, and if not dry it must be made so, I think this only means that it wants more manure. Many of the evils will be set right by the plan, that has grown up of late years, of giving cheap cake to the stock that eat the grass. Four pounds of cotton cake per week, costing about two shillings, is enough for a full-grown beast. It is Dr. Volcker's opinion, from carefully weighing weekly the stock on the farm at Woburn placed at the disposal of the Royal Agricultural Society by the Duke of Bedford with so great liberality, that, except in the full flush of spring and summer grass, that proportion of cake will pay to give sheep and cattle alike for their own improvement. ' .

This plan of farming with cake on grass has not yet been fully tried on heavy land newly laid down. I can say that in a wet climate it answers wonderfully. No doubt it will take many more years in a drier climate to get good grass; but by proper management, I believe, any land may be laid down to pay fairly, though it may not be prime pasture for some time.

<sup>1</sup> *Fertility*. By J. B. Lawes. Bogue, 1881.

The comparison should not be made with good grass, nor with the profit from corn growing in good years when prices are good, but with the large cost of farming such land, say on the Norfolk rotation, with present prices and middling seasons, or with the sacrifice of half the rent to get a tenant of some sort anyhow.

When the landowner can make up his mind to be satisfied with the profit his business yields him, whilst looking forward to better times, and so carrying it on as to make it pay well when better times come, I believe the total result will be satisfactory.<sup>2</sup>

I know well that what I have said is contrary to the opinions and prejudices of many good farmers.

I therefore limit my assertion to the wetter part of the kingdom, and only venture, as an outsider, to suggest a trial in the drier districts, as an alternative for worse ill.

• The sight, sometimes seen, of a landowner giving himself up into the hands of whoever will be so good as to hire his farms, like a sheep in the hands of the shearers, is enough to fill any one with disgust.

The course that succeeded with me was to put aside all thought of rotation, and keep steadily in mind that I had to make the best of a bad job, and get the land into condition somehow. We grew as many acres of turnips as our horse strength allowed, manuring them thoroughly—12 hundredweight bones and superphosphate, with a little guano, and all the farmyard manure we had, thus often growing 35 tons of swedes on an acre; feeding a large part with sheep eating cake and hay besides, and making everything secondary to getting the land into condition. Sixty acres were as much as I could thus manage in a year, the land that most wanted manuring being of course selected. No doubt, time and patience are needful for such a plan; but it admits of every sort of adaptation to circumstances, and in the owner's hands can be made to pay its way without much capital; whilst in the end it will answer well.

It is very desirable to realise what are the present shortcomings of English farming in the hands of tenant-farmers. One of these, connected closely with what I have said of the want of more grass

<sup>2</sup> As I write, a very curious piece of evidence has appeared in the papers. Mr. Lawes, who is one of our leading authorities in scientific farming, says that near him at Rothamstead is a farm that has been abandoned, after having been held long by a bad farmer. The fields are one mass of couch grass, so that they could only be cleaned by two years of bare fallow, the cost of which would be very great. Mr. Lawes advises they should be left as they are, and a flock of sheep eating cotton cake be folded over them, some clover and good grass seeds being scattered after the sheep. He says they will thus get into moderate grass and pay. No one can doubt that sheep eating cake will pay better than leaving the farm in its abandoned state, and may pay well. Other like cases have been mentioned in the agricultural papers within the past few weeks, of land given up to the owners, treated by them on the plan of getting it into any kind of grass, at least expense, and taking whatever profit it will yield from stock eating cake. Though in a dry climate, the result was satisfactory in all ways.

land, is the supply of milk to our whole people! The supply is deficient to an extent that is little realised, and the price paid by consumers is simply outrageous, compared with that which the farmer receives.

Mr. Caird rightly draws attention to this. He says twopence per quart is about as much as the farmer is paid for his milk. The railway and other carriage to towns is always to be deducted from it. Many farmers do not get more than  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  per quart, at least for part of the year, with like deductions. Most families who buy milk in London and attend to such questions know that they pay  $5d.$  per quart to the retailers.

Mr. Caird modestly suggests that the farmer ought to get another halfpenny per quart,  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  instead of  $2d.$

We hear much of the cost of distribution, and it does cost something to send out milk twice a day in small quantities. Can there be any just reason why the cost for distribution should more than double the price the producer gets for the article itself? I will not give such an overcharge the name it deserves.

Further, Mr. Tisdale, of the Holland Park Dairy, Kensington, and one of our best authorities, has published an admirable account from his own measurements of the milk his cows yield. The result is that ordinary cows will yield in the year 500 to 1,000 gallons of milk, according to the way they are fed, whether well or ill, and their milking qualities. Take those quantities on an average, say, of 700 gallons, at  $2d.$  per quart, equal to  $8d.$  per gallon; a farmer will get  $16l. 13s.$  from a cow yielding 500 gallons. A cow yielding 1,000 gallons will pay  $33l. 6s.$  If the price be  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  per quart, 500 gallons will pay  $20l. 16s. 4d.$ , and a cow yielding 1,000 gallons  $41l. 12s. 8d.$  We who have the privilege of paying  $5d.$  per quart, actually make the gross produce of the cow that supplies us  $83l.$  odd. Of course there are many deductions to be made to arrive at the net profit. I am content to leave these to everybody's imagination (that is the only faculty that can grasp the case). After subtracting on that account what he pleases, I shall wonder if the hair of any one's head, who keeps 100 cows as I do, does not stand on end at the thought of the net profit that remains. Of course the average of 700 to 800 gallons yearly is the right quantity to reckon on. But whatever quantity any one prefers, and at whatever price and with whatever deductions, it is clear there is a splendid result from selling milk that now goes into the pockets of somebody, not the farmer. Yet all this time, with distress and almost ruin amongst our farmers and landowners, there are whole counties in the country parts of which milk cannot be bought for money. The labouring classes do not know the use of it in their tea. I heard of a woman who believed that milk would disagree with her children, if they got any.

In most of the counties I speak of, labourers are earning good wages. I heard 17s. per week mentioned. They could afford to pay 4d. per quart for milk, and would do so thankfully, but there was none to be had.

In Essex, a gentleman of fortune, within three miles of Chelmsford, could not buy milk for his household, and had to use preserved milk from London. In Lincolnshire, the young ladies of the family, when wishing to help their poorer neighbours who chanced to have a sick child, had also to get preserved milk; no other could be bought. In these counties no doubt few cows are kept. In Somerset, where cheese is made and cows are numerous, my friend, a clergyman, with whom I was staying, told me he had known numbers of children die in his parish because milk could not be bought for them, though wages were excellent there. I found the residents in these parts were quite familiar with the fact. I was so struck with it that I could not help talking about it. Again and again ladies residing there broke out into indignation at the wickedness, as they rightly called it, that poor people in the country should be unable to buy milk for their children. Add to all this the scarcity of milk in London and most towns.

Let any one say whether it is not a great discredit to English owners and farmers that such a state of things should continue; that a large source of farm profit should be neglected, *lying at their very doors*, and of which no foreign competition can deprive them; and that a great body of our people should be deprived of that which is both a necessity and comfort of life. Is there any way by which any Temperance society could do so much to promote sobriety as by putting a sufficient supply of milk within reach of all at an honest price? I met with one village only where a shop kept milk always on sale at 3d. a quart, but no doubt there are some districts that are better off. I have insisted on this question of milk because it is so good an illustration of what may be done with land. It shows, too, how great is the fault of the English farmer—his inability to change any of his ways and adapt himself to altered circumstances. The consequence is that he is the victim of every class of retailer who supplies his goods to consumers. Mr. Caird only mentions milk. He might have added butter and meat, and almost every other sort of produce (except corn). For all these consumers pay a much higher price than the producers ever receive. The name is simply legion of the multitude of factors and salesmen through whose hands the goods pass, and every one of course takes his profit out of them. Cork butter, *e.g.*, usually passes through the hands of sometimes five, often six, classes of dealers, before it reaches the consumer. If each of these only took a little, the aggregate still would be heavy. But many, especially the retailers, take much. The doctrines of political economy on the subject of competition are recognised to be sound, except in the hands of Mr. Glad-

stone when he wants to smite Irish landowners. But it is certain that, from whatever cause, they have not at all produced the effects on retail trade in England we had a right to expect. It is certain that here in London the consumers, not of milk only, but of butter, and meat, and much else, are greatly overcharged by retailers. There is no wonder London shopkeepers should be so angry with cooperative stores. The stores are the only check so far on shopkeepers' prices. Producers and consumers alike have good reason to wish them well. But the cooperative system has still to be carried very much further and be more systematised before it has done its work. It has not yet been tried on the plan of all or half the houses in a street combining to buy, *e.g.* milk or meat from an honest dealer at wholesale prices, plus a fair profit to the retailer, thus lessening the cost of distribution and securing a sale. I know the case of a young man of good position having started in business as a general factor, to whom any one who wants to buy anything can apply, and he engages to get it at wholesale prices from the best wholesale dealers and manufacturers, plus  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent for his commission. Furniture, groceries, stationery, eatables, I heard of, as supplied by him. I have not seen this gentleman for some time. When last I did so, his business was yielding a profit of 1,000% a year. It struck me then that some such men of high character might easily develop a business of great usefulness and profit. The effects of foreign competition are very often urged as a main cause of the farmers' difficulties. I believe the want of conscience in our own British retailers is much more hurtful to us. It becomes daily more clear that the superior quality of the best home-grown farm produce is so great, that foreign importation can only interfere with the inferior qualities; these it ought to cheapen, and, as far as retailers will allow, it does cheapen them to the great gain of poorer consumers, to whom price is of more importance than high quality. Corn is the only exception. Meat, butter, cheese, and much else of the best quality, are only affected indirectly by foreign supply so as little to hurt the good farmer. It costs no more to produce the best butter and cheese and meat than to make an inferior quality. I believe tenant and landowner alike who occupy land well, by making the best quality, suffer little from foreign competition. I think a landowner with sense and will has an advantage in this respect, if he sets himself to secure it. I can say for myself that except wool, the price of which for the last few years has been a trial, I do not know of anything produced on my farm that has not sold at a price sufficient to pay a satisfactory profit. The only corn I can grow is oats, no doubt.

If it is realised that there are whole counties in England, Ireland, and Scotland, where there has been no distress, and where the late bad seasons have caused no serious losses, it is impossible but that every intelligent man should ask, Why have these districts escaped?



It is undoubted that Cumberland and Westmoreland are in this happy position, and this plainly alters the whole question. All can see that, instead of an inevitable universal misfortune having fallen on the kingdom, the misfortune has been partial; and any man of business having to manage land, whether as owner or tenant, will set himself to make his plan of management as like that prevailing in the favoured districts as possible.

I believe that is what we really have to do. It is in substance the course this paper is meant to advise. Circumstances, no doubt, differ much, especially climate—one part is drier, another moister. Here and there the difference is considerable; yet on the whole there is sufficient likeness in the climate of these islands, surrounded as they are by the same sea, to make a system so wholly successful in Cumberland capable at least of being approached in most other parts.

If in some parts this is impossible, such parts can only be of limited extent. Farmers must depend on stock for their profit much more than on corn. I need not tell any farmer that this is the very opposite to the world-renowned Norfolk four-course system, where the whole result of the two years spent in growing clover and turnips, and often much more money besides, goes to grow wheat and barley in the other two years. If any one tried to contrive a plan that should cause the most loss in such seasons as we have lately enjoyed, he could not possibly have arranged it better. I believe the truth to be that the Norfolk four-course system, with a certain show of scientific principle, is a backward blunder in most places. We have thus two opposite systems fairly contrasted, and their results: *The Cumberland, prosperity; the Norfolk, ruin*. These are the extremes: many parts are intermediate. In at least some of such intermediate parts—*e.g.* in the West of England, though there is much grass—I think the distress has chiefly been caused by so many of the occupiers being such very bad farmers, that the loss even on a moderate extent of corn has been fatal to them.

The remedy is before us plainly; more grass, and milk, and butter, and stock of all kinds, relying on quality to counteract importation from abroad. Let it be observed that every acre that produces milk no longer competes with its neighbours in growing meat. A great many acres are wanted for a sufficient supply of milk at a moderate price.

The effect of bad times on other manufactures has always been that great improvements have sprung from the difficulties necessity forced men to overcome. There is no reason why this should not be the case with the present troubles of landowners and farmers. The power to adapt their business to altered circumstance is the first step, and is indispensable. There is no need to listen to the talk of men whose agricultural knowledge would hardly enable them to dis-

tinguish a bull from a cow, who urge peasant proprietors and like plans as a remedy for our troubles. It is very curious to observe that those, many of them men of some intellectual mark, who advocate peasant proprietors in England, in all they write show that they have no practical knowledge of farming whatever; on the other hand, I have never seen a single line written by any one having knowledge of farming who advocates peasant proprietors, and does not treat the plan as impossible—an attempt artificially to force now what can only suit an earlier stage of civilisation.

Nor will it more help farmers that landowners who wish to marry should be forbidden to settle their estates on their wives and children. I have not a word to say against the proposal to forbid encumbered estates to be settled. That is very different. An estate in debt does not belong to the nominal owner. Most of it really belongs to the creditor. Whilst it would be unjust that a man should not be allowed to settle on his wife and children what is his own, there may well be great evils in his settling what is not his. It is no hardship on him, but really a gain, if he knew his true interest, that he should have to sell part of his estate to pay the debts owing on it, or be obliged to charge his debts on part, and only settle the rest, which truly belongs to him. Besides, it is impossible, if the profits of an estate go to pay the interest on debts, that there should be enough left for the necessary outlay on the land. When an estate is not in debt, there is no trouble in giving the tenant for life full power to do everything desirable for its benefit and improvement, as if it belonged to him in fee simple. I believe the idea of any one selling part of an estate in order to get money to improve the rest, is a mere imagination. When more educated knowledge is applied to the management of land, it will remove the difficulties arising from want of the power of adaptation to altered circumstances. More knowledge will produce a like result in defeating the misdealings of retailers. Surely landowners and farmers all over England will not allow themselves to be eaten up by retailers? Is a remedy really impossible? The old ways of trade are, no doubt, pleasant and profitable to those who hold the right end of the stick, but how is it with those who hold the wrong end?

Hitherto farmers have been very much at the mercy of the intermediate factors and salesmen through whom their goods reached retailers. More direct dealing is wanted. It may be very hard to break through old habits of trade; but what would be the state of a manufacturing business of any other kind, in which intermediate factors and retailers nearly doubled the price of some of the goods to consumers? The East Indian trade is said not long ago to have been carried on through such a class of middlemen, only far milder in their charges. They have now wholly disappeared. Such a system cannot go on long, if once it comes to be understood by the public. There would be great gain both to the growers and

consumers, if milk, butter, cheese, meat, and other kinds of farm produce could be sold more directly at a middle price between what one now pays and the other receives. The plunder is so large that it is sure to be fought for to the death, but right and sense will win in the end. The present state of things is, that if the producer tries to sell his goods direct to the consumer, he naturally thinks he ought to get the price the retailer gets. On the other hand, consumers, who know the prices now paid to producers for their goods, naturally think that they ought to be able to buy them at those prices. The honest retailer is the man wanted, who is content with a moderate profit. Shopkeepers of this stamp will be able to beat cooperative stores. Formerly such shopkeepers were much more common than they are now. If such men then could live in fair comfort and respectability, and bring up their children, they were well satisfied. Now a fortune must be made, and a villa out of town be set up.

Surely the power of Government ought to be used to prevent fraud, and so to secure that preparations of fat and lard shall not be sold under the name of butter, and thus depress the price of the honest goods. What has Free Trade come to, when in its name a large part of the British public that wishes to eat butter is put off with this hateful, though most ingenious, mixture rejoicing in the name of Bosch? and at the same time landowners in Ireland shall be obliged by law to keep as tenants of land, able to produce the very finest butter, every dirty, lazy, drunken blackguard, who makes butter worse than Bosch, or else pay him a great sum as compensation for getting rid of him?

Whilst wholly disbelieving that the British farmer needs protection in its ordinary sense, the prevention of fraud, and of importation of disease in stock, are justly due to the farmer, and are also needful for the good of consumers.

Fair trade is an excellent thing, but fair trade with British retailers will be at any time a greater gain to farmers than fair trade with foreign countries. The real state of farmers and consumers of farm produce now is, that whilst we have perfectly free trade with foreign countries in the importation of all kinds of produce, our own native middlemen and retailers prey upon us in a way that sets fair trade at naught, and unduly keeps down the prices producers receive. The consumers have to pay too high for good quality, yet the mass of our producers don't get the advantages free trade would otherwise give them. This is rightly the part and duty of Government to remedy, if it wishes to help the farmers and promote honest fair trade.

Such, then, are the lines on which our landowners have to fight their battle; in other words, to manage their estates, and our farmers to manage their farming.

If once it is seen that landowners are able to succeed even mode-

rately well with their land in the way I have suggested, it will put a stop to all unreasonable attempts to get the better of them in hiring farms. The letting of farms at fair values will be helped by it. There is nothing that will so surely bring applications for a farm, as the knowledge that the owner is doing fairly well with it, nor anything so likely to produce a good offer.

There are numbers of landowners to whom no plan can be so satisfactory as letting their farms. On very large estates, this must be especially the case. Such men are quite right to let, whenever they can do so, on reasonable terms; only let them avoid putting themselves into the power of tenants as if they were without resource or help.

It may be said, Surely some reduction of rent is necessary. How much ought it to be?

The answer to this mainly depends on the district and the circumstances. In some counties no reduction is needful. In other counties the loss to occupiers has been very large. But a permanent reduction of rent has been demanded as alone of any use. There are a great number of estates still on which a judicious outlay in draining, more buildings, getting rid of hurtful hedge-rows, and other such works will be more advantage to a good tenant than any reduction of rent. Business sense is again required here.

The need for reduction, too, wholly depends on circumstances. In Scotland there can be no doubt rents were fixed on a much higher scale than in England, and it must have been much more difficult for a farmer in Scotland to pay his way, under such a rent, in the seasons we have had, than it has been in most parts of England under much lower rents. The degree, therefore, of permanence in a reduction of rents must be adjusted accordingly. In Scotland tenants offered high rents as readily as landlords asked them, and thus a letting for a term at a lower rent may be necessary. There are, perhaps, districts and estates in England where the same is the case. But before all things, in lowering rents, it is needful to take care that a good farmer is secured as tenant. It is much better in any way to get rid of a bad farmer than, out of personal kindness, to keep on a tenant who, from any cause, has not sufficient means or skill to do well. Usually in England, I believe, a permanent reduction of rent is not necessary. But a complete change in the system of farming is often necessary, which may require the forbearance and help of the owner to effect.

Once the business principle is grasped, and the landowner no longer feels himself helpless and in the position of the owner of a white elephant, it will not be hard to make a fair bargain for letting the land for a proper term; or, if this cannot be done, the owner holding the land himself for a longer or shorter time without serious loss, will make the case clear.

I do not think any reasonable man can wonder that tenants should just now be over keen to get farms at low rents, nor blame them for it. The best cure for that trouble will be the landowner taking his own proper position in the business. If I have seemed to write hardly of tenants, I would say I think their faults are largely the faults of their position, and that during a long life there is no class among whom I have seen so many good specimens of Englishmen as among English farmers. But there are good and bad among them as among other classes; and landowners have need, in making bargains with them for farms, to protect themselves from those who are not good.

Whilst valuing much the good qualities of tenants, I think many have yet to learn that business is business. And I must add that if landowning is treated as a business, not with hardness nor without the fair consideration an honest Englishman shows to others in other kinds of dealing, I am convinced that business instead of feudalism will prove to be much the reverse of a loss to landowners.

W. BENCE JONES.

## THE YELLOWSTONE GEYSERS.

‘WAL, sir, I tell you that that thar Yellowstone Park and them Geysers is jest indescribable. Yes, sir, that’s what they are, sure,’ said all the packers, teamsters and prospectors we consulted on the subject. A greater measure of truth characterised this statement than is usually contained in eulogistic reports of scenery. We were advised at Ogden that pack trains or waggons could be hired at various points of the ‘Utah Northern’ branch of the Union Pacific Railway. In order to economise time my companion preceded me, to contract for transport, whilst I remained in Ogden to conclude arrangements in connection with the commissariat department. These completed, I followed him. He met me at Dillon with a history of woe. At so short a notice no ‘outfits’ were to be obtained anywhere but at this place, and here the demands for them were exorbitant. No regard was taken of current rates. We were looked upon as so much quartz to be crushed and smelted. I ventured to expostulate with one teamster:—

‘What you ask is absurd. It would pay you in three weeks more than your “outfit” cost.’

‘Oh, horses is dear in this country!’

‘Not as dear as that amounts to.’

‘Wal, it ain’t much for them as has the means and wants to go in.’

I am afraid, to use a miner’s expression, that we did not ‘pan out’ quite so well as their previous experiences of an English ‘prospect’ led them to anticipate. Eventually a little diplomacy secured us the services of a Mormon teamster and his boy, a waggon, and twelve mules and horses, on very moderate terms. We engaged a cook, and with Dick (the guide we had brought from Ogden), the ‘outfit’ was complete.

Dick was an old soldier, and a first-rate fellow. True, the Dillon whisky proved almost too much for him at starting, but ordinary poison would be a mild beverage in comparison with it, and we were so glad that it did not kill him outright that we excused his tem-

porary indisposition. Besides, even then he displayed the most charming urbanity and the greatest anxiety to get under way.

'All I wants, Mr. — is, to make a start,—to get away—beyond the pale of civilisation as you may say—beyond the (hic) pale,' he would repeat, meditatively.

'Beyond the pail or the cask, Dick?'

'Beyond the (hic) pale,' replied Dick somewhat dubiously, after a long and thoughtful pause.

Dick was energetic in his endeavours to engage an 'outfit.'

'Say you, look here,' he would explain to a native; 'these 'ere men don't want none of your — — snide outfits, but jest good bronchos and a waggon and strong harness.'

'Wal, can't yer find no waggons?'

'Waggons! —! Waggons 'nough for a whole army, you bet. But — — it, these fellows all propose to make independent fortunes in a single day. Why, they want jest as much to hire out one broncho for a week as 'll buy a whole team.'

Swearing is prevalent amongst these fellows. Our teamster was rather gifted with talent in this direction. He was to be heard at his best in the early morning whilst engaged in catching the hobbled mules and horses. Amongst the more harmless titles conferred by him on members of our stud were the 'yaller one-eyed cuss,' 'the private curse,' 'the bandy-legged, hobbling, contrary son of &c. &c.,' here following contumelious references to both the animal's remote ancestors and immediate progenitors. But I do the man injustice. It is impossible to render in its pristine vigour, upon paper, the eloquence that distinguished his morning exhortation to the mules. Frantic with rage, he usually concluded by imploring us to assist him in hanging them or driving them into the river with the view of drowning them. Brown, our cook, one of the quietest, gentlest and best old fellows in the world, rather enjoyed the scene. The teamster criticised his cooking, an insult that the meekest cook cannot forget.

'Yes,' he said one day, as he turned the antelope steaks in the frying-pan and listened to the voice of the teamster softly swearing in the distance; 'yes, Mormons always do swear ter'ble, and the women as well, and the children too, and smoke. I guess they smokes more and stands for the swearingest people as there is anywhere. And they're all alike.'

We took no tent, but trusted entirely to fine weather and buffalo robes. For the first few days the track lay through a gameless and uninteresting alkali country. Everyone, myself excepted, was disagreeably affected by the water. Even the dogs were unwell. The dryness of the atmosphere was remarkable. Moist sugar became as hard as rock; discharged powder left nothing but a little dry dust in the guns, our lips cracked and our finger-nails grew so brittle that it was impossible to pare without breaking them. As we pro-

ceeded the scenery grew wild, and in places fine. On many slopes the pine forests had been lightly swept by fire, and skeleton trunks, from which the bark had fallen away, stood out in ghostly array against the yellow, red and russet undergrowth, or looked with ascetic asperity on the bright belt of light-leaved willow bushes whose boughs danced gaily in the sunlight on the foot-hills.

At length we surmounted a low divide leading from the Centennial Valley and caught our first glimpse of Henry's lake. In the purple haze of an autumnal sunset it stretched out before us, and the ripples that dwelt there, waked from their mid-day slumbers by the evening breeze, sparkled and glittered and tossed and laughed whilst they restlessly compared their blue and gold and violet reflections and chased each round the shores of emerald islands out on the silver bosom of the waters. Time was when only the sun came up over the hills and looked in upon the solitude of this beautiful sheet of water, dreaming its days away in the still heart of the mountains. At most perchance an occasional Indian wandered thither to hunt antelope on its grassy shores, wild fowl in its reedy fringe, or spear by torchlight the noble trout that haunt its crystal depths. Now it is in a fair way to become a 'summer resort.' Already a log-hotel has been tried there. Jam-pots and empty meat-tins lie around it in profusion. Fortunately for some reason it has been deserted. So the pelicans, the swans and geese that dot the lake's wide surface, the ducks and flocks of teal that sail there in fleets or skim in close order to and fro, the grouse in the willow thickets, and the wary regiments of antelope, have yet a respite of comparative security to enjoy, before civilisation drives them from their patrimony.

We frequently camped near a trout stream. The trout, although proof against the persuasive influence of the artificial fly, were generally amenable to the seductions of the grasshopper, the butterfly, or grub. Dick's disgust at fly-fishing was amusing. One day B. lent him a rod and I gave him some flies. He was absent about an hour, and then returned with little more than the winch and the butt end of the rod.

'Well, Piscator, what luck?' inquired B.

'Why, these here durned fish don't piscate worth a cent. Guess I'll go and *catch* some with a pole and a 'hopper or thar won't be any fish for supper.' The identification of trout was one of sundry points on which the teamster and I begged to differ. Trout vary considerably in markings in these mountain streams; still a trout is unmistakeable.

'That's a pretty trout,' said I, one day.

'He ain't no trout. That thar's a chub, that's what he is.'

'How do you know that—from observation?'

'No, chap he told me so the other day.'

'I should call it a trout.'



'Wal, I reckon they call him a chub down at the terminus,<sup>1</sup> and the boys they know something there. Anyway he's a chub in this country.'

With this conclusive argument Andrews always annihilated me. We were at issue upon several questions of this and other natures. Only one, however, threatened to result unpleasantly. Andrews had a boy. He was a surly flat-faced boy, with a nose like a red pill. His name was Bud, or Buddy. The father thought all the world of Bud. Bud was one of 'the smartest boys in the States.' (There are a good many of them.) His proud spirit brooked no restraint. On all subjects he was the best informed person in the party. He was twelve years of age. He was also a Mormon! His education was complete. He possessed, together with great experience, implicit self-reliance, a shot gun, a rifle, and a racing pony. Bud at once assumed command of the expedition. He seemed to labour under an impression that we had come from England to accompany him.

When the track was well travelled he would drive our spare stock a few yards ahead of me, in order that I should be thoroughly annoyed with the dust. This pleased him; but I was forced to insist on his taking his pleasure in some other way. Bud declared that 'he would be dog-durned if he was a-going to run his interior (he called it by some other name) out a-driving the stock any further ahead—durned if he would.' However, he was induced to change his mind; and as the teamster expended all his courage in talking, and collapsed the moment an opportunity was afforded him of displaying his prowess, the matter was amicably settled. Thenceforward Bud was a little more circumspect. He used to over-eat himself. When just retribution overtook him, his devoted parent, in an agony of fear, would declare his intention of returning at once with his 'outfit' to the terminus in quest of a doctor. On two occasions we hung for a while with the greatest anxiety upon Bud's languid responses to questions regarding his health. And we questioned him as if we loved him. We all doctored him too. Yet he lived! Evidently his constitution was very strong. At any rate we had nothing in camp that could make him die or even get worse. Once in a fit of meddlesome benevolence I restrained his father from giving him a powerful aperient for diarrhœa. It has been a source of regret to me ever since, for though some months have elapsed since Bud and I were comrades, my feelings towards him have undergone no change.

Never allow a boy to accompany a party of this kind, and, least of all, a western frontier boy. The patience with which an American will submit to insolence from an ill-conditioned young cub of this kind is truly marvellous, and utterly passes the comprehension of an Englishman. Therefore, I say, on no account have anything to do with a boy.

<sup>1</sup> The 'terminus' is any village on the railway line that the speaker happens to frequent.

Those who dwell in the vicinity of the Yellowstone National Park love enthusiastically to term it Wonderland. Nor is it altogether without reason. Within its boundaries (one hundred miles square) there are over 10,000 active geysers, hot springs, fumaroles, solfataras, salses, and boiling pools. Of these over 2,000 are confined in the small area comprising the upper and lower geyser basins. Sulphur mountains, an obsidian mountain, a mud volcano, and various other remarkable phenomena, add to the curiosity of this extraordinary region. Some of the grandest, some of the most grotesque scenery may be seen here, and the magnificent falls, the interesting cascades, and the eccentric beauty of the Grand Cañon may well challenge comparison with the world's most picturesque features. To attempt an exhaustive description of these marvels within the limits of letter-writing is impossible. Equally difficult is it, amongst so much that merits attention, to select that which is most noteworthy.

We will proceed at once towards the Upper Geyser basin, passing *en route* the lower basin with its so termed 'paint pots' or 'cream pots'—boiling vats of a semi-silicious clay, which varies in colour from creamy white to pink or slate. The next point of interest is 'Hell's half-acre.' The pools here are at once the most impressive and beautiful in the park. I turned aside twice to see them, once on my way to the upper basin, and again on my return. On these occasions I saw them under completely diverse aspects; for on the first day a thunderstorm darkened the usually serene beauty of the sky. They are situated near the bank of the river, in a desolate expanse of white, formed by deposits from the numerous tiny springs that bubble up on all sides. The first pool is of *comparative* unimportance. The second, from which the locality derives its name, considerably exceeds half an acre in extent. It is but recently that it assumed its present dimensions. These apparently are daily increasing; and it bids fair, if its devouring energies continue undiminished, to join forces with its fellow pools, and form a lake some acres in extent. Numerous cracks and fissures scallop the edges of the yawning gulf, and indicate the direction of future encroachments. It is with feelings not altogether devoid of apprehension, therefore, that the stranger to these infernal regions cautiously approaches to windward of the steam, to gaze into the awesome abyss below him. The boiling hiss and roar of many waters issues increasingly from its cavernous depths, but heavy clouds of steam veil them from view, and the miniature cliffs, all jagged and crumbling, that plunge precipitately down into the sea of white, are speedily lost in its enveloping folds. Anon the wind sweeps past, and a momentary glimpse is obtainable, through a rift in the steam, of the perturbed and seething surface of the water. It is a wonderful sight. Alone it would repay the labour of the journey. And seen as I first saw it, when thunder

rolled overhead, and the broad heavens were filled from time to time with the glare of lightning, the impressive character of the scene was enhanced.

Unlike 'Hell's half-acre,' the third and largest pool is brimful, and overflows its edges, forming, with the minerals its waters contain in solution, a succession of steps and tiny ledges which entirely surround it. It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than the brilliant colouring here presented. Its waters are of the purest, brightest, cerulean blue, but near the shallow edges are reflected the enclosing rocks, and the glorious blue is lost in yellow, pale green, or red, whilst chemical deposits, in exquisite arrangements, such as the genius of nature alone can suggest, of *écru* and ivory, lemon and orange, buff, chocolate, brown, pink, vermilion, bronze, and fawn, encircle the pool, or paint with ribbon-like effect the tiny streams that trickle from its overflow. Nor is this all. In the transparent curtain of rising steam, as it is gently wafted across the pine-wood landscape, a dim reflection of all these wondrous colours slowly dissipating and melting into thin air, is distinctly visible. The sleepy stillness, the appearance of profound depth, and the moist brilliancy of the colouring, defy all efforts at description. The brush of the greatest artist, the pen of the finest writer, would alike be laid aside in despair, and the genius of man perforce must bow before the power of nature, were it tasked to convey in a faithful picture the fantastic beauty of this unearthly scene.

We passed on through pine forests, seared and blackened by recent fires, and through the 'middle Geyser basin, with its columns of steam, its subterranean rumblings, its hollow echoing of our horses' trampling, its hissing craters and its bubbling springs, that sometimes lay within a few feet of the track. Towards evening we entered the upper basin. Imagine the head of a valley walled in by sombre hills and threaded by a rushing stream. Patches of desert white alternating with clumps of pine trees filled the bottom. On all sides, issuing from amidst the foliage, dense columns of steam rose up and towered into the heavens. The storm had cleared, and the sun, sinking amidst gold and purple clouds, shed a fiery glow through the trees upon the ridges, that caused each twig, almost, I had said, each pine needle, to stand out clearly in a fringe of delicate tracery against the sky. As we crossed the stream and mounted the opposite bank, a vast monument of steam, followed by a stream of water 160 feet high, shot up into the air at the further end of the basin. 'There goes Old Faithful,' exclaimed Dick; 'the only reliable geyser in the park. You can always bet on seeing him every sixty-five minutes.'

Already encamped here we found a party of twenty American ladies and gentlemen, who were travelling through the Park. They informed us that the 'Giantess' (perhaps the finest, but certainly

the most capricious geyser of all) was expected to play in the morning, and the 'Castle' to perform the next evening. There are nine principal geysers, namely, the Giant, Giantess, Castle, Grand, Beehive, Comet, Fan, Grotto, and Old Faithful. With exception of the Grotto, which simply churns and makes a great uproar, one of these tremendous fountains may be expected at any moment to cast a stream of boiling water from one to two, or even three hundred feet into the air.

All geysers have not the same action, and most of them, in style of action, in the duration of their eruptions, and in the intervals that elapse between them, are apt individually to vary. Some play with laboured pumping, others throw a continuous stream, some wear themselves out in a single effort, others subside only to recommence again repeatedly. Thus an eruption may extend from two to twenty minutes—the approximate time occupied by the Grand; or even to one hour and twenty minutes—a period that the Giant has been timed to play.

The colours that tinge the edges of some craters, and stain the courses of the streams that they send forth, are indescribably beautiful. The snowy whiteness of the grounding is relieved by dainty buffs, pale pinks and softest écrus, deep yellows shot with brown, orange streaked with vermilion or straying into crimson, chocolate merging into black, and interlined with lemon—by colours, in fact, run riot, and all glistening wet beneath the clearest crystal water, that in the centre of the crater deepens into the heavenliest blue. From such brilliancy it is a relief to turn towards the sullen hills of purple pines.

Extinct domes and craters, overgrown with flourishing trees, or mounds still bare, and even steaming, with otherwise only their immense size to indicate the mighty power that formed them, are found here and there, amongst those well known to be still active. Many craters are surrounded by the skeleton trunks of trees that they have killed, and which, under the action of their mineral waters, are rapidly becoming petrified; whilst in the conflict betwixt desolation and verdure, which, owing to the frequent variation of the centres of action, is constantly in progress, the lowly bunch-grass steals ground wherever it dare draw a blade.

Of all the geysers whose eruptions we witnessed, the Grand was, I think, the most interesting. It played each evening at a regular hour. We were thus enabled to get comfortably into front seats, focus our glasses, and discuss the programme, as it were, before the performance commenced. This it did very abruptly, although the activity displayed by a small vent hole, and the furious bubbling in another orifice connected with it, might be accepted as premonitory symptoms. Suddenly, with a single prefatory spurt, the Grand shot a vast stream of water over two hundred feet into the air. For a

few minutes this pressure was maintained with unabated vigour, then it suddenly ceased, and the waters shrank back out of sight in the cavernous hollow of the crater. Meanwhile the vent and cauldron were still furiously labouring, and subterraneous thunder shook the ground on which we stood. After a minute's cessation, the geyser again burst forth without warning, and with even greater violence. This continued until nine successive pulsations had occurred. The latter efforts, however, perceptibly diminished in grandeur.

It is impossible to conjure up in words any idea of the majestic fury of the scene. The maddened rush of scalding water bursting for a moment's freedom from its mysterious captivity, the gigantic columns of dense vapour, the clouds and clouds of lace-like falling spray or diamond showers, the lance-tipped water-jets pennoned with puffs of steam, the subterraneous reports, the wondrous effects of the evening sun on the silver sheaf of water-spears that with lightning rapidity flashed forth and vanished, broke and reformed, and the rainbow that shone through the drifting masses of gauzy mist, baffle entirely my powers of description. I could only gaze and marvel. The packers and teamsters were right: 'the Yellowstone Park and them geysers is jest indescribable.' Over and over again was I forced to admit it, and not the least heartily when I looked down the dim valley at night and watched the ghostly columns of gleaming vapour winding from amidst impenetrable shadows and invading the silent heavens, or listened to the ever recurring rush and splashing of those mighty fountains breaking the stillness of the breathless hours.

Slightly removed from the main group is one of lesser importance, containing, however, objects of considerable interest. Chief amongst these is the Golconda spring. In some respects this is one of the most striking features in the upper basin. It lies in the hollow of banks that form an exact representation of an inverted horse-shoe. By tiny terraces, the creation of deposits contained in its heavily charged waters, the stream issues from the frog of the hoof and spreads over a large surface on its shallow course to the river. There is a strange fascination in striving to pierce the profound, pellucid and brilliant depths of this extraordinary spring. Somewhat akin the feeling is to that which impels us to gaze and gaze over some sheer scarped precipice or into some grand ravine. One could stand for hours there, tracing the ivory cliffs bathed in sapphire circles, down, down, down, to where the gleaming waters grow black and awesome, and the creamy rocks contracting, lose their fantastic imagery and mass in weird mystery, to form the gloomy portals of what seem the fathomless abysses of another world.

As a game country the Yellowstone Park is a mistake. You may kill a few antelope, an occasional elk or deer; it would not be utterly impossible to happen on a stray bear or bison; but to go there merely for game is to court certain disappointment. Besides

which, hunting is restricted in the park. Beyond its boundaries good game countries are easy of access ; within them summer tourists have scared away all the game. Nevertheless it is always possible to kill enough birds and antelope to vary the camp fare. It is a delightful climate and a glorious country for gipsying. I, at least, never tire of riding through the cool dim pine woods and grassy glades, where the chipmunk and squirrel curiously reconnoitre you, and the odour of pine sap is heavy on the air, where the breeze from without penetrates only in softened and saddened murmurous tones, that in rising and falling seem to come from so far away, to linger so short a while near you, and to die away so very slowly in the unexplored aisles of the forest. On you ride silently over a thick carpet of pine-needles, and smoke pipe after pipe whilst you travel lazily back over the past and its scenes in thought. Anon you halt for a while and chat to the wise-looking retriever 'Shot,' till the waggon wheels are heard creaking in the distance and you pass on again ahead of the party. Perchance the scene changes to some stream-threaded valley, full of beaver dams, near which a few ducks are idly sailing in security. Here the pine yields place to willow bushes or the ever-rustling quaking aspen, and the chipmunk and squirrel are succeeded by gorgeous butterflies and red-winged grasshoppers that spring away with noisy clapping from every tuft of grass beneath your horses' hoofs. At night round a blazing camp-fire Dick and old Brown, B. and I sit through many a pleasant hour chatting, till the flames wax low and red and the vociferous snoring of the teamster warns us of the time. Old Brown then 'gets off' his last tale or joke, and with a hearty good-night, we turn into luxurious couches of springy pine-tops and buffalo robes, where we sleep *à la belle étoile* the unbroken sleep of a natural life. What silver-lit skies spread above us, what a glorious blue their shadowy depths embosom, and how exquisitely delicate is the tracery of yonder pine bough betwixt us and the late-rising moon ! 'Good-night, good-night,' and 'Shot' replies with a lazy yawn as he coils himself up against my back and makes himself comfortable also for the night.

F. FRANCIS.

*THE SPIRIT OF PARTY.*

IN view of the proposals now before Parliament for effecting important alterations in the forms of Parliamentary procedure, it may be worth while to remember that between the rules of debate and the system of party on which public affairs in this country are conducted there is a close, if not a necessary, connection, and that whatever affects the one can hardly fail to affect the other. Party, by substituting the united action of a considerable body of men for the isolated efforts of individuals or of sections, which could seldom hold their ground against the forces at the command of a Cabinet, preserves the liberties of Parliament, and secures the ample discussion of every question which deserves it. By curtailing these liberties we contract the sphere of usefulness within which the party system energises, and so far tend to weaken its importance as an organ of our Parliamentary constitution. In the second place, a good deal has occurred of late years to bring out the baser aspect of the system into bold relief, as well as to lower public respect for that freedom of discussion which its nobler part is to protect. Threatened by these two converging dangers—the indifference, namely, of the public to one of the principal objects for the sake of which it exists, and the intention of the Government to reconstruct the machinery by which it works—party would seem to be on the eve of a crisis in its history; and perhaps at such a time some remarks on the value of the system, and the light in which it has been regarded by some of our leading public men, may not be altogether without interest.

The drawbacks to the party system are so palpable, and have been so repeatedly set forth, that we may content ourselves with a very general statement of them here. One, of course, is that Ministers who look to the support of a great political connection are obliged to pay for it in the distribution of patronage, and cannot select the most competent men for the service of the public. Another equally patent objection is that no leader of a party can venture to be very much in advance of the opinions of the rank and file. He must often be obliged to relinquish or modify schemes which he believes to be for the public good, and be satisfied with settling questions

for a quarter of a century, when otherwise he might settle them for generations. Such a system is not favourable to the growth of political foresight, and leads to the habit of 'patching up,' as fatal in public as it is in private affairs. It may be supposed to exercise on the minds of our political leaders an influence not unlike that which Thucydides ascribes to the plague at Athens. *Καὶ τὸ προσταλαίπωρεῖν τῷ δόξαντι καλῶ οὐδεὶς πρόθυμος ἦν, ἄδηλον νομίζων εἰ πρὶν ἐπ' αὐτὸ ἐλθεῖν διαφθαρήσεται.* Impatience of its mischievous effects has led more than one great statesman to endeavour to throw off the yoke, among others the late Sir Robert Peel, to whose correspondence on this subject with Mr. Cobden I shall presently refer. Twice he deliberately refused to be bound by the necessities of party, declaring that what he conceived to be for the public good must take precedence of all other considerations, and willingly stripping himself of power rather than abandon this conviction. For this conduct he has been extolled to the skies as one of the wisest and noblest patriots who ever lived; nor have I the slightest wish to question the purity of his motives. But we must remember at the same time, what thirty years ago was too generally forgotten, that party also, as well as other political arrangements, exists for the sake of the public and not for its own sake, and that it was not necessarily—mind, I say *necessarily*—wiser to sacrifice party to free trade than to sacrifice free trade to party. If we regard party as essential to Parliamentary government—the view of Burke, Sir C. G. Lewis, and Lord Beaconsfield—then whatever strikes a blow at the one strikes a blow at the other; and there may be public objects which are not worth so great a price. It is not, therefore, a matter of course, as is much too readily assumed, that whenever a Minister has to choose between a party and a policy which he believes to be for the public welfare, he is bound to prefer the latter. Every such case must be decided on its own merits. Sometimes it may be better to let some benefit escape us than to endanger the steadiness of our political system by too eager a pursuit of it.

Were this all, however, party would have little to fear from the hostility of public opinion. Party itself, as has justly been observed, is public opinion embodied; and when it only leads to the postponement of salutary reforms, or even the precipitation of undesirable ones, in deference to the will of the majority, it provokes no hostility as such. We may dislike either Conservative opinions or Liberal opinions without seeing anything to condemn in the existing mode of giving effect to them. Unfortunately, however, party very often means a great deal more than this. It naturally gravitates towards faction; and this tendency is only kept in check by the honourable feeling and political sincerity which for the most part distinguish English gentlemen. Even within the limits thus imposed upon it,



the exigencies of party do occasionally carry statesmen into measures which, however necessary in themselves, are not recommended to the public by the source from which they proceed; while, whenever it does happen that these limits are transgressed, and that the hatred of rivals or the thirst of power becomes the primary or sole motive of party action, we see wild work indeed, and such as may well cause the most prudent and practical of politicians to speak of party as a monster which ought to be bound in chains and cast into the bottomless pit. Then it is that the most cherished principles, the highest public interests, the most venerable institutions, become mere counters in the game, and are dashed recklessly on the hazard-table, as men face to face with ruin have been known to stake a child's happiness or a wife's honour on a cast of the dice. Neither party in this country is free from guilt of this description, though they share it, to the best of my belief, in very unequal degrees. But in all such cases the contest is for victory and not for truth. Whether dishing the Whigs or damning the Tories be its object, the nature of the transaction is the same; party power, being the means to an end, becomes an end in itself; and political morality receives a shock, the effect of which may last for generations.

As far as these remarks apply to the Reform Bill of 1867, they touch rather the system itself than the particular authors of the measure; and for this reason. It being notorious that if the Conservatives did not pass a Bill, the Liberals would, the former may be excused for choosing the lesser of two evils, as a Conservative Bill, from their own point of view, necessarily would be. But the justification which we may find for the Conservative party in particular only illustrates more forcibly the evil of the system in general. Why did Lord John Russell reopen the question of Reform in 1852? Why did he do the same thing in 1866? Wholly and solely in deference to the exigencies of party: to reinvigorate a waning popularity, and to secure the allegiance of his followers. It had thus been made impossible for the Conservative party not to attempt some settlement of the question. A dispassionate study of the situation, and of all the attendant and antecedent circumstances of the Reform question, will, I believe, convince every one of that. But the necessity was created by party, and the result inevitably bore about itself the taint of the source from which it sprang.

The reader may supply for himself other and more striking illustrations of the abuse in question, drawn from much more recent experience than that of 1867, and productive of more serious disasters. There are partisans, of course, who can see nothing wrong in anything which is done by their friends, and nothing right in anything which is done by their foes. But that in pure and perennial party spirit—*cerugo mera*—the Whig opposition to Lord Beaconsfield was at least the equal of any former opposition, whether

Whig or Tory, which ever sat upon the Speaker's left, is what no independent Liberal will be found to deny, though one may think it worse than another.

We should deceive ourselves if we fancied that these things had not sunk deep into the public mind. Comparatively little is said about them, partly because no one is prepared with a substitute for the present system, partly because those who are the most likely to take note of such phenomena, and most capable of appreciating their import, are also the most shy of plunging into political controversy; and thirdly, because men require time to assure themselves that disorders of this nature are permanent and progressive evils, before they raise their voice against them. There was, to be sure, plenty of party spirit in the last century; but then no one outside of a very small circle of society knew anything at all about it. Besides, before the Reform Bill of 1832, there was not the same temptation to indulge in it as there has been since. When the same Ministries and the same political parties held power for long terms of years, supported to a great extent by connections not accessible to platform oratory, mere party spirit, animated solely by the desire to oust a rival from office, and seize on his position for ourselves, had fewer opportunities of action, and its evils were, of course, less felt. Now, however, when the tenure of office has become more precarious, and it is rather the rule than the exception that a general election should be followed by a change of Government, the inducements to have recourse to these weapons have become infinitely greater. Of the twelve general elections which have taken place since the Reform Bill became law, seven have been followed by a change. Of the nine that have taken place during the last forty years, six have been so distinguished. Of the six last elections four, and of the three last every one, have had a similar result. Under these conditions, then, a more continuous display of party spirit by rival politicians, and a keener perception of its evils among the general public, are exactly what we should expect. It was commonly said in 1874 that Mr. Gladstone's Government was 'lied out of office.' So perhaps was Lord Beaconsfield's. But nobody ever said that of any former Government. Of course there has always been a certain amount of misrepresentation in the charges on which Governments have been convicted; but it never made such an impression on men's minds as to be put into that form before. The conclusion is that in these our times slander pays. We have heard party called an organised hypocrisy. We may live to hear it called an organised lie.

But the real question is how we should succeed without party, and on this head I think there are certain considerations to be advanced which have never yet engaged public attention at all.

In his recently published *Life of Richard Cobden*, Mr. Morley has given us a very interesting letter written by Mr. Cobden to Sir

Robert Peel in 1846, and Sir Robert's answer to it. Cobden thought the time had arrived for breaking up the balance of power embodied in our party system, and for placing all authority in the hands of the one class which had become the most influential in the country. He would have had Sir Robert Peel cast off the slough of party, throw all the traditions of Whigs and Tories to the winds, dissolve Parliament, and cast himself on the great middle class as *their* Minister. The idea of relying solely on the support of independent men, unconnected with either of the two great parties in the State, and attracting by degrees the best men of each to a Government so supported, was no new one. It has been a favourite with many great men. Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chatham, George the Third, all had this vision floating before their eyes, and the second of the three did, to some extent and for a short time, realise it. This is not exactly what Cobden meant, of course, but it would have been found, we fancy, to come to much the same thing in practice; and Sir Robert Peel seems to have rejected the advice, because he perceived that it would do so, and did not see his way through the difficulties in which the experiment was involved. That such a system should succeed, the great body of the public must be willing to give a Minister *carte blanche*, and to surrender into his hands the opinions which they hold on a great variety of questions. Sir Robert felt sure that they would not place this confidence in himself; and that, although they might support him against both Whigs and Protectionists as long as the Free Trade system had still to be completed, he could not depend on them when economical questions should again have given way to constitutional or diplomatic ones. This provisional support he declined to accept, and the project dropped.

But it is by no means certain that Sir Robert Peel entertained the same ideas on the subject of political parties as those which have been bequeathed by Burke, by Lord Beaconsfield, by Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, and by Lord Macaulay himself. We might rather infer from his policy that he did not attach that pre-eminent weight to the maintenance of this party system which the last-mentioned statesmen attached to it. We might conclude from the memoranda which he has left behind him that he regarded it rather as an encumbrance, and that he had occasionally before his own eyes the idea of a Patriot Minister who, under changed conditions and with new responsibilities, should play the part assigned by Bolingbroke to a Patriot King. We do not of course mean to assert positively that Sir Robert had ever consciously proposed such a part to himself; all we say is that his policy led directly up to it, and that any minister who can succeed in maintaining himself in power independently of party organisation must necessarily for the time being exercise absolute authority. The only two ministers who within Parliamentary times have made any approach

towards the attainment of such a position have been Lord Chatham and Lord Palmerston. Under the ascendancy of the former, party strife was silent, and before the popularity of the latter party strategy was impotent. It is sufficient to recall to the reader's mind the history of Mr. Walpole's resolution in 1861 to show that Lord Palmerston during his second administration was to a great extent independent of party. He did not rely upon the Liberal party, for a large section of it was ready to turn him out at any time. He had nothing to fear from the Conservative party, for a large section of it was ready to support him at any time. He was therefore independent of both. That great benefits accrued to this country from the authority wielded by Lord Palmerston I should be the last to deny. It is enough to mention our national armaments to recall the debt of gratitude we owe to him. But what we have to consider is not so much the actual operation of the system in the case of any particular individual as its general tendencies. Lord Palmerston only illustrates the doctrine of ministerial independence to a very imperfect extent. To judge properly of its effects, we must suppose it to have taken root, and to have become the rule instead of the exception in our constitutional economy. Before this result had been attained the coherency of party ties would have been every day growing weaker, till at last hardly a nucleus had been left round which to gather any solid opposition. If it is said that this need not trouble us, and that in the constant activity of public opinion and the ubiquitous supervision of the press we have a sufficient guarantee against misgovernment without the antiquated machinery of a Parliamentary Opposition, well and good. We should be free from a good many evils from which we never shall be free while that system continues. Only let us understand exactly what the destruction of it means. It means a counter revolution. It means undoing the work of 1688, and establishing a virtual autocracy tempered by public meetings and leading articles.

Lord Beaconsfield was led to observe many years ago that the public had no very clear idea of the close dependence of Parliamentary government on party government; and he showed very plainly, in his speech on the Maynooth Bill,<sup>1</sup> to what condition the House of Commons would be brought if the system were abrogated. Lord Macaulay, then in the House of Commons, admitted the justice of the argument. Sir G. C. Lewis said plainly in 1859; 'A Parliamentary system cannot be conducted without the combined operation of parties.' And Burke said of earnest politicians who had great objects to promote: 'How men can proceed without any connection at all is to me utterly incomprehensible.' The question, however, seems likely to arise whether the flagrant and formidable abuses to which party spirit is liable are or are not too heavy a price to pay for its very substantial benefits: some of the means which have been sug-

<sup>1</sup> Also in a speech delivered August 30, 1848.

gested for the restoration of our Parliamentary efficiency are calculated, as I have already said, to sap its vitality : it is time, therefore, that the question was considered ; and it certainly seems to me that it is one in which the Liberal party are more deeply interested than the Tories.

It has been already asserted that a minister who was relieved from the check of a regular and organised Opposition would be practically absolute within the walls of the House of Commons. Elsewhere I have endeavoured to demonstrate this in some little detail. But it requires little demonstration. The House, in the case I have supposed, would consist of an infinite number of small groups unconnected by any common bond of union, and incapable of combining for any systematic opposition. On some grave emergency, some crisis of overwhelming magnitude, such as was recognised when Parliament met in 1855, there might be a sudden rush against the Government. But on all ordinary occasions, with the help of his official *entourage*, the minister could beat his opponents in detail, none having any interest in resisting him except the special group whose particular views he might on any given occasion be thwarting. Opposition would want the stimulus which is supplied by the common prospect of accession to power, while the able men of each clique would inevitably be separated by jealousies which even the action of party is not always able to suppress.

Thus much, I think, will be generally acknowledged. But what perhaps may not have been so generally considered is this : that in proportion to the independence of a minister within the House of Commons would be his want of independence outside of it. Under the present *régime* a statesman is protected by party against both the Crown and the populace. No sovereign, of course, can disregard the choice of a powerful political party ; and he is practically obliged to take the statesman of whom the majority approves. But if there were no parties in the House with an organisation ready to give effect to their opinion, the sovereign could appoint whom he liked, and change his servants as often as he pleased without much regard to public opinion. It would show itself at a general election, but he would consider that many things might happen before a dissolution was necessary, and that public opinion, if against him now, might by that time have come back to him. So also a great political confederacy can, to a certain extent, even now make head against the popular gale. As things are, if the minister does anything unpopular, there may be a great storm outside, but his party in Parliament may keep him in power till public passion has had time to cool, and the real truth to be established. But a House of Commons without any organisation of the kind would be apt to be frightened by the commotion, and every member inclined to tremble for his own seat would be at full liberty to act upon his fears, there

being no demand on his loyalty or fidelity to restrain him. A panic of this kind might overthrow a minister in a moment, causing men to act together not indeed like disciplined troops, but like a flock of sheep; and with this possibility always before his eyes the minister would be compelled to follow every turn of the popular humour, and fool both prejudice and ignorance to the top of their bent in a manner that would reverse all our present ideas of constitutional government. He would be at once the tyrant of Parliament, and the slave of the multitude; free from the restraints which the constitution imposes on him, and subject to others wholly at variance with its spirit.

Let us now turn for a moment to the effect likely to be produced by the disintegration of Parliamentary parties on the political creeds which they represent. It seems to me that this would be far more unfavourable to Liberalism than to Conservatism, and that because of a difference between the two of which Liberals are accustomed to boast. Conservatism is homogeneous, Liberalism is not. Organisation and discipline are natural and spontaneous in the former. They are artificial and compulsory in the latter, and, but for the external bond which is woven out of the obligations and traditions of party, could hardly be maintained at all. But there is more than this in the difference between the two creeds, which tends to make party more essential to the one than to the other. The Liberal party is the party of speculation, of inquiry, of discovery. It finds room within its pale for minds of the most diverse order. It offers at once a staff to the pilgrim and a roof to the sceptic. Here we see a band of earnest and courageous men, believers in the advent of a new heaven and a new earth to be created by themselves, pressing eagerly forward to the realisation of their high ideal, and calling on the age to follow them. There we see a host of widely different aims and dispositions: some who see in the reputation of an iconoclast the readiest road to notoriety; others who follow the flag because their fathers have done so before them, not considering whether under the same banner they are fighting for the same cause; and others again, and these perhaps the most numerous class of all, who call themselves Liberals because no other designation will suit their particular frame of mind—men who stand all the day idle, waiting mournfully for some one to hire them, for some one, that is, to give them a principle or a truth for which they can live and work. They cannot be Conservatives, because they believe in nothing; they cannot be Radicals, because, while indifferent to what exists, they have no faith in anything better to succeed it. Liberal is a convenient and comprehensive term under which they can range themselves and no questions asked. Such men accordingly, if asked to which party they belong, show no great alacrity in answering, preferring to evade the question by an attack on all parties alike; but, if driven to reply, will say that they suppose

themselves to be Liberals. On the theory, therefore, that political principles are assisted—and I have allowed that they may sometimes be encumbered—by the operation of party, it is clear that the Liberals are indebted to it exclusively for all the support which this last class of men can bring to them. Without the stimulus of party, the *gaudium certaminis*, not a man of the whole number would lift up his little finger in aid of the cause, would either write a line or speak a word or walk across the street to help one side rather than the other. But their blood is up when an election is going forward, and an appeal to them not to desert their colours, not to ‘break up their party,’ not to give a triumph to the Tories, will succeed nine times out of ten when no invocation of principle, no apostrophe to patriotism, none even of the temptations of power, would have produced the slightest effect. If, as I maintain, the whole Liberal party in the country is largely leavened by such men as these, it is manifest how greatly the Liberals must lose by the dissolution of all party discipline.

In the nature of things there can be no Conservatives of this stamp. I might borrow an argument from the Liberals, and say that the very selfishness which they impute to Conservatism makes it impossible that there should be. Conservatism is a positive creed which no man professes who has not something to lose, either material or moral, by the triumph of the opposite creed. Here we have a guarantee for discipline stronger even than party spirit. And closely connected with this feature of Conservatism is another which strengthens my argument still further. If we except the enthusiastic minority whom I have already mentioned, the Liberal party is much less acted upon by moral considerations than the Conservative. I mean that Conservatism appeals to the affections more strongly than the rival creed. Liberalism is intellectual, utilitarian, progressive. Of the power of association and prescription, of the romantic, the picturesque, and the venerable, of all which speaks to the heart rather than to the head, it takes comparatively small account. Yet it is for these things that men will fight knee-deep in blood, for these things alone that many men care to live, and for which, if necessary, some will die. Conservatism, of course, has a science of its own—a political philosophy which has weathered the storms of ages, and will weather them doubtless to the last. But its peculiarity is that it gives expression to a class of feelings which with the majority of men are more powerful than intellectual convictions. So strong indeed are they in an Englishman, that if every one who has been brought within the influence of the conditions which evoke them is not more than half a Conservative, it is, I suspect, owing entirely to the strong counter pressure put upon him by party connections and distractions; and if these should disappear, would not what I may call the natural conservatism of the English character cause thousands who are now Liberals to drift insensibly towards Conservatism, weakening the

hold of Liberal principles on society at large to an extent which at present seems impossible?

Conservatives love what they are defending far more than Liberals hate what they are attacking. This difference alone should make up for great numerical inferiority. But there is a further circumstance for which allowance must be made, and it is this. It is inevitable that the party of change, the party of experimental legislation, should be chargeable with more failures than the party which is less ambitious. The failure of measures of which the success was confidently predicted must gradually discourage those who gave their confidence to the authors of them, and inspire them with a suspicion that the foresight and sagacity of their political opponents were superior to their own. These are adverse influences with which Liberalism must always struggle, and which must lead to considerable defections from it in almost every generation that passes. On the whole, therefore, and if we sum up the various drawbacks to which it is exposed in its never-ending contest with the rival force, we shall come to the conclusion that the machinery of party is even more necessary to Liberal than it is to Conservative principles.

I have endeavoured to state as clearly as I could the grievous abuses to which the system of party is liable, as well as my own conviction that since 1832 they have increased, and are likely to increase. It is certain that within the last few years public attention has been directed to them more closely than it ever was before. And the present, therefore, is not a peculiarly happy moment, for the interests, that is, of party government, in which to initiate a reform in the rules of Parliamentary debate. The two are intimately connected, and a reform of the one may amount to a revolution in the other. In the present temper of the public mind it is not very likely perhaps that any objection to a new procedure based only on its apparent tendency to cripple the energies of party would receive much attention. Still, forewarned is forearmed. It is by no means certain that the system of committees, whether that recommended by Sir Erskine May, or that recently proposed by Mr. Torrens, would not have a marked effect on the spirit and constitution of parties. Committee of late years has been one of the favourite battle-fields of party. It was by amendments in committee that first General Gascoigne and afterwards Lord Lyndhurst defeated the Government of Lord Grey. It was by an amendment in committee that Lord Dunkellin overthrew Lord Russell. It was through an amendment in committee that Mr. Gladstone delivered his grand attack on the Government of Lord Derby. It was by an amendment in committee that Mr. Heneage only last year nearly defeated the Government of Mr. Gladstone. Battles of this kind, however, could only be fought in committee of the whole House, and to transfer to any smaller body the consideration of all the details of important



constitutional measures would be to seriously curtail the liberties and opportunities of party. Hence I have tried to show what Parliament would be without party altogether; and I think I have succeeded in proving that if we ever came to that the Liberals might have small cause to look back with satisfaction on the carriage of the new Rules.

Turno tempus erit magno quum optaverit emptum  
Intactum Pallanta, et quum spolia ista diemque  
Oderit.

I am not blind to the possibility that the new Rules may be the effect rather than the cause of the decay of party: a foretoken of its exhaustion, not a blow dealt at it in the full maturity of its powers, a sign that it has played its part in our Parliamentary economy and must shortly give way to some other form of political life more suited to our present requirements. The 'too powerful individual' seems no longer to be regarded with alarm; and it may be that one of the great changes of which we are said to be on the brink is the emancipation of Ministerial Government from the control of political connections. This article, however, rests upon a different hypothesis; the hypothesis, namely, that party is not yet the sick man for whose recovery it is useless to prescribe: but that a green old age is still before it, if not undermined by legislation. It may be thought, perhaps, that I am raising too wide a superstructure for the narrow foundation on which it rests. But that remains to be seen. Our Parliamentary system is a complicated and delicate machine. And the derangement of the smallest part of it may lead to unexpected consequences.

T. E. KEBBEL.

## ON THE NAMES OF THE GREEKS.

Διὰ ταῦτα δὴ, ὡς ἔοικεν, ὁρθῶς ἔχει καλεῖν τὸν τοῦ σωτῆρος υἱὸν Ἀστυάνακτα τούτου ὃ ἔσωσεν ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ ὡς φησιν Ὁμήρου.—PLATO'S *Cratylus*.

THE object of this paper is to invite attention to the significance of Greek proper names. If the drama of Greek history abounds in every kind of interest to engage the mind, it is surely worth while to note the names of the *dramatis personæ*. We hope to show that many interesting indications, and not a little unsuspected information, may be derived from this study. The intelligent reader of Holy Scripture habitually keeps in view the significance of proper names, since the vicissitudes of the Hebrew people, historical and moral, can be legibly traced in the names they gave their children. And in a measure the same may be said of the personal names of the Greeks. Nor need anyone be startled by the comparison thus suggested. Little as the Hebrew and Hellenic peoples seem to have in common, they at all events are alike in their great fondness for names derived from divine titles. Nor does the similarity end here; for both Hebrews and Greeks, avoiding an elaborate nomenclature like that of the Romans, or of modern Europe, made it a fixed rule for each individual to bear but one personal name.

The point from which we start is the elementary fact that parents do not give their children names at random. Even in England, where such mingled influences are at work, and where large sections of the population idly follow the fashions of their betters, this rule holds good. Few that have not read Miss Yonge's *History of Christian Names* can appreciate what a strange sidelight our choice of Christian names sheds upon the history of our country—its changes of rulers, its changes in religion, its changing fashions in literature and art. Much more should we expect to find this the case in Greece, where the influences operating upon society were vastly more simple, and the character of the population vastly more homogeneous than our own.

It was customary for the new-born child to receive its name on the tenth day after birth, when the friends of the family were invited to the house to sacrifice and feast together, and gifts of congratulation were presented. The choice of the name generally lay with the

father, as appears from many expressions in the curious speech of Demosthenes *Against Boiotos concerning his Name*.<sup>1</sup> But we may be sure that a mother would have some voice in such a matter, in spite of the father's right. And accordingly Euripides represents Oedipus and Jocaste as alternately choosing their children's names, Antigone having been named by her mother, and Ismene by her father.<sup>2</sup> And the humorous account of Strepsiades in the *Clouds*<sup>3</sup> is clearly true to life, where the parents quarrel over the naming of their babe, the father wanting to call him Pheidonides ('Thriftison'), after his grandfather, but the mother preferring some compound of ἵππος, until they compromise matters and fix upon Pheidippides.

In this instance the ambition of the mother was bent on a high-sounding name; and the popularity of names from ἵππος, not only in Attika, but everywhere in Greece, while partly due to the influence of the chariot races at the games, yet far oftener indicated that passion for horseflesh as a mark of grandeur which proved fatal to many a patrimony.<sup>4</sup> The names derived from ἵππος are far too many to enumerate, but we may take note in passing, that Hippias and Hipparchos were fit names for young princes; that Xanthippe perhaps came of a gay, fashionable family (she called her son Lamprokles), and so was hardly the wife for a Sokrates; and that the pride of the Macedonians in their cavalry, long before the organisation of their phalanx, is reflected in the name Philippos.

But to return to the passage in the *Clouds*. It is observable that the old-fashioned father was true to Greek usage in wanting his boy to have his grandfather's name.<sup>5</sup> This practice is one of the many indications of the strong domestic feelings of the Greeks. A son might naturally wish to keep the family tradition unimpaired, and to make the father he was losing to live again in the grandchild; nor can we forget how often peculiarities of feature and character reappear in the third generation. The claims of sentiment were strengthened by the prospect of succession to the family property. Thus when Isæus's client (*De Meneclis Hered.* 36) says of his adoptive father, 'My wife and I paid him all dutiful regard, and I named my little boy after him, that his name might not die out of the family,' it was hoped that the inheritance would go with the name. On the other hand, it was contrary to old Greek usage for a son to take his father's name; Mæandrios, son of Mæandrios, being the only instance of such a thing in all Herodotus. Empedokles, the philosopher, was named after his grandfather;<sup>6</sup> Aristеides, as son of Lysimachos, named his

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Eur. *Ion*, 800. Plato, *Theag.* 122, D. <sup>2</sup> Eur. *Phœnissæ*, 58. <sup>3</sup> Line 60 fol.

<sup>4</sup> ἵππους ἀγαλμα τῆς ὑπερπλούτου χλιδῆς, Æsch. *P. V.* 466. Cf. Xen. *De Re Eques.* ii. 1; hence the ominous word καθιπποτροφεῖν.

<sup>5</sup> Demosth. *l.c.* p. 1002: ἀξιοῖ δ' αὐτὸς ὡς δὴ πρεσβύτερος ἂν τοῦνομ' ἔχειν τὸ τοῦ πατρὸς πᾶν. See also what a father says about his children's names, *Contra Macart.* 1075.

<sup>6</sup> Diog. Laert. viii. 2, 1.

first-born Lysimachos; Iophon, the son of Sophokles, named his son Sophokles; and so in cases without end. Perikles, the son of Perikles, is an exception which proves the rule, for Perikles named his son and heir after his father Xanthippos, and it was only when the plague had deprived him of both his legitimate sons that the Assembly made an exception in his favour, and legitimised his son by Aspasia, who accordingly, out of order, took the name of Perikles.<sup>7</sup> But later on it became common enough for a son to bear his father's name; and Δημοσθένης Δημοσθένους Παιώνιος is only one sample out of hundreds that might be quoted. For since the official 'style and address' of an Athenian citizen was the man's own name, followed by the name of his father and of his deme,<sup>8</sup> it happens that the usage in question can be very fully illustrated from inscriptions. And so common did the practice become, that in the lists of Ephebi or members of the gymnasium in later Athens it gave rise to a convenient abbreviation; for when the father's name is identical with the son's, instead of repeating it, it is indicated by a dash or bracket—Διογένης > Φίλων >, 'Επίγονος >, standing for Diogenes son of Diogenes, Philon son of Philon, &c.<sup>9</sup> We can plainly see that the family feeling of the Greeks was sorely tried by the practice of having only one name. The peculiar system of the Romans enabled them to associate with the individual's name an intimation of his clan and his family. But the Greeks, without such help, endeavoured to make a single name indicate as much as possible concerning the individual's relationship. Thus a Mantias names his son Mantitheos (see Demosth. *l.c.*), preserving one element of the name, and varying the remainder. This method was exceedingly common, as appears from the witness of epitaphs, such as Δημοφῶν Δημονίκου, Σωγένης Σωκράτους, Φιλοξενίδης Φιλοκράτου, &c. Sokrates, son of Sophroniskos, is a case in point.<sup>10</sup> And again brothers would sometimes receive names similarly allied, as Hippias and Hipparchos, sons of Peisistratos, Diodotos and Diogeiton in Lysias *Adv. Diog.*, and Cleobis and Biton famous in Herodotus, whose names are both derivatives of βίος. Those families, moreover, which could boast of illustrious names in the past would of course take care not to let them die out. Thus in a Samian inscription lately discovered,<sup>11</sup> when we find the

<sup>7</sup> Plutarch, *Perikles*, 37.

<sup>8</sup> Demosth. 997: καὶ τίς ἤκουσε πώποτε, ἢ κατὰ ποῖον νόμον προσπαράγράφειν ἂν τοῦτο τὸ παράγραμμα ἢ ἄλλο τι πλὴν ὃ πατὴρ καὶ ὁ δῆμος. Cf. πατὴρθεν ἐπωνομάζων, of Nikias addressing his men (Thuc. vii. 69).

<sup>9</sup> See *Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum*, No. 46.

<sup>10</sup> The list of names in Böckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum* No. 172 contains numerous instances of the kind: e.g. Εὐθύδημος Εὐθυδόμου, Ἀντιγένης Ἀντιγεΐδου, Μενεκλῆης Λετομέου, Ἀπολλόδωρος Πιστοδώρου, Λεώστρατος Λεωκράτους, Ξενοκλῆς Ὀνομακλέους, and so on. How jealously families regarded their family names is seen from Demosth. *Contra Macart.* 1077.

<sup>11</sup> Carl Curtius, *Inskriften und Studien zur Gesch. von Samos*.

name of a certain *Douris*, we may safely conjecture him to be a member of the same family as the Samian historian of that name. And Plutarch<sup>12</sup> says, that among his fellow-students he knew a Themistokles, so named after his great ancestor.

Often however, instead of giving a child one of the favourite family names, a parent would wish to commemorate in a name some striking event that happened at the time. Polyænus tells a story about Jason of Thessaly, to the effect that on the birth of a son he invited his brother Meriones to the tenth-day feast, and made him preside at the banquet. In the meantime Jason, aware that his brother would begrudge any present upon the occasion, pretending to be detained out hunting, sent to his brother's house and rifled it of twenty silver talents. Then, returning to the banquet, he begged Meriones to name the child. Meriones, hearing that robbers had entered his house (*πεπορθῆσθαι τὴν οἰκίαν*), named his little nephew Porthaon. The story has little in it, but it indicates a source of names which must be common enough. The events which affect the family circle, however little known to the world outside, have often found a record in the family names. Sometimes also the great events of history combined with domestic motives in fixing the choice of a name. The mother of Euripides was among those who left Athens in the Persian invasion, and took refuge at Salamis. On the very day of the battle (so we are assured by the ancients) she gave birth to a son, whom she named Euripides, '*ab Euripo*'—i.e. in memory of the operations of the fleet at Artemision and Chalkis. There is really no reason for doubting this story: the name Euripides may not have been new, but it was certainly rare; and who knows whether some near kinsman of the poet's had not recently died at the Euripus while serving in the fleet? <sup>13</sup> When Miltiades' daughter, born shortly before the battle of Marathon, was named by him Elpinike, we cannot mistake his motive. A similar association attaches to the name of Deinomache, the mother of Alkibiades. She was the daughter of Megakles, whose victory at the Pythian games took place in the very year of Marathon.<sup>14</sup> And the martial names of two of Themistokles' daughters, Mnesiptolema and Nikomache, are another echo, we may be sure, of the great struggle with Persia. The name Thessalonike had a similar origin. Kassander called the flourishing town, which he founded on the site of Therma, Thessalonike, in honour of his wife, Philip's daughter. But Philip had coined this name for his daughter to commemorate the important step in his career by which he became master of Thessaly (B.C. 352). The name of Thebe, the daughter of Jason, implies that her father, about the time of her birth, was courting the friendship of Thebes.

<sup>12</sup> *Vita Themist.* fin.

<sup>13</sup> During the Crimean war '*Alma*' became a common name; one heard of a soldier's wife naming her twins '*Inkermann*' and '*Alma*.'

<sup>14</sup> Pindar, *Pyth.* vii.

The names of Themistokles' daughters—Italia, Asia, and Sybaris—curiously illustrate the adventures of their father. Asia, the youngest, was probably born during his exile within the Persian dominions. The other two names belong to an earlier period. The founding of Thurii upon the ruins of Sybaris, and the extension of Athenian influence to Italy, is an undertaking associated with the name and genius of Perikles. But Herodotus<sup>15</sup>—who ought to know—makes Themistokles suggest this very scheme of colonisation upon the eve of the battle of Salamis. 'We Athenians,' he says, 'can at any moment take our households and migrate to Siris in Italy, which has long been ours by right, and the oracles advise us to plant a colony there.' Now these names of Italia and Sybaris confirm Herodotus, and prove that in this enterprise Perikles did but realise the dream of Themistokles. In most of the above instances it is a daughter who receives so significant a name; and the exclusion of Greek women from politics prevented such names from proving any embarrassment to them in after life. Yet examples are not wanting of a similar naming of sons. Perikles called his son Paralos, in manifest allusion to his own maritime policy.<sup>16</sup> And this prepares us to understand how Lykurgus the lawgiver named his son Eukosmos, in commemoration of his 'Discipline.' When we further learn that Lykurgus' father (or brother by other accounts) was named Eunomos, we need not dismiss the name as mythical, and nothing better than an epithet of the lawgiver himself; but we rather conclude (with Böckh) that the family of Lykurgus—and he was of royal blood—were bent upon disciplinary legislation. Still less are we surprised at the name of Philokypros,<sup>17</sup> the king who entertained Solon in Cyprus, and is said to have named his reorganised city after his famous guest and adviser (Σόλοι). Philokypros called his son Aristokypros; and there was evident policy in the choice of such names for the successive heirs of the dynasty. When Aristotle<sup>18</sup> states that Psammetichos, son of Gordios, succeeded Periander at Corinth, the historian E. Curtius infers from this that the Corinthian dynasty was on terms with the rulers of Phrygia and Egypt. A similar conclusion may be drawn from the name of Phrygios, son of Neleus, the founder of Miletus.<sup>19</sup> When a son of Peisistratus, born in the latter part of his reign, was named Thessalos, it is safe to infer that the ruler of Athens was in communication with the ruling houses of Thessaly. Just in the same way Kimon<sup>20</sup> named his twin sons Lakedaimonios and Eleios, in compliment to his Peloponnesian friends, while his third son, Thessalos, marks the connection of Kimon with the rulers of Pheræ. The name of Libys, borne by the brother of Lysander, sounds strange enough until we read the account of

<sup>15</sup> Book viii. 62.<sup>16</sup> Paralos was the name of a mythical Attic hero.<sup>17</sup> Plut. *Solon*, 26; Hdt. v. 113.<sup>18</sup> *Polit.* viii. (v.), 12.<sup>19</sup> Plut. *De Mulier. Virt.* 16.<sup>20</sup> Plut. *Kim.* 16; cp. *Perikl.* 29.

Lysander's visit to the temple of Zeus Ammon ;<sup>21</sup> and the name and the visit, when considered together, make us suspect that Lysander's restless ambition had brought him into correspondence with the Libyan oracle years before, when his brother was born. The Samios of Herodotus iii. 55, was so named because of the heroic death of his father, Archies, at the siege of Samos—so Archies the grandson told the historian. And similarly the enthusiasm of the Akarnanians for Phormio (Thucyd. iii. 7) is proved by the perpetuation of his name among them.<sup>22</sup>

For in truth, apart from the policy of statesmen, the employment of what may be termed 'international' names was common enough in families, which through trade or otherwise were connected with foreign cities. Now a connection of this kind was effected by means of what is technically called *proxenia*. And as the isolation of Greek cities makes every trace of their intercommunion all the more interesting, we will describe in few words what 'proxenia' really was. Instances like the following were extremely frequent. A citizen of Rhodes shows kindness to citizens of Samos who are led by business or pleasure to Rhodes; or perhaps a citizen of Ephesus, living at Rhodes, shows similar attentions towards Samian visitors. It would probably be decreed before long by the senate and people of Samos that the benefactor in question should be declared a *proxenos* of the Samian state, and be enrolled as a Samian citizen, both he and his sons after him, and that he should receive a gold crown and other public honours.<sup>23</sup> Would it be surprising if the person who was thus closely connected with Samos should introduce into his family names borrowed from his adoptive city? In this way we can easily account for the common occurrence of international names. Hardly a town or region of any importance could be found in Greece that has not given rise to a personal name. In Athens alone we are familiar with Boiotos from Demosthenes; Argeios was an orator (Aristoph. *Eccl.* 201); Eretrieus was a soldier who fell in battle (Böckh, *Corp. Inscr. Gr.* 169); Himeræos was a brother of Demetrius Phalereus (Plut. *Dem.* 28); Magnes was an early comedian; Lesbios was an epeheus (Böckh, *ibid.* 268); Milesios occurs more than once; Opuntios and Syrakosios are named by Aristophanes (*Av.* 1294–97). Then, again, a Karystios was a grammarian of Pergamon (Athen. i. 24 b); and Nikopolis appears as the mother of one of the Politarchs in the well-known inscription from Thessalonika (Böckh, *ibid.* 1967). But, indeed, examples of this kind might be endlessly extended. Pausanias tells of an ancient king of Arkadia, named Pompos, who was so delighted with the enterprise of mer-

<sup>21</sup> Plut. *Lysand.* 20.

<sup>22</sup> See Böckh, *Corp. Inscr. Gr.* No. 1746 b.; and an inscription probably of B.C. 337, published by Koehler, *C. I. A.* ii. 121.

<sup>23</sup> No class of inscriptions is more common in every part of Greece than decrees of *προξενία*.

chants from Ægina in bringing their wares by sea to Kyllene, then the port of Elis, and thence pushing on with packsaddles into Arkadia, that he named his son Æginetes, 'for love of the Æginetans' (viii. 5, 8). Without pledging ourselves to the historical existence of king Pompos, we may certainly accept the story as typical of a large class of Greek names.

Names of this kind were visible pledges of international friendship; and it is easy to understand how, at critical moments, diplomacy would be glad to make use of them. Two examples from Thucydides will illustrate this. At the conclusion of the siege of Plataea (iii. 52), when the hapless Plataeans were brought before a high-handed Spartan commission, seeing their peril, they asked permission to defend themselves, and chose for their spokesmen 'Astymachos, son of Asopolaios, and Lakon, son of Aeimnestos, who was proxenos of the Lakedæmonians.' The choice was wisely made. If anyone could conciliate the Spartans, surely Lakon might: his name was a password to their sympathies, and his father, Aeimnestos, had fought by their side on the battle-field of Plataea (Her. ix. 72). Again, when the Lakedæmonians were anxious for peace, in order to secure the release of the prisoners at Pylos (Thuc. iv. 119), one of the ambassadors they sent to Athens was 'Athenæos, son of Perikleidas.' We may be sure that he was connected with Athens by *proxenia*, and his very name was a pledge that Sparta was in earnest about the truce. Naturally enough, when two envoys—one Spartan and one Athenian—were chosen to convey the news of the armistice to Brasidas and the cities in Thrace, Athenæos was deputed by Sparta (*Ibid.* 122). Guided by these examples, we may understand how wisely Perikles selected Lakedæmonios, son of Kimon, to command the ten ships sent to defend Corcyra (*Ibid.* i. 45). Plutarch indeed repeats the calumny that Perikles wished by this move to compromise the reputation of the son of his old rival. But the precise wish of Perikles was to assist Corcyra without committing himself to hostility towards Sparta; and the name and connections of Lakedæmonios were the pledge of a policy of 'defence not defiance.' We may further conjecture that it was no accident which made a Dorieus the leader of the Peloponnesian party at Thurii, and an Athenagoras the advocate of Athenian interests at Syracuse.<sup>24</sup>

It should be recollected that most of the Greek names, unlike our Christian names, had a transparent etymology, so that their meaning was obvious to all. And consequently we find the Greeks not averse to a play upon names. Herodotus (vi. 50) tells how King Kleomenes, when repulsed from Ægina, threatened Krios, the Æginetan, saying, 'You had better copper-plate your horns, my Ram (ὦ Κρίε), before you run your head against destruction.' When the Persians at Artemision, capturing a Greek ship, proceeded to sacrifice

<sup>24</sup> Thuc. vi. 35; viii. 35.



to the gods the handsomest man they could find among her crew, Herodotus adds (vii. 180), 'His name was Leon, and perhaps his name in part cost him his life.' Again, when the Samians, just before the battle of Mycale, sent to the Greek fleet at Delos to urge them to come and liberate Ionia, Leutyehides chanced to ask the Samian stranger, 'What was his name?' and hearing it was Hégistratos, he joyfully accepted the omen (*Ibid.* ix. 91). Not that the Greeks were guilty of the excessive superstition about names which obtained among the Romans.<sup>25</sup> But one observes that the Greek names, with rare exceptions, avoid all reference to sorrow and death, and were usually expressive of hope and good-fortune. And it can hardly have been accidental that an Aisimos ('god-sent') should have headed the triumphal procession of citizens upon the return of the Demos from Phyle (Lysias, *Contra Agorat.*). As for playing upon names, Aristophanes revels in it, both punning upon existing names,<sup>26</sup> and coining all kinds of new ones. In the Orators, indeed, we find no parallels to Cicero's *Jus Verrinum*: perhaps they were too much bent upon hard hitting to waste time upon word-trifling. But such pleasantry is more in place in the Platonic dialogue: three examples occur in the *Symposium*,<sup>27</sup> and even in the *Apology* the name of Melétos ('careful') is repeatedly played upon.<sup>28</sup> When, therefore, St. Paul in his letter to Philemon plays upon the name of Onesimus, he is quite true to classical feeling.

This peculiarity of Greek names—their obvious significance—would alone convince us that Greek parents had something to express in the names they gave their children. There hangs a tale by each of the names of the Greeks, if only we could discover it. But at such a distance of time, this can only be done in certain instances like those discussed above. And our curiosity is very soon baffled if all we have to ask is why Pindar was called Pírdar, why Sophokles, Sophokles, and so on.

But when we leave the discussion of individual cases, and look on the meaning of Greek names in the mass, another part of our subject comes into view. Greek names may be regarded as an index of the mind and character of the people. And for this purpose let us attempt a fresh classification of Greek names, taking as our *principium divisionis* the range of ideas to which the names belong—not their etymology, but, so to say, their moral derivation.

By far the greater number of the Greeks bore names relating either to: (1) The worship of the gods (Herodotus, Thucydides); or (2) to politics (Xenophon, Isokrates, Demosthenes); or (3) to

<sup>25</sup> See Cic. *De Dir.* i. 45; Tacit. *Hist.* iv. 53: *ingressi milites, quæ fausta nomina, felicius ramis.*

<sup>26</sup> e.g. *Ach.* 1070: *ὡς πόνοι τε καὶ μάχαι καὶ Ἀμαχαιοί.*

<sup>27</sup> 174 B; 185 C; 198 C.

<sup>28</sup> 24 C; 25 C (ὦ Μέλητε . . . οὐδέν σοι μεμέληκε κ.τ.λ.); 6 D.

warfare (Lamachos, Alexander); or (4) to wealth and social distinction (Plutarchos, Perikles, Xanthippos, Themistokles).

Next in frequency to these great classes come (5) names expressive of personal appearance or moral qualities (Æschylus, Sophroniskos); or (6) of family incidents or hereditary crafts (Euripides, Smilis).

Most Greek names will be found to fall easily into one or other of these divisions. Sometimes, indeed, a name will appear to fit equally well into several classes, as Kleobulos, which fluctuates between the second and fourth; Herakleitos, between the first and fourth; Herostratos, between the first and third, and so on. But a little attention will show that in most of these compounded names one element alone gives its character to the word, the other being almost emptied of its meaning. In the name Thucydides, *e.g.* the important element is clearly the first.<sup>29</sup>

1. Now a mere glance at this classification reveals some important facts concerning Greek life and character. Foremost stands the fact that they were an intensely religious people. Little as their polytheism tended to moderate their passions or elevate morality, yet no people ever lived under a more constant belief in the divine power as concerned in every affair of the individual, the family, and the state. No wonder, then, that they loved to name their children after the names and epithets of the gods, not at all from irreverence, as Lucian seems to hint,<sup>30</sup> but just the contrary.<sup>31</sup> The choice of a particular god might be determined by many circumstances. Thus an inscription from Pantikapeon shows how a priestess of Demeter, named Aristonike, had named her daughter Demetria.<sup>32</sup> The favourite gods for the purpose of naming appear to be Zeus, Apollo, and Athene;<sup>33</sup> and, next to these, Artemis, Dionysos, Hermes and Poseidon. Sometimes the names of the gods were employed without alteration for men. Hermes is not unfrequent; Apollon, Eros, Phæbos, Artemis are not unknown. The festivals too supplied a great number of names, the choice being dictated by various motives—such as the birth of a child at the festival time. Carneades the philosopher was so named because born at the *Karneia*.<sup>34</sup> Numenios, Lenæos, Apaturios, Bukatia are a few specimens of this kind. Penteteris was a frequent name at Athens, referring to the recurrence of the Panathenaic festival every four years; and a law existed forbidding any *hetæra*

<sup>29</sup> Athenæus (x. 448 E) divides names into *θεοφόρα* and *ἕθεα*. It is noticeable that in 'godless' names, when composed of two nouns, the two elements are commonly transposable: *e.g.* Ἀγορνᾶς Ἀναξάγορας—Κλεόστρατος Στρατόκλῆς—Νικόστρατος Στρατόνικος. But when a divine name enters into the composition, it must stand first: *e.g.* Herodotus, Diodorus, the only exceptions being in the case of the Egyptian deities, *viz.* Φιλᾶμμων, Φιλοσόραπτις.

<sup>30</sup> *Pro Imag.* 27.

<sup>31</sup> Plutarch, *De Def. Orac.* 21.

<sup>32</sup> Büchh, *Corpus*, 2108.

<sup>33</sup> The Homeric triad; *Il.* ii. 371: αἱ γὰρ, Ζεὺ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων.

<sup>34</sup> Plutarch, *Sympos. Qu.* viii. 1, 2.

to bear the name. Under the head of 'religious' names we must class the names derived from heroes and from rivers. These last are very common. Mæandrios *e.g.* was a favourite name in Asia Minor, Kephisodoros at Athens; while Strymodoros is accounted for by the Athenian possessions in Thrace.

2. Hardly less frequent are names connected with politics. These curiously illustrate the civic life of the Greeks. The assembly of citizens (Anaxagoras, Pythagoras), the conference of opinion (Thrasymbulos, Archebulos), the open debate (Peisistratos, Diopeithes, Peisander), the humours of the *Demos* (Philodemos, Charidemos, Sosidemos), the exclusiveness which regarded the native of another town as a foreigner (Philoxenos, Xenotimos)—all this and much more may be found reflected in the names. Neither can it have been an accident that in Demosthenes' family there should be so many persons named from *δημος*. The name Demosthenes was borne by his father, Demon by an uncle and a cousin, Demophon by an uncle, Demochares and Demomeles by several of his kinsmen. We trace in this the democratic and political bias of the family.

3. Quite as numerous as the political names, perhaps more so, are those relating to warfare. Amongst this plentiful class one can recognise the campaign (Polemon, Strattis, Ptolemæos), self-defence (Alexander, Amyntas), the pride of command (Agesilaos, Aristarchos, Archelaos), the citizen-army (Demostratos, Nikodemos), its old formation (Archilochos), its equipment by land (Duris, Dorylaos), and by sea (Naukrates, Nauson), the soldier-spirit (Lamachos, Thrasymachos, Alkibiades), the hope of victory (Elpinikos), and its achievement (Telenikos, Nikias, Nausinikos). The love of military distinction in a society where every citizen was a soldier, and might become a commander, alone accounts for the frequent choice of warlike names.

4. Names expressive of wealth and distinction form another great class; and the fondness of names compounded with *κῦδος*, *κλείνος*, *κλέος*, *δόξα*, *τιμή*, *-αινος*, *-αίνετος*, *-γνωτος*, *-φάνης*, *-φαντος*, reveals the fact that love of praise was avowedly a ruling passion with the Greeks. To this class must also be referred names derived from *ἵππος*, *πλοῦτος*, and some of those in *-γένης*. It is characteristic of the great Athenian family of the Alkmæonidæ that their names are so largely drawn from this fourth class; witness Megakles, Kleisthenes, Hippokrates, Axiochos, Kleinias, Hipponikos, Xanthippos, Perikles. Few families could ever boast of greater hereditary gifts, and few in their choice of names so frankly laid claim to admiration. The singular fitness of Perikles' name has often been remarked: but it was as natural for an Alkmæonid to have such a name, as it was for him to justify it by his performances.

5. After these four great groups of names will follow two smaller divisions. One of these comprises names relating to personal

qualities of mind or body. And here it is a mark of Greek refinement that, as a rule, they avoided names ungraciously descriptive of bodily peculiarities. *Albius*, *Flavius*, *Rufus*, *Fronto*, *Naso*, *Niger*, &c., are common in Latin; but when similar names occur in Greek, we note them as unusual. *Megas*, *Melantichos*, *Pyrros*,<sup>35</sup> *Smikythos*, *Smikylion*, are specimens of this class: but *Leukon*, *Xanthias*, *Gorgias*, *Glaukon*, &c. are probably abbreviations of *Leukippos*, *Xanthippos*, &c., as *Zeuxis* undoubtedly is of *Zeuxippos*.<sup>35</sup> So also with the names of animals: *Leon*, *Leonidas*, *Lykiskos*, *Lagiskos*, *Kyniskos*, *Batrachos*, *Chcerilos*, *Gryllos*, *Drakon*, *Iktinos*, *Karkinos*, *Krios*, *Mys*, *Skylax*, are all well known. But they do not strike us as so prominent among Greek names as names like *Porcius*, *Aper*, *Vitellius*, &c. are in Latin. Names expressive of beauty, strength, joy, and favour are extremely common in Greek, and record the loving wish of parents for the welfare of their child. *Aischrion*, however, was a good Athenian name, the force of the epithet being modified by the fondling termination. This is the case with *Æschylus*. Perhaps also in *Æschines* and *Læptines* the termination has a diminutive force (*ὑποκοριστικῶς*). One of the quaintest Attic names is *Kallaischros*, borne by the father of *Kritias* and others. One imagines that all such names originated in the gymnasia, and thence passed into the nursery: but how and when did the giantess who helped *Peisistratos* come by the name of *Φύη* (*Stature*)? Was it a *sobriquet*, or was it a family name, or had she been an infant prodigy?

6. Lastly we place names referring to family incidents or hereditary arts. Many of these have already been discussed above; but there remain to be mentioned some peculiar names of artists, musicians, and poets. Thus *Euchair* and *Cheirisophos* are known names of sculptors. *Mys* and *Strongylion* (as some think) got their names from the delicacy and finish of their touch; while *Smilis*, the old *Æginetan* artist, whom Professor Brunn<sup>36</sup> declines to resolve into a myth, derives his name from chisel (*σμίλη*). No one will say such names were accidentally given. But granting their appropriateness, are we obliged to suppose that they were descriptive names given to the artists in the noon of their fame, to the displacement of their original names? We think not, and for these reasons.

We have already seen that the giving of a name was a solemn act of the father's on the tenth day after birth, attended with religious rites and witnessed by the family. In Attika the father had to register his child's name, certainly within four years of birth, in the list of his own *phratría*. This registration was recognised by the law as proof of the child's legitimacy, and was therefore of the

<sup>35</sup> See Sauppe on Plato, *Protag.* 318 a, c, and the striking essay by Dr. Fick, *Die griechischen Personennamen nach ihrer Bildung erklärt*, etc., Göttingen, 1874, who explains nearly all non-compound Greek names as 'Koseformen' from compounded names.

<sup>36</sup> *Geschichte d. gr. Kunstl.* i. p. 26 fol.

greatest importance: it took place every year on the third day of the Apaturia. Yet again, before the youth could enter the *ecclesia*, his name had to be entered at the age of eighteen in the register of his father's *deme*. And what importance was attached both in law and in sentiment to the identity of a person's name is seen in Demosthenes' speech against Boeotos. There is also evidence that the kind of registration required at Athens existed in some similar form throughout Greece. All this is against the probability of a common change of names. There are, it is true, certain real examples of men who changed their names. Plato was originally named Aristokles by his father Ariston, but is said to have been renamed in the gymnasium when a youth, from his *breadth* of chest. Theophrastus' name was Tyrtamos, until his master Aristotle named him anew for his *divinitas loquendi*.<sup>37</sup> Demosthenes asserts (what we need not believe) a similar change concerning Aeschines' father; and Theophrastus, in his *Character of the Evil-Speaker*, shows that this was a standing topic for the slanderer. But it is obvious that the change of a freeborn citizen's name was an exceptional thing. The historian E. Curtius, struck by the appropriateness of some of the tyrants' names, imagines that they assumed a new name when they quitted private life and ascended the throne. This was true of Acropos, who became Archelaos the Second of Macedon, B.C. 396, and may possibly be true of Aristion, the philosopher-tyrant of Athens. But there is no ground whatever for supposing any change in the case of Polykrates or Periander: both came of ruling houses, and their names express their fathers' intentions concerning their future. There are also some instances of double or alternative names; but these usually occur amongst Hellenized foreigners, as at Olbia or in Palestine, or in the Græco-Roman world: they are found more frequently in the case of women than of men (as with Periander's wife)—the political importance of female names being less; and they nearly always are found to belong to a late time, when the Romans, with their '*tria nomina*,' had begun to set a new fashion. As for nicknames like *Θηραμένης ὁ Κόθορπος*, they are beside our purpose.

These considerations make us prefer, if possible, to explain such names as Smilis and Strongylion without supposing any change of name. And an obvious explanation is found in the hereditary character of many arts and trades. Sculpture was hereditary in families, not merely because the sense of form is a transmitted quality, but also because a sculptor of distinction might well wish to hand on to his son his lucrative connection and firm. With something of the feeling which made the old Italian artists speak of themselves as if the sons of their masters, so a Greek sculptor (it is thought), in inscribing his name on a work, never added his father's name to his own unless his father had been also his instructor in the art. *Μίκων*

<sup>37</sup> Cicero, *Orator*, 19.

*Φανομάχου ἐποίησε* implied that Mikon had learned his art from his father Phanomachos. What more likely than for an artist to coin a significant name for his son whom he wished to designate as his successor? So, again, when we find Jason (*ἰάομαι*) a favourite name for Greek physicians, we explain the fact from the hereditary nature of ancient medicine. And so with the names of some of the oldest poets. If the etymology of Hesiod's name be *ἔσθαι ἀοιδήν*, it implies that he came of a family and school of poets. Terpander's name indicates the same thing. Probably a similar account is to be given of the significant names *Kykleus*, the father of Arion (Arion being the great author of the dithyramb or *κύκλιος χορός*), *Ligyrtiades*, the father of Mimnermos (*μοῦσα λυγεία*), *Euphemos*, the father of Stesichoros, and the name of Stesichoros himself.

It is possible, indeed, for fancy to lead us astray, if we are too anxious to discern the reasons for all the striking names borne by the Greeks. When all is said, there will still remain instances of remarkable names, singularly appropriate to their owners, wherein the appropriateness is purely accidental. Such were Kallikrates, the handsomest Greek on the battle-field of Platæa; and Kallikratidas, the straightforward admiral who succeeded Lysander; and Tolmidas, son of Tolmaeos, another hero of the Peloponnesian War, whose name may indicate a family trait. Kratesipolis, the heroic wife of Alexander son of Polysperchon, who, after her husband's murder, held Sikyon for Kassander, is a signal instance of a suitable name. But probably the appropriateness was accidental, the name having been given her (as with Thessalonike) to commemorate some victory contemporaneous with her birth. More singular still is the name of Tisiphonos, brother of Thebe, who murdered Alexander of Pheræ. And what shall we say of Sokrates, son of Sophroniskos and Phænarete? Somebody once gravely suggested to Böckh that the names of Sokrates' parents were mythical, and merely were invented to typify the philosopher himself! More likely, said Böckh, the name of the father implied that self-control was a family characteristic, and Phænarete's mother may have been as good and clever as her daughter, and so gave Phænarete a name which expressed her own ideal and her best wish for her child.

Something ought to have been said about the names of slaves, the naming of ships, the naming of animals. The philology also of Greek names is a little-worked subject, on which much remains to be written. Our acquaintance with Greek names is, in fact, increasing every day; since each new inscription, however fragmentary, and however little information it contains, seldom fails to yield a name. The lists of magistrates from Athens and Sparta, lists of Ephebi from later Athens, lists of victors in the various games, funeral monuments from every part of Greece, innumerable coins, inscribed vases, amphora-handles, which abound upon the track of the Thasian,

Rhodian and Knidian wine-trade, and are stamped with the name of the magistrate to mark the year of vintage—these all are affording ever-fresh material. As the eye wanders among this vast store of names from every corner of the Hellenic world, and representing every period of Greek history, many reflections suggest themselves. We note how, among the earliest historical names, many are obscure in meaning and harsh in sound, and how beautiful and euphonious are most of the names of the best times; how, on the outskirts of the Hellenic world, from Thrace, from Libya, from the Crimea, from the Asiatic shores, alien sounds meet the ear, like Miltokythes, Oloros, Rhœmetakes, Pixodaros, Orophernes. We take note of varieties characteristic of different parts of Greece; how names in -κράτης, common everywhere, are especially common (we wonder why?) at Rhodes; how patronymics, though universally used, yet have an old-fashioned sound, and belong more often to Dorians than Ionians; so that when an Athenian bears a name like Alkibiades, it is worth while asking whether his family had any connection with Sparta. We observe that Philopœmen, the one great hero reared by Arkadia, bore a name suggestive of old Arkadian life. We can measure by aid chiefly of names in -δωρος the comparative hold which foreign worships obtained in Greece: the Mother of the gods (Μητρόδωρος, Μητροφάνης), Ammon (Ἀμμώνιος, Φιλάμμων), Bendis (Βενδίδωρος), Sarapis (Σαραπιόδωρος, Σαραπίων, Φιλοσάραπισ), Isis (Ἰσίδωρος, Ἰουγένης), and still later Horus and Triphis (Ὠριγένης, Τρυφίδωρος). We observe how, in later Athens, the very names bear witness to the decline, having little to do with politics or war, and more suggestive of philosophy, or superstition, or mere fancy (Σόφος, Λόγος, Μυστικός, Νήφων, Σπένδων, Ἀβάσκαντος, Γραφικός, Στάχυς, Ἄνθος, Κόρυμβος). And meanwhile, as Roman names mingle themselves more and more freely with the Greek, we seem no longer to be in Greece at all, for the stream of Hellenic civilisation is losing itself in the world at large.<sup>38</sup>

E. L. HICKS.

<sup>38</sup> I owe many of the examples above quoted to the essays of Keil, *Specimen Onomastologi Græci*; Letronne, *Annali dell' istituto*, xvii. 254 foll.; Boeckh, *Kleine Schriften*, vi. 37 foll.; E. Curtius, *Monatsberichte d. Berl. Akad.* 1870, p. 165.

## THE OPIUM CONTROVERSY.

THE controversy regarding the opium trade between India and China, which has gone on for many years, has lately been renewed with increased vigour, and it seems probable that the question will be again pressed upon the attention of Parliament at no very distant date. It formed the subject of an animated, if one-sided, series of speeches at a meeting at the Mansion House in October last. It has since been debated before the Society of Arts. It has been discussed in the pages of this review by Sir Rutherford Alcock on the one side, and by Mr. Storrs Turner, the Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, on the other side. It has been dealt with in a series of letters addressed by Sir George Birdwood to the *Times*, and in a pamphlet by Deputy-Surgeon-General Moore, in both of which the medical aspect of the question is very fully treated by men who have had opportunities—in the case of Dr. Moore exceptional opportunities—of observing the effects of the use of opium upon Asiatics. At a meeting held at Manchester in the latter part of last month, the Bishop of that diocese, one of the most practical men on the Episcopal bench, threw the weight of his opinion on the side of the Anti-opiumists; while on the same occasion Professor Goldwin Smith adduced a new argument against the trade by drawing attention to the large influx of Chinese into the great cities of the United States, of Canada, and of Australia, which has taken place in recent years, and inquiring whether these immigrants were to be allowed to bring with them what he described as a ‘hideous and very infectious vice,’ and whether ‘the blame and the disgrace of that should rest upon England.’ And lastly, the whole system under which the cultivation, manufacture, and export of opium are regulated in India, and the arguments for non-interference, have been most ably set forth in one of the chapters of the valuable treatise on Indian Finance and Public Works lately written by Sir John Strachey and General Richard Strachey. With such apparently ample materials for forming a judgment in the case, it may naturally be asked what need there is for any more writing on the subject. It may be said that the preliminary pleadings at all events are now complete, and that all that remains is to submit the case to the decision of the only tribunal which is competent to settle it. Nevertheless, as I venture to think that there are certain considerations which have not



been sufficiently kept in view in the discussion of this important question, and that there is still a very general misconception in regard to facts which have an important bearing upon it, I desire to offer a few remarks by way of supplement to the arguments already urged by the opponents of the agitation now in progress.

It is impossible not to respect the motives which actuate many of the abolitionists in the course they are taking in this matter. In their opinion the trade is 'altogether and unequivocally abominable;' the cultivation and sale of opium under the immediate direction of the Government of India are 'degrading and ignominious.' They regard the trade as a 'national abomination.' They consider that it is 'instrumental in effecting the physical ruin and moral degradation of multitudes of Chinese, and is a hindrance both to legitimate commerce and to the spread of Christianity.' They maintain that the 'immorality of the trade 'is admitted even by those who for financial reasons desire its continuance;' and they hold that the feeling of the country is now so convinced as to the wrong which is being done, that they have only to address to the Government a powerful representation on the subject to ensure that the wrong-doing shall be no longer tolerated. It cannot be a matter for surprise that persons entertaining these views should make every effort for the suppression of the thing which they denounce, and should look with confidence to receiving such a support from the public opinion of the country as will compel the Government to give effect to their views.

Nor can we suppose that if it can be proved that these views are really founded upon well-established facts, the nation will long hesitate to insist upon the abandonment of a trade which has been shown to be alike disgraceful to the British name and repugnant to the principles of civilisation. 'If it can be proved that the evils resulting from the opium trade are of that undoubted and exceptional character which the Anti-opiumists assert, and that there is a reasonable probability that those evils can be suppressed by measures within the power of the British Government, we may be certain that the thing will have to be done, however great may be the difficulties, and however serious the sacrifice which it will involve. If, on the other hand, it can be established to the satisfaction of persons of ordinary intelligence that the evils of the use of opium, as practised by the Chinese, are not appreciably greater than, if indeed they are as great as, the evils resulting from the trade in wine and spirits and beer, from which England draws a revenue of not less than 27,000,000*l.*; and further, that the notions which commonly obtain in regard to the past relations between this country and China are, if not absolutely incorrect, very greatly exaggerated, then I submit that it will be the duty of those who are now denouncing the opium traffic to desist from this agitation, and to recognise the fact that

the question of abolishing that traffic has passed out of the range of practical politics. It is sometimes forgotten that in the cry of justice to the Chinese the duty of dealing justly by the people of India is apt to be overlooked. It will hardly be denied that the loss to India which the abolition of the opium trade must entail would be a very serious one, or that the measure would greatly intensify the difficulties, already sufficiently great, of our Indian administration; but it may be doubtful whether many of those who join in the outcry against the trade fully realize the consequences which must ensue to India from its abolition.

During the last twenty years the opium trade has supplied to the Indian treasury a net revenue of 134,500,000*l.* During the thirty-nine years which have elapsed since the close of the first war with China, the net annual receipts from the trade have risen from a little over 2,000,000*l.* in the financial year 1843-4 to 8,466,000*l.* out of a total net revenue of 49,131,000*l.* in the financial year which ended on the 31st of March last. The benefits which the trade has conferred upon the people of India are very great. To say nothing of the employment which the cultivation and manufacture have given to a portion of the population in those districts in which opium is grown, the financial result of the trade has enabled the Government to carry out numerous beneficial improvements and reforms, which without this aid it would have been impossible to effect. It is not too much to affirm that without the opium revenue the education of the natives of India could never have been attempted upon its present scale; the funds available for the administration of justice must have been largely curtailed; the cheap postage and the telegraph could not have been introduced; the police must have been left upon its old inefficient footing; the expenditure upon public works must have been very much less than it has been; and in various other matters reforms which have not only improved the administration, but have benefited the revenues, and have thus paved the way for further improvements, could not have been carried out. India is notoriously a poor country, but possessing many undeveloped sources of wealth, and owning, in the capacity of certain tracts for the production of opium, a property which it can ill afford to lose. To suppress the cultivation of opium in India—which, it is admitted on all hands, is the only effectual mode of suppressing the importation of Indian opium into China—would be tantamount, as Mr. Grant Duff observed when the question was under investigation before the Indian Finance Committee of the House of Commons in 1871, to depriving the people of India of an estate worth from 7,000,000*l.* to 8,000,000*l.* per annum. It is hardly necessary to observe that such a measure would be entirely opposed to sound economic principles, and would inflict a very serious injury upon the interests of our great Indian dependency, both from a political and from an administrative point of view; for if we abolish the opium revenue,

the deficit will have to be met, either by levying additional taxes, or by reducing expenditure, or by adopting both these methods of restoring a financial equilibrium. It is very easy to assert, as was asserted by the late Lord Mayor at the meeting at the Mansion House, that 'the financial difficulty could be got over if the Government would only deal with the question and do what is right;' but a loss of revenue amounting to 7,000,000*l.* or 8,000,000*l.* is not to be met by vague assertions of this kind. It is idle to suggest that the loss to India can be made up by a grant from the imperial treasury. The 20,000,000*l.* grant in connection with the extinction of colonial slavery may be, as Mr. Storrs Turner calls it, 'a glorious precedent,' but it would take many times 20,000,000*l.* to compensate India for the loss of the opium revenue. The grant made to India in aid of the expenses of the Afghan war is certainly not a precedent, for that grant was made expressly on the ground that the war had been carried on for imperial, and not only for Indian objects. It is safe to affirm that no wise statesman would introduce a policy so prejudicial to the financial interests of both countries as that of teaching India to look to the imperial exchequer in time of need. The loss of revenue, if it must be incurred, must fall upon India, and upon India alone. Unless we are prepared to face serious political dangers, we cannot make any such additions to the present taxation of India as would be necessary to supply the place of the opium revenue; nor can we reduce our expenditure by several millions, unless we make up our minds for a far less effective system of administration than that which at present exists and constitutes the best justification of our presence in that country. The cost of governing India has increased with the growth of the empire and with the sense of our responsibilities. If that expense is to be materially reduced, we must curtail our establishments in every direction. The strength of the army, both British and native, must be reduced to a perilous extent; famines, when they occur, must be allowed to take their course; works designed to prevent them must be in a great measure abandoned; the education of the people must be stopped; the police charges must be reduced, and the efficiency of the force diminished. The whole of the present administrative machinery must be replaced by a machinery less costly and less efficient. All this involves a heavy sacrifice, a sacrifice not to be lightly incurred—not to be incurred at all unless it can be shown that it is demanded by the plainest considerations of morality and of justice. Let us see how the actual facts stand, and how far they justify the denunciations of those who stigmatise the opium trade as a national sin.

The story of the trade in opium between India and China may be told in a few words. The common supposition is that the practice of opium-smoking among the Chinese (in China opium is smoked, it is not eaten) originated in the introduction of the drug into that country

by the East India Company; but it appears to be an undoubted fact that the practice dates from a much earlier period. The cultivation of the poppy for the purpose of making opium is stated by one authority to have commenced in China upwards of two hundred years ago. By another it is said to have existed more than five hundred years. Mr. Watters, Her Majesty's Consul at Ichang, who has made careful inquiries on the spot into the origin of the practice of opium-smoking, asserts that in the west of China it had been indulged in for several hundred years, long before either the present reigning dynasty or foreign merchants and their opium were ever dreamt of.<sup>1</sup> In India the manufacture of opium was a Government monopoly under the Mahomedan rulers, and there are traditions of Indian opium having been exported from India into China by way of Thibet considerably more than a hundred years ago. It was also exported from India to China by sea by the Portuguese in the early part and middle of the last century. The trade of the East India Company in opium commenced rather more than a century ago, and has continued in the hands of private traders since 1834 up to the present time. When this trade commenced, the use of the drug was probably far more prevalent, as indeed it still seems to be, in Western than in Eastern China; but we may be certain that it was not unknown in the eastern part of the empire, and that the trade first with the Portuguese, and subsequently with the British East India Company, originated in the fact that there was an effective demand in the eastern districts of China for a drug which had long been in use in the western districts. In 1800 the importation of the drug was prohibited by the Chinese Government; but the prohibition was not attended by any diminution of the trade, which appears all along to have been connived at by the Chinese officials. During the forty years which followed, the prohibition was repeated more than once; but, notwithstanding edicts against the importation and laws against the cultivation and manufacture of the drug, the use of opium continued in every class of Chinese society, with no attempt at secrecy either as to its sale or as to its consumption. In 1839 the first war between England and China commenced. In regard to the origin of this war there seems to be a good deal of misapprehension. It is commonly described as the 'opium war;' indeed, the Anti-opiumists often speak of both the wars with China as opium wars, because the incident which immediately led to the first of these wars was the confiscation and destruction by the Chinese authorities of a large quantity of opium, the property of British merchants. The first war might be more properly described as the silver war; for it is well known that it was the exportation of silver in connection with the opium trade, rather than any objections to the trade upon moral grounds, that led to the measures which brought about the war. This is shown by the word-

<sup>1</sup> *The Finances and Public Works of India*, 1869-81, pp. 258-59.

ing of the edicts issued by the Chinese authorities, in which the prohibition was generally directed against the 'smuggling of opium and of sycee silver.' But the truth is that, opium or no opium, the mere fact of a nation like the English being engaged in trade with a nation like the Chinese was certain sooner or later to result in war. It would have been idle to expect that trade could be carried on for any length of time between the subjects of a civilised State and the subjects of a State which regarded and treated all foreigners as 'outer barbarians' and as 'foreign devils,' without things being done which were certain to lead to hostilities. Mr. Storrs Turner remarks that 'it was not China, but Britain which drew the sword,' and that 'there is no reason why China should not have been brought into the comity of nations as peaceably as was Japan.' To this it may be replied that, apart from the fact that the characters of the two nations differ in some essential features, it is highly probable that our two wars with China may have had some effect in preventing similar difficulties with the Japanese. And here I feel bound to notice the language in which the same writer characterises the first China war, which he describes as 'a series of hideous massacres.' Hitherto it has not been alleged, nor could the allegation have been made with truth, that there was anything in the conduct of the British troops in that war which was inconsistent with the usages of civilised warfare; and to denounce the war in such terms as those employed by Mr. Storrs Turner is simply a misuse of words.

Whatever the origin of the war may have been, the result of it was not, as many people suppose, to legalise the trade in opium. No provision for this purpose was introduced into the Treaty of Nankin. The opium trade continued after the war, as before the war, to be illegal and contraband; and so far were the British authorities from evincing any disposition, as Mr. Storrs Turner implies, to force it upon the Chinese, that shortly after the ratification of the Treaty in 1843 our plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, issued a proclamation warning British merchants against attempting to import opium into any of the Chinese ports, and intimating that if they did so they would do it at their own risk, and would meet with no support or protection from Her Majesty's Consuls or other officers. Notwithstanding this warning the trade continued and steadily expanded until 1858, when it was legalised under the Treaty of Tientsin; the fact being that during the whole of those fifteen years the trade was connived at and encouraged by the Chinese authorities, who levied a duty upon opium as regularly as upon any article of the regular trade.

The second war with China, that which was followed by the Treaty of Tientsin, had nothing to do with the opium question. It originated in the seizure by the Chinese authorities of a vessel called the 'Arrow,' which had been registered as British. Whatever may have been the merits or demerits of the dispute, that war

had no connection with the opium trade; but when the war was over, and a fresh treaty was drawn up, it was felt that, looking to the past history of the opium traffic, and to the failure of the Chinese authorities to put a stop to it, it was very desirable that it should be legalised. When Lord Elgin was sent out to China in 1857, Lord Clarendon instructed him 'to ascertain whether the Government of China would revoke its prohibition of the opium trade which the high officers of the Chinese Government never practically enforce.' 'Whether,' wrote Lord Clarendon, 'the legalisation of the trade would tend to augment that trade may be doubtful, as it seems now to be carried on to the full extent of the demand in China with the sanction and connivance of the local authorities. But there would be obvious advantages in placing the trade upon a legal footing by the imposition of a duty, instead of its being carried on in the present irregular manner.' The result was that opium was inserted in the tariff framed in pursuance of the treaty; and thus it was made a legal article of commerce at those ports which were thrown open to British trade. The sale of the drug by the importer was, however, restricted to the ports. It was to be carried into the interior by Chinese only, and only as Chinese property. It is subject to additional duties, of the nature of transit duties, when taken into the interior; and from these duties, added to the import duty, the Chinese Government derives a revenue which is estimated at one million and a half a year.

India is not the only foreign country from which opium is sent to China. It is sent from Persia and also from Turkey, but to a small extent, and of an inferior quality as compared with the Indian drug. In China itself the cultivation and manufacture of opium are said to have been steadily increasing of late years; and it is sometimes argued that for this reason the revenue which the Government of India derive from the drug is so precarious that in the interests of India, as well as in those of China, it would be wise to suppress the trade, and to devise some more stable mode of raising a revenue equal to that which is now drawn from opium. In 1871 one of the Anglo-Indian witnesses examined before the Parliamentary Committee already referred to, expressed a confident opinion that the opium revenue would be less in the decade then commencing than it had been in the previous decade.—This anticipation has not been realised. The aggregate net revenue derived from opium during the ten years ending on the 31st March 1881 exceeded by 11,632,165*l.* the aggregate net revenue yielded by the trade during the ten years which ended on the 31st March 1871. The net receipts from opium during the earlier of these decades was 58,909,635*l.*, while the net receipts during the later period were 70,541,800*l.*

It is always unsafe to prophesy, but so far as it is possible to form a judgment from experience, the probabilities would seem to be

opposed to any considerable diminution of the Indian opium revenue, unless the opposition to it in this country shall be allowed to prevail.

The foregoing brief summary of the rise, progress, and present position of the opium trade may possibly serve to correct some misconceptions which still exist in regard to matters of fact bearing upon that trade. The trade is the natural result of the capacity of the soil and climate of certain parts of India to produce a drug for which there is, and long has been, a demand in China, and to produce it of a quality which better suits the taste of the Chinese than that which they have been able to produce in their own country or to procure from elsewhere. It cannot be said that the legalisation of the trade was forced or even pressed by the British Government upon the Chinese until it had been proved by the experience of many years that, notwithstanding the prohibitions periodically issued by the Government of China against the importation of opium, the people of China were determined to have it, and that the traffic was not only connived at, but was encouraged by the officers of that Government. These facts are in no way affected by the view that may be taken of the two wars which England has waged against China. The first war, which was the only war fought in connection with opium, was not followed by any attempt on our part to force opium upon the Chinese. Had the authorities in China been sincere in their desire to put down the trade, it might have been stopped immediately after the ratification of the Treaty of Nankin. The second war had nothing to do with opium; but when peace was made, and when the time came for revising our commercial relations with the Chinese, it was not unreasonable that our Government should bring under consideration a trade which it was impossible to ignore, which, as carried on, was a scandal, and which, unless it could be stopped altogether, it was for the interests of both countries to place upon a legal footing. Nor were the British Government singular in holding this view. The same view was held and was pressed upon Lord Elgin by the American Minister in China, who, distrusting the possibility of any really effective prohibition of the traffic, mainly, as he said, 'through the inveterate appetite of the Chinese,' recommended that the Chinese Government should be persuaded 'to put such high duties on the drug as will restrain the supply, regulate the import, and yet not stimulate some other form of import with or without the connivance of the Chinese.'

The practical questions which the people of England have to consider in connection with this matter are: first, whether the evils resulting from the use of opium, as practised by the Chinese, so far transcend the evils resulting in other countries from the use of stimulants of other kinds, as to compel us, on grounds of public justice and morality, to impose upon India the heavy loss which would ensue

from the suppression of the opium cultivation; secondly, whether, supposing that sacrifice to be made by India, it would have the desired effect in suppressing, or greatly diminishing, the use of the drug in China. On both these points there is a good deal of information to be found in the evidence taken by the Parliamentary Committee of 1871. On neither of them does that evidence appear to be such as to justify the measure which the opponents of the opium trade are urging upon the Government. Granted that the effects of the drug, when used to excess, are most lamentable, and are even more prejudicial to health than the excessive use of alcohol—though on this latter point there is much room for difference of opinion—it has certainly not been shown that, as a matter of fact, opium is more injurious to the great body of the Chinese opium-smokers than are spirituous liquors and beer to the great body of those who use stimulants in this or any other European country. It is difficult to exaggerate the amount of poverty and suffering and evil of every kind which is caused in this country by drink; but it has never been seriously proposed to suppress the importation or manufacture of brandy, or gin, or beer, because, when taken in excess, they produce drunkenness, and often lead to crime. And here it may be remarked that the excessive use of opium does not produce those crimes of violence which are the every-day results of drunkenness in England. I have not space to deal at any length with the evidence which has been recorded on this important question of the actual effects of the use of opium upon the Chinese; but I may briefly draw attention to that given by Mr. Winchester, one of the witnesses examined in 1871. Mr. Winchester had been British Consul at Shanghai, and had resided in China for twenty-six years. He was by no means disposed to minimise the mischievous effects of opium. When questioned on this point by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, he replied emphatically that he would ‘not recommend any man to smoke opium under any circumstances. At the same time he stated that ‘while there was a stage of opium-smoking in which unquestionably the effects were very deteriorating to the physical constitution,’ his impression was that ‘a certain amount of opium was not so.’ In his opinion ‘there are two conditions of opium-smoking. There is what you might call the moderate opium-smoking, and there is that stage which I would call opiumismus, as being equivalent to what may be called alcoholismus.’ He felt sure that a Chinaman might continue to use opium, as we use wine or beer in this country, without ever being induced to use it to excess. He knew ‘men in China, advanced in life, who had smoked opium all their lives, and who were perfectly competent to all the duties of their position.’ He had seen the Chinese in the Straits Settlements and in California, all of whom smoke opium, and on the whole are ‘a useful people, and a laborious, diligent population.’ Adverting to the fact that large tracts in China



consist of great alluvial valleys, which are in most cases malarious, he expressed the opinion that the foundation of the habit of opium-smoking was the temptation to relieve the maladies to which the Chinese were subject owing to the malarious character of the climate in many localities.

Mr. Winchester's evidence affords strong corroboration to the opinions lately expressed by Sir George Birdwood and by Dr. Moore, based upon their experience of the effects of opium upon the natives of Rājputana and the adjoining districts in India. Dr. Moore, who served for many years in that part of India, where the practice of taking opium is extremely prevalent among natives of all ranks, expresses a decided opinion that while 'opium taken in excess is undoubtedly injurious,' it is 'not more injurious than alcohol taken in excess,' and that 'when taken in moderation it is not injurious.' 'Daily evidence,' he writes, 'sufficiently proves that it is often or continuously administered to children without the latter being very much the worse for it; and that grown-up people may take it without injury for years—may even, under certain circumstances and at certain times, consume it with advantage. The physiological fact seems to be that opium, when taken into the system, acts in some respects very much as alcohol.' 'Those using opium in this part of the country do not, as a general rule, indulge in alcohol. Of course there are many who take opium, as there are those taking alcohol, immoderately, and simply as a means of intoxication; but he must be a bold man who dare fling a stone at the majority of persons using opium, at least in this part of the country. When taken by the camel-feeders in the sandy deserts of Western Rājputana, it is used to enable the men, far away from towns or even from desert villages, to subsist on scanty food, and to bear without injury the excessive cold of the desert winter night and the scorching rays of the desert sun. When used by the impoverished ryot it occupies the void resulting from insufficient food, or pure food deficient in the necessary elementary substances; and it not only affords the ill-nourished cultivator, unable to procure or store liquor, a taste of that exhilaration of spirits which arises from good wine, but also enables him to undergo his daily fatigue with far less waste of time than would otherwise occur. To the Kossid (a native runner) again, obliged to travel a long distance, it is invaluable. In short, it is the abuse and not the use of opium which must be credited with the undoubted deleterious results of immoderate indulgence of the practice of either eating or smoking the drug.'

On the question of the possibility of suppressing the use of opium in China by the withdrawal of the Indian drug, the evidence of Mr. Winchester was even more emphatic than his evidence as to the effects of the practice of opium-smoking. When asked whether it would be a great calamity to the Chinese, if opium were to be with-

drawn from them altogether, he replied that the hypothesis involved a physical impossibility; and, when further pressed, he stated that his 'mind could not estimate the result of facts which it considered to be impossible.' Nearly eleven years have elapsed since this evidence was given, but the subsequent course of events has shown that it is quite as applicable to the situation in 1882 as it was to the situation in 1871. During the interval the cultivation of the drug in China has steadily increased, and even the Chinese ministers who still profess a desire to suppress opium-smoking admit, as Sir Thomas Wade reported last year, that the habit is too confirmed to be stopped by official intervention.<sup>2</sup> There cannot now be the shadow of a doubt that if the exportation of the drug from India were entirely suppressed, the expansion of the cultivation of opium in China, combined with the impetus which the demand for the Indian drug would speedily give to the exportation of opium from other countries, such as Persia, Turkey, and Mozambique, in no very great space of time would fill up the gap caused by the suppression of the Indian opium trade; a result which would hardly be more satisfactory to those who are now intent upon destroying the trade, than it would be to the perplexed administrators of Indian finance.

ALEXANDER J. ARBUTHNOT.

<sup>2</sup> *The Finance and Public Works of India, 1869-1881*, p. 255.

## AMYE ROBSART.

No story has ever taken a stronger hold of the public mind than that of Amye Robsart, and the interest felt in it continues from time to time to be refreshed by new pictures and popular dramatic representations. With the ladies particularly it is so great a favourite that they think it almost cruel to bring out any discovery that may help to produce a disillusion. This perhaps is not to be wondered at, if what has been said by one of themselves is quite correct, as we hope it may not be, that 'fiction is the chief mental sustenance of the greater part of the female sex in this country at the present day.'<sup>1</sup>

The reason why this tragical story has survived so many others of similar kind which have been, comparatively speaking, forgotten, of course is—'*carebant vate sacro*'—they lacked what it obtained, viz. the powerful aid of the 'Author of Waverley' to give it a world-wide and lasting celebrity in his novel of *Kenilworth*.

His object (as stated in the introduction to that novel) was

to delineate the character of Queen Elizabeth; to describe her as at once a high-minded sovereign, and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed to her subjects on the one hand, and on the other, her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favour. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester [*a title which Amye never had*] seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign.

Sir Walter Scott is generally truthful and accurate, as indeed writers of every sort who deal with historical matters ought to be; but in working out his object in this instance he was, as is well known, not so attentive as usual to the real order of events. This misplacing of scenes and substitution of one person for another rather interferes with the pleasure of the reader. A graver objection is that the novel has had the effect of stamping some of the characters introduced with infamy hardly ever to be effaced, but which later researches have shown to be undeserved. This has been done chiefly by the late Mr. Pettigrew, a well-known archæologist, by Mr. Bartlett of Abingdon, and Mr. Adler of New York.

With respect to Lord Robert Dudley himself, to whose direct instigation common rumour attributed the violent death of Amye,

<sup>1</sup> *Church Quarterly Review*, 1877, p. 162. 'The World of Fiction.'

Sir Walter Scott, in one of the notes to the novel, is careful to explain that he has represented him rather as the dupe of villains than the unprincipled author of their atrocities: his reason being that 'in the latter capacity, which a part at least of his contemporaries attributed to him, he would have made a character too disgustingly wicked to be useful for the purpose of fiction.' But in dealing with some of the other personages he has forgotten this propriety, and consequently has produced in Varney (as one of his earliest critics observed) 'a character of such pure and unrelieved villainy as never existed; and, had such a moral monster ever appeared on the surface of society, he would not have been a proper subject for representation.' The truth simply is that the basis of the novel was the venomous book called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, concocted against Dudley by his enemies the Jesuits; and from this Scott took the names of Anthony Foster and Richard Varney, discarding what information he had elsewhere about the one, and apparently knowing nothing at all about the other.

Many persons think, and some have been bold enough to say, that either from total want or imperfect supply of materials, or from spite and political prejudice, there is, in the histories put into our hands, fiction enough already without making matters worse by the help of historical novels. The student of history, it is true, does not go to such sources for his history. On the other hand, the generality of readers of historical novels, though they may be readers, are not often students, of history; and perhaps it is not going much too far to say that, of the young and impressible who devour the novel and have the scenes there described still further fastened on their memory by some masterpiece of painting or acting at a theatre, there is not one in a thousand but to the end of his days will be quite satisfied that the story is true as he has there read or seen it.

The effect of this novel of *Kenilworth* certainly has been to create a strong bias against Dudley; and that effect would now perhaps hardly be destroyed, even if all the real facts should happen to be discovered. This indeed has not yet come to pass; but some things have been brought to light which give a different complexion to the story, and it is by no means impossible that more may eventually be forthcoming from those stores of secret history which, under the direction of the Historical Commission and by the wise permission of the different owners, are now undergoing investigation.

If (as remarked by Disraeli the elder) to contribute something not before known is a more important service to the general fund of history than to give new form and colour to what we are already possessed of, an opportunity has lately been presented of rendering some slight service in that way in the case of Amye Robsart.

In a private examination of the large and curious collection of documents at Longleat belonging to the Marquis of Bath, an original letter from Amye was recovered, being the second now known to

exist, a former one having already been preserved in the British Museum. The letter at Longleat was found pinned inside a dress-maker's bill, among a number of private papers and accounts of Lord Robert Dudley. The discovery naturally led to a stringent scrutiny of every scrap of paper relating to him and to his period. The result was the finding not only of some valuable original deeds and documents relating generally to R. Dudley and his affairs, but also a few incidental allusions to, and notices of, Amye Robsart as his wife. These will be found to throw, it may be only a little, but still, so far as they go, quite a new light, not indeed upon the actual manner of her death, but upon the previous circumstances of her married life.

Two or three points of difference between the current belief and the real facts must first be mentioned.

### I. THE MARRIAGE.

She was the only daughter and heir (a brother Arthur being illegitimate) of Sir John Robsart, a knight of Norfolk, of lineage older than that of the Dudley family.<sup>2</sup> Her mother, Lady Robsart, had been married before to a Mr. Appleyard, of a very old Norwich family; and by him she had a son John Appleyard, Amye's half-brother. Robert Dudley, 'Esquyer,' and Amye were married when quite young (she about eighteen, and he about nineteen years of age), in A.D. 1550, fourth year of King Edward the Sixth. The proofs of their marriage are these. There is among the records in London a settlement on the *lady's* side by Sir John Robsart, the father, dated the 15th of May 1550. There is at Longleat a deed of settlement on the *husband's* side, dated the 24th of May 1550: and it runs thus, 'Between John, Earl of Warwick, K.G., of the one part, and Sir John Robsart, Kt., on the other part: witnesseth that they are fully agreed that a marriage shortly after the ensealing hereof, shall be had and solemnized between Robert Duddleley, Esq., one of the younger sons of the said Erle, and Amye Robsart, daughter and heir apparaunte to the said Sir John Robsart, if the said Robarte and Amye will thereunto condescend and agree;' and then continues about lands, &c. These two documents were settlements in May, 1550, on the *intended* marriage. The marriage itself took place on the 4th of June 1550, at Sheen, in Surrey, in the presence of the Court, and is particularly mentioned by King Edward the Sixth, then only eleven years old, in his diary (now preserved in the British Museum). It was therefore not in any way clandestine, but public and notorious as possible.

There are also at Longleat several documents dated *after* the marriage in which they are both mentioned: one being a grant of the manor of Hemsby, near Yarmouth, in Norfolk, by his father,

<sup>2</sup> She is believed to have been born at Stansfield Hall, Norfolk, a house which belonged to her father, and which some years ago obtained a horrible notoriety from being the scene of the murder of the Jermy family by Rush.

John, then Duke of Northumberland, to his son, Lord Robert Dudley, and 'the Lady Amie *his wife*.'

Their married life lasted rather more than ten years, from the 4th of June 1550, to the 8th of September 1560.

## II. AMYE NEVER AT KENILWORTH.

It may be mortifying to any who, at Drury Lane Theatre, have wept at the touching interview between 'the Countess of Leicester' and Queen Elizabeth, to be told that no such interview ever took place, except upon that stage. The reason is, that *Kenilworth Castle*, where the *Earl* received the Queen, *did not belong to him at all during Amye's life*. She died 1560. The Queen gave Kenilworth to 'Lord Robert' in June 1563. The original letters patent granting it, dated the 20th of June 1563, are at Longleat; and there is also the original warrant from the Queen to deliver to Dudley possession of the castle.

This is an interesting document, being Queen Elizabeth's authority to six gentlemen, named, to go to Kenilworth, and take possession on behalf of Lord Robert. The formal delivery is endorsed, dated the 29th of June, and it is attested by the signatures of no less than sixty-four witnesses. But the wife Amye was not present, for she had been in her grave nearly three years, since September 1560.

## III. AMYE NEVER 'COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.'

For the same reason she never was 'Countess of Leicester,' Dudley not having been created Earl of Leicester until *after* the grant of Kenilworth Castle. The patent of creation is dated the 29th of September, 1563, rather more than three years after her death. During her life he was 'Sir R. Dudley, Kt.,' commonly called 'Lord Robert;' and she 'Amye, Dame or Lady, Dudley.'

## IV. SIR RICHARD VARNEY.

The late Mr. Pettigrew says:—

Of Sir Richard Varney I can ascertain no particulars. He is mentioned, in no measured terms, as an instigator to baseness, as the chief prompter to the murderous design, and as having been left with a manservant, an underling, and Anthony Foster, to effect the diabolical business. We know nothing of Varney, save the mention of him in Ashmole's narrative, drawn by the Jesuit in *Leicester's Commonwealth*, and by the very important part he is made to play in the novel of *Kenilworth*. His name does not occur in any authentic documents connected with Sir Robert Dudley or Amye Robsart, *nor, indeed, does he appear to have had any real existence*.

A letter was found at Longleat, dated the 20th of April, 1560 (six months before Amye's death), addressed 'To the Rt. honourable

and my verry good lorde, the lorde Robert Dudley, Mr. of th' horses to the Quene's Majestie at Court,' signed 'RICHARD VERNEY.'

The name, of course, caught attention; and the next thing was to find out, if possible, something about the writer. The letter itself was of the common kind, from one friend and gentleman to another; referring to the loss of some favourite hawks of Dudley's, which had been entrusted to the care of one of the writer's servants, and which had been mismanaged. But the *seal*, not in wax, but on wafer, was fortunately preserved, the device being an antelope with long horns. On examining it closely with a glass it appeared that the animal's tail ended not with the usual single tuft of hair, but in a *tripartite finish*, something like a fleur-de-lis. The letter was written from Warwick, and in Dugdale's history of that county, under the name of Verney, will be found an engraved plate of a monumental coat of arms, supported by two antelopes, with the peculiar tripartite caudal finish. At Longleat there is also a parchment deed signed by the same Richard Verney, where the seal is preserved in wax, and presents the same peculiarity. This identified the writer of the letter as Sir Richard Verney, of Compton Verney, in Warwickshire, whose family is now represented, and place occupied, by their descendant, Lord Willoughby de Broke. Lord Robert Dudley himself was a Warwickshire man. He had already property in that county (before Kenilworth was given to him) from his father; and Sir Richard Verney was a neighbour and friend, of whom nothing has been discovered but what is perfectly respectable. There is a letter to Lord Robert Dudley, Master of the Queen's Horse, from Sir Ambrose Cave, one of the Queen's Ministers, and M.P. for co. Warwick, written on the 16th of July, 1559, a year before Amye's death. Certain commissioners were wanted for the county; and Sir Ambrose, writing in the name of the Council, says:—

And whereas for the execution of the charge committed unto us we resolved of certain gentlemen to be officers unto us, as Mr. Fisher for one, who cannot well take it upon him, in whose stead Sir Richard Varney, a gentleman meet to serve in that behalf, wold willingly endeavour himself<sup>3</sup> for Warwickshire, if it please you to appoint or require him by your letters to take the chardge upon him. Thus leaving to trouble your Ldship any further at this tyme I commit you to God who send you increase of honour. Your good Lordships to command, Ambrose Cave.

<sup>3</sup> 'To endeavour himself for'—i.e. to consider himself bound to undertake for. So in the Prayer Book, Collect for Second Sunday after Easter, 'also daily *endeavour ourselves*;' in the Preface to the Confirmation Service, 'They will evermore *endeavour themselves*;' and in the Ordination Service, 'I will *endeavour myself* so to do.' In all these instances in the Prayer Book the words are often read with a pause between 'endeavour' and 'themselves,' as if the meaning were that they would—'themselves, do their best,' &c. The mistake is a very pardonable one, the modern use of the word endeavour being simply 'to try.' Nor is there in the English translation of the Bible any other sense of the word. It is in the Prayer Book only that the obsolete use is retained.

This is scarcely the tone in which a Minister of State would write about a man who was capable of staining his hands in a miserable murder.

In the novel Varney is disposed of in a manner that is no doubt highly satisfactory to the reader. He is found next morning dead in his cell, having swallowed a dose of poison. This does very well for the story, but the real Sir Richard Verney, in 1561—the very next year after Amye's death—filled the office of her Majesty's High Sheriff for the county of Warwick, and, in fact, did not die till the 26th of July, 1567.

#### V. TONY FOSTER.

Anthony *Forster*, or *Forrester*, Esq., was of an old Shropshire family, settled in Berkshire. His wife was Ann, niece of Lord Williams of Thame, Lord High Chamberlain in the reign of Philip and Mary. Cumnor Hall, or Place, belonged to Dr. Owen, the Queen's Physician. Mr. Forster rented it of him at the time of Amye Robsart's death, but purchased it soon after. His children all died. He was highly esteemed as a most honest gentleman by his neighbours at Abingdon, and was sometimes consulted by the University of Oxford to assist in settling matters of controversy. He was a cultivator of the fine arts, a musician, a builder, a planter, and towards the close of his life (1572) was returned to Parliament for the borough of Abingdon. In Cumnor Church there is a large brass plate to his memory, embellished with certain coats of arms, the usual marks of gentility. He had always been a personal friend of Lord Robert Dudley's, and when Dudley was promoted to honour, Mr. Forster became not only the principal receiver of his income, but one of the chief controllers of the expense of a very stately establishment. For, with all his magnificence, the Earl of Leicester's household expenses were kept in the most precise manner. At Longleat there are some of the inventories of his furniture, dresses, &c., in large folio volumes, beautifully written. All bills were duly examined and payments registered and signed by five of the household officers.

The Earl was remarkable for his costly wardrobe. The practice was for the materials to be supplied to the tailor, or embroiderer, by the mercer or other tradesman. The orders to the tradesmen were all issued by the chief officer of the wardrobe; and there is a bundle of such orders, filed exactly as they were left by Mr. Forster. Every one of these is signed by him in the year 1566, six years after Amye's death; and he died in 1569.

There is also an original letter from the Earl of Leicester to A. Forster, relating to furniture at Kenilworth Castle, containing special orders about costly hangings for the dining-chamber, specifying the very width and height; with directions for sufficient store of spicery and fireworks against 'my chiefest day;' also instructions for



a banqueting-room to be got up quickly, with peremptory orders for all to be on the alert. It ends: 'So fare you well, Antony; in much haste, your loving master, R. Leycester.' This letter does not refer to the preparations for the great reception of Queen Elizabeth, which was in 1575, but to a visit of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

Having seen in these few instances how widely the current belief differs from the real facts, we come to the main part of the story, bearing in mind that the title of Countess of Leicester, and the name of Kenilworth Castle, are to be absolutely dissociated from the true history of Amye Robsart.

To go back to the beginning of her married life, A.D. 1550. The older narratives have begun with telling us that their married life was an unhappy one: that they lived apart, and she in a lonely house. That is certainly the way to prepare the reader's mind for a violent conclusion; but there is no evidence that their married life was from the first, or indeed ever, an unhappy one: for until a very little while ago, *nothing whatever was known about their married life*. The little we do now know from the Longleat Papers exhibits them as living on the best footing. And as to their living apart, that only applies to the last year or two, and the house in which she lived was anything but lonely. Where their first home was is not known. Perhaps in Norfolk, where their property lay; possibly in London, because this was in Edward the Sixth's time, and Lord Robert was one of the Gentlemen in Ordinary in the Household. After Edward the Sixth's death, July 1553, Dudley certainly was in London, but against his will and under unpleasant circumstances; for he had joined with his father in the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, for which Queen Mary sent him to the Tower. He was convicted of high treason; all his estates, as well as his wife's, were forfeited; and he had a very narrow escape from sharing his father's fate on Tower Hill. The Princess Elizabeth (afterwards Queen) was at the same time lodged in the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary, for State reasons. Dudley remained in custody half a year, till January, 1554. Several other noblemen of his party were also prisoners; but their wives were allowed to visit them from time to time. Among the ladies whose names are mentioned as so doing, is that of Amye, Lady Dudley; so that so far, in the fourth year of marriage, there is no sign of estrangement. On receiving his pardon he was released, and his estates, including his wife's, were restored to him. This was through the influence of Philip of Spain, the husband of Queen Mary; in return for which Robert Dudley offered his services to Philip, who sent him off to the Continent to fight against the French. How long he was abroad does not appear; but his wife would of necessity be left at home. We lose sight of them entirely for three years, if not more, but at the end of that time she re-

appears, in the first letter above mentioned as in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 4712). It refers only to a comparatively trifling matter, but it is really very useful in revealing to us, most *inartificially*, what her domestic position was in the seventh or eighth year of marriage. It is dated the 7th of August, no year being named; but as it refers to their farm at Sydisterne, in Norfolk, it could not have been written before 1557, because that property did not come into their hands (as is known from deeds) before that year. It was probably written still later, and in the first or second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1558 and 1559, because it speaks of Dudley's being called away on weighty business. The substance of it is this: Sydisterne was a large sheep-farm with 3,000 sheep upon it, and their agent or steward was a Mr. Flowerdew. He had written to Dudley about some of the farm affairs, and particularly about some poor people who were waiting for some money. Lord Robert had been called off in a hurry, without answering that letter; so the steward writes a second time, and the second letter comes into Amye's hands. She sends a courteous apology to the agent for his first not having been answered, explains the reason, and *having full authority* to settle all matters, she orders him to sell some wool, even at a loss, so as not to keep the poor people waiting any longer for their money. In this there is no sign of estrangement. She appears simply as a trustworthy wife left with full direction to settle domestic matters in her husband's absence, in the seventh or eighth year of their short married life of ten years. But there is something more in this letter. It is dated from 'Mr. Hyde's,' which was at Denchworth, a few miles from Abingdon, and not many from Cumnor. The wife of Mr. Hyde was Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Essex, of Lambourne in Berks, and they had a very large family of children; a state of society not quite consistent with the solitary and lonely residence to which Amye is commonly supposed to have been consigned. The Hydcs and Dudleys were old friends, Mr. Hyde having bought some years before from Robert Dudley's father the manor of Kingston Lisle, near Denchworth. Mr. Hyde's brother, William, was at this time M.P. for the co. Berks; so that there is no doubt of the respectability of this family. Amye, as Lady Dudley, resided a great deal at this Mr. Hyde's, and was constantly visited there by her husband. How she came to be living there so much admits of explanation.

Queen Elizabeth had come to the throne on the 17th of November, 1558, when Robert Dudley's star was in the ascendant. He had been of no particular importance in Queen Mary's reign, but he was of the same side as Elizabeth in matters of religion; he had been her playfellow in childhood and her fellow-prisoner in the Tower. She immediately appointed him Master of the Horse and K.G. This in the first year of her reign. The office of Master of the Horse was one which demanded his continual attendance in London. No one

journeyed about more than Queen Elizabeth, and, go where she would, the Master of the Horse was obliged to go with her. In the published accounts of the Queen's Progresses, there is always a great horseback cavalcade, and the Master of the Horse, in close attendance, riding a little in rear of her Majesty. Now, as Amye had no children, it is not unlikely that, instead of living alone in apartments in London, she preferred living with friends in the country, and for that reason stayed at Mr. Hyde's. She might have disliked, as many ladies did, the life of the Court. In some letters of that period at Longleat, written by ladies of the highest rank, they express their great weariness with its state and formalities, begging<sup>e</sup> their husbands to come back for economy's sake as soon as they could: at any rate not to compel *them* to go up to London. But whilst Amye was so staying at Mr. Hyde's, she was only under his roof as a visitor and friend, and she was perfectly at liberty to go wherever she liked. There is evidence that she used that liberty, and had suitable means for doing so provided by her husband.

Among the documents are two folio account-books: one kept by Mr. William Chaucy, Lord Robert's secretary or steward, beginning the 20th of December, 1558, the first year of Elizabeth's reign, and a year and a half only before Amye's death; the other by Mr. Richard Ellys, of about the same time. Mr. Chaucy begins by a statement of moneys received into his hands, the first item of which is 300*l.* from Mr. Anthony Forster, Lord Robert's Treasurer. Then follow, *per contra*, the payments made.

The following extract exhibits all the items that occur in this volume relating to Amye. If the figures are multiplied by, say, six or seven to express present value, they will be found to convey no indication of parsimonious allowance or inattention to her comfort.

*Items relating to Amye (Robsart) Lady Dudley, extracted from the account books of Lord Robert Dudley. (Original at Longleat.)*

Gyven to Gowre for hys charge riding into Lincolnshire to <i>my ladie</i>	xxs.
Paid his hyer of certen haknes [ <i>hackneys</i> ] for <i>my ladie</i>	lxi <sup>s</sup> .
Item to John Forest for his charge Ryding to Mr. Hide's to <i>my ladye</i>	iii <sup>s</sup> . iiij <sup>d</sup> .
For Gower for <i>my Lady</i> , coming out of Lincoln	xxvi <sup>s</sup> . viii <sup>d</sup> .
To Johans for riding to Mr. Hide's to <i>my lady</i>	iii <sup>s</sup> . iiij <sup>d</sup> .
To Mr. Blunt's horsehier when he rode to <i>my lady</i> in the Christmas	6 <sup>s</sup> . 8 <sup>d</sup> .
To Johnes for <i>my lady</i>	66 <sup>s</sup> . 8 <sup>d</sup> .
To hier of xii horses when <i>my lady</i> came from Mr. Hide's to London	60 <sup>s</sup> .
Item to Langham for 2 days bordwages attending upon <i>my lady</i> at Christchurch, y <sup>e</sup> Lordship being at Windsor	3 <sup>s</sup> . 4 <sup>d</sup> .
To Thomas Johnes and his fellowes for their dynners, weyting upon <i>my lady</i> from Christchurch to Camerwell	3 <sup>s</sup> . 8 <sup>d</sup> .
Item; for my bote-hier to London about the despatch of <i>my lady</i>	8 <sup>d</sup> .
Item; for a trunke saddell with y <sup>e</sup> appurtenances for carrying of <i>my ladie's</i> apparel	20 <sup>s</sup> .
To Thos. Johnes to buy a hooode for <i>my lady</i>	xxxv <sup>s</sup> .

To Gilbert y <sup>e</sup> gouldsmith for 6 doz. gould buttons of y <sup>e</sup> Spanish pattern, and for a littell cheyne delivered to Mr. Forrest for <i>my lady's</i> use . . . . .	£xxx.
To Mr. Virloe for lynnens cloath for <i>my lady</i> . . . . .	51 <sup>s</sup> .
— Two all of fine Holland for to make <i>my lady</i> ruffles . . . . .	12 <sup>s</sup> .
— 2½ ells of Russet taffata to make <i>my lady</i> a gowne at 13 <sup>s</sup> . 4 <sup>d</sup> . an ell . . . . .	35 <sup>s</sup> .
Item, paid to Eglamby for <i>my lady's</i> charge from Mr. Hide's to Camberwell . . . . .	£10
Item, delivered for <i>my lady's</i> charge riding into Suffolk: with xl pistoles [a <i>Spanish coin</i> ] delivered to Hogans to put into <i>her Ladyship's</i> purse . . . . .	£26 13 <sup>s</sup> . 4 <sup>d</sup> .
1559. For sewing silk sent to <i>my lady</i> by Mr. Forster . . . . .	4 <sup>s</sup> .
For apparel sent to <i>my lady</i> and for the charges of Higgènes, her man, lying in London . . . . .	60 <sup>s</sup> .
For bringing venison to Mr. Hide's . . . . .	5 <sup>s</sup> .
Item: ii pair of hose sent to <i>my lady</i> by Sir Richard Verney's servant . . . . .	8 <sup>s</sup> .
Item, for spices bought by the cook when your Lordship rode to <i>my lady's</i> . . . . .	22 <sup>s</sup> .
1559. For a looking glass sent to <i>my lady</i> by Mr. Forster . . . . .	4
To Smyth the mercer for 6 yards of velvet at 43 <sup>s</sup> . a yard: and 4 yards to the Spanish taylor for your Lordship's doublet: and 2 yards for garding <i>my lady's</i> cloak . . . . .	112 <sup>s</sup> . 6 <sup>d</sup> .

The following items, under the head of 'Play money,' show that Lord Robert was frequently visiting at Mr. Hyde's:—

To Mr. Hide which he lent your Lordship at play at his own house . . . . .	40 <sup>s</sup> .
Delivered to your Lordship at Mr. Hide's at <i>sundry times</i> ; by my hands 20 <sup>s</sup> .: by Hugans 11 <sup>s</sup> . and by Mr. Aldersey 28 <sup>s</sup> , &c. . . . .	Total 67 <sup>s</sup> .

The other account book (Richard Ellys's) refers to 1560, the last year of her life, but there are in it only one or two items, and these refer to the expense of her funeral. There is, however, a mercer's bill (six months before her death):—

1560. March. Delyvered a velvet hatt imbroidered for <i>my Ladye</i> . . . . .	£. s. d.
Pair of velvet shoes for <i>my Ladye</i> . . . . .	3 6 8
	3 0 0

In the account books the dates of month and day are not always given, so that it is not easy to distinguish exactly which of them refer to her whilst she was lodging with the Hyde family at Denchworth, and which to her later residence at Cumnor. But it is evident that she was *under no restraint*, for we find her journeying about, to Lincolnshire, London, Suffolk, Christchurch in Hampshire, and Camberwell, *twelve horses being at her command*.

#### CUMNOR.

It cannot have been much before the very last year of her life that she removed from Mr. Hyde's, at Denchworth, to Cumnor Place, about eleven miles off. It is quite intelligible that she might have found it more convenient to have a house in which she would be more of the mistress than would be the case whilst staying at a

friend's; and it seems unreasonable to suppose that if her husband had any evil design upon her life he would have placed her in a house only a few miles from the Hydes, her most intimate friends. Cumnor was a large building, quadrangular, and of ecclesiastical style, having formerly belonged to the dissolved monastery of Abingdon. It was not lonely, for it was close to a large village, within an easy walk of Oxford, and there were several persons staying in it; Mrs. Owen (wife of William Owen, the owner), Mr. Forster and his wife (tenants), Mrs. Odingsell, a widow, sister of Mr. Hyde, living with the Forsters. It is not unlikely, from two sets of servants being spoken of, one under Amye's control,\* that the house was divided, one part being appropriated to her. Mr. Forster purchased the house from Owen after Amye's death, and curiously enough, by his will in 1572, he bequeathed it to Dudley on condition of his paying 1,200*l.* to the widow Forster. Dudley (then Earl of Leicester) did so; and it is entered as his property in a schedule of his estates. One would have thought that if he had ever been a party to the murder of his wife there, he would have been content to have nothing to do with it, and rather never hear of it again.

One of the very few documents at Longleat, connected with her actual residence at Cumnor, is a dressmaker's, or, more correctly, a woman-tailor's bill, from one William Edney, of Tower Royal, in London, sent in by him to Lord Robert Dudley for articles supplied to his wife. Inside this bill was found (as before mentioned) a letter from Amye to the tailor, which he had preserved as a voucher for some particular gown ordered by her.

*Amye Lady Dudley's Letter to her Tailor.*

edney w<sup>t</sup> my harty comendations thesse shalbe to desier you to take y<sup>e</sup> paynes for me As to make this gowne of vellet<sup>4</sup> whiche I sende you w<sup>t</sup> suche A collare as you made my rosset taffyta gowne you sente <sup>me</sup> ~~my~~ last & I will se you dyscharged for all I pray you let it be done w<sup>t</sup> as muche speade as you can & sente by this beaer frewen the carryar of oxforde / & thus I bed you most hartely fare well from commare this xxiiij of avguste

Your assured frind

AMYE DUDDLEY.

To my very frinde will  
yam/edney the taylor

at tower rill geve this  
in London.<sup>5</sup>

Among other items in the bill of this poor lady's wardrobe were

\* *Vellet*, in the letter, is used by Spenser, for *velvet*. Chaucer has *velloute*. Ben Jonson *vellute*, probably from the Latin *villosus*, hairy or woolly.

<sup>5</sup> Tower Royal, near Bucklersbury and the Mansion House, London. Stowe says the Queen's wardrobe was there, and that it had been a strong residence occupied by *Royalty*, afterwards turned into shops. Others derive it from the merchants of *La Reole*, who established themselves there, and gave to the street the name of *La Reole*.

'a loose gown of satten byassed with lace over the garde,' 'a round kirtle of russet wrought-velvet with a fringe;' 'a Spanish gown of damask, laced all thick athwart the guard;' 'a Spanish gown of russet damask;' 'a loose gown of *rosset taffata*' (the pattern alluded to in the letter); also lace, fringes of black silk and gold, ruffs, collars, and the like. These little matters are mentioned merely to show that, as to dress, she appears to have been liberally supplied. One of the last items was incurred after her death, viz.: 'a mantle of cloth for the chief mourner.'

Whilst she was living at Cumnor during the last year of her life, perfectly free from restraint, so far as appears from the documents before us, the Court, and indeed the whole country, began to be filled with various rumours about Robert Dudley and the Queen. All these arose from the Queen being a young unmarried lady, and from the anxiety which her counsellors, the nation, and foreign nations too, felt upon this question, viz.: who, in case of her death, was to be the successor to the throne. There were schemes and intrigues that were going on all around the Queen. There were princes abroad, and noblemen at home, ready to be promoted. Dudley was known to be in high favour: the Queen was believed to be really attached to him.

Rumours of the worst kind were 'bruited about' in London. It was said that Amye was very ill, that she had a cancer, that she was to be divorced, that she was to be poisoned, that Dudley had actually given instructions for her quiet disappearance. The Spanish Ambassador, De Cuadra, reported all these to his master, and that the affair was coming off immediately. Dudley himself knew of these evil reports. He also knew that for his wife to die just then in any way would be damaging to his character, and to any hopes that he might be entertaining they would only be most damaging, because, though the Queen had declared rather pettishly to her ministers that 'she was not going to marry a subject, or allow any one beneath her to be called My Lord's Grace,' still, should she change her mind, public opinion would hardly allow a queen of England to select for a husband a man who had caused his wife to be murdered. The last thing, therefore, that Dudley would wish to hear among all these untoward rumours, would be that his wife had met with a violent death. This appears from what took place when that news actually reached him as described in some letters preserved (in transcript) in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and printed in Craik's *Romance of the Peerage*, Lord Braybrooke's *Diary of Pepys*, Mr. Pettigrew's pamphlet, and Adler's *Amye Robsart*.

From these it appears that Amye's death took place on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1560. The news was carried by one Bowes, a Cumnor servant, to Lord Robert, then at Windsor, and reached him the next morning, Monday. A little while before this message reached

Windsor, Sir Thomas Blount, one of Dudley's household officers, had set off towards Oxfordshire.

It has been said that Dudley had previously heard something that alarmed him, which induced him to send Blount off. But no evidence of this has been produced. Blount had not gone very far on his road when he met Bowes coming, who told him all he knew, viz., that the day before, Sunday, being Abingdon Fair Day, Lady Dudley had herself given the strange order for all belonging to her to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; that Mrs. Odingsell remonstrated with her, saying it was not a proper day for gentlewomen to go, but that she would go next day. Whereupon Lady Dudley grew very angry, and said Mrs. Odingsell might do as she pleased, but all hers should go, and that Mrs. Owen should dine with her. Her people, accordingly, all went to the fair, leaving in the house, so far as appears, three ladies, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Odingsell, besides the Forster servants. Of Forster himself or of Varney there is no mention at all. On their return from the fair Lady Dudley was dead, found lying on the floor of the hall, at the foot of the staircase. Bowes could tell Sir Thomas nothing more, as he had been among the rest away at the fair. Sir Thomas, having heard this, continued his ride, and stopped for the night at Abingdon, about four miles from Cumnor, and, wanting to hear what was said about the matter, sends for the landlord, and pretending that he was on his way to Gloucestershire, asked, 'What news in these parts?'

The landlord replied, 'There was fallen a great misfortune within three or four miles of the town. My Lord Robert Dudley's wife was dead.'

Blount asked, 'How was that?'

'By a misfortune, as he heard: by a fall from a pair of stairs.'<sup>6</sup>

Blount asked, 'By what chance?'

The landlord did not know.

Blount asked, 'What was his judgment and the judgment of the people?'

He said, cautiously enough, 'Some said well, and some said evil.'

'What do *you* think?' asked Blount.

The landlord said, 'He thought it must be a misfortune, because it happened in that honest gentleman's house (meaning Mr. Forster's). His great honesty doth much curb the evil thoughts of the people:' i.e., Mr. Forster was so well known as a respectable man that no one would believe a crime could be committed in his house.

'Methinks,' said Blount, 'that some of her people that waited on her should have something to say about this?'

<sup>6</sup> A pair of stairs, in the West of England, means a staircase with two landings.

'No, sir,' said the landlord, 'but little: for it is said they were here at the fair and none left with her.'

'How might that be?' asked Blount.

'It is said,' answered the landlord, 'that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sorte to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home: which was thought a very strange thing for her to do.'

This conversation took place on the Monday evening, at Abingdon. The same evening, Dudley at Windsor, having heard what Bowes, the first messenger from Cumnor, had to tell him, sends off by a return messenger one Bryse, with the following letter to Sir Thomas Blount:—

Cosin Blount,—Immediately upon your departing from me there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understande that my wife is dead, &, as he saithe, by a fall from a pair of staires. Little other understandinge can I have from him. The greatness & the suddenesse of the mysfortune doth so perplex me, untill I do heare from you how the matter standeth, or howe this evill doth light upon me, considering what the malicious world will bruyte [*i.e.* will say] as I can take no rest. And, because I have no waie to purge myselfe of the malicious talke that I knowe the wicked worlde will use, but one, which is the verie plaine truth to be knowen, I do praye you, as you have loved me, and do tender me & my quietness, and as nowe my special truste is in you, that you will use all devises & meanes you can possible for the learning of the truth; wherein have no respect to any living person: & as by your own travell & diligence, so likewise by order of lawe, I mean, by calling of the Coroner, & charging him to the uttermost, from me, to have good regard to make choyse of no light or slight persons, but the discreetest & substantial men for the juries: such as for their knowledge may be able to search honorablie & duellie, by all manner of examynacions, the bottom of the matter: & for their uprightness will earnestlie & sincearlie deale therein, without respect. And that the bodie be viewed & searched accordinglie by them: and in every respect to proceede by order & lawe. In the mean tyme, cosin Blount, let me be advertysed from you by this berer, with all spede, howe the matter doth stande: for, as the cause & the manner thereof doth marvelously trouble me, considering my case many waies, so shall I not be at rest till I may be ascertayned thereof: prayinge you ever, as my truste is in you, & as I have ever loved you, do not dissemble with me, neither let anything be hid from me, but sende me your trewe conceyt and opinion of the matter, whether it happened by evill chance or villainye: and fail not to let me heare contynewallie from you. And thus fare you well. In moch hast, from Windsore, this IX<sup>th</sup> day of September in the eveninge. Your loveinge frend and kynsman, moch perplexed.

R. D.

Lady Dudley had (as mentioned above) a half-brother, John Appleyard, and an illegitimate brother, Arthur Robsart. So Dudley adds, in a postscript:—

I have sent for my brother [*i.e.* *brother-in-law*] Appleyarde, because he is her brother, & other of her frendes also, to be theare, that they may be previe & see how all things do proceede.

It is difficult to conceive how such a letter as this could have been written by a man who had previously given a tacit consent to his wife's destruction.



The distance from Windsor to Abingdon would be about forty miles. It does not appear at what hour Blount received it; but the next morning (Tuesday, 10th), having heard what was said and thought outside Cumnor, he went on to the house itself, and had the same account from the lady's own maid, Mrs. Pinto. He then asked her, 'What *she* thought of the matter; was it chance or villany?' The maid answered: 'By my faith, I judge it chance, and neither done by man nor by herself, for she was a good virtuous gentlewoman, and daily would pray upon her knees; and divers times I have heard her pray to God to deliver her from desperation.' 'Then,' said Blount, 'she might have an evil eye in her mind?' (meaning, I presume, thought of suicide). 'No, good Mr. Blount,' said the maid, 'do not so judge of my words. If you should so gather, I am sorry I said so much.'

On Wednesday, 11th, Blount at Cumnor replied to Dudley's letter. He reports all that Bowes had told him on the road (which would be the same as Bowes told Dudley), and also all that he had heard and seen, as above given; adding that a coroner's jury was already assembling before he had reached Cumnor, and that since he had been there he had heard several strange things which led him to think that Lady Dudley had been somewhat disordered in mind.

It has been alleged against Dudley that he showed great indifference by not going down immediately himself. But one may look at his conduct in another light. He knew well enough that he would be immediately suspected of having in some way led to the violent death. If he had gone down in person, his presence might probably have overawed a country jury, and hindered them from speaking out and asking questions freely; or it might be said that he had bribed them not to be too inquisitive. He therefore wisely stayed away; but he urged, in the very strongest terms, that no pains should be spared to find out if it were done by villany, and the guilty parties to be declared. Also that all his wife's own relatives should be sent for: thus giving to her family every opportunity of fair play. The chief of these were Mr. Appleyard, her half-brother, and Arthur Robsart, her illegitimate brother. Appleyard was a Norfolk man, High Sheriff of that county the next year. Mr. Norris and Sir Richard Blount, both of well-known Berkshire families, were also there. The jurymen were all strangers to Dudley; but such was the jealousy towards Court favourites, that there were some among them who would have been glad to connect him with the death if they could. Yet the answer sent to him was that *after the most searching inquiry they could make, they could find no presumption of evil dealing*. Sir Thomas Blount himself asked in every direction, and declared he could not find or hear of anything to make him suspect that violence had been used by any person. Lord Robert then writes to desire that a second jury of substantial

honest men should be summoned; and to them he sent this mes-

To deal earnestly, carefully, and truly, and to find as they shall see it fall out. And if it fall out a chance or misfortune, so to find, and if it appear villainy (as God forbid so mischievous or wicked body should live) then to find it so, and God willing, I shall never feare the due prosecution accordingly, what person soever it may appear any way to touch: as well for the just punishment of the act as for myne own trewe justification: for as I would be sorry in my heart any such evil should be committed, so shall it well appear to the world my innocency.

Here, before proceeding, two or three remarks.

1. If he had really in any way encouraged, or connived at, a violent death, it is next to impossible that he could have faced the ordeal of inquiry in such a tone as this.

2. These letters, which passed between Dudley and Blount at the very moment, annihilate some of the common falsehoods. For example (1), Verney and Forster (neither of whom is mentioned in the letters as being near the place) are said in the slanderous narrative (*Leicester's Commonwealth*) to have sent away all the servants. It was Lady Dudley's own doing, and a very strange thing indeed for her to do. (2) The narrative says that the body was hastily buried, and that her father, Sir John Robsart, ordered it to be exhumed for the coroner. Amye's body was not buried, for the inquest was already sitting when Sir Thomas Blount arrived at Cumnor; and instead of the matter being hastily smuggled through, it was most closely inquired into, in the presence of all the lady's own friends and relatives that could be got together, under no restraint from the presence of Dudley himself. Nor could her father Sir John Robsart have given any order, for he had himself died several years before, viz. in A.D. 1553.

3. Though (as observed in the earlier part of this paper) the evidence found at Longleat does not clear up the whole mystery, still its tendency is to give a new complexion to many of the circumstances. It certainly does not present any traces of estrangement between Dudley and his wife, or of dark arrangements for putting her out of the way.

Mrs. Pinto, the lady's maid, was satisfied that the death of her mistress was a pure accident, 'neither done by man nor herself.' The jury 'could find no presumption of evil dealing.' The late Mr. Pettigrew, who wrote very carefully upon the subject, accepted the verdict of the jury, but adds: 'There are at the same time some circumstances that lead to a suspicion that it might have been her own act. The strangest stories which Sir Thomas Blount heard from the lady's maid, Amye's prayers to be delivered from desperation, and the sending all servants out of the house for the day, for them to find her dead when they returned'—these circumstances led Mr. Pettigrew to think that possibly she might for some time have been labouring under mental

infirmity, and that care and seclusion in the house of friends with female companions about her, may have been desirable, instead of her appearing about the Court, where her conduct might have excited remark, and have been inconvenient. It may be added that the prevailing whisperings and slanders about the Queen's only waiting for her death, and that treachery was on foot, had reached her; and it is not difficult to believe that continual suspicion of being *marked* may have had a depressing effect and have led her to destroy herself. However, after a prolonged inquiry, the jury found it mere accident. For Dudley it was a very untoward accident; and that it *should* just happen when everybody was saying that something *would* happen, was undoubtedly one of those very extraordinary coincidences which it is not easy to explain to public satisfaction. She was buried by Dudley in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, with great expense and magnificence, a number of ladies attending as mourners, followed by the University dignitaries, and Dudley's friends, some of them of the Privy Council. The expenses of the funeral are mentioned in one of the account books at Longleat. The exact site of the vault had been forgotten, but it has lately been ascertained and an inscription ordered to be cut upon the top step of the three steps rising into the chancel.

Another feature in this case favourable to Dudley is, that distinguished men of the day who were familiar with him harboured no suspicion of unkind feelings on his part towards the wife of his youth: among them particularly, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Ambassador at Paris, of a party wholly opposed to Dudley in religion, being a Roman Catholic; also Sir Henry Sydney, father of the famous Philip. Sir Henry told the Spanish Ambassador that the death 'he was quite sure was accidental. He had examined into the circumstances with the greatest scruple, and could discover nothing like foul play, however the public mind was possessed with the opposite opinion.' This evidence comes from *official* Elizabethan correspondence, discovered among the archives at Simancas, in Spain; and it is corroborated by evidence at Longleat, not less valuable because *non-official*. A common letter about sending venison pasties, and apologising for the possibly bad baking of them, is hardly a document in which one would have expected to find anything to help in forming an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the husband of Amye Robsart. The letter was written to Robert Dudley by Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, his brother-in-law. He was one of a few of blood royal who were in turn named for the succession to the crown in case of Elizabeth's death, being a candidate of the House of York, descended (through the Pole family) from George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Richard the Third, not, as it would appear, being himself ambitious of the honour, but the nominee of a certain political party.

Lord Huntingdon's letter was written from the town of Leicester

on the 17th of September, 1560, nine days after the death of Amye, and the news reached him whilst he was writing it. He then added a postscript.

*Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, to Lord Robert Dudley.*

My very good Lord. After my most hartly commendations. Although I am sure you are not without plenty of Red deer, yet I am bold to send you half a dozen pies of a stag which was bred in the little garden at Ashby (de la Zouche). I would be glad to understand how the baking doth like you, for I am in some doubt my Cook hath not done his part, but you must pardon this fault, and it shall be amended: for if you love to eat of a stag, I will have one ready for you any time (I trust) this winter. It shall be as fat as any forest doth yield, & within 4 days warning he shall be sent to you. Thus my good lord and brother I take my leave, wishing to you in all things as to myself. From Leicester the 17 of Sept.

Your assured brother to the end

H. HUNTINGDON.

*As I ended my Letter, I understood by Letters the death of my Lady your wyfe. I doute not but long before this tyme you have considered what a happy hour it is, which bringeth man from sorrow to joy, from mortality to immortality, from care and trouble to rest and quietness: & that the Lord above worketh all for the best to them that love him well. I will leave my babbling, & bid the buzzard cease to teach the falcon to fly: & so end my rude postscrip.*

To my very good Lord & Brother, the Lord Robert Dudley.

On this letter one remark may be made. It is a fair instance of the value of *private and familiar documents*. Official papers are always got up with a certain formality of preparation, to meet the public eye, or for a purpose. Here is a simple private letter of the very time, naturally written, on an ordinary subject, not likely to meet any other eye than that of the person written to, and therefore most unlikely to contain any fictitious or misleading sentiment. Being merely a friendly message about such everyday matters as pies and a cook, it suddenly turns off, on the receipt of serious news, to a tone which would have simply been a piece of sickening hypocrisy, if the writer had ever had the faintest inkling of ill-will or ill-conduct on the part of Dudley towards his wife. If any such feeling had existed, it must have been well known to his own brother-in-law.

There would be, if we could only recover it, conclusive evidence upon this mysterious story, in the written depositions taken at the coroner's inquest, and the full statements of all who were examined. But nothing has hitherto been found in any depository of records in the county of Berks.

There remains now only one more item of evidence in Dudley's favour, found (also quite accidentally) among the old letters at Longleat. It is a very important one as bearing upon this story; and it is also another curious instance of the value of *secret history*.

One of our living historians has taken much trouble in dealing with Dudley's case. He has had the benefit of much correspondence

and other matters newly brought to light, both among our own records and those of Spain. He has carefully weighed and sifted all this, and though Lord Robert is apparently not one of his favourites, still upon this particular question Mr. Froude is, upon the whole, inclined to acquit him personally. But there is one particular document which has yet to be explained before the acquittal is quite satisfactory. This is in the large collection of papers at Hatfield. It appears to Mr. Froude (if not explained) to show that Dudley was not so zealous as he seemed to be, that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered, and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered.

The Hatfield document refers to Mr. John Appleyard, half-brother to Amye Robsart, one of the relatives whom Dudley insisted on bringing to Cumnor to watch the proceedings at the coroner's inquest.

In 1567, *seven* years after Amye's death, the question of Dudley's marriage with the Queen had been again brought forward into public discussion. Of course it excited the vigilant jealousy of some, the religious or political opposition of others. The old suspicions about Amye's death were not forgotten. The substance of the Hatfield document is, that it had been reported to Cecil (in 1567) that John Appleyard had been heard, some time before, in a moment of irritation, to let fall words to this effect: that he (Appleyard) 'had not been satisfied with the verdict of the jury at her death; but that, for the sake of Dudley, he had *covered the murder of his sister*.' Upon this being reported to Cecil, it became imperative to have the matter inquired into: so Cecil orders Appleyard's attendance, and requires him to explain, very precisely, what he had meant by those words. Appleyard explained away his words in this manner: that though he would not exactly say Dudley was himself guilty, yet he (Appleyard) had thought it would be no difficult matter to find out who the guilty parties were.

That is the substance of the only remaining paper upon which Mr. Froude appears to suspend his judgment. He says: 'If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said. The conclusion seems inevitable, that though Dudley was innocent of direct influence, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition, and was made away with by persons who hoped to profit by Dudley's elevation to the throne.'

But there is another document, accidentally found at Longleat, which shows that Appleyard was not much to be depended on, and that he had second thoughts about the language he had used. This is a letter, telling the news of the day in the most *inartificial* manner: just like that of the Earl of Huntingdon's before mentioned, which began about venison pasties, and ended with condolence on the news just come of the death of the wife. It is from Sir Henry Nevill

to Sir John Thynne, the builder of Longleat House. Sir Henry Nevill was a Berkshire gentleman, a friend of Sir John Thynne, writing to him from London about family news and the events of the day.

*Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne. (1567, June 9.)*

After my herty comendacyons unte yowe & my Lady, & the lyke from awll our women who I thanke God are awll in helthe. I hav so rare messengers that I may trust that I dare not ventewr no letters of any importance. Now, havynge Ludlo, I wyll send you seche as here are currant. *On Fryday in the Star-Chamber was Appleyard brought forth, who showed himself a malytyous beast, for he dyd confesse he accusyd my Lord of Lecyster only of malyses : & that he hath byn about yt thes 3 years, & now, bycause he cold not go thoroghe with his bysens [business] to promot, he fell in this rage ageynst my lord & wold hav acusid hym of 3 thynges: 1. of kyllyng his wif. 2. of sending the lord Derby in to Scotland. 3. for letting the quen from maryedge. He cravyd of pardon for awll thes thyngs . . . . My lord keeper answeyrd that . . . . in King Henry 7<sup>th</sup> dayes, there was one lost his ears for slawndering the Cheff Justyce: so as I thinke his end wyl be the pillyry.* [The letter then continues with other miscellaneous matter.]

John Appleyard's grievance against Dudley (as stated in the letter) was that Dudley had not promoted Appleyard's 'business' in some way, but for three years had neglected him; whereupon Appleyard turned against Dudley and did all he could to revive the slander about the murder of the wife. What the particular 'business' was that Appleyard had expected Dudley to 'promote,' cannot be stated for certain, but it was perhaps this. In another original letter at Longleat, so far back as the 18th of August, 1560 (the year of Amye's death), Sir Thomas Gresham writes to Lord Robert, requesting him to use his influence in obtaining for John Appleyard the lordship of Wyndham, co. Norfolk, for his better maintenance in the service of her Majesty in those parts. Probably Dudley had not done all he could to help his kinsman, and it is not unlikely that this was the disappointment that had exasperated Appleyard, and had caused him to let fall his evil speeches. However, be the provocation what it might, *John Appleyard had not spoken the truth.* At least, he confessed in the Star Chamber that he had been a *liar*; and Sir Henry Neville and the Lord Keeper clearly had no doubt about it.

Such are the few particulars, hitherto wholly unknown, supplied by the Longleat Papers, on the question of Dudley's guilt or innocence in the case of Amye Robsart. They were gleaned one by one at intervals, and after patient scrutiny of a very large mass of faded and difficult handwriting. The documents and letters in which they occur are original, contemporary, and altogether inartificial. Without any wish to draw forced conclusions from them, but only to weigh their fair bearing upon this celebrated case, they may perhaps be considered sufficient to establish so much as this: viz., that whereas little or nothing had hitherto been known about the married life of Dudley and Amye, it is collected from these documents that she was never

unkindly treated by him. If she was weak and strange in her mind and an unfit companion for him at court and in society, she was at all events not put away into a lonely house, but lived with friends, and had abundant means supplied for all comforts. Opinions as to the cause of her death will still continue to be divided.

Some, struck by the remarkable circumstance of her ordering all her own servants away from the house on the morning of the day on which she was found dead by them on their return, and connecting this with the great probability of rumours of intended mischief having reached her ear and affected her spirits (as appears from the 'prayers to be delivered from desperation,' mentioned by her maid), may think that she destroyed herself.

Those who hold to the belief that she was certainly murdered, may at all events be willing to allow that the husband of her youth was, with all his faults, not such a monster as to dictate the murder, but that it was the act of officious partisans speculating upon some benefit to themselves through Dudley's elevation.

Some may agree with Mrs. Pinto, the lady's maid, and the jury, that there was no violence, but chance: 'a very misfortune.' She was found lying on the hall floor. Had there been any violence, such as strangling, suffocation, or the dagger, some marks must have been visible on her person or features. The jury must have seen these; but they found none. A murder of any kind could hardly have been committed in a house in the middle of the day without some one's attention being attracted by screams or other disturbance. There were three ladies, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Odingsell, besides their servants, in some part of the house, yet they could give no account. A fainting fit may have produced a fall, or a fall have produced a fit. People die in a moment from spasms of the heart, or, from various causes, are found dead in their chair or bed, without any suspicion of murder.

Suggestions of this sort may perhaps be received with impatience by readers who have long since made up their minds; but those who care for truth and justice will weigh all that is to be said on more sides than one. Whatever the immediate cause of Amye Robsart's death may really have been, it is certain that the eye and ear of the public are continually refreshed with much that is known to be untrue in the details, whilst the chief scandal itself has never yet been proved to be true in the main. For by what evidence was it ever proved to be a murder? Against her husband we all know there were many other accusations which were never substantiated. That he was personally responsible for the death of Amye Robsart, the evidence has yet to be produced.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> All the documents discovered at Longleat to which reference is made in this article are printed in *extenso* in the *Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Magazine*, No. 49. Bull, Devizes.

## ANNEXATION AND SOUTH AFRICA.<sup>1</sup>

THERE is some reason to think that the proverbial caution against making much noise before getting out of the wood may have a useful application to South African affairs.

A little more than a year ago the country was deeply moved by the news of an insurrection in the Transvaal. A British force had been cut to pieces on the line of march under circumstances which suggested foul play. There was little disposition to enter into the merits of the general question, and it was with the undoubted approval of the country that the Government prepared to re-establish the Queen's authority.

A week after the first disaster to our troops the *Times* acknowledged that the temper of the Boers appeared to be such 'as to extinguish the possibility of dealing with them by other than stern methods.'

It is due to the Boers to admit that this feeling was reciprocated by them. In fact for some time this had been precisely their language with regard to the British Government. However much we may now take credit for a display of magnanimity and generosity, the sequel of our 'stern methods' has been sufficiently humiliating. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the sense of humiliation preponderates with many over the elation which arises from the consciousness of the display of exemplary qualities. The question still remains—How came the country to be placed in a situation out of which the way has been so perplexing and so humiliating?

'It is true that we have been misled; we have made mistakes; we have suffered reverses; we have retraced our steps.'<sup>2</sup> No confession could be more complete, no spirit could be more humble, even abject, than this.

As, however, human nature has not undergone any very material transformation during the past twelve months, it is not a matter of surprise that there should be a very large number of persons who still believe that a spirit of self-humiliation and abnegation is not the

<sup>1</sup> *Two Lectures on South Africa*, by J. A. Froude, 1880. *South Africa*, by Anthony Trollope, 1879. *South Africa, Past and Present*, by J. Noble, 1877. *Parliamentary Papers*, 1851-53.

<sup>2</sup> *Times*, December 29, 1881.



kind which has contributed to the growth of our empire and will not be the kind to maintain it. To them it is a matter of supreme indifference to know that mistakes have been committed. Such mistakes must not be confessed, but followed out to the bitter end, and if necessary, sealed with blood. When that is done, and we have upheld our *prestige*, they will consent to look around and see who is to blame for bringing matters to this pass.

But when both parties are to blame, both feel a natural delicacy in entering on this inquiry. Parliamentary impeachments in such cases are necessarily rare.

As it is not the first, so neither in all probability will it be the last time that a penitent attitude will distinguish public opinion with regard to the affairs of South Africa. We have been penitent before, but the change of policy with which our penitence has been accompanied has gradually, almost imperceptibly, been arrested. The traditions of the Colonial Office and the influence of colonial opinion have together again and again brought matters back, if not to precisely the same position, yet to a position from which the extrication has been equally difficult, the result equally humiliating.

There are very many conversant with South African affairs who hold that the recent convention is but the halfway-house on the road towards a more complete surrender and retreat; while others see in it the maximum of concession and the future *casus belli*.

However this may be it is certainly not the nature of South African treaties to bring matters to an 'end.'

If there was one treaty more likely than another to have this effect, it was the Sand River Convention. Seldom has a treaty professed to do so much and accomplished so little. It aimed at doing more for the future peace of South Africa than any treaty on record. It was drawn up with a view to anticipate the results which it is generally supposed will be attained elsewhere only during the millennium. It was to make peace for all time. It conceded to the Dutch the principle of non-interference. The grant was made in perpetuity, and for some time it was the prevalent belief that so long as the British remained in South Africa, so long would they abstain from calling the Boers on the further side of the Vaal River by the name of 'British subjects.' Yet when the opportunity came, and all vigilance had been relaxed on the side of the Boers, we effected a burglarious entry, and tore this precious document into pieces with a good deal less ceremony than Russia not long ago observed with respect to a more famous treaty. That we shall be tempted—at least for some time to come—to do the same with the Treaty of 1880 is not probable. The question rather is, Will the Boers be tempted to follow the precedent we set in 1877 and take the initiative in setting aside the Treaty of 1881? It is true that at a recent national gathering of the Boers the privilege of discussing politics was reserved to the ministers of religion. But are

we to suppose that this disposition will continue? Are we to imagine that a treaty which was only ratified because the Boers felt themselves in honour bound to ratify that to which their leaders had been solemnly pledged, will be anything but a chronic source of irritation? Can we suppose that they will leave a stone unturned to obtain its rescission? That it will be a source of irritation (unless it remains a dead letter) no one can doubt who has paid any attention to the causes of past disputes between us and the Boers. What will be the precise relations of this country to them under the Convention? What is to be the effect of our retaining 'suzerain' rights? What kind of a 'Protectorate' will that be which is established in a country where the people against whom protection is demanded have wrung from us by force of arms, as they believe, an acknowledgment of their independence? What are to be the duties of the British Resident? Is he to be a reality, or is he to be a diplomatic fiction, and retained there only until such time shall have elapsed as will permit his removal and admit of the grant of complete independence without too rude a shock to the susceptibilities of sensitive colonists? These are questions as to which the Boers cannot be expected to be indifferent. It is to be hoped that the papers which have been promised to Parliament will throw a satisfactory light upon them. If we ignore them, and take it for granted that the Boers will tamely submit to even a small amount of interference, we shall probably awake some morning to find we have been living in a fool's paradise. It may be, and probably will be, some time before there is any friction, but when it occurs, experience proves that we are as likely as not to drift into a false position, and be compelled either to retreat from it ignominiously, or to maintain it against our better judgment.

There can be no doubt that our failures in South Africa have sprung largely from the small amount of attention which its affairs excite at home. Public opinion, after being awakened by some startling explosion of the combustible materials which it has committed to the keeping of High Commissioners and Lieutenant-Governors, has ceased to exert any restraining force. The precautions and regulations which it has laid down, and which it felt were required to damp the ardour of colonial enterprise, have lost their effect when the immediate causes which occasioned them have ceased to be remembered. The warning or the censure has been forgotten, old temptations have remained, and old temptations have lain at the root of a singular repetition of history.

For the last five years the colonists of South Africa have had no reason to complain that their affairs excite little attention. What they do complain of, sometimes not without reason, is the often hasty conclusions which are consequent on superficial and intermittent attention.

The annexation of the Transvaal in 1877, bringing about indi-

rectly the Zulu war, and necessitating the employment of a large proportion of our military resources, revived the entire question of colonial management and responsibility, and compelled a close examination of the native question. Those events gave birth to a considerable amount of literature. Not a few began to write about South Africa as though it had been recently discovered. The 'cabo tormentoso' and all the features of the country and its people were scanned and scrutinised with a curiosity which would have done honour to Vasco de Gama or Bartholomew Diaz. But, in truth, the information was needed, and the didactic works of these writers supplied a genuine want.

Mr. Froude had visited South Africa in 1874. He went with a roving commission from Lord Carnarvon in his pocket. Having returned with some very 'pronounced' opinions, he delivered after the annexation two lectures before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. In these he reviewed the history of 'our dark and discreditable conquests,' compared the Boers to the 'Ayrshire Covenanters,' and explained how he had shocked Lord Carnarvon by suggesting 'the separation of Table Mountain from the rest of South Africa.'

He had two other remedies for the country in which we were creating 'a second Ireland.' We might 'suspend the Cape Constitution' and then govern the country as we govern India, or we might allow South Africa to drift from her moorings with this country, permit natural tendencies to have free play, and view with approval the amalgamation of the Western Province with the Orange Free State, and of the Eastern Province with Natal.

Mr. Froude probably did not express these views in the belief that they would be accepted by the colonists as wise and practicable solutions of their difficulties, or in the belief that he was greatly assisting either Lord Carnarvon or Lord Kimberley. He would probably not be very much disconcerted if he were told that those who travel in his wake sometimes hear him called a *doctrinaire*, nor is he probably surprised that up to now the present Government has shown no inclination to adopt any one of his 'three courses.'

His condemnation of our policy in South Africa is of the most sweeping character. His sense of justice is so greatly outraged that he is tempted to be indiscriminate. He draws little or no distinction between the circumstances which first impelled us to hoist the British flag under the shadow of Table Mountain, and those which induced us to extend our dominions beyond the Orange River. He thinks it would have been better if, after the war subsequent to the Peace of Amiens, we had kept our promise and finally restored the Cape to the Dutch—'better for us and for South Africa if we had gone away.' But he does not ignore the importance of safeguarding the road to India, and consequently he is not consistent. 'An enemy,' he says, 'in possession of Simon's Bay could intercept the entire ocean

traffic between Europe and the East. For this reason we took it. For this reason we are obliged to keep it.' After stating a fact which proves that the acquisition was an imperative necessity—a necessity which remains—he says with reluctance, 'it may have been politic' to retain it.

But his own indictment against our subsequent policy is far too long, and can be too well sustained, to justify a count on this head.

The history of the extension of the limits of the Cape Colony is the most extraordinary in the records of our Colonial Empire. Mr. Anthony Trollope traces all our failures to the absence of 'traditions' in the Colonial Office. He ascribes our vacillation to the wide divergence of view which has characterised our colonial ministers. According to him, one has reversed the policy of the other until all uniformity has been destroyed. There is, however, another view which derives support from very recent events. It is doubtful whether the vacillation has been due so much to the dissimilarity of character in successive colonial ministers as to the extraordinary influence and pressure of colonial opinion.<sup>3</sup> Colonial opinion is peculiarly contagious. It is a common observation that those who go out to South Africa with strong and old-world views on the native question, soon fall in with the views of the old colonists and come to think and act precisely as they do. The introduction indeed of party government into the colony has now altered matters, and native affairs have become party questions. Thus the Basuto war is the outcome of the views of one party; the overthrow of the Sprigg ministry marks a temporary triumph of the other. But fifty years ago there appears to have been little difference of opinion about native affairs.

The native question is not the only example. Colonial opinion has had a predominant influence in determining all questions of public policy—the prohibition against emigration, the necessity after emigration has taken place to extend the frontiers of the colony. Governors and High Commissioners have bent to this influence. Their actions can be constantly traced to the deference they have paid to the prevailing opinion of the colony. Those of them who have been recalled, and who have incurred the censure of public opinion at home and the displeasure of Secretaries of State, have generally been the idols of the colony. Sir Harry Smith revelled in the enjoyment of such a popularity, which he attained in spite of all his vagaries and eccentricities. Sir Bartle Frere was supported by an enthusiastic majority, and will be long upheld and remembered by thousands as one of 'the best and wisest Governors that have ever set foot in Cape Town.'

It is not that the Colonial Office has no traditions. It is rather that its traditions have been in conflict with the traditions and tendencies of the colony. Almost every change of policy has resulted

\* To this influence has been added that of the Aborigines Protection Society.

from the constant desire to check the colonial authorities and keep them within the bounds consistently desired by the Colonial Office.

There have been two types of Governors; the one the antidote of the other.\* The one has had 'his fling,' the other has had on a bearing rein. The one has crowded the vessel with canvas; the other has been ordered to shorten sail. Thus the Queen's dominions have grown—a sort of progression by antagonism—a growth which has taken place in a direct ratio with our desire, querulous at times—to keep it within reasonable and manageable limits. No parent state has ever been blessed with a more gawky offspring. No colony has yet presented us with a more tangled, inextricable puzzle.

Our external policy at the Cape has passed through three stages of development. (1) the assertion of the sovereign right of preventing egress from the country, followed by the assertion of the far more dubious right of extra-territorial jurisdiction over persons; (2) annexation; (3) retrocession. With respect to the first stage the Colonial Office has had little or no opinion. With respect to the second and third its opinion has been diametrically opposed to that of the colony.

Twenty years after the establishment of the English Government at the Cape, the restlessness of the colonists in the northern districts, and their tendency to cross the recognised boundary seeking for pastures on the further side of the Orange River, attracted the notice of the Governor.

By the old Dutch law such movements were expressly forbidden,<sup>4</sup> and Lord Charles Somerset had revived the prohibition.<sup>5</sup> That there were dangers and inconveniences to be apprehended from this migration there can be no doubt; but it was danger and inconvenience to the individual rather than to the State. The first question was, How could the emigration be prevented? Had the magistrates on the frontier the power to enforce the law? If not, it should have been obvious that it was impolitic in the highest degree to issue a prohibition. That unfortunately, however, was the mistake committed. Like hens disturbed and agitated by the aquatic proclivities of what they believe to be their progeny, governors in succession have stood on the banks of the Orange River fuming and fussing and expostulating; but the brood has not obeyed the call, and all efforts to bring it back under the fostering wing of the British Government have ended in the loss of much dignity, the exhibition of much impatience, and the assertion of rights unknown to law.

\* The question is propounded by Grotius: 'Solet hic illud quasi, an civibus de civitate abscedere liceat venia non impetrata.' The eighth article of the Sand River Convention is the first recognition of the right of egress.

<sup>5</sup> It was forbidden to proceed into the interior on pain of corporal or capital punishment. Noble, p. 16.

There were other causes at work besides the attractions of soil and pasture to lead the colonists away. Emancipation was in the air. A humanitarian minister presided at the Colonial Office. In 1835 Lord Glenelg wrote to Sir B. Durban censuring in pretty strong terms the conduct of the colonists towards the natives. He went further. He denounced the recent extension of the frontier, declared that justice was on the side of the conquered, and ordered the restoration of the territory. Mr. Noble says that he became 'the apologist of the Kaffirs.'<sup>6</sup>

To a mind accustomed to regard this question from a purely colonial point of view no conquests in the world appear more just and equitable than those by which the frontiers of the Cape Colony have been extended. He is a bold man who in the hearing of a Cape colonist ventures to assert that there has been the slightest injustice or a trace of hardship in the native policy from the commencement of the century to the present day. The right of the white man to dispossess the black, and to put on him the yoke of slavery, or lead him into a condition of servitude but thinly disguised from slavery, raises a question which few colonists can treat impartially. Even at home we are apt to give up the problem, if not in despair, at least with indifference. The majority of those who deal with the question theoretically or practically are content to repeat some worn platitude about fate and destiny having sealed the fate of the Zulu or the Sioux. Thus Sir George Cathcart wrote long after these events: 'The white settler has a tendency to encroach, and it appears to be a law of nature that he should prevail.'<sup>7</sup>

This was not the opinion of Lord Glenelg. He boldly admitted the faults of the natives,

accustomed to harass the inhabitants (as he said) with their depredations. But (he added) driven as they have been from their ancient and lawful possessions, confined within a comparatively narrow space, where pasturage for their cattle could not be readily found, and urged to revenge and desperation by the systematic injustice of which they had been the victims, I am compelled to embrace, however reluctantly, the conclusion that they had a perfect right to hazard the experiment, however hopeless, of extorting by force that redress which they could not expect otherwise to obtain.'<sup>8</sup>

Mr. Noble's account of the electrical effect produced by this despatch of Lord Glenelg's recalls the outburst of colonial indignation which lately followed the publication of a speech by Mr. Grant Duff on the rights of the Basutos.

But even before it reached the ears of the Dutch they had commenced to trek. Their subsequent adventures, Mr. Froude says, 'will form an epic poem.' None will dispute that this is the most remarkable chapter in the history of South Africa—the history of the

<sup>6</sup> Noble, *South Africa Past and Present*, page 57.

<sup>7</sup> Despatches of Sir G. Cathcart, No. 16, 1852.

<sup>8</sup> Noble, p. 57.

great exodus of discontented colonists from the limits of the Cape Colony. The story of their wanderings and their sufferings is well known. Few read it without admitting that the Boers possess splendid qualities. But with the admission has come the conviction that seldom have such qualities borne so little fruit, seldom have determination, courage, and endurance done so little to raise a people to a state of civilisation. There is the germ of a nation, but we may look in vain for its development, even under the conditions which they have desired for themselves. This feeling of disappointment is increased if we compare their actions with their professions. The language in which they addressed the Governor of the Cape on the eve of their departure must charm all who are inclined to rest satisfied with words. 'We are resolved,' they say, 'wherever we go that we will uphold the first principles of liberty; but whilst we will take care that no one shall be held in a state of slavery, it is our determination to maintain such regulations as may suppress crime and preserve proper relations between master and servant.'<sup>9</sup>

Few who know anything of the Boers will assert that they have acted up to the spirit of this declaration. On the contrary, there is a mass of evidence to show that the relation of master and servant is with them, to all intents and purposes, the relation of master and slave. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has recently published a statement in which this evidence is collected. It can leave no room for doubt that for a long time the Boers beyond the Vaal 'have carried on a system of slavery under the guise of child apprenticeship,' and that the statement lately made by the Boers to the effect that they have never violated the Treaty of 1852 is, so far as this matter is concerned, one which we are bound to reject. The Boers have a supreme love of liberty, but it is liberty for themselves and for themselves only.

To the declaration which has been quoted they added a statement of the reasons which induced them to leave. *First*, the losses entailed on them by the emancipation of their slaves; *secondly*, the absence of laws to control vagrancy; and, *thirdly*, the incursions of the Kaffirs, by which they had suffered immense losses. Besides these, some of them had been induced to believe that 'Government intended imposing taxes on all property, and to establish the Roman Catholic religion. ..

So much for their reasons for seeking independence. The Boers have had reason to complain that the price they paid for their independence has been ignored.

The above manifesto was drawn up by the hand of Retief, the Boer leader, on the border of the colony. Soon after he and his followers had crossed the Orange River, and were treading the plains which separate it from the Vaal. They marched to receive a dire

\* Noble, page 79.

baptism in war. Proceeding in scattered and detached parties, they fell victims to hosts of Zulu warriors, by whom they were helplessly butchered. They learnt to defend themselves by fighting behind the shelter of 'laagered' waggons, and to resist the once, fatal rush of overwhelming numbers. At length from scenes of sanguinary strife the emigrants turned eastwards, crossed the Drakensberg and descended into the plains of Natal.

Some thirteen years before a small colony of British subjects had established themselves at the port of Natal. With this exception no white men had threatened to invade the country over which Dingaan then held undisputed sway. Long before, Zulu hordes had poured over the land, scattering the aboriginal tribes, of which but a small remnant survived. This country the Boers determined to possess. They little knew what was yet in store for them, and how much blood it was still to cost them. Much less when they had commenced the struggle did they dream that the fruits of conquest, so dearly bought, would be snatched from them by the jealous representatives of England.

The events which followed form the real foundation for a charter of Boer independence. The barbarous massacre perpetrated by Dingaan; the victories of the Boers under Pretorius; their alliance with Panda, and the final establishment of the 'South African Society'—these are sacrifices and achievements which a people cannot be expected to forget, nor can they be expected to forego claims founded thereon.

We may turn to the action of the British Government, and trace its policy in connection with these events. Now a great migration of discontented colonists had taken place. They had penetrated into regions over which British sovereignty had never been extended. The colonists themselves had expressly repudiated that sovereignty. They had placed hundred of miles of country between them and the nearest representative of the British Government within the recognised frontier of the Cape Colony. Their parting words had been, 'We quit this country in the full assurance that the British Government has nothing more to require of us.'<sup>10</sup> Had they not ceased then to be British subjects? Were they longer amenable to British jurisdiction? The answer seems perfectly plain. France might as well have claimed the descendants of the old Huguenots, separated by thousands of miles of sea, as her subjects, as England those men beyond the Drakensberg.

What excuse had we for interference? It was not our policy to extend the frontier. Such extension was deprecated on all sides. Already we had outgrown our strength.

There are occasions when a forward policy may be necessary for self-defence. In the face of a common enemy it may be wise to allow

<sup>10</sup> Noble, page 79.



the weaker to be merged in the stronger power. That was the main argument in favour of the reannexation of the Transvaal in 1877, and some such motive appears to have influenced us long before 1877. The danger, it is true, was not very great, but when apprehension, however slight, is added to jealousy, the incentive to action becomes a very strong one. Let us see what a very unprejudiced authority had to say on this subject many years after. Mr. Porter, Attorney-General in the Cape Colony, wrote about the year 1852 :—

It is indisputable, I conceive, that we crossed the Orange River at the first not to bestow upon the majority of the emigrant Boers the power of doing what they pleased, but to deprive the majority of the emigrant Boers of the power of doing what they pleased. Those emigrants did not want us. They prayed for nothing but to be let alone and to be allowed to make their own arrangements with the natives. It was to keep the peace between the Boers and the native chiefs that we interfered, first by treaties with native chiefs, then by the 6th and 7th Wm. IV. c. 57, then by Sir Philip Maitland's plan of a British Resident as an armed arbitrator, and at last by the assertion, in all its amplitude and power, of British Sovereignty.<sup>11</sup>

The assertion of British authority at the time referred to did not, it must be confessed, prove a very powerful instrument for the maintenance of peace. It was thought possible to throw the ægis of the British flag over the natives of Natal by foisting on their oppressors the title of British subjects, and simply decreeing the restoration of the conquered territory. But we mistook our power and resources. We neglected to send a force sufficient to command respect. With one company of the 72nd Highlanders we occupied the port, seized the ammunition, and called upon the Boers to sign a declaration that they would not further engage in hostilities against the natives. But they were not to be so easily intimidated. They assembled in force, and bluntly gave the officer to understand that they would sign no declaration of the kind.<sup>12</sup>

The affair ended in our withdrawing from Natal in 1839, and the Boers, left free to pursue their own way, hoisted the flag of the Republic of Natalia. Believing that they had at length secured their position as an independent community, they applied soon afterwards to the British Government for a recognition of that independence. To their amazement they found that they were still considered 'British subjects.' In spite of the most explicit declarations from the home Government that British colonisation should not be further extended, they were told that if they received a British force their trade would be put upon the footing of a British possession. With the news of the refusal of these terms came intelligence of some further proceedings against the natives. In consequence of this a British

<sup>11</sup> Parliamentary Papers, 1852, 1853. Minute written for the information of Sir G. Cathcart.

<sup>12</sup> Noble, p. 97.

force was sent to take possession of Natal, and in July, 1842, it was declared a British colony.

The definitive establishment of British authority in Natal drove back beyond the Drakensberg many of the most irreconcilable amongst the Boers—there to join the earlier settlers who had penetrated into these regions in 1838, under the leadership of Hendrick Potgieter. Collecting in considerable force they established their own form of government under commandants, landdrosts, and field cornets; but on being informed by Governor Napier that they were still amenable to British jurisdiction, they abandoned Potchefstroom and moved northwards. Our native policy in Natal was the means of still further increasing the number of the discontented. It has been our fate to take few steps in South Africa, and see very clearly what they are likely to lead to. The truth is we have been dealing with a problem of which we have scarcely yet learnt the elementary conditions. We drifted into the course of annexing Natal, although at the time that annexation was contrary to the directions of the home Government. Being there this resulted—that vast numbers of fugitive Zulus, attracted by the known humanity of the British Government, flocked into the country. So numerous did they become that it was imperative to decide upon some definite policy with respect to them. It was determined to settle them in locations where they might live in the enjoyment of their own laws and customs, and be accessible to the missionaries.

This policy was hateful to the emigrant farmers. Years of warfare had convinced them that there was no hope of peace, no guarantee for the safety of their lives and property, unless the natives were expelled the country. If they had had their own way, they would have dealt with the natives of Natal as they have since dealt with them in the Orange Free State.

Thwarted by the British Government, they prepared to join their kith and kin beyond the boundaries of Natal. Once again, before going, they addressed the Government. The Boers have always commanded the services of able writers. If their case has not been well understood in England, it has been from no want of literary ability in those who have presented it. Their leaders have always pleaded with a rugged eloquence, always forcible and occasionally pathetic.

‘How is it,’ wrote Pretorius, ‘that since the arrival of the British soldier at Natal our number has not been increased by a single Dutch Boer? . . .’ ‘What can the reason be? Nothing else but that Her Majesty has extended her gracious protection to Natal, and protection by the great majority who have bought experience in the old colony is interpreted alienation, oppression, extermination.’<sup>12</sup>

About the time these words were penned, the most vigorous Governor which it has been the good fortune or the misfortune of the

<sup>12</sup> Noble, p. 120.

country to send to the Cape set himself to settle the affairs of the frontier.<sup>14</sup> What at Cape Town was called the 'settling' of the frontier, generally proved to be unsettling of the affairs of the emigrant farmers. It was a critical time. It was a time when by moderate concessions we might have reconciled a large number of the Boers. It was a time when a prudent Governor would have taken pains to carry with him the full weight which is derived from the support and authority of the home Government. Unfortunately he endeavoured to steal a march on the Secretary of State, and he succeeded so far as to place the Colonial Office in the position of having to consider what was beyond recall.

In the days when the means of postal communication were few and far between, annexation was found a simple process. Little thought was bestowed at the time on the means at our disposal for upholding an annexation. A proclamation was always considered an efficient remedy for a state of anarchy. We had a marvellous belief in the effect likely to be produced by the sight of the union jack at the head of a pole, unsupported by an army, by police, by any organisation of the nature of a civil service.

The history of the rising of 1848 is a lesson in annexation. The Queen's sovereignty had been extended—not with the advice of the Cabinet, not by the approval and sanction of Parliament, not with the knowledge and consent of the British people, who would most surely ultimately, if not immediately, be taxed to support and maintain the territories in British occupation, but by the arbitrary proclamation of a High Commissioner issued in the exercise of what can only be called his indiscretion.<sup>15</sup>

Thus it was that we dealt with 70,000 square miles of territory, and, strange to say, thus it was, also, thirty years later we proceeded to deal with 115,000 square miles north of the Vaal.

Is it possible to review such a history and such a repetition of history without discerning a laxity in the system of our Colonial administration? It must sometimes happen that the colonial minister is an inexperienced man. He may have to pronounce upon a multitude of questions, for which he is prepared by very little or very inadequate training. He may have on his hands at one time the consideration of the affairs of Canada, of Australasia, of the West Indies and of Africa. He has, it is true, the assistance of the ablest and most experienced permanent officials, but he has not, like the Indian Secretary, a council to consult and advise with him. No matter how capable he may be, he is necessarily dependent on the permanent officials of the office who direct his attention, and through him the

<sup>14</sup> Sir Harry Smith, 1847-52.

<sup>15</sup> Sir Harry Smith's proclamation was dated February 3, 1848. The Boers were told that one condition on which they held their lands was that every able-bodied man turned out in defence of her Majesty and her allies.

attention of the Cabinet, to the most pressing questions concerning this vast empire as they successively and often simultaneously arise. But a High Commissioner in old times, and even recently, has found the pace too slow at the Colonial Office. He has not made sufficient allowance for a minister and a Cabinet overburdened with work. The Secretary of State under such circumstances is a subject of commiseration. By one mail he has received despatches indicating a policy; by the next he has received the news of an accomplished fact—an annexation, a war, or an ultimatum, and he has been left no course except to write what has become an established formula: ‘Being on the spot, and with the best information at hand, your Excellency no doubt knows best; but,’ &c. &c.; and then, by the next mail: ‘Although your Excellency was on the spot, and although you knew best, you must consider yourself reprimanded for acting before I could form a very clear idea of what you were about, and, indeed; before I had time to read one-half or master one-fourth of your despatches.’

But to return. Annexation has been easy. The difficulty has always been to *maintain* the annexation.

Sir Harry Smith made a great effort to appease the discontented farmers in Natal and in the Orange River Sovereignty. He endeavoured to remove their grievances. But the hatred of British rule on the further side of the Orange River was too strong to be overcome by mere administrative reform. The manifesto of the Governor was met by a counter manifesto, and before long the Boers were in what was called ‘open rebellion.’ Nothing could have been more peremptory than the language of their leader. Addressing the British Resident, Pretorius wrote:—

Whereas Sir Harry Smith is obstinate as regards the majority being on our side, I consider it my duty to shed as little blood as possible. I shall therefore give you one hour to consider whether you will give up this country or whether I am to take it from you by force. . . . I have for the accomplishment of this object brought with me into the field only one thousand out of the many thousands of my ready and willing people.

Then, as recently, the greatest discrepancy of opinion prevailed as regards the ‘wishes of the majority.’ While the Boers have asserted that those loyal to us were in a great minority, we have as constantly asserted the contrary, and each time with the result of finding ourselves mistaken. Four or five years later Sir George Cathcart wrote:—

The acquisition of the Sovereignty was no doubt brought about by conquest and force of arms; but the motive was assumed to be compliance with a real or supposed voluntary desire of the majority of all the various communities within its geographical limits to place themselves under British rule and protection, rather than any desire on the part of the British Government to assert that supremacy,

founded on the law of nations, which gives claim to all settlements of British subjects in all parts of the world as virtually under the British flag.<sup>17</sup>

The extract already quoted from the minute of Mr. Porter<sup>18</sup> is authority for the statement that this belief regarding the majority being on our side was not our sole motive for interference. Behind all our action was the fear of the Boers becoming independent; we feared them, and we were jealous of them. So we took Natal and we drove them back to the plains between the Orange and the Vaal rivers. There we stepped in between them and the natives, and, lastly, in answer to their declaration that they were no longer British subjects, we issued proclamations declaring that they were.

Sir Harry Smith took the field with six or seven hundred men, assisted by a few Griquas. This force was sufficient to put to flight about a thousand farmers who had taken up a strong position at Boomplaats. Pretorius fled across the Vaal and there laid the foundation of the South African Republic which we recognised in 1852.

But though we gained this military triumph in 1846 we were destined to suffer a grave political defeat. It is important to trace the consequences of extending sovereign rights by proclamation. As we have retained suzerain rights over the Transvaal, the retrospect is not without a special interest. Amongst the causes of the rebellion must be mentioned the liability of the Boers to a military service, which they detested. One of Sir Harry Smith's proclamations contained a paragraph to the effect that one of the conditions on which they held land was that they should be liable to be called out in the service of the Crown. Many of them had been persuaded that the Government intended to force them into the position of mere soldiery. By far the most repugnant prospect in their eyes was that of perpetual interference with the natives. These fears we should have taken pains to remove. Unfortunately, all we did had the effect of intensifying them. The Queen was paramount over an immense extent of territory—even, by the implication of the proclamations, over the country beyond the Vaal. South of it the sovereignty extended over six chiefs, some of whose claims to territorial rights were previous to the proclamation of the slenderest description. The inevitable result was that each chief looked up to the Sovereign to maintain his claim. Thus we became involved in the quarrels of the natives amongst themselves. We allied ourselves with some and waged war against others.<sup>19</sup> There was scarcely a sentence of the proclamation which

<sup>17</sup> Parliamentary Papers 1852. Sir G. Cathcart to Secretary of State, No. 8, May 20, 1852.

<sup>18</sup> *Supra*, p. 444.

<sup>19</sup> The impressment of Sikonyella in 1849 into our service in order to punish Molitsane for an attack on the missionary station of Umpukane, and the subsequent onslaught by Molitsane on our ally Moroko, is a case in point.

did not pave the way for war and add to the general confusion.<sup>20</sup> We placed the institutions of the missionaries under the protection of the Crown. Instead of assisting to preserve the general peace these missionaries more than once espoused the cause of one particular chief and invoked the aid of the British Government. They complained of the destruction of their houses and churches, which being always placed in close proximity to the chief's kraal, became the first objects of the enemy's attack.<sup>21</sup> The proclamation bound us to exact redress, and in this manner we were plunged in quarrels which disgraced the name of the British Government, and furnished a curious commentary on the claim we had more than once set up to preserve the peace of South Africa.

Let us look for a moment at the position of the emigrant farmers under such a system of administration. Every able-bodied man was bound to turn out with arms for the defence of Her Majesty and her allies. By each petty quarrel we took up we drew the emigrant farmers into hostility with a tribe with which they had no particular quarrel. They must have remembered how years before we had constituted ourselves arbiters in Natal, and, with an affectation of superior morality, condemned their own policy towards the natives. Yet now they saw the natives enlisted as allies, themselves drawn into quarrels and forced to fight, while their farms were overrun, and their flocks driven away or destroyed in their absence, and in despair they asked themselves, What were the advantages of British rule? Where was its superior morality? Where was its superiority in the art of Government? Where was its boasted regard for human life and liberty?

Such a state of things could not long continue without calling forth a storm of indignation. It is the great misfortune of all our colonies to elicit but a fitful attention from the mother country. On some of them it is not to be expected that the British public should bestow sustained attention. It is a natural result that when they have taken upon themselves full and complete responsibility, the management of their own affairs should provoke but an occasional curiosity. But it is strange how cursory has been the notice taken by the British public in those parts of the Colonial Empire to which complete self-government has not been accorded. It has placed great reliance in the machinery of the Colonial Office, only when that machinery has broken down has it made the necessary inquiry, and determined to enforce obedience to or modify the decrees of Downing Street. Then indeed there has gathered a storm of indignation, and a scapegoat has been trotted out.

<sup>20</sup> Minute written for the information of Sir G. Cathcart, by Commissioner Green, *Parl. Papers*, 1852.

<sup>21</sup> The Wesleyan missionaries particularly distinguished themselves. They found in Major Warden a willing listener.

When accounts of the state of the Orange River Sovereignty reached England, Lord Grey was at the Colonial Office. He lost no time in giving vent to his opinions, and announcing the decision of the Cabinet.

The Orange River Sovereignty (he wrote tersely) was to be abandoned. That done, no wars in future, 'however [sanguinary,' between the different tribes and communities which will be left in a state of independence beyond the colonial boundary are to be considered as affording ground for your interference.

If the top of Table Mountain had suddenly become the crater of a volcano, it could not have startled the colony more than did this despatch. Nor has the effect worn off. Mr. Noble, the historian of South Africa, considers that this was a policy not only retrograde but ignoble.

- The old and warmly cherished policy of England (he says), based on the great and noble principle that she was responsible for the conduct of her subjects (*sic*) towards the aboriginal races amongst whom they settled . . . was thus suddenly reversed.<sup>22</sup>

So far from reversing it, Lord Grey appears to have returned to it. The policy which Lord Grey condemned, however 'warmly cherished,' was by no means 'old.' It was not older than the year 1836, the date of one of the most mischievous acts which Parliament has ever passed. The 6 and 7 William IV. c. 57, enacted that all crimes committed by British subjects without the British dominions, in territory adjacent to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, south of the 25th degree of S. latitude, should be tried and punished as if the crimes had been committed within the colony. The consequence was that to avoid the absurdity of punishing 'British subjects' for crimes committed against natives, and leaving unpunished crimes committed by natives against 'British subjects,' we were forced into the system of annexation by proclamation.<sup>23</sup>

Lord Grey saw, what indeed every impartial observer must have seen, that we had been attempting to do and to perform in South Africa that for which our resources were absolutely and entirely inadequate, while failure was fatal to our influence and reputation. It was not so much a question of justice between us and the Dutch, as one of the practicability of what we had been attempting. With an immense majority of the white population opposed to our rule, without an organisation worthy of the name of a Civil Service,<sup>24</sup> with a mere handful of soldiers, we were attempting the absolutely impossible task of holding the scales of justice between the white man

<sup>22</sup> Noble, p. 145.

<sup>23</sup> Pamphlet by Sir W. Molesworth, entitled *Materials for a Speech on the Policy of abandoning the Orange River Sovereignty*, 1853.

<sup>24</sup> Sir G. Cathcart to Commissioner Owen, July 1852. 'I am strongly of opinion that the present organisation which exists in the sovereignty in the administration of justice is insufficient.'

and the black, and between natives and natives, with the result only of making ourselves obnoxious to all parties.

It was not only that we had failed in our native policy. We neglected to give our 'subjects' a government which they could approve or identify as their own.<sup>25</sup> It was a Crown colony governed in the worst possible manner. Had we trusted the Dutch more, had we allowed them to participate in the government, a large number would have settled down as contentedly as their brethren in the colony. For a while the effect of extending sovereign rights had been far from discouraging. There was a brief revival of public confidence, a perceptible increase of industry, of energy, of population. Villages sprang into existence, and farms appeared where a short time previously there was no vestige of tillage.<sup>26</sup> Unfortunately, we starved the little State by giving it a constitution entirely inadequate to meet the expanding wants of the community. There was a legislative council presided over by a British Resident, and composed of *four* magistrates and *eight* burghers. Seldom has so much been expected from a legislative council. It combined the functions of the legislature, the executive, and the bench. The magistrates drew up the laws which were submitted to the council. When passed they put them in force. In the Combined Circuit Court they acted both as judge and jury, and from their decisions there was no appeal.

Such was the constitution we gave to a people to whom we desired to show the advantages of British rule! It remains to trace briefly the work of Sir George Cathcart, who succeeded Sir Harry Smith as Governor and High Commissioner.

Before the arrival of Sir George Cathcart, Major Hogge and Mr. Owen had been associated as Assistant Commissioners with Sir Harry Smith in settling the relations of the colony with the frontier tribes. They had full powers to act as seemed best to them with regard to matters beyond the Orange River, and exercising this power they had taken a step which forms the turning point in the history of South Africa. This step was the conclusion of certain negotiations which resulted in the Sand River Convention of 1852. The Commissioners had been engaged at Bloemfontein in the service for which they had been sent, when they received a message from the emigrant farmers north of the Vaal requesting an interview, with the object of establishing friendly relations with the British Government. It was agreed that they should meet on May 18 on the banks of the Sand River. On the 31st the Assistant Commissioners wrote: .

The meeting with the deputation of the Transvaal emigrants took place on the 18th inst. near the Sand River. They were merely assured of non-interference in the management of their affairs and non-encroachment on the part of the

<sup>25</sup> Sir Bartle Frere has condemned a similar and inexplicable neglect with regard to the Transvaal after 1877.

<sup>26</sup> Memorial addressed by the landholders to the Governor, August 1851.



Government. This boon has been virtually granted by Lord Grey's explicit directions that the colony shall not be extended, and a favour has been made of what must have been, if that line of policy were adhered to, an inevitable concession. *The emigrants engaged voluntarily to discountenance slavery,*<sup>27</sup> allow a free passage and protection to travellers, and to give up criminals.<sup>28</sup>

It is remarkable that while in 1877 one of the main reasons alleged in favour of the annexation was the danger of an overwhelming and general rising of the natives against the white population of South Africa, precisely the same fear operated as a motive in the minds of the Assistant Commissioners for granting independence. Thus we find them writing to Sir G. Cathcart on April 20:—

Being of opinion that no time should be lost during the prevalence of general disaffection amongst the coloured races of South Africa in reconciling those to the British Government who might form again what they once were, its natural defenders against national aggression, they had readily availed themselves of friendly propositions, emanating from the emigrants themselves, to reverse the outlawry of their leaders and allow them to form such independent government as might seem best to them across the Vaal River.<sup>29</sup>

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this convention. It has proved, in fact, the turning point in the history of South Africa. At home it excited little notice, and provoked but a small amount of criticism. The public seem to have acquiesced in any step which promised to put an end to the confusion of South African affairs.

It was otherwise in the colony. To a large number of colonists the step appeared to involve a reversal of the traditionary policy of England. Some curious evidence of official opinion of the treaty is to be found in a despatch of the Governor of Natal. Writing to Sir George Cathcart he took no pains to conceal his disapproval of the treaty. He pointed out that the Boers considered themselves as absolved from allegiance to Her Majesty.

I have reason to believe (he said) that it was a concession not expected by the Boers. If local self-government had been allowed them, I think the Queen's sovereignty might have been retained and with great advantage. If, however, it is really intended to absolve these men from allegiance to the Crown, I think it should be expressly stipulated that they are not to enter into any treaty with any foreign Power.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>27</sup> I have italicised these words, as it is a common belief that the undertaking which they embody was extorted from the Boers.

<sup>28</sup> Blue Book, May 1863.

<sup>29</sup> Commissioner Owen. Enclosure in No. 7 of Sir G. Cathcart, May 20, 1852.

<sup>30</sup> Sir G. Cathcart replied: 'As we should object to the Boers beyond the Vaal River forming alliances with Moshesh for instance, or any other coloured natives south of that river, which might be prejudicial to the interests of Her Majesty's subjects, so it appears to be just that we should disclaim alliances with those north of the Vaal River, amongst whom the Boers can only live by exercising a requisite supremacy for their control; and therefore reciprocal non-interference is equitable and indispensable.'

The compromise here suggested by Governor Pine is precisely the one at which Mr. Gladstone's Government has somewhat accidentally arrived.

The steps which had been taken by the Commissioners were practically irrevocable. Sir George Cathcart acquiesced in it as a necessity.

But a question of great importance immediately arose. What was the bearing and effect of the convention upon our position in the Sovereignty? For some time after it we retained the Sovereignty. A few were of opinion that its constitution should be remodelled, and a strong military force stationed within it. It was confidently asserted that the export of wool would yield a sufficient revenue to pay the cost of keeping it.<sup>31</sup>

Sir George Cathcart was not a man to arrive at a conclusion in a hurry. For some time he was uncertain as to the best course to be pursued, but at length he arrived reluctantly at the conclusion that to abandon the country was the only course he could conscientiously recommend to the home Government. The Assistant Commissioners had summoned delegates to consult on the question of reforming the constitution. These had pronounced distinctly in favour of complete self-government. That being so, he advised the Government to go a step further and grant full independence. He said there was no precedent for a voluntary grant of independence, but the Sand River Convention was an implied recognition of independence north of the Vaal, and it was, as the Secretary of State had observed, the same principle whether the Vaal or the Orange River was the named boundary. He believed that we should reap advantages from ample concession, and find in a union of the Boers north and south of the Vaal the most secure barriers from barbarians from without. If such a union took place, we should have, as he expressed it, the advantage of dealing with one head instead of two. On the 14th of November, 1852, he wrote a decisive despatch:—

To conclude, without presuming to offer any retrospective observations as to the original policy of extending Her Majesty's South African possessions . . . taking matters as they now stand, I am decidedly of opinion that unless the British Government be prepared to constitute the Orange River Territory as a separate government under a Lieutenant-Governor, with all the requisite departmental organisation, and moreover to garrison it with a force of not less than two thousand men, one-fourth of which should be cavalry, it is impossible to hold it and fulfil the engagements which are inseparable from an assumption of sovereignty, or even an engagement of armed intervention without the constant humiliation and impolicy of manifesting to all the surrounding tribes and nations an attempted undertaking on the part of the British Government devoid of the means of giving it effect; and whilst the natural course of things in succeeding generations must progressively call for increasing expense of government, and probably frequent

<sup>31</sup> Commissioner Green. He was very anxious to retain the Sovereignty. He said we had been for years endeavouring to shake the confidence of the Boers in our Government. Let confidence be restored, and all would be well.

remote or expensive wars, I am unable to see a prospect of any proportionate advantage that can ever be derived from this acquisition of territory either to the colony or the mother country.

In these conclusions he was assisted by Mr. Porter, who pointed out with unanswerable force the difficulties, if not the impossibility, of retaining the Sovereignty when we had granted independence to the Transvaal Boers.

Hitherto the doctrine of the British Government was that their allegiance was inalienable and their independence a dream. That was the doctrine asserted by force of arms at Natal in 1842, at Swart Roppies in 1845, at Boomplaats in 1848. We had refused to acknowledge the Boers to be independent of ourselves, and we had interfered to compel the Boers to acknowledge their dependence upon the native chiefs in whose lands they settled. All that was changed. But what was the bearing of this convention on the Sovereignty? 'Upon what intelligible principle was one Boer to be taken and another left?' Was there any useful purpose of war or peace to be gained by having the new Republic on the banks of the Vaal River instead of on the banks of the Orange River? We had disclaimed alliances north of the Vaal River. Were the natives south of the Vaal then more deserving of protection? Once the Transvaal Republic was established there would be a large emigration to it. The two peoples were and would become still more united by social bonds. Many of them looked upon the Sovereignty as a country bought by their money and their blood, a country with which England had had no right to meddle. How was the British Governor of the Sovereignty to hold his ground against popular projects adopted by either of the Volksraads? Already there were signs that the Transvaal Boers would not hold aloof from the politics of the Sovereignty.

Certainly it cannot be said that Secretaries of State have shown much difference of opinion. Lord Grey was mainly responsible for the Sand River Convention, since it was founded on his orders that British colonisation should be no further extended. Lord Derby was responsible for its ratification, and, lastly, to the Duke of Newcastle is due the praise or blame of finally relinquishing a policy which had been fruitful of endless difficulty and embarrassment. On March 14, 1853, he announced the intention of the Government to withdraw from the Sovereignty.

I shall not (he wrote) enter into the reasons which have weighed with us in coming to this decision; it is sufficient to state that the rude government which has hitherto existed in the Sovereignty has failed to accomplish the object for which it was established. The authority of the British Resident has not been upheld and respected by the coloured inhabitants nor by the colonists of European origin. Adverting to the plans proposed for retaining the territory, he pronounced the project to be inadmissible. It would yield no advantages which would compensate for the risk and expense attending it.

This history has an important bearing on recent events. Is it not a question whether in the same manner as the recognition of the independence of the Transvaal Boers made the abandonment of the Orange Sovereignty a political necessity in 1853, so did the existence of an independent Orange Free State in 1877 render the resumption

of British rule over the Transvaal a course fraught with the utmost difficulty and hazard? The little state which is now known by the name of the Orange Free State has become the nucleus and the cradle of Boer power in South Africa. When we gave independence to the Transvaal Boers in 1852, did we not do that which has made and will yet tend still more to make them our equals in South Africa? Did we not then irrevocably abandon our claim to that supremacy which had been so often asserted in theory and so rarely sustained in practice? Can any attempts to undo what was then done be successful unless we are prepared to shed a vast amount of blood and spend an infinite amount of treasure?

It is because we have entrusted such vital questions to the judgment not of Parliaments but of individuals that we have been led into the disastrous course from which we have lately turned; and it is very far from clear that even now we have planted our feet firmly in the slippery path which marks our retreat.

COLIN CAMPBELL.

## THE ETHICS OF VIVISECTION.

It is to be regretted that the question of 'Vivisection'<sup>1</sup> should still call for further discussion. It was reasonably hoped that after the result of the inquiry by a Royal Commission, and the subsequent legislation, physiologists might have been permitted to pursue their investigations, hindered only by the law as it now stands. This expectation was the more reasonable inasmuch as physiologists have loyally accepted the restrictions of the Act in question. But the anti-scientific agitation continues. Some opponents of physiological inquiry maintain that experiments on living creatures are altogether cruel, immoral, and disgraceful, and should therefore be entirely suppressed; others, yielding to the evidence of the importance and usefulness of these inquiries, but misled by a laudable dislike to the infliction of pain, would limit much more the sanctions of the law, and reduce these studies almost to a nullity; others, uninfluenced by either of these considerations, are opponents of vivisection, as they would be of all other scientific progress.

Mr. Hutton, who tells us that a fair number of the articles in favour of a restriction more effective than that of the present law have proceeded from his pen, speaks of practical physiologists as 'a new scientific class'; and of the encouragement of the practical physiological method as 'a new departure,' 'a most significant and important new departure.' Other expressions of a similar kind occur in his article, as of practical physiology being 'a new profession,' 'a new movement.' We should hardly have expected from so liberal a writer objections against any course of study because it was *new*. But happily on this score we can easily satisfy any prejudice against novelty. Practical physiology has the *prestige* and sanction of ages. Whilst Bacon speaks but lightly of the disputatious wisdom of the Greeks of the time of Plato and Aristotle, he warmly commends the physiological studies of Democritus and his colleagues. Galen's

<sup>1</sup> This term is inaccurate and misleading; but the question to the discussion of which I contribute is whether it is justifiable to perform experiments upon the lower animals, with every precaution against preventible pain, in order to increase human knowledge and relieve human suffering.

experiments are notorious; and the most learned author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* sets forth in his frontispiece Democritus searching for the seat of black choler :—

Old Democritus under a tree,  
Sits on a stone with book on knee :  
About him hang there many features  
Of cats and dogs and such like creatures  
Of which he makes anatomy,  
The seat of black choler to see.

It is, however, true that for many centuries physiological inquiry, and indeed the study of natural science in general, was almost stifled by the logic of the schoolmen, which better commended itself to the prejudices of men than did the harder task of observing and questioning Nature. The commencement of a more prosperous era for physiology dates from the renaissance of science in the sixteenth century.

One of the earliest fruits of this revival was the discovery of the circulation of the blood, due, as Harvey himself informs us (though certain modern writers may wish to deny it), to ‘having frequent recourse to vivisections, employing a variety of animals for the purpose, and collecting numerous observations.’

The contemporary discovery of the lymphatic system by Aselli, Bartholinus, and Pequet, the subsequent discovery of the capillary circulation by Malpighi, the great advances made by Boyle, and Mayow, and Lower, in the same century, were all the fruits of experiments upon animals; and ever since, physiology, no less than chemistry and physics, has depended on experiments.

The supposed novelty of physiological experiments does not therefore afford an argument against them either in fact or principle.

That during the last few years physiology has received a new impetus from the great progress of experimental physics in other lines is perfectly true.

Until to-day the theory that the living quality in us was due to a mysterious vital force, out of the reach of science, pre-occupied the mind, and stood in the way of observation and experiment. But now it has become the immovable standpoint of physiology, that a living creature is dependent for all its bodily functions upon the forces of inorganic matter; in other words, that our corporeal life is but the operation of material atoms and material forces within the reach of experimental inquiry. The clearing away of old hypotheses and suppositions, and the admission of physiology among the physical sciences, of course imposes upon her the same obligations of exact observation and experiment. She can no longer remain satisfied with specious explanations and fanciful hypotheses, any more than astronomy could accept the offices of the imagination for explaining the nature of eclipses or the causes of comets.

Physiology having thus set herself free from mental hindrances, and comprehending the extent and intricacy of the problems before her, must, from the nature of the case, claim as much liberty as astronomers and other inquirers enjoy in their several researches. But to prevent misunderstanding, it may be added that while firmly maintaining that the actions in living things are objects for scientific inquiry, and reducible to law—have in fact an order as fixed and certain as the stars in their courses—we are not so presumptuous as to suppose that when all these *actions* in a living body are made plain, we shall have penetrated the mystery of life. The living spirit which manifests itself in these operations can only be known from the consciousness and from the conscience. The eye does not see, neither does the ear hear. The odour of the rose and of the violet are not chemical, although they are chemically caused. If, therefore, physiology has a wide range, it has also its proper limit.

Physiological experiments, then, are no novelties; they are as old as physiology. They correct erroneous doctrines, and are compatible with, nay they lead to, a reverent conviction of the limits of human knowledge.

The more reasonable and respectable opposition to the method of experiment in physiology rests partly on imperfect knowledge of its necessity and use, partly on exaggerated estimate of the sufferings involved.

If physiology were a cruel and immoral occupation, in which what is gained is out of all proportion to the penalties paid for it, there would be no more to say but to blot it out at once. But if it appear, as it undoubtedly does, that physiology investigates problems of the highest importance to mankind, and that the solution of these problems is within the scope of the human intellect, then the matter assumes a very different aspect. It becomes in a high sense a moral duty to press on the acquisition of knowledge, both for its own sake, and for the fruits which it will surely yield. What casuist can doubt the moral duty, with the parable of the talents before him? Is it not at once the prerogative and the duty of the intellect, essential to its very maintenance and development, that it should have free course for inquiry?

Instead, therefore, of counselling prohibition, it would seem to be the part of lovers of knowledge to foster physiological inquiries, subject only to such restrictions as I shall presently show our men of science had already imposed upon themselves before they were recommended by the Royal Commission. But it ought to be noted that there are two sorts of inquiry, which may be confounded together; and Lord Coleridge, in his attack on physiological experiments, does not avoid this confusion. There is the inquiry of idle, vulgar, and impertinent curiosity, which is at best selfish, and may be immoral and even criminal. But this has nothing whatever to do with the

inquiries of science, nor are its ways the same. Therefore, when Lord Coleridge says that 'liberty is claimed for experiment *in vacuo*, experiment on the chance, experiment in pursuit of nothing in particular, but of anything that may turn up in the course of a hundred thousand vivisections,' he misplaces the claims of science, and puts them in the mouth of a monster of his own imagining.

There is in the language and statements of the opponents of vivisection an almost unbroken harmony of exaggeration. A lady, writing of the title of Claude Bernard to be honoured by physiologists, says that such title is, at least partly, based on the invention of a stove which should enable him to watch the process of 'baking dogs alive.' Such a statement, without due context and explanation, and couched in such language, is calculated, if not intended, 'to convey a totally false impression both of the purpose and the details of the memorable experiments of Claude Bernard upon Animal Heat.

Baking dogs alive! How horrible and disgusting! would be a natural exclamation. What purpose could there be in anything so cruel? This we shall see directly.

Again, Lord Coleridge, apparently referring to these experiments on fever, says:—

I deny altogether that it concludes the question to admit that vivisection enlarges knowledge [of course not, but it concludes one important step in our argument]. I do not doubt that it does, but I deny that the pursuit of knowledge is in itself always lawful; still more, I deny that the gaining knowledge justifies all means of gaining it. [Who ever pretended that it does?] To begin with, proportion is forgotten. Suppose it capable of proof that by putting to death with hideous torment three thousand horses, you could find out the real nature of some feverish symptom, I should say without the least hesitation, that it would be unlawful to torture the three thousand horses.

Now, why, it may be asked, does Lord Coleridge, for the purpose of his argument, select *horses*, and why so large a number as three thousand? He must know that the horse has been but little experimented upon in the investigations respecting animal heat and fever, and then under the influence of ether, and therefore without suffering; the operation consisting in a division of the branches of the sympathetic nerve in the neck whilst the animal is insensible; so that the supposition of *three thousand horses* and *hideous torment* is an exaggerated supposition, out of proportion to facts—misleading, and in no way conducive to a fair judgment on the question at issue.

From the expression 'baking dogs alive' any one unacquainted with the subject would suppose that experiments upon animal heat and fever involved hideous torment, and from Lord Coleridge's expression, 'to find out the real nature of some feverish symptom,' that these dreadful doings were for a trifling object. But a few words of explanation will put this matter in a different light.

In the whole range of nature there is no more wonderful fact than the uniformity of the temperature of the blood in health in the



different warm-blooded animals. In man, dogs, cats, foxes, seals, &c., this temperature is uniform, whether they be living at the Equator or the Poles, whether in summer or winter, whether in activity or repose, whether fasting or recently fed, provided they are in health. In birds the natural temperature is higher by several degrees Fahrenheit than in warm-blooded quadrupeds; and it is a curious fact, that if the blood of the latter be raised to the temperature of the blood of birds, the result is fatal. For instance, if a dog be put into a heated chamber, and his blood be raised to ten degrees higher than in health (the natural temperature of, *e.g.*, a swallow's blood), the animal quickly dies; and the same happens to man, whether this increase of temperature arise through injury or disease. The animal or man is, under such circumstances, 'baked alive.' Now, yearly in this country, more than twenty thousand persons, children and others—mostly children—die of scarlet fever; and nearly twenty thousand more of typhoid fever; and one of the chief causes of this mortality is the high temperature of the blood, which results from the disturbance due to the fever process. To use Bernard's expression, '*le fait le plus important de tous, celui qui domine tous les autres, celui qui constitue le véritable danger, c'est la chaleur.*' No wonder, therefore, that physiologists and physicians have anxiously and laboriously occupied themselves in investigating that mechanism of the living body which in health maintains so constant a temperature under varying circumstances, both internal and external, and which becomes so easily and fatally deranged in disease. Thanks to the very intelligent and exact experiments of Bernard, part of this complicated machinery has been traced out; but the whole matter is so beset with difficulties that the wonder is, not that physiologists have done no more, but that they have explained so much. Those who carp and cavil may perhaps ask why, if these experiments are so useful, have we not been able more certainly to control this fever state? The answer at present must be that the end is not the beginning; and that the complexity of one of the most wonderful of the many wonders of our bodily frame is not to be fully unravelled in twenty years. The subtlety of nature in a living organism demands the labours of many and various intellects before we can hope to obtain even a small instalment of the reward of their labours.<sup>2</sup> A living body is not a common piece of machinery, framed and fashioned from without; it is evolved from within, and every portion, even to the smallest, is a system in itself.

Bernard, in these experiments on fever, sacrificed two pigeons,

<sup>2</sup> This is the meaning of Bernard's modest estimate of his own labours which has been so often quoted. The 'legitimate promises' he made have been already in part fulfilled. No one can question the actual 'performances' of experiments on animals for medicine after reading the evidence taken by the Royal Commission, or the papers by Professor Humphry, Professor McDonnell, Professor Fraser, or those which appear in company with mine in this Review.

two guinea-pigs, less than twenty rabbits, and six dogs. One might think that the slaughter of even three thousand horses (if they were suitable for the purpose) by a process far less painful than that by which thousands are sacrificed in war, would not be unjustifiable if thereby the machinery for regulating animal heat could be fully discovered, and the power of controlling fever put into our hands. Granted that such a sacrifice of life would only be becoming under the sanction and direction of very high intelligence; that provided, it would not be an extravagant price to pay for the redemption of even a part of those who die annually of fever, as Miss Cobbe says, 'baked alive.'

The twenty thousand deaths from scarlet fever, and the twenty thousand from typhoid fever, constitute but a small part of the annual deaths in this country in which the high temperature of the blood is a fatal factor.

The febrile state must have arrested attention from the infancy of man. The mothers of a palæolithic age must have watched their children consumed to death in it, as do the mothers of to-day. The name of this fiery state is as old as literature. Physicians have never been weary of writing on the symptoms of it. The thermometer we now use at the bedside bears the name of Fahrenheit, who, a century and a half ago, in concert with the famous physician Boerhaave, made exact investigations upon the subject. But it is only during this century, through the labours of many observers both in this country and abroad, and prominently of Sir Benjamin Brodie, that the actual conditions producing and controlling animal heat are becoming known. This fiery furnace, with its uncounted millions of victims, science hopes to close. And it is quite reasonable to believe that the time will come when fever will be as much under our control as are the movements of a chronometer.

If sufficient cause could be shown for giving pain to animals for the purposes of medical science, there would be little opposition to experiment. The sufficient cause would largely, if not entirely, meet the moral difficulty. Mr. Hutton and Lord Coleridge object that such practices, for whatever purpose, are essentially demoralising, and tend to demoralise the community at large. These are strong statements, and would naturally require corresponding evidence to give them validity, especially as ordinary experience does not confirm them. If they were true, surgical operations would be demoralising, and a calling which is beneficent would rest upon moral degradation. The mother holds back the arm of the surgeon, and for the moment thinks him cruel, for the pain he is obliged to inflict on her child, but her calmer judgment acquiesces in the infliction of present pain for future good. Mr. Hutton thinks that the moral difficulty would be solved if we spared the lower animals, as we should expect to be spared ourselves were we in the power of a higher race. But it is impossible to conceive an order of nature in which intellectual creatures, having our moral relations, could stand to superior beings

as the lower animals stand to us, and hence the moral rule proposed for the solution of the difficulty is inapplicable. Our obligations to the lower creatures arise out of ourselves. It is due to ourselves that we should treat them with tenderness and kind regard. Dominion over them has been put into our hands, and that dominion, from the demands of our intellectual and moral nature, must be intelligent. In killing and eating an animal, we are on the same level as the carnivora; in using them for our sports, we are on the ordinary level of man; but in using them intelligently for the advancement of beneficent knowledge, provided that this be with a due sense of proportion between the benefit and the pain, we are justifying the highest purposes of our intelligence.

To ask why man should have to take such a course to acquire knowledge, is no more to the purpose than to ask why he is ignorant, or why he is placed here to subdue the world to his purposes.

That physiologists are not and have not been indifferent to or careless of inflicting pain is shown by the following resolutions, which have been already quoted by others, but will bear repetition. They were drawn up and accepted by the British Association in 1871:—

(1) No experiment which can be performed under the influence of an anæsthetic ought to be done without it.

(2) No painful experiment is justifiable for the mere purpose of illustrating a law or fact already demonstrated.

(3) Whenever, for the purpose of new truth, it is necessary to make a painful experiment, every effort should be made to ensure success, in order that the sufferings inflicted may not be wasted; etc.

These resolutions were signed by the President of the College of Physicians, the President of the College of Surgeons, and others interested in physiological inquiry. They make it sufficiently plain that the moral relations of science to animal suffering are not overlooked. And it is only in the case of *painful* experiments—a minority of the whole—that the moral question comes in.

It is no doubt a weak and unworthy argument, that the good we may obtain to ourselves by physiological experiment should outweigh the immorality of the process; that our moral susceptibilities ought to be bribed and silenced by our selfish gains. If it were an immoral thing to eat an animal, we ought not to eat it, even though our life were at stake; nor ought we to touch an animal for physiological experiment, if it were immoral to do so. It is therefore not true, as a prominent writer against vivisection asserts, that ‘the sentiments of compassion and sympathy must retreat and disappear,’ and be accounted of no consequence, in the presence of the requirements of physiology. Nor is ‘the deliberate torture of God’s harmless creatures’ in any sense a true description of the work of the physiologist.

The limits of our rights over the lower animals, and even over the

lives of our fellow-men, can only be clearly discerned by the light of the purposes for which those rights are exercised—as in war and capital punishment, for the welfare of the State; in sport, for amusement and health; and in eating animal food, to give us energy. They are each defensible on their own grounds, and to deny them a reasonable sanction is to raise a cry against defensive war, field sports, and animal diet. There are delicate and sensitive natures, whose prejudices in these matters ought to be respected as regards themselves; but it would be a woeful time for a country if their rule were to be made the rule of the State.

The far smaller sufferings inflicted by science are morally justified by similar considerations. That they ARE beneficent we have many proofs in daily life, and none perhaps more curious than the ground from which has sprung the very opposition itself to physiological experiment. This opposition is fostered by the larger and truer views of living things which physiology itself has taught. The improved feeling of even careless persons towards the lower animals, and the more enlightened sympathy which is felt towards them, is largely due to a better knowledge of their nature, and of the common tie of life which binds us to them.

It will appear to anyone who will be at the trouble to inquire even cursorily into the order of nature, that this order does not always accord with human views of benevolence; often it seems contrary to them. Our scope is necessarily limited, and the limit depends not only upon the benevolent feelings of the person, but upon his capacity for a comprehensive knowledge of the divinely-ordered system of nature.

It has been urged that it would be better to leave the progress of physiological knowledge to passive observation, and to give up experiments altogether. But it would be more reasonable to hope to make out the machinery of a watch by looking at it, than to hope to understand the mechanism of a living animal by mere contemplation. The movements and the value of the levers in the limbs and joints might no doubt be largely made out by inspection; but the deeper and more complicated machinery, part of which has been hinted at in the remarks on animal heat, could not be learned without the most elaborate inquiry into, and analysis of, combined living actions. This has always been strongly felt by those capable of forming a true judgment. Hence Harvey instituted an oration, to be delivered annually before the Royal College of Physicians in London, one of the conditions of which was that it should contain ‘an exhortation to the members to study and search out the secrets of nature *by way of experiment.*’ These orations have been continued from the middle of the seventeenth century to the present time. An unbroken testimony by those most capable of judging has been borne ever since to the value and necessity of physiological experiments. I will only

quote the latest, and perhaps the most striking testimony; which also refutes the slander that physiologists are reckless of inflicting pain. When the International Medical Congress met in London last year the following resolution was adopted at one of its general meetings:—

That this Congress records its conviction that experiments on living animals have proved of the utmost service to medicine in the past, and are indispensable to its future progress. That accordingly, while strongly deprecating the infliction of unnecessary pain, it is of opinion that it is not desirable, in the interests of man and animals, to restrict competent persons in the performance of such experiments.

While the course of scientific medicine lies only in the track of discovered facts, those systems of cure which largely rest on theory are more independent of experiment; and this may in some degree account for the indifference, and even opposition, which some medical writers have felt to experimental inquiry.

Let me offer two or three of the many instances which justify Harvey and the Medical Congress.

At Oxford, in February 1665, there being present Dr. John Wallis, Savillian Professor of Mathematics, Dr. Thomas Millington, Doctor of Medicine, and other members of the University, Dr. Richard Lower made the following experiment. Having by him a small dog and a mastiff, he opened the jugular vein of the smaller dog, and allowed the blood to flow until the animal was faint, and at the point of death. Then, to supply this loss of blood, he connected the carotid artery of the mastiff with the vein, and allowed the blood to flow into it until the fainting animal was restored. At the end of the experiment the vein was closed, the dog leaped from the table, forgetful of what had happened, rolled itself in the grass, and showed no sign of inconvenience. This experiment was a natural corollary to Harvey's discovery of the circulation, and has been the means of saving many lives. If it stood alone, it would be sufficient proof of the value of experiments on animals. The knowledge it afforded could not possibly have been obtained by passive observation or by fancy, and it rested upon the plainest demonstration. Moreover, the pain inflicted on the dogs by bleeding is a fair sample of a large number of the 'hideous torments' of vivisection.

Magendie discovered by his experiments a way of medicating the body which will be practised till the time arrives when 'there shall be no more pain.' He demonstrated that foreign substances in solution, put into the tissues, as for instance under the skin, were immediately absorbed, and so at once passed into the general circulation. This means of introducing remedies into the system is daily practised; sometimes, indeed, we have no other means, and when we have, this often affords the readiest and the quickest method of giving relief. No mere passive observation could have taught us this.

There are probably few symptoms more distressing and alarming in the course of common life than severe attacks of giddiness. By

experiments on animals and birds it has been proved that these 'vertiginous' affections are dependent upon irritation at the roots of certain nerves; and by the light of these experiments, and by observations on man, we have not only been able more exactly to appreciate the value of such symptoms, but to direct the use of our remedies.

Man is liable to convulsions from childhood to old age. Until Dr. Marshall Hall's vivisections, at the beginning of this reign, nothing was really known of the convulsive state, but his experiments made it clear that a convulsion is a mechanical nerve-process, the beginning of which may be some trifling and removable irritation, which propagates itself along nervous lines to their centres, to issue again in various directions to the muscles and other parts; much after the manner of the electrical force telegraphed to a central office, and thence outward in different lines. And all this may go on in our nerves, without our being in the least conscious of it, until the convulsion begin. Now, prior to Marshall Hall's vivisections, or, to speak more exactly, the vivisections of De Witt, who preceded him in 1751, it was more or less generally supposed that convulsions were due to the disturbance of some spiritual force within us; and, indeed, all the bodily movements in health were referred to this spiritual source. The very language we use conveys the thoughts of ancient times in respect of these matters—a 'seizure,' an 'attack,' a 'stroke,' point to some agency external to the body. It is true that philosophers, like Descartes and Willis, contemplating the bodily movements and studying their own consciousness, had arrived at the conclusion that a large number of our actions were as mechanically performed as those of an automaton, but they had no idea to what extent and in what way this occurred in us until the discoveries made by experiment.

The subject is far from exhausted as yet. When the automatic laws of nervous action are fully explored, not only (as hinted above) may we control fever, but, more fully than at present, those convulsive affections, for which much has already been done.

Even if no practical results had followed experiments on the nervous system, they might have been defended upon the ground of the lessons they have taught us of our own constitution. Even superficially considered they increase the wonder of our being. Those who have studied the structure of the eye with its various media nicely adapted for the refraction of light, have justly marvelled and admired. But what if they could view before them the mechanical arrangements of the nervous system, whereby day and night, waking and sleeping, the work of life is done for us?—here maintaining an equable temperature of the body, there governing the chemical actions in digestion; from one centre controlling the action of the heart, from another the frequency of the breathing—and these actions carried on quite unconsciously to ourselves, and all the better without our attention.

Happily, experiments on the nervous system are far from being usually painful. The great majority are performed on decapitated frogs, or on other animals under the influence of anæsthetics.

As if this controversy on the rights of vivisection had not already had enough of feeling imported into it, Mrs. Kingsford would raise the cry of Atheism. She sees in the pursuit of physiological science a concealed attack upon all religious and sympathetic sentiment, and a repudiation of man's moral responsibility.

This accusation needs little reply. We need not here, in the cause of science, discuss the grounds of religious belief, nor the relation of scientific knowledge to religious conviction. We have it on the highest authority that 'the kingdom of God is within' us, and from the earliest time it stands recorded that we cannot 'by searching find out God.' Science has to do with that which is external to us, with our material nature, its forces and their relations; with what is ponderable and measurable. What lies beyond or beneath is relegated to other evidence and other tests, of which it may be said that they afford more certainty than even science can give us. There cannot be anything atheistic in knowledge, and science is nothing but exact knowledge. It would be as reasonable to assert that the south pole contradicts the north, as that science affords in any of her regions a negation to religion: on the contrary, as our views of nature expand, our conceptions of the First Cause become more and more reverent. This may, of course, not be true in every case; but on the whole, and taking humanity throughout, it is a certain and unquestionable result. But science cannot be too watchful against the intrusion of theory into her operations. The imagination, which in some minds is stronger than in others, is a dangerous ally in the investigation of facts. The exclusion of this airy spirit from the laboratory is a different thing from a denial of the religious and sympathetic sentiments, or a repudiation of man's moral responsibility. Of natural philosophy in general Bacon asserts that 'it is, after the Word of God, the most approved support of Faith.' If he had known what experimental physiology has taught us of our internal mechanism and the deeper conditions of life, he would have had additional reason for his assertion.

It seems to have been supposed by some persons that medical students, from mere wantonness and for the practice of the hand, are in the habit of cutting up living animals. Those who are informed on the matter know that such a supposition is utterly groundless; and this was fully proved by the inquiry of the Royal Commission. One witness, indeed, hinted at such a fact; but when pressed for evidence declined to give it. No operations on living animals for the purpose of obtaining surgical dexterity have been or are performed at any medical school in the kingdom. No vivisectional experiments can be performed anywhere but in a licensed laboratory. In their Report the Commissioners state, after a full inquiry: 'We

have great satisfaction in assuring your Majesty that at the present time a general sentiment of humanity on this subject appears to pervade all classes in this country.' They quote the words of several witnesses, which are to the effect that, 'in a medical school, anything like cruelty or indifference to suffering would be scouted by the public opinion of the students.' To fix the charge of cruelty upon physiologists, the evidence had to be drawn from what is reported to have occurred in foreign countries or in distant times. In matters of daily life this would not be considered admissible. Not that English physiologists would wish it to be understood that they surpass their foreign colleagues in benevolence and compassion; but they would maintain that to draw a trustworthy conclusion from what happens in other countries, an exact and full inquiry ought to be made.

The sum of the matter seems to be that human life and the relief of human misery are objects which justify the infliction of pain upon animals, provided always that the suffering be no more than is necessary for the ends in view.

There is no doubt (and our more reasonable opponents, Lord Coleridge and Mr. Hutton, admit it) that physiological experiments are useful, useful for animals as well as for man. They are therefore justifiable, within the limits which were laid down by physiologists for themselves, and have been since enforced by legislation. Physiologists would unreservedly subscribe the principle, *nihil utile quod non honestum*. To the accusation of cruelty they may fairly reply, supported by all past experience, that nothing is so cruel as ignorance. For how many centuries had human sufferers to bear pain which is now preventible by better knowledge? How many thousands festered to death in small-pox before the discovery of vaccination? How many are now dying of tubercle and scrofula whom a better knowledge of these conditions might rescue? Yet the pursuit of this knowledge is hindered in England by the outcry of cruelty—the cruelty being no more than the inoculation of some of the lower animals with tubercular and scrofulous matter, in order to study the course of the disease and the modes of prevention. The cruelty obviously lies, not in performing these experiments, but in the hindering of progressive knowledge. Genuine scientific investigation should, in the interest of the nation, be fostered, not repressed by penal statutes. The welfare of all, from the highest to the lowest, is dependent at some time or another upon the knowledge which it brings. If to-day it inflict temporary pains, it annihilates their causes and their necessity in the future. It works to no selfish end, and for the most part its only reward is the fulfilment of its own high instincts. 'The spirit of man,' says Solomon, 'is the lamp of God, wherewith He searcheth the inwardness of all secrets.'

WILLIAM W. GULL.



## VIVISECTION AND THE DISEASES OF ANIMALS.

IN venturing to join in the seemingly never-ending discussion of the lawfulness of vivisection, I may say at once, with the object of defining my position, that I abhor cruelty to animals in any form whatever, and by whomsoever inflicted. Cruelty—*i.e.* production of unnecessary pain or suffering—has ever been to me a source of discomfort, disgust, or anger; and for now more than a quarter of a century I have done all I could, as a veterinary surgeon and lover of animals, to ameliorate their condition, suppress cruelty in every form, and render their existence as pleasurable as was compatible with the services demanded from them.

That a fearful amount of useless and wanton animal suffering is daily and nightly inflicted, no one for a moment can deny. In our streets, cattle boats, markets, slaughterhouses, and everywhere around us, we meet with cruelty in many forms and in variable degrees; though we are so accustomed to it that, unless it is a flagrant case, it rarely attracts attention. It is not uncommon to see a cabman vivisectioning his horse by means of his whip, without a word of remonstrance from the lady or gentleman in the cab; or a half-drunken drayman belabouring his horses about the head with the butt-end of a whip, or kicking them on the legs or belly, without any passer-by attempting to interrupt his enjoyment.

For those who care to protect inoffensive creatures from cruelty, there is abundant occupation; and the sentiment of humanity cannot be too strong or too prevalent, in order to diminish, if not suppress, the cruel practices to which animals are submitted every day without benefit to science, to humanity, or to themselves. Of those who are in a position to help in this good work, the veterinary surgeons in this country, I am proud to say, have been, and are, among the foremost. To excel in their calling, they need special qualifications; and among these a love of animals, and an intuitive or even instinctive knowledge of their individual peculiarities, desires, and modes of expression in health and disease, are absolutely essential. The absence of the tender sympathy which is excited when performance of a painful operation is necessary, and which abbreviates time and quickens the

fingers, cannot be compensated by other qualities. The abhorrent method of instruction carried on in at least some of the Continental veterinary schools, by which students gain manual dexterity by practising surgical operations on living animals, has never been, and, I am confident, never will be, tolerated or attempted here. It is as repugnant to the feelings and inclinations of British veterinarians as it is antagonistic to the genius of veterinary medicine and surgery, which are nothing if not founded on humanity and practised on humane principles; and it is equally repugnant to the objects and practice of physiologists.

I consider it necessary to offer these observations in order to justify me in the line of argument I am about to adopt, and to show that, both by sentiment and profession, I am as strongly opposed to the wanton infliction of pain as any one can possibly be. On every occasion I have unhesitatingly offered opposition to cruelty, and would be the last to countenance it. It is for that very reason that I hope what I have to say may aid in allaying the exaggerated or morbid sentiment which has been developed in recent times; for, if allowed to prevail so as to hamper or prohibit experiments on animals by properly qualified persons, it would prove a most serious injury not only to human welfare, but to that of animals as well. It would gravely compromise the wealth and material progress of nations, and would check that advance in sanitary science upon which public health mainly depends.

In treating of experiments on animals for the purposes of science, I do not deal with those which have been made in the branches of medicine known as physiology, toxicology, surgery, and pharmacology. Their defence may be left to the able writers who have already dealt with these several parts of the subject. I will confine myself to those which belong to pathology, *i.e.*, which are performed to elucidate the nature of disease, whether in man or beast. I will demonstrate, to the best of my ability, the benefits which have been already conferred by these experiments, and show reason to anticipate fresh advantages to which they will lead in the future. In leaving these other subjects, however, it may be as well to state that every advance made in physiology, pharmacology, and other branches of medicine, benefits animals as well as man. There is no wide line of demarcation between human and veterinary medicine; they are closely allied, and whatever advance of knowledge is beneficial to man is nearly always capable of application to the benefit of the brute.

The term 'vivisection,' as applied to experimental pathology, and, indeed, to experiments on animals generally, undertaken with scientific aims, is eminently misleading. 'Cutting up animals alive' is not a scientific procedure. Opening a vein, or injecting a few drops of liquid under the skin, is etymologically 'vivisection,' and (if performed with a scientific object) is forbidden by the present law except under hampering restrictions.

Experimental pathology, the youngest and most brilliant branch of medical science, investigates the causes, course, and natural history of disease by producing it in the lower animals. It is the synthesis, as clinical diagnosis is the analysis, of disease. The latter leads to rational treatment, the former to efficient prevention. In the maladies experimentally produced, we have only before us what veterinary surgeons have to deal with every day, what we are often unable to cure or to prevent; but we are far better able to investigate the conditions which produce them in the laboratory than in the stable, cow-shed, or kennel.

When we produce diseases experimentally—painful diseases they may be—we must not forget that Nature herself is a cruel experimenter. Excepting human diseases, let me ask what can be more painful to witness than tetanus, cattle plague, rabies, pleurisy, and many other disorders with which she afflicts the lower creatures?

The pains inflicted by the experimental pathologist are those of disease, the effect of the 'vivisection' but not the operation itself. The pain of inoculation is usually no greater than that caused by the prick of a pin: but inoculation may be unnecessary, indeed, often is; for experiments may be made by simply feeding animals on certain matters, giving them fluids, or making them breathe an atmosphere charged with particles of virus.

The mystery which surrounds the origin, development, and course of many deadly maladies of man and beast has ever proved a terrible obstacle to their prevention or cure. 'The pestilence that walketh in darkness,' devastating the hearth and the homestead, the herd and the flock, and striking terror into the stoutest heart, has been ascribed to a miasma, a 'something in the air,' as vague as it was dreaded and uncontrollable. Other scourges, which, because of their constant presence and less sudden and general fatality, were not so appalling, were nevertheless grave and harassing in their consequences, and quite as obscure in their origin. It is with these mysterious diseases more especially, that experimental pathology has been called upon to deal; and perhaps no more astonishing chapter in the romance of science could be written, than that for which this branch of investigation has already supplied the materials. As I hope to show, the benefits which these experiments on living animals have yielded are already great; while prospectively the same method promises to change half the art of medicine, from a curative system, with all its difficulties and uncertainties, to a preventive or protective one, applicable no less to animals than to mankind. How much pain and sickness will the world then be spared! How much loss, embarrassment to commerce, and danger to human and animal life will then be averted!

The contagious and infectious disorders are those which have ever been most destructive and intractable. Some of these are special

to the human race, others to one or more species of animals; while some, again, are widely transmissible from species to species. Many of those affecting the lower creatures can be conveyed to man—as rabies, glanders, anthrax, foot-and-mouth disease, and probably tuberculosis and diphtheria. There are also the parasitic diseases of animals, several of which may be transmitted to ourselves—as trichinosis, and those due to various kinds of worms and to vegetable parasites.

The intimate nature of the infective materials, or *contagia*, of communicable maladies is a discovery of almost yesterday; but it has thrown a flood of light on their phenomena, and, with the aid of experimental pathology, will enable us in all probability either to abolish them altogether, both in man and beast, or at least to render them nearly harmless. The agents in the transmission of contagious diseases—proved in some cases, and probably present in all—are minute organisms, which need almost the highest magnifying power of the microscope in order to examine them. They are endowed with most marvellous powers of multiplication, which enable them to act with deadly energy in a very brief space of time. *Their discovery as lethal agencies was only, could only be, determined by means of experiments on living animals.*

And by experiments on animals alone was the next great advance made. Having seized and identified the agent which produces deadly disease, and having rendered it amenable to artificial cultivation in appropriate fluids, the organism which had hitherto been productive of such direful results in the bodies of its victims was now, by means of experiments on living creatures, to be made the servant and benefactor of mankind.

The germ which under ordinary circumstances produced painful, and only too frequently fatal consequences, was, by means of artificial cultivation, so modified, so attenuated in energy, that when again transferred to the animal body it had not only lost its dreadful malignity, but had been transformed into a protecting agent: it afforded immunity against the disease which it formerly produced.

Every step in this grand and fecund discovery was accomplished by experiments on animals, and in no other way could it be effected. Inoculations had to be made to test the potency of the cultivated germs, and to ascertain to what extent their diminished energy was compatible with the existence of the inoculated creature, and with its immunity from the original disease. Experiments and control-experiments, very numerous no doubt, were absolutely essential in order to arrive at conclusions; and the result has been the greatest discovery of this century, so far as medicine is concerned, a discovery which is destined to be of such vast benefit, as to rival, or perhaps ultimately excel, that conferred by Jenner upon his too often ungrateful fellow-men.

The two diseases of the lower animals in which the experimental

method has hitherto led to the most complete results are anthrax and chicken-cholera. Anthrax, or splenic fever, known in France as 'charbon,' and in Germany as 'Milzbrand,' is one of the most fatal and wide-spread of all the scourges of the lower animals, destroying, as it does, not only those which are in a state of domestication, but also those which are untamed. It prevails, in one or more of its diversified forms, over the entire surface of the globe. It sometimes decimates the reindeer herds in the Polar regions, and is only too well known in the tropics and in temperate latitudes. The carefully tended ruminants of the most highly civilised countries suffer equally with the wandering herds and flocks of the Mongol steppes; and it is as much dreaded by the Finn and the Lapp as it is by the Mexican, the Arab, the Annamite, or the South African and Australian colonist. It has been carefully described by travellers, as they have observed it in Siberia, Lapland, Russia, Central Asia, China, Cochin-China, the East and West Indies, Peru, Paraguay, Brazil, Mexico, North America, Australia, Egypt, and other parts of the African continent. In Europe the writings which have been published on its nature, its characteristics, and the damage it inflicts, are innumerable. Countries with extensive marshes, or a tenacious subsoil, are usually those most frequently and seriously visited. Thus it happens that there are regions notorious for the prevalence of anthrax, as the marshes of Sologne, Dombes, and Bresse, and certain parts of Germany, Hungary, and Poland. The disease is enzoötic in the half-submerged valleys and the maritime coasts of Catalonia, and also in the Romagna and other marshy districts of Italy; while it is epizoötic and even panzoötic, in the swampy regions of Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, and above all in Siberia, where sometimes, in order to suppress the ravages of the terrible 'jaswa,' as it is called, the aid of the military authorities is called in, and battalions of soldiers are sent to bury or burn the thousands of infected carcasses. I do not know of a region in the whole world where anthrax is unknown; and its antiquity is as great as its geographical extension is wide. It was one of the scourges with which the Egyptians were punished, when there was 'a breaking forth of *blains* upon man, and upon beast, throughout all the land of Egypt; upon the horses, upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the sheep.' Virgil<sup>1</sup> has depicted its deadliness and contagion with the greatest accuracy, pointing out the dangers of the tainted fleeces of sheep to mankind, as if he were describing the cause of what is now known as the 'wool-sorters' disease.'<sup>2</sup> It frequently occurs in the histories of the Early and Middle Ages, as a devastating pestilence among animals, and through them as a plague of mankind. Our oldest Anglo-Saxon manuscripts contain many fantastic recipes, charms, and incantations for the preven-

<sup>1</sup> Georg., lib. iii., vv. 478-514.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, v. 561.

tion or cure of the 'blacan bleyene' (black blain), and the relief of the 'elf-shot' creatures. From these up to our own times anthrax has attracted more and more attention; even in this century it has spread in some of its outbreaks over the whole of Europe, from Siberia to France.

The losses inflicted by anthrax are appalling.<sup>3</sup> Some idea of their extent may be derived from the fact that in one district of France alone, Beauce, it kills about 178,000 sheep, which (at only thirty francs a head) are worth 5,340,000 francs, or 213,600*l*. In 1842, when sheep were much less valuable than now, the loss in the same district was estimated at 7,080,000 francs. The disease also prevails among sheep in Brie, Champagne, Berri, Poitou, Auvergne, Dauphiné, and Bourgogne. In the arrondissement of Chartres, 17,800 perish from it every year. It is estimated that sheep to the value of twenty millions of francs are lost annually in France. Cattle, horses, and other creatures suffer also severely. In Russia the losses are enormous, especially among the horses and cattle. In 1837, in one district alone, 1,900 died of anthrax; and in 1857, for the Russian Empire, it was reported that 100,000 horses had perished. In 1860, 13,104 cattle, out of 18,883 attacked with the 'jaswa,' succumbed; and from the official report for 1864 it appears that in the five governments of St. Petersburg, Novgorod, Olonetz, T'ver, and Jaroslav, 10,000 animals died, most of them horses, few cattle, and still fewer sheep; while 1,000 persons were infected and perished. From the 15th of January to the 27th of March, 1865, 47,000 cattle, 2,543 horses, and 57,844 other domesticated animals were lost in the governments of Minsk, Vitepsk, and Mohilev; and in the government of Tobolsk, in June and July 1874, there perished from the 'Siberian plague' (as anthrax is sometimes designated) 4,735 horses, 516 cattle, 1,030 sheep, 52 pigs, 15 goats, and 106 human beings. In other European countries it is very prevalent and deadly, and in our own islands it causes heavy losses. In India it is witnessed in all animals, and as 'Loodiana disease' is well known as a fatal scourge among cavalry horses. In South Africa, as 'horse-sickness,' it is most destructive, particularly in low-lying, damp regions, at a certain season, when it kills nearly all the horses after only a few hours' illness.

Brauell, the eminent professor at the Veterinary School of Dorpat, Russia, was the first to describe the organisms, called *Bacilli*, which have since been proved to be the active agents in the production of anthrax; and the laboratory experiments of Delafond, Davaine, Chauveau, Toussaint, and others, but above all, Pasteur, have perfected our knowledge of the action of the poison, and the means by which its energy may be so modified, that, when inoculated into healthy animals,

<sup>3</sup> For details I may refer to the second volume of my work on *Veterinary Sanitary Science and Police*.

instead of destroying them, it only gives rise to, at most, a slight ephemeral disturbance, and confers immunity.

These laboratory results were received with incredulity by many authorities. It was therefore decided that a practical and public demonstration should be given; and only last year Pasteur publicly demonstrated that in this disorder, as in the disease of silkworms, the results of his experiments were correct. At Melun fifty sheep and twelve head of cattle were placed at his disposal. Half the number of these animals were inoculated with the cultivated or attenuated virus, and fifteen days subsequently the entire number were inoculated with uncultivated or deadly virus. Forty-eight hours had not elapsed before his prophecy was verified. Those which had not been inoculated with the cultivated virus were all lying dead, while those which had been so protected were grazing in perfect health among them. This appeared to be most convincing evidence, and the majority of the incredulous were converted; but as the virus had come from the laboratory, it was thought that another demonstration was still needed to make the proof complete, and that anthrax blood itself, the deadly effects of which on men and animals were so well known, should be employed as the test of protective inoculation. An official commission was therefore appointed at Chartres to set the matter at rest, and twenty sheep were allowed. As at Melun, so here; those inoculated with the attenuated virus were not in the least affected when they received what would have been otherwise a fatal quantity of anthrax blood, while of those that had not been previously inoculated, all died except one.

There was now no longer any doubt as to the value of protective inoculation, and the greatest anxiety was manifested to have the flocks in the anthrax-haunted districts so insured with all possible haste. Up to the first day of last October, 160 flocks, comprising 58,900 animals, had been inoculated in the proportion of 3 to 2; *i.e.* 33,576 against 21,938, which were not inoculated on purpose to show the difference. Before inoculation was resorted to, the loss had been, in all the flocks, 2,986. During the inoculations and until their effects were completed, 260 died in the group of 33,576 which had been operated on; and during the same time, in the non-inoculated group, 366 perished of the 21,938. But when the effects of inoculation were achieved in the first group, the mortality from the disease fell at once to 5, and then ceased; while in the other group it continued at the usual rate. At Alfort a hundred sheep were protectively inoculated, and subsequently received a sufficient quantity of the crude virus to cause death to animals not so protected, and yet not one died.

The value of this new method cannot be exaggerated, even if it were applicable to anthrax alone. We have glanced at the

geographical distribution of the disease, the destruction it works among animals, and the deaths it causes in mankind. By means of this discovery, made through experiments on living animals in the laboratory, this scourge, hitherto irrestrainable and incurable, is now completely under the control of man, all over the world.<sup>4</sup> The discovery is greater even than that of vaccination, inasmuch as that was only applicable to the one disease, small-pox; whereas this method can probably be applied to many contagious diseases besides anthrax.

The same method of cultivation and inoculation so successful with anthrax had already been adopted in the fatal pestilence of poultry known as 'fowl-cholera,' a disease which is very contagious and incurable, so that it clears out poultry-yards in an incredibly short time. By inoculating fowls with the cultivated virus of the malady, they are rendered proof against it.

Rabies and hydrophobia (if we may employ the two designations for one disease) are only too familiar to the public by the terror they inspire. Much of the knowledge we possess with regard to rabies, particularly as to its symptoms and latency, has been derived from inoculation experiments on animals: but no cure has yet been found for it; and the preventive measures are merely those of police, consisting in destroying rabid or suspected animals, keeping down the number of ownerless dogs, and guarding against the infliction of bites. Experiment has disproved what was long believed, that the virus exists in the saliva alone; and now it is not only ascertained that it is to be found in other fluids, and especially in the brain and spinal cord, but that it is more virulent in these than elsewhere. In no other disease is the latent period so uncertain and prolonged; and often weary months of painful suspense have to be endured before it is known whether safety to a bitten person or animal is possible. Inoculation experiments with the brain-fluid of a rabid dog have developed the disease in a week or fortnight, the inoculated animal dying from acute rabies in about three weeks. And a more important discovery still, with regard to this frightful malady, has recently been made by Galtier. By the injection of the virus of rabies directly into the circulation, not only is the disease not produced, but, after exhibiting slight fever, the animals are protected from contagion in future. Ten sheep have been in this way rendered resistant, while the same virus introduced beneath the skin of others which had not received injection has produced fatal effects. Galtier is inclined to believe that this injection of the virus into a blood-vessel might even prevent the development of rabies *after* an animal (or perhaps a human being) has been bitten by a mad dog. But it is more than probable that for

<sup>4</sup> I have already suggested the adoption of the method for anthrax in India and South Africa, as well as for other diseases in these countries, and other portions of our dominions.



this and other communicable diseases, cultivation of the virus will lead to the production of a material or modified germ which, while causing little or no general disturbance after inoculation, will effectually destroy the receptivity which had previously existed in the system.

It is to experiments on animals that we must look for protection from the death-dealing and destructive contagions which are never absent from our homes, our stables, cowsheds, pastures, kennels, and piggeries. A long series of disorders, against which the curative skill of man contends in vain, may soon be brought into the list which only at present comprises fowl-cholera and anthrax.

The ravages of cattle plague are a terror to every European country, while it is a desolating scourge in Asia, which is its home. India is always more or less seriously visited, but Russia is more especially its victim, and, in consequence of its continued presence, cannot dispose of her immense surplus stock of cattle and sheep. Ordinary inoculation has been tried for many years, but the mortality attending it has been nearly as serious as that from the disease itself. There is every probability that Pasteur's method of cultivating virus will protect from cattle plague without any attendant loss, and thus throw open a great source of food supply to Western Europe.

Contagious pleuro-pneumonia of cattle is a disease that has caused immense havoc on the Continent and in this country, whence it has been extended to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. It is impossible to estimate the losses it has caused, but their magnitude must be considered as great. By a long-continued series of experiments on animals, Dr. Willems, of Hasselt, Belgium, has succeeded in perfecting a method of protective inoculation which is certain in its results. Further experiments with the cultivated germs of the virus are now being carried on, with a view to obviating troublesome accidents which sometimes accompany this inoculation, and with every prospect of success. By this means, what has been hitherto a pestilence among cattle can be easily combated, and should be finally exterminated by its own germs.

The ravages caused by swine plague in Europe and the United States are of the gravest description. The disease is very contagious, experiments having proved it to be not only readily transmitted by inoculation, but also by cohabitation of healthy with sick swine. It is due to a special germ like that of anthrax, and there is every reason to believe that by cultivating this germ and experimenting on living animals, this plague will also be subdued.

Sheep small-pox closely resembles the same malady in man, so far as infectiousness and mortality are concerned, but differs in the fact that vaccination does not afford protection; cultivated virus will, in all likelihood, do so.

The so-called 'distemper' of the dog is a very contagious, painful,

and fatal disorder, and it is quite possible that experiments with cultivated virus will prove that it can be averted by a trifling operation.

Tuberculosis, or consumption of cattle, has been demonstrated, by many series of experiments on living animals, to be not only contagious and inoculable in cows, but to be communicable to a large number of species, both by inoculation and feeding them with the tubercular matter, as well as the milk and flesh of diseased creatures. Without these experiments this important discovery could not possibly have been made; indeed, the communicability of the disorder through the digestive organs, by means of the flesh and milk, was never suspected until inoculation experiments were made. By this discovery a most serious sanitary question arises as to whether and to what extent the public health may suffer from the existence of the disease among cattle which furnish milk and flesh. Tuberculosis is, we fear, on the increase among these food-producers, and often prevails extensively in dairy stock. Consumption in its various forms is painfully common in mankind, and the relationship between the human and the animal malady is a problem that presses urgently for solution. This can only be afforded by careful *observation* and *experiment*, the two indispensable methods of progress in natural science. Meantime, it may be interesting to note that the pig (a creature whose organisation approaches in some respects nearest to that of man, and which is not naturally liable to the disease) is very readily infected, and suffers from it in an acute form, when fed on infected milk or flesh. Toussaint believes he has discovered a germ peculiar to the disorder. If so, by the cultivation method, cattle likely to be exposed to the contagion may be protected by inoculation, and danger to themselves, as well as those persons who chance to consume their products, may be averted.

Glanders, as every one knows, is a highly contagious disorder of solipeds, and is now very prevalent in the United Kingdom. In London it is especially so, and causes great losses to owners of horses. It is readily communicable between the horse and ass species, less so between these and other species, but man is frequently infected. It is a most repulsive malady, and is incurable. Very much of our knowledge respecting it is entirely due to experiments on living animals. Not unfrequently it manifests itself in a chronic form, and with such vague symptoms (though it is, nevertheless, as contagious as if these were well marked), that the most skilful veterinary surgeon cannot tell for certain whether it is the disease or only an ordinary catarrh. If it be glanders, then to allow the animal to live is to endanger the life of every horse and man who come in contact with it; while to destroy it, if the malady is not contagious, would be cruel and unnecessary. When time is an object, or facilities for isolation are not present, then test inoculation must be resorted to. For this

purpose a worthless horse, or, better still, an ass, is inoculated, and a few days suffice to decide whether glanders is present. If the result of the inoculation is affirmative, the experimental animal manifests symptoms, generally at the seat of inoculation, which cause it little if any discomfort, and it is at once destroyed, as is also the suspected horse. By this precautionary procedure, many horses, possibly those of an entire regiment or army corps, may be saved from peril, and human lives preserved from a loathsome and fatal disease.

In elucidating the processes of disease, in framing preventive measures, in investigating the spread of contagious disorders, as well as in perfecting modes of cure, and the most humane methods of surgical operation, experiments on living creatures are *absolutely necessary*, for their own interests no less than for those of mankind. Veterinary medicine and surgery are based on humanity no less than on utility, and their aim is to remove or alleviate pain among the animals placed under the dominion of man. By experiments in pathology, disease and mortality have been vastly diminished, and continued experiments in the same direction will cause further diminution. If mankind benefits, so do animals. A discovery which will avert disease in one will probably do so in the others: every advance of knowledge is a boon to all. To prohibit resort to experimental pathology would be at once to doom creatures which we are bound to protect, to the endurance through all time of terrible suffering from diseases that might otherwise be vanquished. Abhorring cruelty in every shape, and desirous of abolishing it by every possible means, I must nevertheless deprecate the attempt to place a barrier across the path pursued in pathological investigations on animals.

GEORGE FLEMING.

## *VIVISECTION AND THE USE OF REMEDIES.*

If we hear a discussion carried on with great vigour, and even acrimony, between two parties having similar objects in view, the chances are that the difference of opinion depends upon some misunderstanding. Such seems to be the case with the question of vivisection. On the one side we see numbers of kind-hearted men and women throughout the country earnestly endeavouring to put down the practice of experiments upon animals, because they believe that in such experiments excessive pain is wantonly or uselessly inflicted, and because they suppose that those who perform such experiments are thereby rendered cruel, hardened, and debased. On the other hand we see the medical profession, engaged every day in the endeavour to prolong life and to alleviate suffering, unanimously upholding the practice as absolutely necessary for the progress of their art.

Both parties are anxious to lessen the amount of pain and suffering in the world; but the one looks to the immediate and designed suffering of a few score of animals, the other to the ultimate relief of the undesigned pains of disease in animals and in men. Both parties are anxious that medical men should be humane and merciful, but they differ as to what is cruelty and what is not.

There can be little doubt that to most civilised people the mere sight of suffering is painful. But the effect of this painful impression varies in different individuals. In some it excites a desire to get away from the sight or thought of the pain, and thus be rid of the disagreeable feeling which it produces, with little or no regard to the fate of the suffering creature itself. In others it excites a desire to relieve the pain of the sufferer, however disagreeable, disgusting, or trying the task may be. It is easier to run away from pain than to relieve it, and there are those who pride themselves upon their own selfishness, and look down upon those who, instead of yielding to the natural tendency to shun the sight of suffering, overcome this impulse, and stay to give relief. In the old story of the Good Samaritan, the priest and the Levite who saw the unfortunate traveller lying naked, dirty, and covered with blood, upon the road, and who

carefully passed by on the other side, away from the disgusting object, would no doubt regard with scorn, as possessing a coarser nature, the good Samaritan, who not only approached the sufferer, but, prototype of antiseptic surgery, poured oil and wine into his wounds, in spite of any sign of temporary pain which the applications might occasion. This power of controlling one's own emotions, of disregarding one's own feelings at the sight of suffering, and of thinking only of the relief which we can give, varies in different individuals, but it can be greatly increased by training. Thus we find that medical students not unfrequently faint at the sight of a surgical operation. Even delicate women learn by training to neglect their own feelings, and to act the part of the good Samaritan: yet I think few will venture to say that Florence Nightingale and the noble women who aided her were rendered callous or debased by their efforts to relieve the sufferings of our wounded soldiers during the Crimean campaign.

The practical surgeon or the experienced nurse is not less tender-hearted than the medical student or the young probationer, because they do not shudder or grow pale at the sight of the patient's sufferings, and because they are even able with a firm hand to inflict upon him present pain for the sake of his future benefit. They have simply learned to disregard their own feelings, and to concentrate their attention on the interests of the patient. They are guided no longer by emotion, but by judgment.

There are several reasons why the medical profession has assumed such a decided attitude on the question of vivisection; and why the mere fact of having received a medical training and being in the daily practice of alleviating human suffering causes humane men to commend the practice, which other humane men, not having received the same training, denounce as atrociously cruel. Firstly, their training and daily experience lead them to subordinate their feelings to their judgment, and make them willing to purchase future good at the expense of present pain. Secondly, they know how great is the amount of suffering inflicted upon human beings by disease. Thirdly, they know that much of their ability to relieve suffering has been derived from experiments upon animals, and that such experiments are likely to render still more service in the future. This knowledge makes them not only willing, but anxious to increase their power to relieve human beings, even at the expense of some suffering to the lower animals. Fourthly, they know how greatly exaggerated is the popular conception of the pains inflicted by experiments on animals. They know that many of them, such as feeding with varied diet or administering drugs, are absolutely painless; that others, like testing the actions of poisons and deadly vapours, are merely the most merciful mode of destroying life, and that of the remainder, the great majority are by the practice of physiologists, now enforced by the law of the land, rendered painless by means of anæsthetic agents.

The reason, it appears to me, why those who have not had a medical training are desirous of putting a complete stop to all experiments upon animals, or of throwing every obstacle in their way, is chiefly that they neither understand what benefits have been gained by 'vivisection,' nor have they any idea of the amount and intensity of the pain inflicted upon human beings by disease. They are, therefore, unable to form any just *comparison* between the pain inflicted by experiments on animals and the pain which, by means of those experiments, may be prevented or relieved. Somewhere are, no doubt, whose judgment is entirely subordinated to their feelings, and they, like the priest and the Levite, will pass by on the other side, shutting their eyes to the sight of preventable human suffering and stopping their ears against the voice of reason. These persons, I believe, are comparatively few. The great majority of those who denounce vivisection do so simply from ignorance, and only require to become acquainted with the good that is obtained through it, in order to join with the medical profession in recognising its necessity.

It is impossible, in the space of a single article, to convey to those who have no medical knowledge an adequate idea of the uses of 'vivisection' in enabling us to relieve disease.

What Professor Humphrey very truly said of physiology in his Address to the British Medical Association in August 1881, 'Almost every advance in our knowledge of the workings of the human body has been made through vivisection,' may almost equally be said regarding our exact knowledge of the action of remedies.

Here I would draw attention to the word 'knowledge,' which Professor Humphrey employs, for in it lies the essence of modern medicine. To some persons the distinction between thinking, believing, and knowing may seem to be slight, but the difference would be impressed upon them in a forcible way if they should arrive at a railway station just in time to find that the train which they thought left at the hour, which they believed would certainly depart at the hour, was actually timed, as they might have known by the use of proper means, to leave five minutes before the hour. The difference between thinking and knowing is, in such a case as this, very evident. But it becomes enormously important when upon it depends the life of a fellow man. No one feels this so keenly, for no one perceives it so clearly, as the medical man himself, to whom his suffering or dying patient appeals for aid. Often does the confidence which the patient reposes in his skill make the physician sigh for the exact knowledge which would enable him to do what is certainly best, instead of doing only what, in the present imperfect state of medical knowledge, is likely to be best.

The reproach has not unfrequently been brought against medical men that their treatment consists in pouring drugs of which they know little into bodies of which they know less. There was at one

time only too much truth in this reproach, and, unfortunately, it is not even now entirely groundless. But we have learned a good deal about the bodies that we have to treat, and we have also learned a good deal about the drugs with which we treat them.

Exact knowledge of the best methods of treating disease can only be acquired by experiment, and in our endeavours to attain this knowledge there are various lines of experiment open to us. First of all, we may experiment upon our patients; and this is the plan which was formerly almost exclusively adopted, when remedies were administered for the most fanciful reasons, without previous knowledge of their action or of the real nature of the disease. Even now we are occasionally obliged by the imperfection of our knowledge to follow this tentative method. But the phrase 'experiment upon patients' has an ugly sound to those who do not understand what it means, and many a one would object most strongly to being 'experimented upon,' who would at once consent to the proposal that, if one medicine did not succeed, another should be tried. 'Trying' one drug where another fails is itself an experiment. Yet there is a distinction which justly leads patients to object to experiments on themselves, and doctors to resent the imputation of making them. For in 'trying one drug after another,' the object in view is the welfare of the patient, and the medicines employed are those which are most likely to do him good. But 'experimenting' on him with the same remedies involves the idea that the drugs are given, not for the patient's good, but only for the acquirement of knowledge. It is because physicians feel that they have no right to make use of a patient simply as a means of gaining knowledge when he is looking to them for aid, that they justly refuse to try modes of treatment upon their patients without having first used every possible endeavour to learn by other means that they are likely to succeed; and, even when they are obliged to treat tentatively, they use only such drugs as are likely to benefit, or, at least, unlikely to do harm. The line of experimentation upon patients is thus very strictly limited. It can correct, confirm, modify, or improve a mode of treatment previously arrived at by tradition or by scientific investigation; but it is almost useless for the purpose of active progress.

The next line is that of experiment upon healthy persons, and this practically comes to medical men experimenting upon themselves. To what extent they have sacrificed themselves in such researches may be seen by reading the experiments of Heinrich and Dworzak under the direction of Professor Schroff. But here also the extent of the method is limited, for experimenters on new drugs in their own persons not only run the risk, like the late Sir Robert Christison, of sacrificing valuable lives without any corresponding advantage, but they are unable to discover upon themselves the exact mode in which the drug affects the organs of the body, which is precisely the know-

ledge they require in order to apply it to the best advantage in disease.

The only way, then, that is open, is experiment upon animals ; and, feeling that much has been gained by this line of research in the past, we unanimously declare that it must not be forbidden in the future, since it is indispensable to the progress of medical science, and the consequent alleviation of human suffering.

It will be easier for unprofessional readers to understand the use of experiments on animals in helping the practice of medicine, if I give one or two examples to show how the various branches of knowledge are required for the treatment of disease, and how experiments, apparently useless in themselves, may ultimately lead to the alleviation of human suffering.

Frequently, on entering a sick room or hospital ward, we may see a man propped up in bed, with livid face and bluish fingers, gasping for breath, hardly able to move his heavy, swollen limbs, so as to relieve the tiresomeness of his position. He cannot lie down for want of breath ; and even when, wearied out, he is overpowered by sleep, he has hardly shut his eyes before he is awakened with a start by a feeling of impending suffocation. To most people the difficult respiration would probably suggest something wrong with the lungs, for few in this country are without physiological notions of some kind or other. The physician, however, on placing his stethoscope to the chest, finds that the lungs are not much in fault, but that one of the ordinary sounds of the heart is replaced by a puffing noise. As the result of experiments upon animals he knows that this indicates a definite disease of one of the valves of the heart ; and other experiments have shown that retarded circulation through the lungs, from interference with the heart, will produce shortness of breath. Partly from other 'vivisections,' and partly from the ravages of disease upon man himself, he knows that the swollen dropsical legs and the feeble pulse are also dependent on the same condition. The physician is therefore able to say with certainty what condition of the patient's organs causes his distress and danger. This he is enabled to do by a knowledge of the process of circulation in the healthy body, derived from experiments upon animals, by a knowledge of the effects which morbid alterations of it produce, also derived from experiments upon animals, and from a knowledge of the indications of these changes, also derived from experiments upon animals. But he has not yet attained his end—the cure of his patient. For this he is again indebted to experiments upon animals. It is now more than a hundred years since a medicine, *digitalis*, derived from the common foxglove, was accidentally discovered to be useful in dropsies, but it was not known in what kind of dropsy it should be employed, for in some it was beneficial, in others almost useless, and in a third class of cases dangerous. The



uncertainty of its action led to its banishment, but the good that it did caused it to be reintroduced into medical practice; and so for many years it was regarded as a powerful but uncertain and treacherous weapon. So lately as twenty years ago the mode of using digitalis was still disputed. It was regarded by some as a cardiac sedative, to be used in depressing the circulation when too strong, by others as a cardiac stimulant, useful in increasing the power of the heart when too weak. About that time, however, the experiments made with this drug upon animals by Traube and others, showed that these discrepancies of opinion arose from the fact that digitalis slowed the heart, at the same time that it strengthened it, while still larger doses weakened the heart or stopped it altogether. This exact knowledge of its mode of action enables us to select the cases in which digitalis will be useful, to avoid it altogether where it will be dangerous, and to adopt such precautions as will ensure benefit while avoiding risk.

Strychnia was one of the first drugs introduced into medical practice through vivisections. Its action, previously unknown, was investigated by Magendie, who found that it stimulated the spinal cord. He therefore thought that it would be useful in paralysis, and from that day to this it has remained a powerful remedy. But this is not the only use of this drug. Some years ago, Prokop Rokitsky made several experiments on the action of strychnia upon animals, and found that not only did it render the respirations more powerful, but that instead of their ceasing altogether (as they generally do, when the spinal cord is divided in the neck) they still continued to a slight extent. He also found that when the spinal cord was first divided, and the respiratory movements were thus arrested, the injection of strychnia caused them slightly to recommence. 'Here,' an anti-vivisectionist would say, 'is an example of perfectly useless cruelty—a dog tortured by having its spinal cord cut through and by having strychnia injected into its blood; of what possible use can such experiments be?' A few years afterwards, another observer found that when dogs were nearly suffocated, their paws began to perspire; but if the nerve going to one of them was divided, that paw remained dry, while the others became moist. In this way he was able to show that the secretion of sweat depended upon nervous influence passing along the nerves from the spinal cord to the skin, and that this action was excited when the blood was rendered venous by partial suffocation. Here, again, one might say, is another example of useless cruelty—painful experiments productive of no benefit. But let us see whether this be so or no. In consumption—that fatal scourge of this country, which seems to choose for its victims the fairest and best—some of the most distressing symptoms are the profuse night sweats, and the painful prostration which accompanies them. How are they to be relieved? The ex-

periments of Luchsinger have shown that insufficient aëration of the blood will cause sweating, while those of Rokitsansky prove that strychnia increases the respiratory movements. If then we should give strychnia at bed time to the consumptive patient, we should prevent the sweats. We try it accordingly, and the result shows that the practical deductions from these apparently useless experiments on animals are correct, for the sweats cease, and the prostration disappears.

Thus, experimentation upon animals enables us to use with certainty and success remedies like digitalis, which have long been known but at first were employed haphazard, and to utilise their powers for the treatment of diseases in which they were not formerly employed. But to it also we owe the introduction of the most valuable of our new remedies. This is, perhaps, best seen by examining the additions to the British Pharmacopœia, which is the authorised list of medicines and their compounds used in the United Kingdom. One edition of this was published in 1864, another in 1867, and in 1874 an appendix containing the latest additions. On comparing the edition of 1867 with that of 1864, we find that along with a number of compounds and preparations of remedies contained in previous pharmacopœias, there are seven new drugs—carbolic acid, bromide of ammonium, iodide of cadmium, oxalate of cerium, physostigma, sumbul, and veratrum viride. The bromide of ammonium, although a most useful drug, may be regarded as being not so much a new remedy as another form of bromide, the potassium salt being contained in previous pharmacopœias. If we except this, we find that we owe the two most useful remedies in this list, viz., carbolic acid and physostigma, to experiment.

The action of carbolic acid was first systematically investigated by Lemaire, and its application by Lister to surgery is one of the greatest boons to humanity of modern times. Of its importance in antiseptic surgery no one can be ignorant.

Physostigma is a bean used as an ordeal poison in Calabar. In testing its action upon himself, Sir Robert Christison had a narrow escape from death; but by experimenting on animals, Dr. Fraser established its power of contracting the pupil of the eye, and of depressing the action of the spinal cord. It is now daily used in cases of eye disease. It has given relief in tetanus, and has been found to lengthen the duration of life in general paralysis.

If we take the additions to the Pharmacopœia between 1867 and 1874, we find eleven new remedies. These are acetic ether, nitrate of ammonia, nitrite of amyl, areca, hypophosphite of lime, chloralhydrate, gutta percha, larch bark, phosphorus, pepsin, and hypophosphite of soda.

Nitrate of ammonia is merely introduced for the purpose of making nitrous oxide, a most useful anæsthetic, which was discovered by

experiments upon healthy men, and not upon animals. Of the remainder, the three most useful are pepsin, chloral, and nitrite of amyl.

Pepsin is the ingredient to which the secretion of the stomach chiefly owes its digestive powers, and its introduction into medicine is entirely due to the knowledge which we now possess of the digestive processes. With the exception of an experiment accidentally made upon man (in the famous case of Alexis St. Martin), we owe our knowledge of the digestive function almost entirely to experiments upon animals.

Chloral-hydrate was first employed in medicine by Liebreich, who was led by a knowledge of its chemical nature to think that a dose of it, taken by the stomach, would have much the same effect as very small quantities of chloroform continuously administered. He tried it upon animals, and found that the effect was very much what he supposed. It produces sleep, and in large doses destroys sensibility; but when used in such quantities as to produce this effect, it is attended with great danger, and sometimes fatal consequences have occurred. We now know, by further experiments upon animals, that the risk attending it is due to its depressing effect on the heart, respiration, and animal heat. We also know, by experiments on animals, that these effects can be to a considerable extent counteracted by the application of external warmth, and by this knowledge life has been saved in at least one case where an overdose had been taken.

In that exceedingly painful and distressing disease, angina pectoris, the agony which the patient suffers is intense, and until the introduction of nitrite of amyl no drug was known which could afford much relief. The progress of physiology having rendered it possible to judge of the tension in the blood-vessels, it was found that this was greatly increased during the paroxysm. It seemed likely that this increase in tension was the cause of the pain, and that anything which would diminish it would relieve the sufferer. Experiments upon animals had shown that nitrite of amyl possessed this power. It was accordingly tried, and the result has completely justified the anticipations to which the experiment had led, for it gives almost instant relief.

To experiments upon animals, then, we owe not only a more accurate knowledge of the human body in health and disease, of the significance of the symptoms with which we meet at the bedside, and of the various remedies which have long been employed, but also the introduction of nearly all the most valuable new remedies which have been added to the Pharmacopœia since the year 1864. I might add to those that I have mentioned many other new remedies which are still on their trial, and which will, in all probability, be added to the next edition of the Pharmacopœia; but I think it better to confine myself to those which are already officially recognised. When we find that practically every important addition since 1864 to

the remedies used to prolong human life and alleviate human suffering has been made by the help of experiments, it is surely not wonderful that we, who have the serious duty of meeting the demands of suffering humanity, should unanimously demand that competent men shall not be hindered in forwarding the progress of the healing art by one of its most indispensable means. Nor will many be found to oppose that demand when once the merits of the case are thoroughly understood.

T. LAUDER BRUNTON.

*AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST.*

I HAVE no inclination to renew the painful and shameful memories of Mr. Bradlaugh's acts on Tuesday the 21st and Wednesday the 22nd of February. They tarnish many names, and leave many a regret which will live long in history. The sum of the case is easy. The House of Commons vindicated its own authority. It expelled Mr. Bradlaugh and issued a new writ for Northampton. While the parties are preparing for a new election we will take a review of the arguments for and against Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to sit as member for Northampton.

The following list will be found, I believe, to contain a fair and accurate statement of the reasons urged by the speakers in Parliament and by the newspapers out of Parliament in support of Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to take his seat in the House of Commons. It is said:

1. That it is inquisitorial to inquire what a man elected to Parliament may believe about the existence of God or about the sanctity and obligation of an oath.

2. That it is bigotry to require of any man a profession of belief in God as a condition to taking his seat in the House of Commons.

3. That election by a majority of any constituency constitutes the sole condition required for sitting in Parliament.

4. That as Mr. Bradlaugh was willing to take the oath the House was bound to receive it.

5. That Mr. Gladstone is correct in affirming that Mr. Bradlaugh has been deprived of his *legal* right to sit in the House.

6. That Sir Stafford Northcote and his followers, by their bigoted and inquisitorial intolerance, have led the House into this undignified conflict, out of which there is now no way of escape except either by letting Mr. Bradlaugh come to the table and take the oath, or by altering the law to include the case of those who believe neither the existence of God nor the sanctity of an oath.

Now, I believe these allegations to be all and severally false and dangerous to the commonwealth, and the reasons of my belief I will give as briefly as possible.

1. There was no inquisition as to Mr. Bradlaugh's private belief or unbelief. He had paraded it for years over the country. He

had not, I believe, been permitted to swear in a court of law when he offered to do so. He forced the knowledge of his unbelief upon the House of Commons by an explicit declaration. There is no parallel between this parade of unbelief and the secret scepticism, or even infidelity, which may lie hid in the silence of other men. Such unbelief for the most part is not disbelief, but a negative and hesitating doubt which neither believes nor disbelieves. Such men take the oath; no man asks, or has a right to ask, as to their inward thoughts. They obtrude them on no man, and no man has authority to search their hearts. Even the law has no such authority; *de internis non judicat lex*. What likeness has all this to Mr. Bradlaugh's dogmatising infidelity, which has for years revolted the moral sense of the country before he forced it on the knowledge of the House of Commons?

2. Where then is the bigotry of refusing to allow a man who publicly denies the existence of God and the sanctity of an oath to kiss the Word of God, as *the law of England explicitly holds it to be*, and to make an oath which he believes to be not merely a form, but a farce? To co-operate materially or morally in such profanation would make the House of Commons a partaker in the act. To look on while it is perpetrated, and both to tender and to receive such an oath—and it is the House that does both these things—would be a direct material and moral co-operation in an act which would only not be perjury because it would also be blasphemy. If it be bigotry in the House of Commons to refuse to allow this, much more to refuse to share in such an outrage on truth and conscience, the moral world must have been lately turned upside down.

3. They who affirm that Mr. Bradlaugh has a legal right to take his seat, tacitly assume that the sole condition for sitting in the House of Commons is election by a constituency. This assumption is directly at variance with the law of England. The statute law requires of the elected that he should either swear or affirm. Mr. Bradlaugh could not make the affirmation because none but Quakers and Moravians are admitted to do so. He could not swear because by his previous declarations he had made himself incompetent to take an oath. He, therefore, could not fulfil the conditions of the statute law, which are two, and not one only—namely, election, and the oath or affirmation. The House of Commons has no power to tender or to receive the Parliamentary oath as if it were a nullity.

4. Further, this answers the pretence, that as Mr. Bradlaugh was willing to make the oath the House was bound to receive it. The House is bound, indeed, to receive the oath; but Mr. Bradlaugh's declaration in the House, as well as out of it, destroyed the oath. His act was no oath; and the law which binds the House to receive the oath binds the House also not to receive that which is no oath. And here I cannot but express my wonder at the hesitation, unless

the report be erroneous, of the Attorney General to declare that Mr. Bradlaugh's parody of the oath was no oath and of no effect. An oath is an obligation imposed by one party upon another. The House is the administrator or imponent; the member assents, and assenting makes the oath. The imponent receives the oath so made. Who tendered or imposed the oath on Mr. Bradlaugh? The House had long ago refused either to tender or to accept his oath. The whole act was an outrage in morals and null in law.

5. This being so, it passes my comprehension how it can be said that Mr. Bradlaugh is deprived of his legal right. He has no such right until he has fulfilled the condition of the statute law. And he has created his own incompetency to fulfil it. All through these discussions it has been assumed that election, and election only, is the sole condition for sitting in Parliament. Such is not the law of the land.

6. The direct and inevitable conclusion is that Sir Stafford Northcote, and those who have supported him, have been defending two things sacred to Englishmen—the one the law of the land, the other the foundation of all law, the basis of human society, that is, the religion and the moral law of nature, the existence of God and His moral attributes, which are written on the conscience of mankind.

They have been defending the law of the land; for by that law no elected member can sit in the House of Commons without the further condition<sup>e</sup> or qualification of making the oath or the affirmation. Mr. Bradlaugh can make neither: legally, he cannot make the affirmation; and morally and legally he cannot make the oath.

By the law of England at this moment the propagation of Atheism is an indictable offence; by the law of England, therefore, the existence of God is affirmed. The Legislature has never yet departed from this broad base of the civil order and social life of man. It has admitted an affirmation for those who so profoundly believe in God that they fear to offend Him by swearing in the form of an oath. It has admitted the Jewish race, whose whole existence rests upon the belief in God. It has never inquisitorially dived into the hearts or intellects of men who, responsible to their own conscience, fulfil the conditions of the law. Beyond this it has never gone; and without departing from all its traditions and shifting its base, not only from the rock to the sand, but from the rock to the quicksand, it can never go. But it is this that we are invited now to do: and we are invited to do it expressly and explicitly for the relief of the tender consciences of those who do not believe in the existence of God. They do not believe in your oath, therefore you must alter it.

We answer we will not change our whole moral life for the

sake of those who will not believe. Let them look to themselves. They must rise to the commonwealth. The commonwealth will not lower itself to them. To do this would be not only to condone, but to recognise Atheism by law. We are invited to do this, forsooth, on the principles of religious liberty. We are denounced for refusing to do this on the score of bigotry. Religious liberty then is the liberty to have no religion. To deny the existence of God then is a religious creed, and one among the religions of the world. Comte taught us that society cannot exist without religion, nor religion without a worship, nor worship without an object. But as there is no God, the object must be created: and he created the abstract idea of humanity, and bid us fall down before it. The commonwealth of England has not as yet opened its gates to these intellectual aberrations. Our laws rest upon the belief of a Supreme Lawgiver, on whose justice all just laws repose, and by whose will all laws are controlled and tested. So long as they are conformed to that supreme legislation they are just; if by a hair's breadth they deviate from it, they are so far null and of no obligation. Bracton says 'the king himself ought not to be subject to man, but subject to God and to the law; for the law makes the king'; 'for a king can do nothing on the earth, since he is the minister and vicar of God, except that which he may do of right.'

Such is the law of the land. We are asked to declare that the law knows nothing of God, nor of an eternal law; that human laws rest on the human will alone, and human society rests on itself—that is, on man without God. Its foundation then is the abyss. The Parliamentary oath is, in this true and ancient sense, if men so please to call it, a religious test; but it is no new test, no new bigotry. It is the tradition of our ancient jurisprudence: the witness of our dependence upon a judgment and a justice which is supreme. I say this is the law of the land at this moment. And our whole history, Saxon, Norman, English, Catholic, Christian, non-Catholic, would prove it by an exuberance of evidence. But I will take one only proof. We are invited to change the law. The law itself therefore is a witness for the existence of God, and you want to efface that witness. This we refuse absolutely and altogether. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. If you want to change them you must overwhelm us. By argument you never will, without being forced to accept the last extremities of atheistic politics. You may overwhelm us by numbers and tumult, and the turbulence of the people, misled by a despotic liberalism. They, therefore, who have broken from party ties, to resist the desecration not only of an oath but of our whole legislation, have been standing for the defence of the law of the land.

But they have been doing more than this. They have been standing in defence of the foundation of all law; for there can be



no political order among men without a moral law, and there can be no moral law without a recognition of the personal relations between God and man, and man and man. From these relations all laws and obligations spring. When we are told that this is a violation of constitutional and religious liberty, we answer, constitutional liberty is not legislation without morals, and religious liberty is not the equalisation of Theism and atheism. If the public law of the commonwealth be atheist, Theism is only tolerated; and if Theism be only tolerated, atheism is supreme. The law would then know no God; and the commonwealth, resting on that law, would rest on the belief in God no longer.

I do not believe for a moment that the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland are prepared for this apostasy. I believe the religious sense of the country would indignantly reject this national effacement of God from its laws and its life. We are not yet ripe for decrees to abolish or to restore the *Être Suprême*. And what the people of the United Kingdom would not do must not be done by a side vote, or by a resolution, or by a party majority on which the country has had no opportunity for declaring its will. No Government, without violence to the conscience of the great majority of the people, could propose in this Parliament such a change of the law. They ought to dissolve and go to the country. If after such an appeal the people should decide that the commonwealth of England shall be shifted from belief in God and His laws to the dark and pathless wild of unbelief, the work and the responsibility will not be ours, but theirs who perpetrate it—which may God avert from us and from the future of our country.

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop.

# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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No. LXII.—APRIL 1882.

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## THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.

### A PROTEST.

THE undersigned—having had their attention called to certain proposals made by commercial companies for joining England to the Continent of Europe by a Railroad under the Channel, and feeling convinced that (notwithstanding any precautions against risk suggested by the projectors) such a Railroad would involve this country in military dangers and liabilities from which, as an island, it has hitherto been happily free—hereby record their emphatic protest against the sanction or execution of any such work.

BATH (MARQUIS OF).

SLIGO (MARQUIS OF).

PEMBROKE (EARL OF).

LYTTON (EARL OF).

DUNSANY (BARON).

OVERSTONE (BARON).

HALIFAX (BARON).

WAVENEY (BARON).

PENRHYN (BARON).

BURY (VISCOUNT).

JOHN LUBBOCK (BART., M.P.).

RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS (M.P.).

ARTHUR OTWAY (BART., M.P.).

JOHN DALRYMPLE HAY (BART., M.P., ADMIRAL).

HENRY HOLLAND (BART., M.P.).  
W. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT (M.P.).  
JAMES W. BARCLAY (M.P.).  
THOMAS BURT (M.P.).  
GEORGE HOWARD (M.P.).  
P. RALLI (M.P.).  
EDWARD STANHOPE (M.P.).  
HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING.  
GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL (BISHOP OF).  
J. GUINNESS ROGERS (REV.).  
RICHARD TEMPLE (BART., G.C.S.I.).  
JAMES PAGET (BART.).  
EDWARD SULLIVAN (BART.).  
FRANCIS DOYLE (BART.).  
ALFRED TENNYSON (POET LAUREATE).  
ROBERT BROWNING.  
T. H. HUXLEY.  
HERBERT SPENCER.  
GOLDWIN SMITH.  
FREDERIC HARRISON.  
GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.  
GEORGE HOWELL.  
JAMES CAIRD (C.B., F.R.S.).  
J. LINTORN SIMMONS (GENERAL, G.C.B.).  
E. B. HAMLEY (MAJOR-GENERAL, C.B., K.C.M.G.).  
HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN (BART., MAJOR-GEN.).  
G. PHIPPS HORNBY (ADMIRAL).  
EDWARD SOULSBY (K.C.B., ADMIRAL).  
THEODORE MARTIN (K.C.B.).  
LEWIS PELLY (K.C.B., K.C.S.I.).  
HENRY THOMPSON.  
H. R. GRENFELL (GOVERNOR OF BANK OF ENGLAND).  
WILLIAM SMITH (LL.D.).  
JOHN MURRAY.  
C. T. NEWTON.  
G. W. DASENT.  
RICHARD HOLT HUTTON (ED. SPECTATOR).  
ALGERNON BORTHWICK (ED. MORNING POST).  
FREDERICK GREENWOOD (ED. ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE).  
BLANCHARD JERROLD (ED. LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS).

ETC. ETC.

THERE is some difficulty in reducing the general dislike and disapproval of the Channel Tunnel schemes now before Parliament to a definite expression and a practical form.

With the view of helping to do so, it has been arranged that a declaration by way of protest in the foregoing terms shall be submitted for signature by all who care to join in it.

The Public has no *locus standi* as opponent to a private bill, and cannot appear before the ordinary committees in the ordinary way; nor has it any other machinery for guarding itself from the Parliamentary attacks of commercial speculators. Its interests are thus at a great disadvantage as compared with those of Company-promoters, who have a complete organisation, which is worked 'night and day' for their own very simple commercial interests.

Promoters are represented almost too well in Parliament, especially in the lobbies, and it is conceivable that a cause involving vast public interests might be practically decided on before it came to its judicial hearing in the House, and in the absence of the party most gravely concerned.

Promoters' practices have indeed been hitherto comparatively strange to the English Parliament, but it is easy to imagine a state of things in which they might succeed, and it may therefore be worth while to consider some of them for a moment.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, a similar matter to the Channel Tunnel scheme, similarly introduced as a private bill, greatly disliked out of doors, but personally approved and supported by some important member of a Government. What course would its Parliamentary advocates be likely to take if disturbed by public opinion in the quiet progress of their measure?

They might first—under cover of an admission that there were perhaps two sides to the question—suggest or accept a committee of investigation into its principles—to be appointed by and privately held at the department presided over by the approving Minister. To this committee only such witnesses would be invited as the

department thought proper, and if, notwithstanding such carefulness, the majority of them were found likely to be hostile, the committee might be dropped without making any report, and nothing more would be said about it.

The next step might be the appointment, under the same favourable auspices, of another and larger committee—still selected by the departments. This might be safeguarded by excluding from its scope the vital matters which had been already found insuperable. The report of such a committee might easily be put forward in the House by a skilled debater as a sufficient answer to objectors—even although the most real objections had been left aside from its consideration.

Or, should the result of the second committee be unsatisfactory, a third even might be constituted on some plausible pretext, and the whole matter thus kept in delay until public attention was wearied out.

Meanwhile the various small artifices of 'lobbying' might be going on—artifices so small as to seem almost beneath notice, but, nevertheless, not too small to have their weight. First one member and then another might be influenced by them so far as to commit himself to an expression of approval before he had really thought or cared about the matter. He would naturally conclude that his constituents were equally indifferent, and the mere fact of having taken a side at a dinner, or given an opinion at a luncheon, might enlist his *amour propre* as a consistent man, and consequently his vote, almost before he knew it.

Prepared for in such ways, the division, when it came, vigorously whipped for on one side only, would be a foregone conclusion; and the public might, when too late, find itself helplessly bound and handed over to a knot of private speculators.

But to return to the Channel Tunnel project. The disapproval and dislike of the general public to it have become continually more and more obvious. Almost the whole of the most influential journals, led by the *Times*, which was the first to sound a warning, have agreed in its condemnation, and in this the Press is but the echo of the talk of ninety-nine out of every hundred unbiassed men who have considered the subject.

Awake at last to an attempt upon their birthright, which they have hitherto thought too absurd to be worth serious opposition, they have weighed, as wise King Leopold advised in such a case, 'the probable gain against the possible loss,' and find the disproportion so stupendous as to leave little if any room for discussion.

Three consequences alone, which would necessarily follow from the project if carried out, are found more than enough to condemn it—a certainty, a probability, and a possibility:—

1. A certainty of increased military expenditure, even upon the

showing of the promoters themselves, who admit that the Tunnel must be defended by extra forts, guns, and troops always in a state of watchful readiness.

2. A probability, almost indeed amounting to a certainty, of irresistible outcries for more and more armaments, arising out of Panics about invasion which would undoubtedly recur with greater acuteness and greater frequency in proportion to the increased closeness of the links binding us to a Continent in arms.

3. The possibility of an irretrievable disaster from invasion. For whereas now such a catastrophe, if it occurred (and no serious person has ever denied its *possibility*), might be in time got over, and England be once more herself again within her 'silver streak,' then no successful invader would leave the soil until he had first stipulated for continued possession of the English end of the Tunnel, and could thus for ever keep his foot within our open door.

In compensation for such risks and liabilities as these, what do the Company-promoters offer to the country?—increased comfort in the journey to Paris, and the nearer approach, through increased commerce, of the 'universal brotherhood of mankind'!

As to the sea-sickness, Mr. John Fowler has long ago proposed a preferable remedy for it in 'floating railway stations' and improved harbours.<sup>1</sup>

As to the 'universal brotherhood' argument—is the immediate contiguity to each other of the Great Powers of Europe so obviously conducive to peace and goodwill that we should be in haste to join ourselves as closely as possible to them—to become one of that 'happy family' of mutually watchful tigers?

And are we still so sure as, say, in 1851 that men have only to bargain and haggle with each other to become firm friends—that unlimited buying and selling is the one short cut to the kingdom of heaven upon earth? Surely, to ask such questions is to answer them.

No businesslike attempt has yet been made by the promoters to show how, and how much, the trade of the country is to be improved by our becoming part and parcel of the system of European railroads. Our great carrying trade might, as some hold, be very injuriously affected by the change. On the other hand, the mercantile advantages might be so large as to warrant, in the minds of others, even some remote risk to the national security. But these advantages have not been yet set forth; and were they clear, the projectors, as business men, would surely put them forward, rather than declaim about 'universal brotherhood' as an inducement to shareholders.

Instead of such business-like considerations, pretences are advanced that a former Government committed itself beyond withdrawal to approval of the scheme. It is enough to answer that the actual correspondence gives no foundation whatever for any such pretences beyond

<sup>1</sup> See *Nineteenth Century*, March 1882.

general diplomatic courtesies, and that the Country is at this moment absolutely free and uncommitted by any treaty or engagement of any sort or kind upon the subject.

Were it indeed otherwise, and had some member of a previous Government been tempted to go further than vague assurances, the nation might well insist that 'many things have happened since then;' that its soldiers and sailors, and even its Parliament, were never properly consulted about it, and itself never awakened to the folly until now.

Had any such engagements been made, to its grave detriment, without its privity and behind its back, the language of Shakespeare would alone be strong enough to convey its anger of repudiation.

' This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
 This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection and the hand of war,  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands,  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 For Christian service and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm:  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.' <sup>2</sup>

It is pretended, again, that the Company-promoters would be hardly used if now—when for the first time their project is receiving public attention—they were forbidden, in the interests of the State, to proceed further. But they would be in no different position from any other Company-promoters who have chosen to venture a

<sup>2</sup> Speech of John of Gaunt. *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1.

certain amount of money on the chance of obtaining public approval. These particular promoters have spent their money in procuring Parliamentary permission to make certain trial holes (now being used by way of advertisement to their scheme)—*but nothing more.* If the public now withholds support from any further prosecution of it, how are the promoters in a different position from any others of their trade who make a bad venture at their own risk?

The articles which have appeared in this Review and elsewhere within the last few months, have been judged by the great bulk of the public to show sufficient cause against the Tunnel schemes, and need not be recapitulated here.<sup>3</sup> To hang the safety of England at some most critical instant upon the correct working of a tap, or of any mechanical contrivance, is quite beyond the faith of this generation of Englishmen. To disregard the warnings of her most trusted soldiers and sailors, and yet to play into the hands of those who wish nothing better than the spread of a spirit of militarism—these things are also beyond the assumed credulity and indifference of a generation which has watched the European wars of the last twenty years.

The supporters of the scheme, beyond the circle of the Company-promoters and their personal friends, seem to be chiefly foreign marshals and generals—who, oddly enough, can ‘see no danger in the Tunnel’—and foreign citizens whose own conscriptions leave them nothing more to fear in the way of extra military burdens. Besides

<sup>3</sup> It may be useful, nevertheless, to add a modern instance which Mr. Alfred Seymour sends as throwing additional light upon one of the military objections which have been urged. He writes: ‘A few days after the battle of Sedan I was at Brussels, and whilst there I had the opportunity of conversing with an aide-de-camp of Marshal MacMahon’s in the drawing-room of a mutual friend, who was, with her family, a temporary refugee from France. I had just returned from Sedan, where I had visited the battle-fields, and the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the war. The Marshal’s strategic movement to the rear, after the early eventful battles, when his whereabouts was for three days unknown to the general public, was discussed, and the question was raised, why he did not blow up the tunnels in the Vosges mountains in his rear, and so delay at any rate the German advance, and their immediate occupation of Nancy and the adjoining country.

‘The reply was that the Marshal had given the order to blow them up immediately the retreat was decided upon, and an aide-de-camp was sent to deliver the order to the engineer whose duty it would have been to execute the order.

‘Unfortunately there occurred, what might possibly happen at Dover, a difference of opinion. The engineer thought it was not immediately necessary to “destroy such finely executed works,” and did not execute the order at once. The tunnels were seized, the possession of the line was made good, and we all know the results.

‘It is possible that a few hours, perhaps less than an hour’s delay, in destroying “such a finely executed work” as the Channel Tunnel, might produce the same result: the seizure of the Dover end, and the transmission of a sufficient body of troops for the occupation of Dover, supplemented every ten minutes by further relays, until the bold stroke either failed or succeeded. There can be no question that the rapidity of the advance of the Germans was enormously facilitated by the possession of the Vosges tunnels.’



these there are a few high-hearted, noble-minded men, whom all must reverence, and who look 'beyond this ignorant present' to the nearer advance of a great future for mankind in such adventures and operations. Such men 'impute themselves,' and sometimes fail in consequence, assuming in the interested people who beset them a disinterested enthusiasm like their own. To them appeal can but be made in words as lofty as their own aspirations, and such as have been already quoted from the great poet who loved not mankind less but England more. They may be besought to recollect what the isolation of England, as 'a precious stone set in the silver sea'—as a city of refuge for the oppressed of all nations—has done for the growth of freedom throughout the world, and how clear and cogent should be the call, before the walls—the crystal bulwarks—of that city of refuge should be abolished. The time may come, indeed, for the 'United States of Europe,' as for 'the federation of the world;' but can common-sense lift up its eyes to look across the Channel now and say that such a time is yet 'within measurable distance'? Till it be so, let us trust—and not for our own sake only—to that 'inviolate sea' which has made us and has kept us what we are.

The only practical course open to the public in such a case as the present is to make itself clearly heard by Parliament above the clamour and pertinacity of promoters; and to assist in this is the object of the Protest now published.

It is no secret that the professional heads of both Services—the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and others at the War Office; Sir Astley Cooper Key (the First Sea Lord), and others at the Admiralty—entirely disapprove of the Tunnel projects, though official etiquette may prevent their formal signature against them.

Those who are similarly convinced of the grave mistake which it would be in the present condition of Europe to unite England to the Continent by bonds which, once forged, it might be out of her power to cast off, are invited to add their names to those set forth above.

Any communications upon the subject may be addressed within the next month to the office of the *Nineteenth Century*, 1 Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

JAMES KNOWLES.

## WHAT IS MONEY?

THE wisest course which can be taken with popular delusions is very often found to be to treat them like raging waves of the sea, and let them foam out their own shame. More especially is this the case when the delusion in question touches the verge of abstruse and difficult subjects, with which the mass of mankind are content not to meddle at all. Such has been to a great extent the treatment which has been experienced by the promoters of the doctrine and discipline of bimetalism. The answer appears to most minds so complete and so crushing, that it has been thought unnecessary to give it at any length. It was supposed by those who examined the subject that, like the mother of Sisera, it would make answer to itself. Too much confidence has perhaps been reposed in the doctrines inculcated by the standard writers on political economy and the success that has hitherto attended obedience to their advice, and too little allowance has been made for the power of fear and of interest to warp and obscure the clearest intelligence. Now, however, when we find the Governor of the Bank of England coming forward as a bimetalist, and recommending a general committee in order to promote the adoption of the double standard, and when we find the meeting at which this remarkable proposal was made presided over by a gentleman of the ability and authority of Mr. Cazalet, it is time to point out what certainly appear to be the gross and obvious objections to the admission of bimetalism in any shape, and under any conditions. In accordance, I presume, with the suggestion of the Governor of the Bank of England, the *Bullionist* newspaper has been enlisted as the organ of bimetalism, and those who adhere to the doctrines of Smith, Ricardo, and Mill are put upon the defensive. It is not wise to trust entirely to great names and works that have been for a long time before the public; and even if little can be added to them that little should on no account be omitted, lest arguments which have hitherto appeared to be unanswerable should be supposed to have lost anything of their force.

Being anxious to inform myself as to the very latest phase of the doctrine and discipline of bimetalism, I have carefully perused the proceedings of the meeting in November last of persons interested in

the silver question most appropriately held at the India Office, where silver reigns supreme, in hopes to extract from their consultation a clear statement of what they desire, a complete explanation of what is meant by the highly ambiguous term of bimetalism, and a distinct description of the manner in which the union of the two metals, should it be effected, is expected and intended to work. I supposed that an assembly of so many able and experienced men, gathered together to take counsel on a subject with which they were all thoroughly conversant, could hardly separate without leaving behind them a perfectly clear and distinct outline of their proposals, and an equally clear and decisive answer to the difficulties and objections which might present themselves. Never was an expectation more delusive.

The feeling (says the chairman) that appears generally to prevail among the public in connection with this question of bimetalism is, that bimetalists are prognosticating dangers and difficulties without any good and sufficient grounds for their doing so. The question we have to deal with is not so complicated as some people suppose. It is simply this: Can silver be eliminated from use as currency in Europe and America without enormously increasing the value of gold and depreciating the value of silver? It is not a speculative theory which we enunciate, when we say that the withdrawal of any portion of the active currency of a country must enhance the value of what remains in proportion to the amount withdrawn.

This is really all the argument which the chairman produced in order to show that we ought to adopt bimetalism. He did not even condescend to tell us what meaning he attaches to the word bimetalism, or give us the least intimation what is the measure which will avert the evils which he apprehends. His speech resolves itself into a mere lamentation over the scarcity of gold, and leaves us absolutely in the dark as to a remedy, except that it is to be found in bimetalism—a word which neither he nor any of those that followed him have taken the trouble to explain. This gave the tone to the whole discussion; speaker after speaker rose and lamented in piteous terms the dangers and difficulties that would arise from the continuance in England of a monometallic standard, but no one from first to last ventured to say what he meant by bimetalism, or in what sense that highly ambiguous word was to be applied. The discussion among so many eminent persons, from whom we had a right to expect at least a clear and distinct definition of the remedies which ought to be applied, resolved itself into a mere lamentation over existing and apprehended evils, which were to be remedied by a nostrum which everybody carefully avoided defining or explaining. I may so far anticipate as to point out that the word that everybody agreed to employ, and everybody was anxious not to define, the word bimetalism, is a highly ambiguous term, and may mean either a forced currency, in which, for instance, a seller is bound to accept either one ounce of gold or fifteen and a half ounces of silver at the option of the buyer, or it is left to the option of the buyer to pay in silver or gold at his pleasure, without any attempt to establish a fixed

relation between the two metals. It is a singular instance of the degree in which the minds of those who originate this movement have been occupied, to the exclusion of all other considerations, by the terror inspired by the apprehended scarcity of gold, that though they have taken unto themselves a name under which to unite, they have carefully shrunk from defining what that name means, and shelter themselves behind a mist of unmeaning words. It is also curious that they write and speak as if a drain of gold, however caused, were a permanent and durable calamity, whereas, while nothing is more likely to occur, nothing is more certain to be redressed.

If the whole monetary system of the country is to be overthrown, we have at any rate a right to require that it should perish in the face of day, and that our future fate should not be concealed from us under dark and dreary ambiguities. We do not want to be told—what of course is obvious enough—that the substitution of gold for silver in Germany, for instance, must raise the value of that metal all over the world, and therefore in England. We want to know what is the precise remedy that is proposed, and whether it is possible, and, if possible, whether desirable, that that remedy should be applied. Utterly failing in our effort to obtain from the meeting of bimetalists in November last any information as to what is really meant, or anything, indeed, except a lamentation over the dearness of gold, we turn to the pages of the *Bullionist*, which, in pursuance of the resolution of November last, has become the chosen organ of bimetalism, whatever that may mean. But here we are encountered by precisely the same difficulty. The *Bullionist* carefully avoids any authoritative statement as to the real meaning of the term bimetalism. The most which it ventures to do is to quote with approval a passage from the *Journal of the Institute of Bankers*, in which it is stated that

the object of the association is to be the promotion of the stability of values, by establishing the free coinage of silver and its use as money under the same conditions as gold, by advocating and furthering an international agreement, whereby a fixed relative value between gold and silver may be established, and the two metals may jointly form the currency of civilised nations, thus facilitating the adjustment of international balances and lessening the excessive and needless risks which have now become attendant on home and foreign trade.

It is added very appropriately that

it is well that those who hold the views advocated by the association should more distinctly declare themselves, and, whether they fail or succeed in obtaining assent to those views, nothing but good can result from their being more clearly enunciated.

In this sentiment at least I can most fully concur. Let us have done with vague generalities, and call to mind the memorable aphorism of Mr. Lowell, that it jerks one terribly to kick at nothing.

One would suppose that we were about to undergo some unheard-of plunder, some cruel and unjust humiliation; one would suppose that we were about to be stripped of our property by the violence and

wickedness of some unjust and overbearing rival ; certainly one would suppose that the possession of a certain quantity of gold had been secured to us by some solemn contract which lawless violence was about to cancel and overthrow, and that the Germans were guilty of an unpardonable crime in seeking to despoil us of our ancient and undoubted possessions. But what is the tenure by which we hold our possession of gold ? Instead of being, as these gentlemen seem to suppose, our undoubted right, the possession of gold is of all things the most liable to change masters. By what tenure do we hold it ? Simply by the conviction of its possessors that it is more profitable for them to employ and use it in England than elsewhere. This is a question which is decided not by any regulation or any compact, but by the feelings and wishes of mankind. If a certain quantity of gold remains in England, it is because its possessors believe that it can be more profitably employed in England than elsewhere. Show them a place where gold will command more of the necessities and luxuries of life than here, and gold, which is perfectly cosmopolitan in its ideas, will fly at once to that favoured region. It is, if we may use the metaphor, a coy beauty, and will fly all the faster from any attempts to retain her by force. If a certain quantity of gold is found to command more of the necessities, and conveniences, and pleasures of life in England, it will remain there, and as soon as it ceases to do so it will find for itself a more congenial home elsewhere. Bimetallists seem to think that they possess some power of checking or destroying this tendency of gold to wander, but the only real security is to be found in such a state of prices as will enable gold to command more here than elsewhere. So far from retaining gold by these artificial and bungling contrivances, they would only make the flight of the metal more certain, and its return more difficult.

The speaker at the meeting to which I have alluded seemed to treat the probability of the transfer of a certain quantity of gold from England to Germany as an irreparable loss, but nothing can be further from the truth. Gold is always to be had by those who will pay the price necessary for its possession, and that price is cheapness. The more of the necessities and luxuries of life gold can obtain the more firmly is it held. One would suppose from the language that has been used in the alarmist meetings to which we have referred, that if gold was attracted elsewhere there was no hope of its return ; but nothing can be further from the fact. Once proved to its possessor that it is more fruitful in one place than another, old grudges are at once forgotten, and it returns to its former home without shame or hesitation. Everybody knows how gold can be got—that is, by paying the best price for it—and it really passes the bounds of patience when we hear its possible diminution spoken of as an irretrievable calamity.

I have hitherto treated of what appeared to me to be on general principles the exaggerated apprehensions inspired by a temporary failure of gold ; it remains to consider the nature of the remedies

which are most likely to be proposed for an evil which the desponding votaries of bimetalism seem to believe to be inevitable. I have already pointed out the real remedy, which is, if I may so speak, offering gold better terms—that is, giving in exchange for it a better value; in other words, a reduction of prices. It is a disagreeable remedy, but perfectly efficient, and of course much easier to be practised by a wealthy than by a poor nation. In these matters every day brings its changes, and a wonderful self-acting machinery cures defects and compensates errors.

It remains for us to put aside all these considerations, to assume our case to be absolutely hopeless, and to examine the remedies which may be applied by way of palliatives. In this undertaking we may naturally expect to receive every possible assistance from the fervid votaries who harangue our men of business, and hire our newspapers in the cause of bimetalism. But here we are confronted by a serious difficulty, and one which we know not how to overcome. Bimetallists are ardent and eloquent in their cause, but they scarcely admit of an answer, for a simple reason, that they have hitherto abstained from telling us what bimetalism is. We are summoned in the name of our bleeding country to do something to save her from an impending calamity; but when we ask how this is to be effected, we are paid by a barbarous word, which no one apparently has the heart to define. Like Joseph, we have first to discover the riddle and then the interpretation thereof. Perhaps this little difficulty may be removed by some revelation from the higher powers before this essay sees the light, but it is somewhat strange, when a new and most important step is recommended, to find ourselves obliged to guess at that to which we are called upon to agree. I am even exacting enough to think that we ought not only to be told what is the plan, but also the reasons which have led to the adoption of whatever form it may assume. Not being among the initiated, however, I must even be content to draw such inferences as I may from the single word bimetalism, and to state objections which possibly a further explanation, if ever it shall arrive, will show to be unfounded.

Having delivered myself of this protest, I will proceed to answer as well as I can what I suppose will turn out to be the proposals of bimetalism. I presume it is intended that, instead of basing our currency upon gold of full value and upon silver which is made much less valuable by means of the alloy than the metal it personates, we are for the future to have two standards; and this, as it appears to me, can only be done in one of two ways. We can arbitrarily select a certain value of silver—say, for instance, fifteen and a half times the weight of a single ounce of gold—and declare the two metals bearing such relation to each other as above stated to be to all intents and purposes of precisely the same value; or I can suppose that we may make two currencies, one of silver, the other of gold, to divide the patronage of the country between them, both being made legal tender,

and no attempt being made to establish any fixed relation between them, an attempt which if made must necessarily fail. There may be some other method of satisfying the conditions of the bimetalists' problem, but I at least am perfectly unable to conceive what it may be, and must content myself with deploring the unhappy fate of the other metals, which, without any fault of their own, are excluded from their right to take a part in the metallic congress of which they also are members. In the total absence of any information on the subject, I should have thought that if safety is to be found in numbers, and if two metals are better than one, three must be better than two and four better than three.

Being left, however, totally without any information on this subject, I will venture to ask one or two questions which seem never to engage the attention of bimetalists; and first I should like to propound the question, With what object was money, which is a pure and absolute creation of man, invented? It was not certainly for the purpose of creating value, for value exists independently of any fiat or ordinance of man. As soon as a man appropriates any object of desire to himself, the notion of value is firmly established in his mind. The animal that he has tamed, the field that he has cultivated, the game that he has caught, all give him a notion of property, which he is ready to defend for himself and to respect in others. All these things are far anterior to the idea of money. Bimetalists argue as if money and wealth were identical, whereas nothing is more certain than that the existence of these two phenomena is separated by an indefinable period. What, then, is the want which money was invented to supply, and which has become so ingrained in our minds that our bimetalists seem quite unable to see any distinction between money and wealth? I will answer this question in the language of an author who seems to have had a far clearer idea of the real function and duty of money than the bimetalists, who apparently see no distinction between money and other kinds of wealth. The writer I allude to is Aristotle. It is curious to observe how much more clearly the ancient philosopher appreciated the real function and duty of money than the modern bimetalist.

Intercourse (he says) takes place between people having different objects of desire. In order that they may be exchanged with each other it is necessary that they should be compared, for which purpose money came forward, and is as it were a medium, for it measures everything, both the excess and defect; as, for instance, how many pairs of shoes will be equal to a house or to food, for if this is not done there will be no exchange or intercourse. All things, therefore, must be measured; but it is, in truth, want which holds all things together: for if persons wanted nothing from each other, or not equally, there would be no exchange. Money, then, has been made by agreement as it were a substitute for demand, and is so called because it exists not by nature, but by law, and it is in our power to change, it and make it useless for the purpose. If it was not possible to exchange there would be no commerce. If a man requires nothing at the present time, money is as it were a surety to him for a future exchange that it shall be made when he wants it. But money itself is not always of the same value, but yet it

has more tendency to remain fixed ; wherefore everything ought to be appraised, for so there will be exchange. Money, like a measure, makes things equal ; for if there were no exchange there would be no intercourse, nor any exchange if there were no equality, nor any equality if there was no common measure. In truth, it is impossible that things differing so much should be commensurate, but for practical use it is sufficiently possible. Money makes all things commensurable, for all things are measured by money.

It is extremely interesting to see how clearly Aristotle apprehended the great truth that the original and principal use of money is not the hoarding of treasure, but the providing a means of exchange, and that the fact that money possesses generally a certain value of its own is not part of its nature. The original use of money was to determine prices ; that it possesses itself value of its own is a mere incident. All that is required in order to enable us to determine the value of an article is a common measure with which we may compare it ; that measure must of course be limited in some way or other, and it is only as a means of effecting that limitation that value is introduced into the question.

The value of a commodity limits its quantity. Anything which can be obtained in a limited quantity, with a certain ascertainable amount of labour, and which is divisible, will serve the purposes of money. Furs have been employed in some countries as money, cattle in others—as in the *Iliad*, in the estimation of the respective values of the shields of Diomedes and Glaucus, the one being worth nine oxen, the other a hundred oxen—bricks of tea in Tartary, cowries in Africa, rock salt in Abyssinia. Other African tribes calculate in *nacutes*, a money of the mind which has no substance corresponding to it, but the value contained in which has been sufficiently ingrained in their minds to answer the purposes of a measure of value. Bullion is chosen because it complies with these two conditions, difficulty of acquisition and divisibility, better than any known substance. Is it not strange that we should turn this servant into our master, and elevate that which is a mere medium for avoiding the inconveniences of barter into an indispensable necessary of life, hardly secondary to food and clothing ? If by some convulsion of nature the precious metals gold and silver were utterly destroyed, the world would be impoverished by the loss of a commodity on the discovery and manufacture of which much labour and time had been expended, but the only result would be that we should have recourse to some other contrivance. The main business of life would go on as before, and the only difference would probably be that we should be obliged to have recourse to a paper currency, based on whatever might be found, after careful consideration, to be the most convenient or least inconvenient standard of value. The question would be, as it is now, a question of remedying the inconveniences of barter by providing some means of fixing prices. That would be all.



We are now in a position to examine with some confidence the claim of bimetalism to be regarded as a great and lasting improvement in our financial arrangements. The first question which it occurs to me to ask is, why we should limit ourselves to bimetalism. The advantages of monometalism can easily be stated, and are undeniable. Those advantages are, that by this means alone can we effect that which we have conclusively shown to be the object for which the contrivance of money was devised, the obviating the inconveniences of barter by creating a common measure of value, and thus regulating prices. Now it is perfectly obvious that this advantage, to obtain which in the first instance money was invented, so far from being promoted, will be destroyed by the introduction of bimetalism. Whenever you introduce two standards of different values, and make them both legal tender, you at once destroy the very object for which money was introduced. Whether you have two independent currencies, one of gold, the other of silver, and make each of them a legal tender, or declare that a certain portion of one shall always be equal to a certain portion of the other, the failure, as far as regards the establishment of a common measure, to obtain which money was originally invented, will be the same. You will have two prices. After the bargain has been concluded will come a second bargain, the nature of which may be expressed in the words, How will you have it? The value of money depends entirely on the cost of producing it. If, then, a second metal of equal value be introduced, nothing is gained, and the process is simply futile—confusion for confusion's sake. The only advantage which can be got out of the second metal is by a cheat—that is, by mixing an inferior with a superior article and palming them off on the customer as of equal worth, a practice well known to dishonest pedlars, but, I venture to submit, scarcely fit to be adopted into the finance of an honest nation. The essence of bimetalism is not plurality, but inequality. Plurality is only the means to the end. Its whole end and object is to induce people to treat as equal that which has been purposely made unequal, and thus to deprive mankind of that power of measuring values which money was invented to bestow.

It must never be forgotten that however the currency of a country may be appreciated, it will always be able to perform what has been shown above to be its leading function, the regulation of prices. However much the volume of the currency may be diminished, the quality for which money was first invented, and which is its peculiar function, will remain unaltered. Ratios remain the same, whether they are counted in tens or in thousands. The proper definition of bimetalism would be a fraudulent contrivance by which the purpose for which money was invented is entirely set aside in order to enable a State to palm off an inferior metal as of equal value with a superior one. To such a device we are not, and I am happy to think, when it is once understood, are not likely to be, reduced.

It is thus perfectly clear that a double standard is not merely an inconvenience, but absolutely destroys the purpose for which money was invented, and, instead of performing the astounding feat of giving us two standards, leaves us instead nothing but a quarrel, which, there are no legitimate means of deciding, and which may very probably end in adopting a third standard, by splitting the difference between the two. What makes the matter more absurd is that this bungling and unscientific contrivance is adopted to obtain an end which can be, and every day is, obtained by the simplest means. The advocates of bimetalism seem to treat the establishment of a gold currency in Germany as a great and irreparable calamity,\* as a sort of robbery of the treasure of England. But let them take comfort. The only condition on which Germany or any other country can hold any portion of gold is that that portion will command in that country as great a share of commodities as in any other. Instead of being an irretrievable loss, the absence of gold is of all things the most certain to correct itself. Every pound that is taken away increases the purchasing power of the gold that is left. The currency is a self-acting machine, which, like a balance, is always tending to an equilibrium. No doubt we must expect to see many and serious changes in the distribution of the precious metals. Old States are continually becoming more populous, and new States are continually springing into existence. These in the nature of things must demand a share of the universal medium of exchange, and the appreciation of gold can only be met by increased fertility in the mines. Should the mines not answer to the call, the result must be a gradual appreciation of the precious metals, such as existed in the Middle Ages. This it may not be in our power to prevent, but we may be quite certain that this distribution will take place in exact accordance with the rule which makes gold flow to those countries where it commands the highest price. The absolute value of gold may, and probably will, be appreciated, but its relative value will obey a single, an inevitable law. The history of gold has been a history of fluctuation, and will doubtless continue to be so. The fluctuations must be attended with loss to some and gain to others; and it is the business of the financier to see and provide against these inevitable vicissitudes. The bimetalist seems to conceive that we should be at present in a stable condition were it not for the wickedness of Germany. There can be no greater mistake; of all commodities money is the most easily attracted and repelled. We live in a boundless realm of unending change; and the gold which the bimetalist fancies he can enchain by his clumsy contrivance slips away from him in the very moment of his acquisition. He will fill the vessel of the Danaïds only to see it empty by a power which he does not appreciate and cannot control.

SHERBROOKE

*A NEW THEORY OF THE SUN.*

## THE CONSERVATION OF SOLAR ENERGY.

A PAPER was recently read by me before the Royal Society, under the above title, which may be termed a first attempt to open for the sun a creditor and debtor account, inasmuch as he has hitherto been regarded only as the great almoner, pouring forth incessantly his boundless wealth of heat, without receiving any of it back. Such a proposal touches the root of solar physics, and cannot therefore be expected to pass without challenge—to meet which I gladly embrace the opportunity, now offered to me through the courtesy of the Editor of this Review, of enlarging somewhat upon the first concise statement of my views regarding this question.

Man has from the very earliest ages looked up with a feeling of awe and wonderment to our great luminary, to whom we owe not only the light of day, but the genial warmth by which we live, by which our hills are clad with verdure, our rivers flow, and without which our life-sustaining food, both vegetable and animal, could not be produced.

When for our comfort and our use we resort to a fire either of wood or coal, we know now by the light of modern science that we are utilising only solar rays that have been stored up by the aid of the process of vegetation in our forests or in the forests of former geological ages, when our coal-fields were the scenes of rank tropical growth. The potency of the solar ray in this respect was recognised—even before science had discovered its true significance—by clear-sighted men such as the late George Stephenson, who, when asked what in his opinion was the ultimate cause of the motion of his locomotive engine, said that he thought it went by ‘the bottled-up rays of the sun.’

With the exception of our coal-fields and a few elementary combustible substances such as sulphur and what are called the precious metals, which we find sparsely scattered about, our earth consists essentially of combined matter. Thus our rivers, lakes and oceans are filled with oxidised hydrogen, the result of a most powerful combustion; and the crust of our earth is found to consist either of quartz (a combination of the metal silicon with oxygen) or limestone (oxidised calcium combined with oxidised carbon), or of other metals, such as magnesium, aluminium, or iron, oxidised and



Notwithstanding this enormous loss of heat, solar temperature has not diminished sensibly for centuries, if we neglect the periodic changes, apparently connected with the appearance of sun-spots, that have been observed by Lockyer and others, and the question forces itself upon us how this great loss can be sustained without producing an observable diminution of solar temperature even within a human lifetime.

Amongst the ingenious hypotheses intended to account for a continuance of solar heat is that of shrinkage or gradual reduction of the sun's volume suggested by Helmholtz. It may, however, be argued against this theory that the heat so produced would be liberated throughout its mass, and would have to be brought to the surface by conduction, aided perhaps by convection; but we know of no material of sufficient conductivity to transmit anything approaching the amount of heat lost by radiation.

Chemical action between the constituent parts of the sun has also been suggested; but here again we are met by the difficulty that the products of such combination would ere this have accumulated on the surface, and would have formed a barrier against further action.

These difficulties led Sir William Thomson to the suggestion that the cause of maintenance of solar temperature might be found in the circumstance of meteorites, not falling upon the sun from great distances in space, as had been suggested by Mayer and Waterton, but circulating with an acquired velocity within the planetary distances of the sun, and he shows that each pound of matter so imported would represent a large number of heat units without disturbing the planetary equilibrium. But in considering more fully the enormous amount of planetary matter that would be required for the maintenance of the solar temperature, Sir William Thomson soon abandoned this hypothesis for that of simple transfer of heat from the interior of a fluid sun to the surface by means of convection currents, which latter hypothesis is at the present time supported by Professor Stokes and other leading physicists.

This theory has certainly the advantage of accounting for the greatest possible store of heat within the solar mass, because it supposes the latter to consist in the main of a fluid heated to such a temperature that if it were relieved at any point of the confining pressure, it would flash into gas of a vastly inferior, but still of an elevated, temperature. It is supposed that such fluid material, or material in the 'critical' condition, as Professor Thomas Andrews of Belfast has named it, is continually transferred to the surface by means of convection currents, that is to say, by currents forming naturally when a fluid substance is cooled at its upper surface, and sinks down after cooling to make room for ascending material at the comparatively higher temperature. It is owing to such convection currents that the temperature of a room is, generally speaking, higher towards the ceiling than towards the floor, and that upon

plunging a thermometer into a tank of heated water the surface temperature is found slightly superior to that near the bottom.

These convection currents owe their existence to a preponderance of the cooled descending over the ascending current; but this difference being slight, and the ascending and descending currents intermixing freely, they are, generally speaking, of a sluggish character; hence in all heating apparatus it is found essential to resort either to artificial propulsion, or to separating walls between the ascending and the descending currents, in order to give effect to the convective transfer of heat.

In the case of a fluid sun another difficulty presents itself through the circumstance that the vast liquid interior is enveloped in a gaseous atmosphere, which, although perhaps some thousands of miles in depth, represents a relatively very small store of heat. Convection currents may be supposed active in both the gaseous atmosphere and in the fluid ocean below, but the surface of this fluid must necessarily constitute a barrier between the two convective systems, nor could the convective action of the gaseous atmosphere, that is to say, the simple up and down currents caused by surface refrigeration, be such as to disturb the liquid surface below to any great extent, because each descending current would have had plenty of time to get intermixed with its neighbouring ascending current, and would, therefore, have reached its least intensity on arriving on the liquid surface.

As regards the liquid, its most favourable condition for heating purposes would be at the critical point, or that at which the slightest diminution of superincumbent pressure would make it flash off into gas; but considering that, by means of conduction and convection, the liquid matter must have assumed in the course of ages a practically uniform temperature to a very considerable depth, it follows that the liquid below the surface, with fluid pressure in addition to that of the superimposed gaseous atmosphere, must be ordinary fluid, the critical condition being essentially confined only to the surface.

Conditions analogous to those here contemplated are met with in a high-pressure steam boiler, with its heated water and dense vapour atmosphere. Suppose the fire below such a boiler be withdrawn, and its roof be exposed to active radiation into space, what should we observe through a strong pane of glass inserted in the side of the boiler near the liquid surface, lit up by an incandescent electric lamp within? The loss of heat by radiation from the boiler would give rise to convection currents, and partial condensation of the vapour atmosphere; then, if the motion of the water was made visible by means of colouring matter, we should observe convection currents in the fluid mass separate and distinct from those in the gaseous mass; but these convection currents would cause no visible disturbance of the liquid surface, which would present itself to the eye with the smoothness of a mirror. It is only in the event of the steam pressure being

suddenly relieved at any point on the surface that a portion of the water would flash into steam, causing a violent upheaval of the liquid.

The dark spots on the sun appear to indicate commotion of this description, but these are evidently not the result of mere convection currents; if they were, they would occur indiscriminately over the entire surface of the sun, whereas telescopic observation has revealed the fact that they do occur almost exclusively in two belts, between the equator and the polar surfaces on either side. Their occurrence could be satisfactorily explained if we could suppose the existence of strong lateral currents flowing from the polar surfaces towards the equator, which lateral currents in the solar atmosphere would cause cyclones or vortex action with a lower and denser atmosphere consisting probably of metallic vapours; this vortex action extending downward would relieve the fluid ocean locally from pressure, and give rise to explosive outbursts of enormous magnitude, projecting the lower atmosphere high above the photosphere, with a velocity measured, according to Lockyer, by a thousand miles a second. It will be seen from what follows how, according to my views, such vortex action in those intermediate regions of the sun would necessarily be produced.

But supposing that, notwithstanding the difficulties just pointed out, convection currents sufficed to effect a transfer of internal heat to the surface with sufficient rapidity to account for the enormous surface-loss by radiation, we should only have the poor satisfaction of knowing that the available store would last longer than might have been expected, whereas a complete solution of the problem would be furnished by a theory, according to which the radiant energy which is now supposed to be dissipated into space and irrecoverably lost to our solar system, could be arrested and brought back in another form to the sun himself, there to continue the work of solar radiation.

Some six years ago the thought occurred to me that such a solution of the solar problem might not lie beyond the bounds of possibility, and although I cannot claim intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of solar physics, I have watched its progress, and have engaged also in some physical experiments bearing upon the question, all of which have served to strengthen my confidence and to ripen in me the determination to submit my views, not without some misgiving, to the touchstone of scientific criticism.

For the purposes of my theory, stellar space is supposed to be filled with highly rarefied gaseous bodies, including hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and their compounds, besides solid materials in the form of dust. Each planetary body would in that case attract to itself an atmosphere depending for density upon its relative attractive importance, and it would not seem unreasonable to suppose that the heavier and less diffusible gases would form the staple of these local atmospheres; that, in fact, they would consist mostly of nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid, whilst hydrogen and its compounds would predominate in space.

In support of this view it may be urged, that in following out the molecular theory of gases as laid down by Clausius, Clerk Maxwell, and Thomson, it would be difficult to assign a limit to a gaseous atmosphere in space; and, further, that some writers—among whom I will here mention only Grove, Humboldt, Zoellner and Mattieu Williams—have boldly asserted the existence of a space filled with matter. But Newton himself, as Dr. Sterry Hunt tells us in an interesting paper which has only just reached me, has expressed views in favour of such an assumption.

The history of Newton's paper is remarkable and very suggestive. It was read before the Royal Society on the 9th and 16th of December, 1675, and remained unpublished until 1757, when it was printed by Birch, the then secretary, in the third volume of his *History of the Royal Society*, but received no attention; in 1846 it was published in the *Philosophical Magazine* at the suggestion of Harcourt, but was again disregarded; and now, once more, only a few months since, a philosopher on the other side of the Atlantic brings back to the birthplace of Newton his forgotten and almost despised work of 200 years ago.

Quoting from Dr. Sterry Hunt's paper:—

Newton in his Hypothesis imagines 'an ethereal medium much of the same constitution with air, but far rarer, subtler, and more elastic.' 'But it is not to be supposed that this medium is one uniform matter, but composed partly of the main phlegmatic body of ether, partly of other various ethereal spirits, much after the manner that air is compounded of the phlegmatic body of air intermixed with various vapours and exhalations.' Newton further suggests in his Hypothesis that this complex spirit or ether, which, by its elasticity, is extended throughout all space, is in continual movement and interchange. 'For Nature is a perpetual circulatory worker, generating fluids out of solids, and solids out of fluids; fixed things out of volatile, and volatile out of fixed; subtle out of gross, and gross out of subtle; some things to ascend and make the upper terrestrial juices, rivers, and the atmosphere, and by consequence others to descend for a requital to the former. And as the earth, so perhaps may the sun imbibe this spirit copiously, to conserve his shining, and keep the planets from receding farther from him; and they that will may also suppose that this spirit affords or carries with it thither the solary fuel and material principle of life, and that the vast ethereal spaces between us and the stars are for a sufficient repository for this food of the sun and planets.' 'Thus, perhaps, may all things be originated from ether.'

If at the time of Newton chemistry had been understood as it now is, and if moreover he had been armed with that most wonderful of all modern scientific instruments, the spectroscope, the direct outcome of his own prismatic analysis, there appears to be no doubt that the author of the laws of gravitation would have so developed his thoughts upon solar fuel, that they would have taken the form rather of a scientific discovery than of a mere speculation.

Our proof that interstellar space is filled with attenuated matter does not rest however solely upon the uncertain ground of speculation. We receive occasionally upon our earth celestial visitors termed meteorites; these are known to travel in loose masses round the sun



in orbits intersecting at certain points that of our earth. When in their transit they pass through the denser portion of our atmosphere they become incandescent, and are popularly known as falling stars. In some cases they are really deserving of that name, because they strike down upon our earth, from the surface of which they have been picked up and subjected to searching examination whilst still warm after their exertion. Dr. Flight has only very recently communicated to the Royal Society an analysis of the occluded gases of one of these meteorites as follows:—

CO <sub>2</sub> (Carbonic acid)	. . . . .	0·12
CO (Carbonic oxide)	. . . . .	31·88
H (Hydrogen)	. . . . .	45·79
CH <sub>4</sub> (Marsh gas)	. . . . .	4·55
N (Nitrogen)	. . . . .	17·66

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100·00

It appears surprising that there was no aqueous vapour, considering there was much hydrogen and oxygen in combination with carbon; but perhaps the vapour escaped observation, or was expelled to a greater extent than the other gases by external heat when the meteorite passed through our atmosphere. Opinions concur that the gases found occluded in meteorites cannot be supposed to have entered into their composition during the very short period of traversing our denser atmosphere; but if any doubt should exist on this head, it ought to be set at rest by the fact that the gas principally occluded is hydrogen, which is not contained in our atmosphere in any appreciable quantity.

Further proof of the fact that stellar space is filled with gaseous matter is furnished by spectrum analysis, and it appears from recent investigation, by Dr. Huggins and others, that the nucleus of a comet contains very much the same gases found occluded in meteorites, including 'carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and probably oxygen,' whilst, according to the views set forth by Dewar and Liveing, it also contains nitrogenous compounds such as cyanogen.

Adversely to the assumption that interplanetary space is filled with gases, it is urged that the presence of ordinary matter would cause sensible retardation of planetary motion, such as must have made itself felt before this; but, assuming that the matter filling space is an almost perfect fluid not limited by border surfaces, it can be shown on purely mechanical grounds that the retardation by friction through such an attenuated medium would be very slight indeed, even at planetary velocities.

But it may be contended that, if the views here advocated regarding the distribution of gases were true, the sun should draw to himself the bulk of the least diffusible, and therefore the heaviest gases, such as carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, oxygen and nitrogen, whereas spectrum analysis has proved, on the contrary, a great prevalence of hydrogen.

In explanation of this seeming anomaly, it can be shown, in the first place, that the temperature of the sun is so high, that such compound gases as carbonic acid and carbonic oxide could not exist within him, their point of dissociation being very much below the solar temperature. It has been contended, indeed, by Mr. Lockyer, that none of the metalloids have any existence at these temperatures, although as regards oxygen Dr. Draper asserts its existence in the solar photosphere. There must be regions, however, outside that thermal limit, where their existence would not be jeopardised by heat; and here great accumulation of the comparatively heavy gases that constitute our atmosphere would probably take place, were it not for a certain counterbalancing action.

I here approach a point of primary importance in my argument, upon the proof of which my further conclusions must depend.

The sun completes one revolution on its axis in twenty-five days; and its diameter being taken at 882,000 miles, it follows that the tangential velocity amounts to 1.25 miles per second, or to what the tangential velocity of our earth would be if it occupied five hours instead of twenty-four in accomplishing one revolution. This high rotative velocity of the sun must cause an equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere, to which Mairan, in 1731, attributed the appearance of zodiacal light. La Place rejected this explanation on the ground that zodiacal light extended to a distance from the sun exceeding our own, whereas the equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere due to its rotation could not exceed nine-twentieths of the distance of Mercury. But it must be remembered that La Place based his calculation upon the generally accepted hypothesis of an empty stellar space (occupied only by an imaginary æther), and it can be shown that the result of solar rotation would be widely different, if supposed to take place within a medium of unbounded extension. In this case pressures would be balanced all round, and the sun would act mechanically upon the floating matter surrounding him in the manner of a fan, drawing it towards himself upon the polar surfaces, and projecting it outwards in a continuous disk-like stream from the equatorial surfaces.

By this fan action, hydrogen, hydrocarbons, and oxygen are supposed to be drawn in enormous quantities toward the polar surfaces of the sun; during their gradual approach they pass from their condition of extreme attenuation and intense cold to that of compression, accompanied with increase of temperature, until, on approaching the photosphere, they burst into flame, giving rise to a great development of heat, and a temperature commensurate with their point of dissociation at the solar density. The result of their combustion will be aqueous vapour and carbonic acid, and these products of combustion, in yielding to the influence of centrifugal force, will flow towards the solar equator, and be thence projected into space.

In view of the importance of this centrifugal action for the purpose of my theory, the following simple mathematical statement of the problem may not be thought out of place. Let us consider the condition of two equal gaseous masses, at equal distances from the solar centre, the one in the direction of the equator, the other in that of either of the poles. These two masses would be equally attracted towards the sun, and balance one another as regards the force of gravitation, but the former would be subject to another force, that of centrifugal action, which, however small in amount as compared with the enormous attraction of the sun, would destroy the balance, and determine a motion towards the sun as regards the mass opposite the polar surface, and into space as regards the equatorial mass. The same action would take effect upon the masses filling their places, and the result must be a continuous current depending for its velocity upon the rate of solar rotation. The equatorial current so produced, owing to its mighty proportions, would flow outward into space, to a practically unlimited distance.

The next question for consideration is: What would become of these products of combustion when thus returned into space? Apparently they would gradually change the condition of stellar material, rendering it more and more neutral; but I venture to suggest the possibility, nay, the probability, that solar radiation will, under these conditions, step in to bring back the combined materials to a state of separation by dissociation carried into effect at the expense of that solar energy which is now supposed to be irrevocably lost or dissipated into space as the phrase goes.

According to the law of dissociation as developed by Bunsen and Sainte-Claire Deville, the point of decomposition of different compounds depends upon the temperature on the one hand, and upon the pressure on the other. According to Sainte-Claire Deville, the dissociation tension of aqueous vapour at atmospheric pressure and at  $2800^{\circ}$  C. is 0.5, that is to say one half of the vapour would exist as such, the remaining half being found as a mechanical mixture of hydrogen and oxygen; but with the pressure, the temperature of dissociation rises and falls, as the temperature of saturated steam rises and falls with its pressure. It is therefore conceivable that the solar photosphere may be raised by combustion to a temperature exceeding  $2800^{\circ}$  C., whereas dissociation may be effected in space at a lower temperature. This temperature of  $2800^{\circ}$  would be quite sufficient to account for the character and amount of solar radiation, if it is only borne in mind that the luminous atmosphere may be a thousand miles in depth, and that the flame of hydrogen and hydrocarbons, in the uppermost layers of this zone, is transparent to the radiant energy produced in the layers below, thus making the total radiation rather the sum of matter in combustion than the effect of a very intensely heated surface.

Sainte-Claire Deville's investigations had reference only to heats

measured by means of pyrometers, but do not extend to the effects of radiant heat. Dr. Tyndall has shown by his important researches that vapour of water and other gaseous compounds intercept radiant heat in a most remarkable degree, and there is other evidence to show that radiant energy from a source of high intensity possesses a dissociating power far surpassing the measurable temperature to which the compound substance under its influence is raised. Thus carbonic acid and water are dissociated in the leaf-cells of plants under the influence of the direct solar ray at ordinary summer temperature, and experiments in which I have been engaged for nearly three years<sup>1</sup> go to prove that this dissociating action is obtained also under the radiant influence of the electric arc, although it is scarcely perceptible if the energy is such as can be produced by an inferior source of heat.

The point of dissociation of aqueous vapour and carbonic acid admits, however, of being determined by direct experiment. It engaged my attention some years ago, but I have hesitated to publish the qualitative results I then obtained, in the hope of attaining to quantitative proofs.

These experiments consisted in the employment of glass tubes furnished with platinum electrodes, and filled with aqueous vapour or with carbonic acid in the usual manner, the latter being furnished with caustic soda to regulate the vapour pressure by heating. Upon immersing one end of the tube charged with aqueous vapour in a refrigerating mixture of ice and chloride of calcium, its temperature at that end was reduced to  $-32^{\circ}$  C., corresponding to a vapour pressure, according to Regnault, of  $\frac{1}{1800}$ th of an atmosphere. When so cooled no slow electric discharge took place on connecting the two electrodes with a small induction coil. I then exposed the end of the tube projecting out of the freezing mixture, backed by white paper, to solar radiation (on a clear summer's day) for several hours, when upon again connecting up to the inductorium, a discharge, apparently that of a hydrogen vacuum, was obtained. This experiment being repeated furnished unmistakable evidence, I thought, that aqueous vapour had been dissociated by exposure to solar radiation. The carbonic acid tubes gave, however, less unmistakable effects. Not satisfied with these qualitative results, I made arrangements to collect the permanent gases so produced by means of a Sprengel pump, but was prevented by lack of time from pursuing the inquiry, which I propose, however, to resume shortly, being of opinion that, independently of my present speculation, the experiments may prove useful in extending our knowledge regarding the laws of dissociation.

It should be here observed that, according to Professor Stokes, the ultra violet rays are in large measure absorbed in passing through

<sup>1</sup> See *Proceedings, Royal Society*, vol. xxx., March 1, 1880; also a paper read before Section A of the British Association, September 1, 1881, and ordered to be printed in the Report.

clear glass, and it follows from this discovery that only a small portion of the chemical rays found their way through the tubes to accomplish the work of dissociation. This circumstance being adverse to the experiment only serves to increase the value of the effect observed, whilst it appears to furnish additional proof of the fact, first enunciated by Professor Draper, and corroborated by my own experiments on plants, that the dissociating power of light is not confined to the ultra violet rays, but depends in the process of vegetation chiefly upon the yellow and red rays.

Assuming, for my present purpose, that dissociation of aqueous vapour was really effected in the experiment just described, and assuming, further, that stellar space is filled with aqueous and other vapour of a density not exceeding the  $\frac{1}{2000}$ th part of our atmosphere, it seems reasonable to suppose that its dissociation would be effected by solar radiation, and that solar energy would thus be utilised. The conjoint presence of aqueous vapour, carbonic acid and nitrogen would only serve to facilitate their decomposition, in consequence of the simultaneous formation of hydrocarbons and nitrogenous compounds by combination of the nascent hydrogen and the nitrogen with carbon in a manner analogous to what occurs in vegetation. It is not necessary to suppose that all the energy radiated from the sun into space should be intercepted, inasmuch as even a partial return of heat in the manner described would serve to supplement solar radiation, the balance being made up by absolute loss. To this loss of energy would have to be added that consumed in sustaining the circulating current, which however need not relatively be more than what is known to be lost on our earth through the tidal action, and may be supposed to be compensated as regards the time of solar rotation by gradual shrinkage.

By means of the fan-like action resulting from the rotation of the sun, the vapours dissociated in space to-day would be drawn towards the polar surfaces of the sun to-morrow, be heated by increase in density, and would burst into flame at a point where both their density and temperature had reached the necessary elevation to induce combustion, each complete cycle taking, however, years to be accomplished. The resulting aqueous vapour, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide would be drawn towards the equatorial regions, and be then again projected into space by centrifugal force.

Space would, according to these views, be filled with gaseous compounds in process of decomposition by solar radiant energy, and the existence of these gases would furnish an explanation of the solar absorption spectrum, in which the lines of some of the substances may be entirely neutralised and lost to observation. As regards the heavy metallic vapours revealed in the sun by the spectroscope, it is assumed that these form a lower and denser solar atmosphere, not participating in the fan-like action which is supposed to effect the light outer atmosphere only, in which hydrogen is the principal factor.

Such a dense metallic atmosphere could not participate in the fan

action affecting the lighter photosphere, because this is only feasible on the supposition that the density of the inflowing current is, at equal distances from the gravitating centre, equal or nearly equal to the outflowing current. It is true that the products of combustion of hydrogen and hydrocarbons are denser than their constituents, but this difference may be balanced by their superior temperature on leaving the sun, whereas the metallic vapours would be unbalanced, and would therefore obey the laws of gravitation, recalling them to the sun. On the surface of contact between the two solar atmospheres, intermixture induced by friction must take place, however, giving rise to those vortices and explosive effects within the zones of the sun, between the equator and the polar surfaces, to which reference has already been made in this article; these may appropriately be called the 'stormy regions' of the sun, which were first observed and commented upon by Sir John Herschel. Some of the denser vapours would probably get intermixed, be carried away mechanically by the lighter gases, and give rise to that cosmic dust observed to fall upon our earth in not inappreciable quantities, and generally assumed hitherto to be the débris of broken meteorolites. Excessive intermixture between the heat-producing atmosphere and the metallic vapours below appears to be prevented by the existence of an intermediate neutral atmosphere, and called the penumbra.

As the whole solar system moves through space at a pace estimated at 150,000,000 of miles annually (being about one-fourth of the velocity of the earth in its orbit), it appears possible that the condition of the gaseous fuel supplying the sun may vary according to its state of previous decomposition, in which other heavenly bodies may have taken part, and whereby an interesting reflex action between our sun and other heavenly bodies would be brought about. May it not be owing to such differences in the quality of the fuel supplied that the observed variations of the solar heat may arise? and may it not be in consequence of such changes in the thermal condition of the photosphere that the extraordinary convulsions revealed to us as sun-spots occur?

The views here advocated could not be thought acceptable unless they furnished at any rate a consistent explanation of the still somewhat mysterious phenomena of the zodiacal light and of comets. Regarding the former, we should be able to revert to Mairan's views, the objection by La Place being met by a continuous outward flow from the solar equator. Luminosity would be attributable to particles of dust emitting light reflected from the sun, or to phosphorescence. But there is another cause for luminosity of these particles, which may deserve serious consideration. Each particle would be electrified by gaseous friction in its acceleration, and its electric tension would be vastly increased in its forcible removal, in the same way as the fine dust of the desert has been observed by Dr. Werner Siemens to be in a state of high electrification on the apex of the Cheops pyramid.

Could not the zodiacal light also be attributed to slow electric discharge backward from the dust towards the sun? and would not the same cause account for a great difference of potential between the sun and earth, which latter may be supposed to be washed by the solar radial current? May not the presence of the radial solar current also furnish us with an explanation of the fact that hydrogen, while abounding apparently in space, is practically absent in our atmosphere, where aqueous vapour and carbonic acid, which would come to us directly from the sun, take its place? An action analogous to this, though on a much smaller scale, may be set up also by terrestrial rotation, giving rise to an electrical discharge from the outgoing equatorial stream to the polar regions, where the atmosphere to be pierced by the return flood is of least resistance. Thus the phenomenon of the aurora borealis or northern lights would find an easy explanation.

The effect of this continuous outpour of solar materials could not be without very important influences as regards the geological conditions of our earth. Geologists have long acknowledged the difficulty of accounting for the amount of carbonic acid that must have been in our atmosphere, at one time or another, in order to form with lime those enormous beds of dolomite and limestone, of which the crust of our earth is in great measure composed. It has been calculated that if this carbonic acid had been at one and the same time in our atmosphere, it would have caused an elastic pressure fifty times that of our present atmosphere; and if we add the carbonic acid that must have been absorbed in vegetation in order to form our coal-beds, we should probably have to double that pressure. Animal life, of which we find abundant traces in these 'measures,' could not have existed under such conditions, and we are almost forced to the conclusion that the carbonic acid must have been derived from an external source.

It appears to me that the theory here advocated furnishes a feasible solution of this geological difficulty. Our earth being situated in the outflowing current of the solar products of combustion, or, as it were, in the solar chimney, would be fed from day to day with its quota of carbonic acid, of which our local atmosphere would assimilate as much as would be necessary to maintain in it a carbonic acid vapour density balancing that of the solar current; we should thus receive our daily supply of this important constituent (with the regularity of fresh rolls for breakfast), which, according to an investigation by M. Reiset, communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dumas on the 6th of March last, amounts to the constant factor of one ten-thousandth part of our atmosphere. The aqueous vapour in the air would be similarly maintained as to its density, and its influx to, or reflux from, our atmosphere would be determined by the surface temperature of our earth.

It is also important to show how the phenomena of comets could

be harmonised with the views here advocated, and I venture to hope that these occasional visitors will serve to furnish us with positive evidence in my favour. Astronomical physicists tell us that the nucleus of a comet consists of an aggregation of stones similar to meteorites. Adopting this view, and assuming that the stones have absorbed in stellar space gases to the amount of six times their volume, taken at atmospheric pressure, what, it may be asked, will be the effect of such a divided mass advancing towards the sun at a velocity reaching in perihelion the prodigious rate of 366 miles per second (as observed in the comet of 1845), being twenty-three times our orbital rate of motion? It appears evident that the entry of such a mass into a comparatively dense atmosphere must be accompanied by a rise of temperature by frictional resistance, aided by attractive condensation. At a certain point the increase of temperature must cause ignition, and the heat thus produced must drive out the occluded gases, which in an atmosphere 3,000 times less dense than that of our earth would produce  $6 \times 3,000 = 18,000$  times the volume of the stones themselves. These gases would issue forth in all directions, but would remain unobserved except in that of motion, in which they would meet the interplanetary atmosphere with the compound velocity, and form a zone of intense combustion, such as Dr. Huggins has lately observed to surround the one side of the nucleus, evidently the side of forward motion. The nucleus would thus emit original light, whereas the tail may be supposed to consist of stellar dust rendered luminous by reflex action produced by the light of the sun and comet combined, as foreshadowed already by Tyndall, Tait, and others, starting each from different assumptions.

Although I cannot pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the more intricate phenomena of solar physics, I have long had a conviction, derived principally from familiarity with some of the terrestrial effects of heat, that the prodigious dissipation of solar heat is unnecessary to satisfy accepted principles regarding the conservation of energy, but that solar heat may be arrested and returned over and over again to the sun, in a manner somewhat analogous to the action of the heat recuperator in the regenerative engine and gas furnace. The fundamental conditions are:—

1. That aqueous vapour and carbon compounds are present in stellar or interplanetary space. . . . .
2. That these gaseous compounds are capable of being dissociated by radiant solar energy while in a state of extreme attenuation.
3. That the vapours so dissociated are drawn towards the sun in consequence of solar rotation, are flashed into flame in the photosphere, and rendered back into space in the condition of products of combustion.

Three weeks have now elapsed since I ventured to submit these propositions to the Royal Society for scientific criticism, and it will



probably interest my readers to know what has been the nature of that criticism and the weight of additional evidence for or against my theory.

Criticism has been pronounced by mathematicians and physicists, but affecting singularly enough the chemical and not the mathematical portion of my argument; whereas chemists have expressed doubts regarding my mathematics while accepting the chemistry involved in my reasoning.

Doubts have been expressed as to the sufficiency of the proof that dissociation of attenuated aqueous vapour and carbonic acid is really effected by radiant solar energy; and, if so effected, whether the amount of heat so supplied to the sun could be at all adequate in amount to keep up the known rate of radiation. It was admitted in my paper that my own experiments on the dissociation of vapours within vacuous tubes amounted to inferential rather than absolute proof; but the amount of inferential evidence in favour of my views has been very much strengthened since by chemical evidence received from various sources; and I will here only refer to one of these.

Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, has, in connection with Professor Herschel of Newcastle, recently presented an elaborate paper or series of papers to the Royal Society of Edinburgh 'On the Gaseous Spectra in Vacuum Tubes,' of which he has kindly forwarded me a copy. It appears from these memoirs that when vacuum tubes, which contain attenuated vapours, have been laid aside for a length of time, they turn practically into hydrogen tubes. In another very recent paper presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor Piazzi Smyth furnishes important additional proof of the presence of oxygen in the outer solar atmosphere, and gives an explanation why this important element has escaped observation by the spectroscope. Additional proof of the existence of oxygen in the outer solar atmosphere has been given by Professor Stoney, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, and by Mr. R. Meldola in an interesting paper communicated by him to the *Philosophical Magazine* in June, 1878.

As regards the sufficiency of an inflowing stream of dissociated vapours to maintain solar energy, the following simple calculation may be of service. Let it be assumed that the stream flowing in upon the polar surfaces of the sun flashes into flame when it has attained the density of our atmosphere, that its velocity at that time is 100 feet per second (the velocity of a strong terrestrial wind) and that in its composition only one-twentieth part is hydrogen and marsh gas in equal proportions, the other nineteen-twentieths being made up of oxygen, nitrogen, and neutral compounds. It is well known that each pound of hydrogen develops in burning about 60,000 heat units, and each pound of marsh gas about 24,000; the average of the two gases mixed in equal proportion would yield, roughly speaking, 42,000 units; but, considering that only one-twentieth part of the

inflowing current is assumed to consist of such combustible matter, the amount of heat developed per pound of inflowing current would be only 2,100 heat units. One hundred cubic feet, weighing eight pounds, would enter into combustion every second upon each square foot of the polar surface, and would yield  $8 \times 60 \times 60 \times 2100 = 60,480,000$  heat units per hour. Assuming that one-third of the entire solar surface may be regarded as polar heat-receiving surface, this would give 20,000,000 heat units per square foot of solar surface; whereas according to Herschel's and Pouillet's measurements only 18,000,000 heat units per square foot of solar surface are radiated away. There would thus be no difficulty in accounting for the maintenance of solar energy from the supposed source of supply. On the other hand I wish to guard myself against the assumption that appears to have been made by some critics, that what I have advocated would amount to the counterpart of 'perpetual motion,' and therefore to an absurdity. The sun cannot of course get back any heat radiated by himself which has been turned to a purpose; thus the solar heat spent upon our earth in effecting vegetation must be absolutely lost to him.

My paper presented to the Royal Society was accompanied by a diagram of an ideal corona, representing an accumulation of igneous matter upon the solar surfaces, surrounded by disturbed regions pierced by occasional vortices and outbursts of metallic vapours, and culminating in two outward streams projecting from the equatorial surfaces into space through many thousands of miles. The only supporting evidence in favour of this diagram were certain indications that may be found in the instructive volume on the Sun by Mr. R. A. Proctor. It was therefore a matter of great satisfaction to me to be informed, as I have been by an excellent authority and eye-witness, that my imaginary diagram bore a very close resemblance to the corona observed in America on the occasion of the total eclipse of the sun on the 11th of January 1880.

Enough has been said, I think, to prove that the theory I have ventured to put forward is the result, at any rate, of considerable reflection; and I may add that, since its first announcement, I have not seen reason to reject any of the links of my chain of argument: these I have here endeavoured to strengthen only by additional facts and explanations.

If these arguments can be proved to the entire satisfaction of those best able to form a judgment, they would serve to justify the poet Addison when he says:—

The unwearied sun from day to day  
Does the Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

C. WILLIAM SIEMENS.

## SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION

in 1871-1881.

MR. PETER A. TAYLOR, M.P. for Leicester, has obtained leave from the House of Commons to bring in a Bill for a repeal of the compulsory clauses of the Vaccination Acts, on the ground of what he alleges to be 'the failure of vaccination to prevent or contend with the present Small-pox epidemic.'

This most important subject being brought before Parliament by a Member who possesses the 'ear of the House' in virtue of his unquestioned ability and high character for philanthropy, and who is also distinguished as a debater, alike for the skill with which he makes out his own case and for the boldness of his onslaughts on that of his opponents, I have felt moved, by the strong interest which I have always taken in the question of the preventibility of Small-pox by efficient and universal Vaccination, to enter upon the *purely scientific* study of the phenomena of the present Epidemic; with the view of ascertaining whether these are, or are not, favourable to the current belief in the very considerable (though by no means absolute) protective power of vaccination.

I freely confess to a strong prepossession in favour of Vaccination, derived from my professional training under one of Jenner's most intelligent disciples.<sup>1</sup> But I have honestly endeavoured to dismiss this from my mind as completely as possible; and to prosecute the inquiry in the same spirit and temper that I should bring to the investigation of the Bathymetrical distribution of animal life in the Deep Sea, or of the relation of the Sanitary condition of a town popula-

<sup>1</sup> It happened that my attention was specially directed to the subject at the very commencement of my medical apprenticeship, in 1828, by the number of cases which then fell under my notice of *total and irremediable deprivation of sight* by Small-pox during the first months of infancy; my master, Mr. J. B. Estlin, of Bristol, having a widespread reputation in the West of England and South Wales as an ophthalmic surgeon. Strict inquiry being made in every case as to previous vaccination, the reply was *invariably negative*. During the eight years of my attendance at Mr. Estlin's eye-dispensary, I must have seen at least a hundred such cases (I well remember reckoning the average at more than one a month); not one of these occurred after vaccination, and in no case had the small-pox been communicated by inoculation, which, at the time I speak of, had fallen into general disrepute, being performed only by a few old-fashioned country practitioners.

tion to its liability to Zymotic disease. And although its results have surprised even myself, by the cogency with which they seem to prove the very reverse of Mr. Taylor's thesis, yet as the data from which they are drawn will be shown to be of the most trustworthy character, and as my discussion of them has been conducted according to the strictest statistical methods, I venture to hope that my conclusions—until their fallacy shall have been proved—may be considered by unprejudiced readers, not as the 'case' of an advocate, but as a judicial 'summing-up' of the facts given in evidence.

The doctrine advanced on the other side being that, as the failure of Vaccination has now been completely demonstrated, Small-pox is only to be met by Sanitation, it may be well to point out that while many Zymotic poisons require, for their development within the living body, the presence of a morbid 'fermentible' element in the blood, the case is different in regard to diseases whose poisons can act (like that of the 'charbon' in Pasteur's experiments) in depraving the very healthiest blood. And that Small-pox is one of these must be admitted by every one who has seen, as I have, *the healthiest subjects, living under the most favourable conditions*, smitten with the deadly poison conveyed into their lungs by air otherwise pure, and either succumbing altogether to its virulence, or recovering blinded or disfigured for life. To maintain that this disease is to be extinguished by any Sanitation that is practically possible, shows an enthusiastic credulity that I certainly cannot share; though I fully admit that in the general mitigation of the type of this disease, and in the enormous reduction in its mortality, which have taken place during the last hundred years, the improved sanitary condition of our population (evidenced by a reduction in the *general* death-rate) has had a large share. But those who attribute the whole of this beneficial change to Sanitation have to account for the fact that no *corresponding* decrease has taken place in the mortality from other diseases of the same class; Scarlatina, Measles, and Whooping-cough retaining their old fatality. And they have further to account for the very fact which they are now bringing up against the advocates of vaccination—namely, that there has been a large increase in the Small-pox mortality of the last decade, without any corresponding increase, but rather with a continued reduction, in the *general* death-rate.

This recent increase doubtless furnishes a strong *primâ facie* case *against* the protective value of Vaccination. But in order that the fact may be rightly appreciated, we must look back at the previous history of Small-pox during the present century. In the decade 1801-10, which witnessed the introduction of Vaccination and the decline of Inoculation, the Small-pox annual death-rate in London averaged 2,040 per million living; being about 7 per cent. of the total mortality. In the five years 1831-5, when Vaccination had

become general, but there was no public provision for it, the Small-pox death-rate had fallen to 830 per million living; being only 2·6 per cent. of the total mortality. In the three years 1838–40, there was an epidemic of Small-pox which temporarily increased the death-rate to 1,013, a little under 4 per cent. of the total mortality. Vaccination was then provided at the public expense; and in the decade 1841–50, the Small-pox death-rate fell to 400, or *much less than half* what it had been during the preceding decade. This reduction steadily continued with the extension of Vaccination, which was made compulsory in 1853; coming down in the decade 1851–60 to 278, and in the decade 1861–70 to 276 per million living, or *less than one-third* of the Small-pox death-rate before 1840, *less than one-seventh* of the Small-pox death-rate in the first decade of the century, and little more than 1 per cent. of the total mortality.

Turning to Great Britain generally, we find that the Small-pox death-rate for the whole of England and Wales—which was for the first time accurately determined when the Registration-system came into operation—averaged for the twelve years 1838–42 and 1847–53 (not having been distinguished in the four intermediate years) 420 per million living. During the seventeen years (1854–70) which followed compulsory Vaccination, the Small-pox death-rate fell to an average of 174 per million, the average of the last five years of that period being no more than 109 per million.—In Scotland, compulsory vaccination did not come into force until 1865; and the annual number of deaths, which had ranged during the ten *preceding* years between 1,741 and 332—averaging 1,054—ranged during the six *following* years between 383 and 15—averaging 146, or *less than one-seventh*.

But in the latter part of 1870 (by which date the proportion of the vaccinated to the entire population had greatly increased, not only by the nearly universal vaccination of its new members, but by the dying-out of the old unvaccinated) a fresh Epidemic of great severity, alike in the numbers attacked and in the proportion of deaths to cases, broke out in London, and thence rapidly spread through Great Britain. Its progress and fluctuations are shown in the following Table, compiled from the Reports of the Registrar-General; which gives the total number of deaths from Small-pox in each of the twelve years 1870–81, *first*, in all England and Wales, *second*, in the London Registration area, *third*, in the Provinces generally, *fourth*, in the nineteen Great Towns of England having an aggregate population almost exactly equalling that of London, and *fifth*, in Scotland, whose total population is a little below that of London. The death-rate of London for the decade 1871–80 was thus raised to 448 per million living; which, it will be observed, was but little above the death-rate in the decade 1841–50, and *less than half* that of the preceding decade.

*Small-pox mortality of Great Britain during each of the twelve years  
1870-1881 inclusive.*

Years	All England	London	Provinces	Nineteen Great Towns	Scotland
1870	2,320	973	1,647	—	114
1871	23,126	7,912	15,214	—	1,442
1872	10,094	1,786	17,308	3,740	2,446
1873	2,364	113	2,251	390	1,126
1874	2,162	57	2,105	814	1,246
1875	950	46	904	352	76
1876	2,408	736	1,672	965	39
1877	4,278	2,551	1,727	497	38
1878	1,856	1,417	439	17	6
1879	536	450	86	8	6
1880	652	475	177	10	10
1881	3,088	2,371	717	92	10

Estimated

During the latter part of the decade, it will be observed, Small-pox became *almost extinct* in the Provinces, especially in the great towns; whilst *Scotland has now for seven years enjoyed an almost complete immunity from it*. The renewed outbreak of Small-pox in London in 1881 is shown to be altogether *exceptional*: the Provincial mortality (save for a small local outbreak in Lancashire) being almost entirely restricted to the home counties; to which the disease spread from the metropolis; and not the least indication of a fresh outbreak having shown itself in all Scotland.—I shall now show that the whole epidemic has been exceptional in the malignancy of its type.

Every one who is conversant with the natural history of Epidemics is perfectly aware that the same ‘zymotic’ disease may prevail, at different epochs, in various degrees of intensity; and that its infective potency, as shown in the *number* attacked, is generally proportionate to the *severity* of its attack. Thus it must be vividly in the remembrance of many now living, how widespread was the prostrating effect, and how large the mortality (manifested in the temporary shutting of shops and closure of theatres), in the great epidemic of Influenza which visited London in 1833. This was followed in 1837 by an epidemic of less severity in both respects; and this again in 1847 by one of a still milder type. In no epidemics of any disease has this difference been more strikingly manifested than in those of Small-pox; some of which in former times approached the Plague in their malignity, and in the dread which they inspired. Thus Horstius (1621) speaks of epidemics of *Variola* in these terms: ‘Aliquando adeo sævæ et malignæ sunt, ut instar veræ et legitimæ trucis pestis in omnem ætatem et sexum grassentur et fervirant cum multorum jacturâ et perditione;’ and says that in 1614 they ravaged most of the countries of Europe more

destructively than the plague, 'in summâ nulli parcentes regioni, unius anni curriculo totam Europam seriatim visitârunt et enormiter depopulârunt.' No such generally destructive epidemic prevailed during the eighteenth century : though it is a matter of history that in 1707 Iceland lost more than 14,000 (between *one-fourth* and *one-third* of its entire population) from the introduction of Small-pox by an infected shirt after an interval of thirty-four years ; that 20,000 persons died of Small-pox in Paris in 1720 (which, as the population of Paris could not at that time have nearly reached half a million, is as if eight times that number, or 160,000, had died last year in London) ; and that individual cases of the most terrible form of the disease occurred in this country, even among the highest classes of society. Thus, Horace Walpole (Letter of the 2nd of April, 1750) wrote :—' Lord Dalkeith is dead of the Small-pox in *three days*. It is so dreadfully fatal in his family, that besides several uncles and aunts, his eldest boy died of it last year ; and his only brother, who was ill but two days, putrefied so fast that his limbs fell off as they lifted the body into the coffin.' There can be little question that the disease underwent a gradual mitigation in its severity during the latter part of the century, and especially as to its *type* ; and this mitigation, whilst largely attributable to the improved sanitary condition of our general population, may be possibly due in part to the 'cultivation' of that milder form of the disease, which was always selected as most favourable to the success of the practice of Inoculation.

But 'cultivation' may have exactly the opposite effect ; developing almost any comparatively mild type of 'zymotic' disease into a form of the greatest malignity. The experience of the last century in regard to Fevers afforded frequent illustrations of the breeding of the fatal 'jail,' 'camp,' 'hospital,' or 'putrid' fever under the influence of overcrowding, filth, and bad ventilation. In more than one 'Black Assize,' judge, jury, counsel, witnesses, and spectators were fatally smitten with the disease introduced into the court by a prisoner brought up for trial. There can be no reasonable doubt of its being to the prevalence of similar conditions, that the extreme severity of the Small-pox epidemics described by Horstius was owing. In these epidemics a type of the disease predominated, which, until lately, has been chiefly known to the Profession in this country by the descriptions of it given by the older writers ; even those who have had the largest personal experience of Small-pox (such as Dr. George Gregory, Physician to the Small-pox Hospital, and Mr. Marson, who was for forty years its resident medical officer) speaking of it as *rare and exceptional*. The following description of this *malignant* variety was given by Mr. Marson, in his article 'Small-pox' in Dr. Reynolds's *System of Medicine*, first published in 1866 :—

*Variola maligna*.—This truly frightful variety of Small-pox was called by the early writers on the disease 'Black Pock,' or *Variola nigra*. The symptoms are very formidable at the outset. The blood appears to be poisoned from the first by the disease; it is rendered very fluid and watery. If a portion be drawn from a vein, a large part of it will be found to be serum, and what ought to be crassamentum remains almost fluid; it is principally colouring matter—the fibrin seems to have disappeared. The countenance of the patient is sunken, the breathing anxious, and in some instances death takes place before the eruption has been developed.—It presents itself (Mr. Marson goes on to state) under two forms, the *hæmorrhagic* and the *petechial*; the first being characterised by the escape of blood from some or all of the mucous surfaces, or in its effusion in large livid patches beneath the skin, or into confluent vesicles when the eruption appears; while in the second the body is covered with numerous separate dark spots, intervening between the variolous pustules. Both forms generally terminate fatally, within four or five days.

Every one knows of the *confluent* variety of Small-pox, as that on the relative prevalence of which, in any Epidemic, its fatality chiefly depends; the *discrete*, 'distinct,' or 'benign' form being by no means a severe disease, even among the unvaccinated. In a table of 2,654 cases of *natural* Small-pox (i.e. unmodified by vaccination) recorded by Mr. Marson between 1836 and 1851, showing the high *average* death-rate of 37 per cent., rather more than two-thirds are ranked as 'confluent,' and *their* death-rate was 50 per cent., or *one in two*; while among 'discrete,' the mortality was only 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> per cent., or *one in fifty*. Intermediate between these was a 'semi-confluent' variety, which was occasionally complicated with sanguineous effusion, and of which the death-rate was 8 per cent. This is the only mention made by Mr. Marson of any approach to the malignant type.

Now the Epidemic which began in 1871 has been, and still is, characterised by the very considerable proportion of cases of that 'malignant' (hæmorrhagic or petechial) type, *in which recovery is the rare exception*; raising the death-rate of the entire aggregate of cases considerably above the average, and raising the death-rate of the total unvaccinated, from the 37 per cent. recorded by Mr. Marson, to what is (I believe), in modern experience, the unprecedented figure of 44·6 per cent. I stated this when writing on the subject last year, on the authority of the 'Returns' published by the Metropolitan Asylums Board; and the following extract from Mr. P. A. Taylor's organ shows how my statement was met by the Anti-Vaccinationists:—

What can be said of a man who maintains that the death-rate of the unvaccinated at this day is 44 per cent., when the death-rate a century ago was 18 per cent., and who re-asserts the absurdity with the fact under his eyes? Or, who having admitted the influence of sanitary reforms in reducing other forms of zymotic disease, allows nothing for such reforms in reducing the prevalence of small-pox, but attributes all improvement to vaccination? Men like Dr. Buchanan to whom vaccination is means of livelihood, and who apart from vaccination would



be of no account whatever, may afford to commit themselves to such stupidities; but for a savant of Dr. Carpenter's pretensions, it is little short of suicidal. That he should wantonly endorse the series of trading fictions under which vaccination is for the present carried on, and which, ere a few years are over, will be nowhere—discredited, repudiated, forgotten—is one of those mysteries which it would require his own knowledge of psychology to explain.

I now re-state it as the experience of all the Asylums Board Hospitals of the Metropolis during the year 1881, the Medical Officers of which have most kindly responded to my inquiries on this point. Thus, of the 1,782 cases of Small-pox treated last year in the Fulham Hospital, as many as 113 were of the 'malignant' type; 46 of them being 'hæmorrhagic,' and 67 'petechial.' And though these constituted only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the admissions, they contributed more than 43 per cent. to the total number of deaths; for 108 of these 113 cases proved fatal. And of the 552 deaths which occurred among the 3,151 cases admitted into the Deptford Hospital during 1881, there were 140 of the 'malignant' type, raising the death-rate of the unvaccinated to 47 per cent.—This, then, is no *theory* of mine, but a terrible *fact*.

The exceptional malignity of this epidemic has not been confined to Great Britain. It has shown the same characters in other countries of Europe, and (as I now repeat on more explicit information) in the United States of America, and in various other parts of the world.<sup>2</sup> As to the *cause* of its destructive prevalence, we have no certain information; though there seems reason to believe that the 'Black Pock' was imported into this country from France, where its malignancy may have been engendered in the camps of the wretchedly provided armies which were hurriedly improvised to meet the advance of the Germans in the autumn of 1870.—We have next to inquire what has been the effect of Vaccination in controlling its ravages, either (1) by reducing the proportional number attacked; or (2) by mitigating the severity of the disease; or (3) by affording a complete, or almost complete, immunity to those who have been exposed to its peculiarly virulent infection in its most concentrated form.

Statements on these points have been put forward from time to time by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, on the basis of the returns made from the several Small-pox hospitals instituted by it. But in place of repeating these, I shall avail myself of a tabular statement<sup>3</sup> prepared by Dr. Gayton (who has been the medical superintendent of the Homerton Small-pox Hospital during the whole decade 1871–80) of the particulars of no fewer than 7,425 cases which have been under his charge:—this number being sufficiently large for each of

<sup>2</sup> For three *official reports* on the devastation recently produced by this pestilence in Borneo, on the Gold Coast, and at Tamatave (Madagascar), see *The Truth about Vaccination*, by Mr. Ernest Hart, pp. 4, 5.

<sup>3</sup> This table, down to 1878, was embodied in the Report of the Metropolitan Asylums Board for 1879.

the several groups under which I shall presently classify the cases to be so well represented, as to prevent that error in the percentages to which smaller summations are liable; whilst there is an obvious advantage in having their particulars (especially as regards Vaccination-marks) noted on one uniform system.<sup>4</sup> The following tabulation presents the general totals of Admissions, Deaths, and Death-rates, classified under the heads of (1) vaccinated, (2) doubtful, and (3) unvaccinated:—those patients being ranked as ‘doubtful’ in regard to whom no information could be obtained, or who, though said to have been vaccinated, showed no evidence of it on their arms; while *only* those are ranked as ‘unvaccinated’ who were *known* to be so.

	Admissions	Deaths	Percentage mortality
Vaccinated . . .	4,859	379	7·8
Doubtful . . .	877	244	27·8
Unvaccinated . . .	1,689	754	44·6
Total . . .	7,425	1,377	18·8

Excluding the ‘doubtful,’ we note that the number of patients known to have been vaccinated is *nearly three times as great* as that of the unvaccinated, the exact proportion being 2·88 : 1. At first sight, therefore, it might appear that the vaccinated part of the population is *more* subject to small-pox than the unvaccinated; but it is obvious to the statistician that this conclusion must be checked by a comparison of the *numbers attacked* in each class with the *numbers living* in each class. As there are no exact data as to this proportion, I shall take the estimate of it put forth by Mr. Taylor’s own Society—namely, 85 vaccinated to 15 unvaccinated; and we then find the ratio reversed. For while in the unvaccinated the ratio of attacks is as 1 in 15, it is in the vaccinated as 2·88 in 85, or almost exactly as 1 in 30—just *one-half*, therefore, that of the unvaccinated. But even this corrected ratio seems at first to justify the opponents of vaccination in repudiating the doctrine advanced by its advocates of its protective influence. Two other considerations, however, have to be taken into account: first, the relative *ages* of the two classes of subjects; and, second, the degree of thoroughness of the vaccination.

In Dr. Gayton’s table, the whole aggregate of cases is minutely classified according to Age; but for my present purpose it will be

<sup>4</sup> To avoid cavil, I have inquired *when* the arm-marks were noted; and have been assured that (as I expected) they were invariably looked for and recorded on the admission of each patient, unless his state was such as to preclude the examination. It is scarcely necessary to add that the records were never subsequently tampered with to make them square with the results.

sufficient to group the vaccinated and the unvaccinated subjects respectively in two age-periods, according as they are *under* or *above* 10 years. We then get this remarkable contrast :—

	UNDER 10 YEARS OLD			ABOVE 10 YEARS OLD		
	Admissions	Deaths	Per cent.	Admissions	Deaths	Per cent.
Vaccinated .	662	43	6·5	4,197	336	8·0
Unvaccinated .	924	442	47·8	765	312	40·8

Of the 1,689 unvaccinated, 55·3 per cent., or *considerably more than one-half*, were children under 10 years of age (a proportion corresponding closely with that which has shown itself in other epidemics); whilst in the 4,859 vaccinated, the proportion of children was only 13·6 per cent., or *less than one-seventh*. And thus, while of the unvaccinated subjects *only a minority* had passed the age of ten years, *more than six-sevenths* of the vaccinated had done so, the great proportion of them having attained adult age. I cannot see how this fact can be explained on any other principle than that of the 'protective' influence of the vaccination on the children which had received it; whilst, on the other hand, the gradual decline of that protection (now admitted by all vaccinationists) left a large proportion of the vaccinated open to be attacked in later life, unless protected by *re-vaccination*.

It is, however, in the relative *mortality* of the vaccinated and the unvaccinated, that the evidence of 'protection' is the strongest; for while the total of vaccinated *cases* is nearly *three times* that of the unvaccinated, the number of deaths is just *one-half*; so that while the general death-rate of the vaccinated is only 7·8 per cent., that of the unvaccinated is 44·6 per cent., or *nearly six times as great*. The contrast between these death-rates is still stronger when Age is taken into account; for while the death-rate of vaccinated *children* was only 6·5 per cent., that of the unvaccinated reached the terrible figure of 47·8 per cent.—or *more than seven times as great*.

But we have now to follow out another modifying consideration as to which this Table affords most valuable data. It is well known to all who are practically familiar with the subject, that 'vaccination' does not always mean the same thing, either as to the manner in which the operation is performed, or the quality of the 'vaccine' used. Some practitioners have been accustomed to make *four* insertions, others *three*, others *two*, and some have satisfied themselves with *one*. Again, some stocks of 'vaccine' have undergone such deterioration by protracted 'humanisation' (as I explained in my former paper), that their potency has greatly declined; the evidences of constitutional affection by the virus being very slight at the time,

and the marks left upon the arm very imperfect. Now Mr. Marson recorded during a long series of years the number of 'good' or 'imperfect' arm-marks presented by every vaccinated patient that came under his charge at the old Small-pox Hospital; and on tabulating these into classes, and correlating them with the proportional mortality of each class, he found a correspondence so extraordinary, as to leave no room for doubt in any unprejudiced mind, that the protective influence of Vaccination varies in direct proportion (1) to the thoroughness with which the operation has been performed, as shown by the *number* of marks, and (2) to the amount or the goodness of the vaccine inserted, as shown by the *depth* of the marks. The inquiry has been since followed up at the original Small-pox Hospital, and at all the Asylums Board Hospitals; but as the standards adopted by their several Superintendents are not uniform, I have not attempted to correlate them, but confine myself to Dr. Gayton's tabulation.

*Relative mortality of good, fairly good, indifferent, and bad vaccinations.*

Arm-marks	Admissions		Percentage mortality	
Four good .	303	4	1·3	} 2·0, good
Three good .	432	12	2·8	
Two good .	569	20	3·5	} 4·0, fairly good
One good .	465	21	4·5	
Four imperfect	408	20	4·9	} 6·0, indifferent
Three imperfect	652	46	7·0	
Two imperfect	1072	100	10·2	} 12·6, bad
One imperfect	958	147	15·3	

The facts, as summarised in this Table, are so remarkable that they will, of course, be received with utter incredulity by Mr. P. A. Taylor, who only puts faith in the statistics that tell (or seem to tell) in his own favour. But the strictest examination of them may be challenged; Dr. Gayton's proportions being not only in as close accordance with those of Mr. Marson as can be expected in two different epidemics, but being entirely supported by the parallel observations of his colleagues in the other hospitals, during the present epidemic;—all concurring to show, with almost mathematical accuracy, a regular increase of the death-rate, from a mortality of about 1 per cent. among thoroughly well-vaccinated patients, to about 15 per cent. in those so imperfectly vaccinated as to bear scarcely any traces of the operation.

But the evidence of 'protection' is yet stronger in the case of vaccinated *children*; for Dr. Gayton's table shows that the total of those who had been *well* vaccinated (i.e. who showed *three* or *four* good vaccination-marks) was exactly 100. Now, as it cannot be maintained that vaccination *predisposed* these children to take Small-pox,

Vaccinated	UNDER 10 YEARS			ABOVE 10 YEARS		
	Admissions	Deaths	Per cent.	Admissions	Deaths	Per cent.
Well . . .	100	0	0	635	16	2·05
Fairly well . .	84	2	2·38	950	39	4·10
Indifferently . .	198	6	3·03	862	60	6·96
Badly . . .	280	35	12·5	1750	221	12·63
Unvaccinated .	924	442	47·8	705	312	40·8

it may be fairly assumed that they would have equally had the disease if they had been *un-vaccinated*; in which case, according to the death-rate of that group, *forty-eight* of them would have died. But *not one of these little ones perished*. So, again, Dr. Gayton's table shows 84 'fairly well'-vaccinated children (their arms showing *one or two* good marks); and of these, if unvaccinated, *forty* would have died; yet in this group *only two deaths occurred*. Thus, in the total of 184 children showing *any* 'good' vaccination-marks, there were only 2 deaths, instead of the 88 which occurred in an equal number of the unvaccinated under 10 years of age. Of course it will be said that, according to the vaccination doctrine, none of the 100 well-vaccinated children ought even to have *taken* small-pox. But it is not now claimed by the most thorough-going believers in the protective efficacy of vaccination, that it affords a *more* complete 'protection' than does a previous attack of small-pox; and, as is now well known, cases of second attacks of this disease (as of measles, scarlatina, &c.) are by no means so rare as was once supposed.

But evidence on a much larger scale, of the efficiency of vaccination in diminishing *infant* mortality, is afforded by a comparison between the proportion of deaths *under* and *above* 5 years of age in England and Wales (as given in the Reports of the Registrar-General) during the eight years, 1847-54, preceding compulsory vaccination, and the eight years, 1871-8, of the current epidemic:—

Years	DEATHS			PERCENTAGES	
	Total	Under 5 years	Above 5 years	Under 5 years	Above 5 years
1847-54	37,907	26,443	11,464	69·9	30·1
1871-8	56,238	17,069	39,169	32·1	67·9

Thus the *percentage* proportions of the *first* period are almost exactly reversed in the *second*; so that if the infantile mortality in the years 1871-8 had borne the same ratio (almost exactly 23 : 10) to the non-infantile that it did in 1847-54, it would have exceeded 90,000, instead of being 17,069. And yet we are assured that vaccination has done nothing to reduce infant mortality!

What more conclusive evidence could be adduced of the protec-

tive power of Vaccination at this early stage of life, I am utterly unable to conceive; and it seems to me that those men and women incur a grave responsibility, who, in the face of such facts, are attempting to terrify ignorant and credulous fathers and mothers into resistance to the wise and beneficent law which is so unmistakably working for the benefit of their children.

But the protective power of Vaccination comes out no less clearly when tested in another way, namely, by the classification of cases according to *the type of the disease*—‘discrete,’ ‘confluent,’ or ‘malignant.’ As Dr. Gayton’s table does not give the materials for such a classification, I deduce the following general conclusions from a Table of 915 cases drawn up by Dr. Collie, the General Superintendent of the Homerton (Fever and Small-pox) Hospital for the Metropolitan Asylums Board in 1877 :—

(1) That *good vaccination, so long as its effects last*, affords an almost absolute protection against the most fatal form of the disease; only one case out of a total of 40 of the ‘malignant’ type having occurred in a ‘well’-vaccinated subject, and that subject having passed the age of 12 years. (2) That a very high degree of protection is afforded by it to children against the ‘confluent’ type; and that this type is so mitigated in vaccinated subjects, even when they have passed the age of 12 years, that the death-rate among these is only *one-seventh*, instead of being *one-half* as it is in the non-vaccinated; and (3) that the effect of vaccination is shown in its reduction to the ‘discrete’ type, especially in subjects above 12 years old, of a great number of attacks, which (according to the proportion of them occurring in the unvaccinated) would otherwise have been either ‘confluent’ or ‘malignant.’

The influence of *good Vaccination* as a protection against the ‘malignant’ type is shown on a much greater scale by the following particulars with which Dr. Gayton has been kind enough to furnish me as to 372 cases of it included in his Homerton Table (p. 533). For 232 of these belonged to the ‘unvaccinated’ class, of which they constituted 13·7 per cent.; and 38 of them were children under five years of age. Only 127, on the other hand, belonged to the ‘vaccinated’ class, of which they constituted no more than 2·6 per cent.; in 110 of these the vaccination-marks were ‘indifferent’ or ‘bad’; only 17, all of them adults, bore evidence of having been ‘well’ or ‘fairly well’ vaccinated; while in the only 3 vaccinated *children* thus attacked the marks were very poor.—The experience of the other hospitals has been to the same effect.

The only mode in which the Anti-vaccinationists can account for these facts, is by assuming that the ‘unvaccinated’ are derived from the lowest stratum of the population, the cachectic state of whose bodies predisposes them to be the subjects of the worst forms of Small-pox. They have not only, however, to adduce evi-

dence of this hypothesis from the experience of the Small-pox Hospitals, which they have never even attempted to do; but they have to show how it can apply to those different *degrees of protection* among 'vaccinated' subjects, which have been shown to be in precise accordance with the *degrees of thoroughness* of the Vaccination.

Among the statements put forth from time to time by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, in regard to the protective influence of Vaccination and Re-vaccination, none has been more calculated to make a strong impression, than that of the immunity from Small-pox shown by the very large number 'of nurses, attendants, and work-people employed about their Hospitals; who (in accordance with the system long since enforced by Mr. Marson at the old Small-pox hospital) had been re-vaccinated before entering upon their duties;—the total number of such persons employed since 1871 now considerably exceeding a thousand. The fact of this immunity has not (so far as I am aware) been disputed; but it has been accounted for in other ways. The discovery was made that some of the nurses in the Fulham Hospital had had small-pox before their engagement there; and, this was triumphantly cited by the Anti-vaccinationists, as completely disposing of what they obviously felt to be a most inconvenient fact. The reply of its Medical Superintendent, however, to an official inquiry, is that, 'since Fulham Hospital was opened, no nurses have been chosen from former patients; and that out of 94 nurses engaged, only 11 had suffered from small-pox before they entered the service of the institution.' It is obvious that, though these 11 persons must be struck out of the general total, the case remains *exactly as strong as before* in regard to the other 83 of the Fulham nurses. I have received the following reply to the inquiry made by myself on this point, from Mr. McCombie, the Medical Superintendent of the Deptford Hospital:—

During the three past years 265 officers and servants have been employed here. Of these, 65 had had small-pox before entering our service; and 200 had *not* had small-pox. Of those who had not had small-pox, 199 were re-vaccinated either before or after entering on duty here. One of these developed small-pox four days after entering our service, and eight days after vaccination; so that, according to the well-ascertained period of incubation, she had received the infection of small-pox about ten days before she entered our service. One nurse, whose re-vaccination was overlooked, took small-pox three weeks after entering on duty here.

The same being the case generally with the other Small-pox hospitals (from which I have not received such precise returns), and an allowance being made for the nurses, &c., who have previously had small-pox, by a reduction of the general total by *one-fourth*, the fact of the complete immunity of the other re-vaccinated *three-fourths* remains *entirely unaffected*.

But as Mr. P. A. Taylor cannot bring himself to believe that this immunity can have any causal relation to the antecedent vaccination, he has found another way of accounting for it; affirming that small-pox nurses do not take the disease, because they are 'seasoned,' like fever-nurses, by constant exposure to the infection. Now the least inquiry among those competent to inform him, would have made Mr. P. A. Taylor aware that his statement regarding fever-nurses is *exactly contrary to fact*. For it is the well-known and long-continued experience of the old Fever Hospital, that not only almost every one of its successive nurses and attendants, but its medical officers, with few or no exceptions, have had fever at one time or another. And that the same is the general fact in the newer Asylums Board fever hospitals, is shown only too clearly by the sad list of 109 cases of fever (not including either scarlatina, measles, or diphtheria), among which there were 20 deaths (including those of a chaplain and matron) recorded as having occurred among their staff, in the Report of the Homerton Hospital for 1880. And Dr. Collie, its medical superintendent, informs me that even within the last few weeks no fewer than eleven nurses have been there struck down by fever, one after another. 'The only way,' he says, 'in which nurses become seasoned against fever, is by taking the disease; which they all do unless they have had it before.'

Here, again, Mr. P. A. Taylor seems to me to have incurred a most grave responsibility, in endeavouring to set aside a most important evidentiary fact (which even he could not call in question) by a counter-statement, either evolved out of his own inner consciousness, or made on the authority of persons whom he had no right to trust in such a matter, authoritative information upon it being freely accessible to him.

But further, the 'seasoning' hypothesis is inconsistent with these two facts:—first, that, of the small number of Small-pox Nurses who have accidentally entered upon their duties without having been re-vaccinated, *every one* is stated to have very soon become the subject of the disease; from which it may be fairly presumed that the same would have happened to a large proportion of the re-vaccinated, but for the protection they had obtained;—whilst, secondly and conversely, the like protection is given by re-vaccination to medical Students, whose only occasional visits to small-pox wards do not enable them to become 'seasoned'—as was publicly stated not long since, on the basis of a large experience, by the resident medical officer of the Manchester Small-pox Hospital. That this latter class enjoys no immunity from Fever, I can testify from my own experience when acting forty-five years ago as clinical clerk in the fever-wards of the Edinburgh Infirmary under Professors Alison and Christison; for *every one of my seven colleagues took the fever*, I alone escaping.



Again, the Homerton Report for 1880 contains the following most significant fact:—Eleven mothers were admitted, nursing infants at the breast who were suffering under small-pox; all these mothers (who had been themselves vaccinated when young) were immediately re-vaccinated, and not one took the disease from her child; conversely, four nursing mothers were admitted suffering from small-pox, whilst their suckling infants, having been vaccinated, remained unscathed. Can anyone who has a practical familiarity with Small-pox have the least doubt that the disease would have been almost certainly communicated from the infants to the mothers in the first case, and from the mothers to the infants in the second, but for the protection afforded by Vaccination?

The conclusions, then, which I draw from the study of the data supplied by the records of the Asylums Board Hospitals are as follows:—

First: That the epidemic of Small-pox under which London has been suffering, with partial intermissions, since its commencement in 1870, is of a character *quite exceptional in the malignancy of its type*; which has given to it a fatality among those *unprotected by vaccination* altogether without parallel in modern times, with a corresponding infective potency.

Secondly: That so far from Vaccination having ‘failed to contend’ with this epidemic, its protective power, wherever there has been adequate evidence of the operation having been properly performed, has never been so conspicuously manifested.

And from this I conclude, Thirdly, that, so far from the large increase of Small-pox mortality in the eleven years 1871–81 affording any ground for the repeal of the compulsory clauses of the Vaccination Acts, it calls loudly for their more thorough and satisfactory enforcement.

The general facts stated in the earlier pages of this article, indicate that the epidemic has now died out in the Provinces generally, and in Scotland; the mortality from small-pox during the year 1881, except in the Metropolis and neighbouring counties, and in a portion of Lancashire, being nearly the smallest ever known. And there is strong *prima facie* evidence that this reduction has been consequent upon the increased effectiveness of two measures, into the general adoption of which the public has been frightened by the outbreak of 1871 and its subsequent recurrences—namely (1) Vaccination, and (2) Quarantining; the first tending to prevent the attacks, and the second to restrict and extinguish them. I take Scotland as the best type of this result. The great and continued fatality of Small-pox in its principal towns during the four years 1871–74, may be fairly attributed in part to the very unsanitary condition of large parts of them, and in part to the existence of a much larger pro-

portion of the unvaccinated residuum than survived in England; the compulsory clauses, which took effect in England in 1854, not having been introduced into Scotland until 1865. The great severity of this epidemic, far from leading the 'long-headed' people of Scotland to conclude that Vaccination was a failure, caused them to welcome it as a protection; and there has since been an almost complete absence of any objection to the enforcing of the Act. The percentage of vaccinations to births, as given in the report of the Registrar-General, is very satisfactory; for, after making a deduction for the deaths before vaccination, and other due allowances, there remained a proportion in 1879 of little more than 2 per cent. who had escaped vaccination by removal from their district, or were otherwise unaccounted for. The arrangements for 'quarantining' are similarly efficacious, at least in the towns. The medical Officer of Health is empowered in Glasgow (as I learn from Dr. Cameron) to deal summarily with any case of small-pox which cannot be satisfactorily 'interned,' immediately removing the patient to the hospital; and, while the fright is yet on them, he vaccinates or re-vaccinates such members of the family and neighbours as he finds reason to regard as either 'unprotected' or 'insufficiently protected.' No one who knows the 'lands' of Glasgow and the 'wynds' of the Old Town of Edinburgh, can believe for a moment that the people who dwell in them are in a sanitary condition at all superior to that of the worst-lodged Londoners. And yet there have not been more than *two small-pox deaths a year*, either in Glasgow or Edinburgh, since 1877, though fevers have been rife.

The inquiries which I have made in regard to many of the largest Towns and Town-districts in England have led to the same conclusion. Wherever Vaccination (with re-vaccination) and quarantining have been thoroughly carried out for some years, the number of deaths from small-pox has dwindled down to nothing, or almost nothing, with no sign of any disposition to re-appearance. Whenever an imported case comes to the knowledge of the Officer of Health, it is immediately 'interned,' and not allowed to go forth until recovery is complete, and the person and clothes have been thoroughly disinfected.

To most persons these positive facts would seem convincing enough; but Mr. P. A. Taylor and his friends consider that their probative value is altogether destroyed by the negative fact that small-pox has not shown itself for the same length of time at Dewsbury, Keighley, Leicester, and other places where the anti-vaccination feeling has been for some years so strong, that a considerable percentage of the present juvenile population (perhaps even amounting in some places to one-third) is now unvaccinated. Now this argument would be perfectly good, if it were maintained that the absence of vaccination *generates* small-pox, which, of course, nobody believes;

all that the advocates of vaccination affirm being that the want of it renders a population *liable to take it when it is brought into their midst*—as was continually shown in the last century by severe outbreaks of the disease in remote localities to which it had not been conveyed for thirty or forty years. Now as the places just named lie at a long distance from any locality in which small-pox has been recently prevalent, the fact only shows that fresh outbreaks of small-pox have been prevented, either by the absence of importation, or by the strictness of the watch over imported cases. If *foci* of small-pox were to be established in these places (as in San Francisco, p. 544), and no greater disposition to the spread of the disease were to show itself in them than in well-vaccinated populations of the same class, the causal relation between efficient vaccination and the reduction of small-pox mortality might be fairly called in question.

Now the Metropolis may be considered as a congeries of great towns, in one or another of which a smouldering fire of small-pox is constantly burning. The efforts of the Anti-vaccinationists are successful enough among uneducated and easily prejudiced parents, to keep up an ever-renewed mass of easily ignited fuel in the shape of unvaccinated children, as is shown by the large proportion of that class attacked under 10 years of age (p. 536). Every case that thus occurs becomes a focus of infection to the un-revaccinated of nearly or fully adult age, in whom the protection of a perhaps originally imperfect vaccination has almost entirely died out—such persons, as already shown, constituting the great bulk of the ‘vaccinated’ who are attacked by the disease. Thus all the *six* unvaccinated children of a leading anti-vaccinator at Rotherhithe, named Escott, were attacked last summer by small-pox, and *two* of them died; while two grown-up daughters, who had been vaccinated in infancy, escaped altogether. The mother died of exhaustion brought on by nursing the boy first attacked (who recovered); and a youth of seventeen (who was afterwards attacked and died) wore at her funeral a suit of black clothes lent him by a friend. This friend was himself subsequently attacked and died. All experience, then, justifies the conclusion that if vaccination and re-vaccination could be universally *enforced*, and the quarantining of small-pox patients thoroughly carried out, the Metropolis might be as completely purged of the disease as several of our great towns have been.

Under our present system of Metropolitan government, however, there seems no prospect of this. A parent who objects to have his children vaccinated, can evade all compulsion by simply removing out of one district into another; and there is strong reason to believe that this mode of escape is extensively practised, especially among that large class of persons who have no fixed employment. So, again,

a case of small-pox is reported to the Medical Officer of Health, in circumstances which make it impossible for the patient to be quarantined at home. This officer himself may have no power to have the patient carried off to the proper hospital, but must seek the authority of some local board; and days are often spent in getting this authority, especially when two boards (as not unfrequently happens) are discussing their respective responsibilities—perhaps even bringing the question before the Law-courts. Or, again, it may happen that the hospital is full, and that the patient remains for several days waiting for admission into it. Nor has the Health-officer any power to vaccinate or re-vaccinate the family and neighbours of the patient, unless he happens himself to be the public vaccinator. And many days may thus pass, and the infection may spread, before the case can be as completely dealt with<sup>\*</sup> as it would have been in Glasgow within a few hours.

I need scarcely point out to the readers of this Review, that it is on the liability of every Small-pox patient to communicate the disease to others, who become in their turn *foci* of infection, that the State bases its claim to insist on the use of what it deems the most effectual means of preventing the manufacture of small-pox; just as it claims the right to prevent, so far as compulsory Education can do it, the manufacture of Criminals injurious to society. But Mr. P. A. Taylor, who has never (so far as I know) objected to compulsory education, deems compulsory Vaccination a most abominable tyranny.

I am quite willing to admit that the two cases are not precisely parallel, in this—that whilst education *can* do nothing but good, vaccination *may* (as at present practised) do harm (or seem to do it) in a small proportion of cases. In my paper on ‘Disease-germs,’ I advocated the use of real ‘heifer-lymph,’ as doing away with one well-founded objection to vaccination—the possibility of transmitting human disease. The Anti-vaccinationists are now making the most of the occasional occurrence of Erysipelas after vaccination, which is sometimes very severe, and has even proceeded to a fatal termination. But while the vaccination in such cases may have been the *occasion*, or what is called in medicine the ‘exciting cause,’ of the malady, the *vera causa* lies deeper—in the special ‘predisposition’ of the subject of it. For if vaccination were the real cause, how is it that so many millions of vaccinations are performed, without anything more than a slight temporary inconvenience to the subjects of them?—A parallel case may make this matter perfectly clear. In the days of my medical pupillage, the brewers’ draymen were the terror of every hospital surgeon in London; for, although they *looked* fine, burly, vigorous men, yet their bodies were so ‘sodden with beer,’ that slight

<sup>\*</sup> This is simply the narration of what happened last spring, in the case of a man in the London employ of Dr. Cameron, M.P. for Glasgow.

injuries or trivial operations were very often followed by severe and even fatal erysipelas. One of these fatal cases, which occurred within my own knowledge, attracted a good deal of attention on account of the triviality of the injury; which was nothing more than the pinching, between two barrels, of the thin fold of skin stretching between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. Surely no one can fail to recognise in the 'beery' condition of the patient the real 'cause' of his death, the little 'nip' of his skin being merely the 'occasion' of it. And those who affirm that the liability to death from Smallpox is entirely dependent on the unsanitary condition of the subjects of it, should be the last to deny the existence of a corresponding 'predisposition' in those rare cases in which severe erysipelas follows Vaccination.

I cannot better bring my summary to a conclusion, than by citing the most important particulars of an outbreak of Smallpox, occurring in San Francisco a little more than two years since; in which the protective effects of Vaccination were most remarkably exemplified, as fully described in the Report of the Medical Officer of Health, now before me, for the year ending June 30, 1881.

This great town has a population of 233,700; and although nearly one-tenth of this consists of Chinese, yet the town is, on the whole, remarkably healthy; the general death-rate per 1,000 being only 18.27, and that of the nine-tenths constituting the non-Chinese population being only 17.2. The Chinese, as is well known, occupy a particular quarter, into which very few outsiders ever penetrate, and here they crowd together in filth and squalor; the results making themselves obvious in a death-rate of 21.2, although they are almost all adults. Vaccination was by no means general, even among the American population, until, taught by the fatal experience of the small-pox epidemics of 1876 and 1877, the Board of Education made vaccination compulsory on every child then in the public schools, and upon all who should hereafter seek admission to them. Thus no fewer than 34,029 children were vaccinated in the first instance; and out of 60,000 children who have since entered the schools, nearly all have been efficiently vaccinated, *mostly with heifer-lymph*. A large number of adults also were alarmed into the same precautionary measure. On the other hand, vaccination has not been enforced on the Chinese population; and thus the Chinese quarter, from which small-pox has never been absent, becomes a pestilential centre to the rest of the community: the men going forth as artisans or laundrymen into the best parts of the town, sending forth slippers or other articles manufactured in the very rooms in which members of their fraternity are dying of small-pox, or in other ways conveying or transmitting infection into the midst of the general population of the city.

In the summer and early autumn of 1880, there were not more than the usual small number of small-pox cases in the town; but in the first five days of November no fewer than 65 cases were reported, the number rising to 147 by the end of that month, while 140 fresh cases occurred in December; after which the number rapidly declined, until in June 1881 only 11 fresh cases occurred. Now in the early part of this outbreak, these cases 'occurred, as a rule, among a more respectable class of people, and were confined to no particular locality; and the panic among the unvaccinated residuum of the citizens made them rush for vaccination with such eagerness (there being no Anti-Vaccination League there) that it was

impossible for the first two or three weeks to supply the demand for good vaccine lymph. As soon, however, as vaccination could be effectively carried out, and the patients properly quarantined, the fresh cases became very few; and the protection that had been afforded to the *younger* population was made evident by the fact that only ten or twelve cases occurred out of the 94,000 children vaccinated in the five preceding years; 'but for which salutary regulation,' says the reporter, 'we should have been estimating our cases to-day by thousands instead of hundreds.' In the course of the five preceding years he had himself altogether had charge of 80,000 vaccinations, performed either direct from the heifer (Beuagency) stock, or from a human source very slightly removed from it; and he says, 'I have yet to see a case of variola or varioloid after a successful vaccination with bovine virus.'

This case, then, clearly shows (1) the effect of what may be called a smouldering fire of small-pox, in keeping up a source of infection, which may break out into renewed conflagration when materials exist for it; (2) the non-limitation of small-pox infection to any class in society; and (3) the protective power of *efficient* vaccination, as shown alike in the immunity of the previously vaccinated juvenile population, and in the speedy check put upon the epidemic spread of the disease among the elders.

I cannot but believe that those who candidly weigh the indisputable facts I have now adduced, will agree with me in the conviction that the repeal of the Compulsory clauses of the Vaccination Acts, especially where this most fatal pestilence is still among us, would be an error of the gravest kind. But supposing that the House of Commons should feel it right to inquire into Mr. P. A. Taylor's allegation, and, allowing his Bill to pass its second reading, should refer it to a Select Committee of which he should be chairman;—let him call before this Committee the Medical officers of all the Small-pox hospitals, and all the Medical officers of health in the Metropolis, together with the members of the Asylums Board; let him examine and cross-examine each as severely as he pleases; let him do his very best to extract from any of the men who have spent the last eleven years in the constant endeavour to limit and combat this fell disease (the 'malignant' type of which is *the most fatal pest* that this country has ever seen) some admission in favour of his own views; and then, when he fails to do this (as I feel assured he will), let him propose to report to the House as follows:—'It is quite true that the unanimous testimony of these Medical officers is entirely against me; but they are obviously "tainted witnesses," out of whom no truth is to be got; for their very unanimity proves them to have banded together in defence of the pecuniary interests of the Medical Profession, and to have been for eleven years palming off "cooked" statistics upon the Metropolitan Asylums Board, by which they are employed. I recommend the House, therefore, to reject their evidence *in toto*. Of course this

recommendation applies also to the evidence of all the Medical members of the Asylums Board. And as it is obvious that the conclusions of its "lay" members are "inspired" by their medical colleagues (because they disagree with my own), I recommend you to accept in their stead the opinions of the few highly respectable medical practitioners, who, whilst they have the great advantage of possessing little or no practical experience of this epidemic (by which their conclusions might be warped), have the honest independence to support my views, and therefore deserve your fullest confidence.'

Though 'imaginary' in its *language*, this report is by no means imaginary in its *sense*; for it is constructed precisely on the lines laid down in the extract I have already cited (p. 531) from Mr. P. A. Taylor's own organ.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

## *A HEATHEN APOCALYPSE.*

WE are accustomed to designate by the name of Apocalyptic literature those writings which promise to mankind a golden age as the climax of their history; an age which, by the interfusion of the godhead into the world, shall have brought to pass a complete revolution of its present condition.

The word is taken from the Apocalypse of John; but the book of Daniel is, in fact, the original source both of the Christian and of the Jewish Apocalypse. The reputed author of this remarkable prophetic writing was esteemed for his saintliness among the early prophets (see Ezek. xiv. 14, 20; xxviii. 3); but in the time of the Maccabæan wars he was transferred to the courts of Nebuchadnezzar and of Cyrus, and he was held to be the author of predictions which were designed to encourage the combatants, and to prolong their endurance to the utmost, by the prospect of a glorious issue from the struggle. The fate of the people of Judea, to which the Messianic predictions of her prophets had been hitherto restricted, was now first brought into connection with the fate of the whole human race. Mankind, in common with the people of Israel, was now to find its perfection in the eternal rule of the Most Holy, and this grand catastrophe was to be accomplished in the immediate future; the coming of God's kingdom was to follow directly on the religious persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes.

We know that on Jewish soil a great aftergrowth arose out of the apocalyptic utterances of the book of Daniel in the Jewish fragments of Sibylline oracles, the book of Enoch and the fourth book of Ezra: a literature which in the Apocalypse of John has partly taken the form of an explanation of this enigmatical book, and is partly concerned with fresh revelations. As in the case of all apocalyptic writings, in accordance with their Jewish and Christian prototypes, the end of the world is held to be immediately approaching.

But the heathen peoples of antiquity were by no means unfamiliar with the general scope of these apocalyptic prophecies. Even among them there existed a belief in a great revolution of the whole condition of the world, through which it was supposed that all the miseries and sufferings of mankind would be destroyed, and that an era of



permanent happiness should be brought to pass. Although this belief was in the first place only a theoretic conviction, a theological or philosophic dogma which was inapplicable to any definite time, yet it did not exclude the possibility of a definite expectation that this revolution would immediately occur; an expectation more readily found in circumstances calculated to arouse the desire for so sudden and searching a change.

The religion of Zoroaster made this promise to its adherents: when the conflict between good and evil, between Ormuzd and Ahriman, had endured for the appointed time, evil, and the author of evil, would be destroyed; the world would be formed anew; and men, united by one speech, no longer requiring food, and casting no shadow on the earth, would dwell together in peace and blessedness. The same belief in the approaching end of the world appears from another quarter at a very early period in the history of Greek philosophy. It was declared by Anaximander and Anaximenes, who are among the earliest Ionic philosophers, that the world issued at stated periods from its original substance and returned to it again. There is a still more remarkable assertion of Heraclitus of Ephesus (B.C. 480-470), that the primal fire, or the Deity, alternately sent forth the world and again destroyed it by fire.

At a somewhat later period Empedocles in like manner taught that the world moved between two poles, in which all the elements were absolutely united by love and absolutely disintegrated by hate. It was only in the intervals between these two conditions that worlds such as ours were made, each of which, however, only lasted for a time. Contemporary with Empedocles, Leucippus and his disciple Democritus ascribed a limited existence to each of the innumerable worlds which should be constituted out of the atoms. It is true that Plato and Aristotle would not admit that the world was finite, and the latter in particular so earnestly maintained that our globe had neither beginning nor end that his opinion was generally accepted, not only in the Peripatetic and Platonic schools, but in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era there was an animated controversy on this point between the neo-Platonic school and Christian theologians. On the other hand, the physics of the Stoics were derived from Heraclitus on these and other points, and it was only some of the later disciples of this school who, in the second century after Christ, were known to deny the destruction of the world.

The teaching of philosophers as to the past phases of the world had, indeed, a different meaning from the apocalyptic predictions respecting the end of this world or its present condition. In the latter case, the object in view was altogether practical; those to whom they were addressed were, in the contemplation of the end of all things, partly to find comfort under suffering and persecution, and were partly encouraged to make worthy preparation for this final judgment, and

to endure with unshaken courage the misfortunes which were yet in store for them; they were to be inspired with the courageous spirit and disinterested self-sacrifice which spring from a belief in an assured victory, and in the future recompense for all their devotion which should be paid a thousand-fold. This practical aim is palpable in the greatest and most powerful of our apocalyptic writers; in Daniel and John. Their predictions do not consist in idle speculations on the future, but aim at a powerful influence on the immediate present; their appeals for devoted courage in the battle for the faith are inspired from the heart. For this reason, the writings in question represent the end of the present order of the world as imminent. When their assumed author, a Daniel or a Sibyl, is made to predict a long series of historical facts, their real authors, without an exception, believe that they themselves are living in the last times, and that two years, at the most, lie between them and the final catastrophe. For a belief in the approaching end of the world has a practical signification for those only who expect to experience it; if a man looks forward to its occurrence after his own death, judgment in his particular case is prior to the end of the world, and when enjoined to prepare for such an end, he will think of his own end, rather than that of the whole world, which involves no further consequences for himself. Not only is this spirit wanting in the theories of philosophers respecting the future end of the world, but the practical tendency and the practical motives of the apocalyptic literature are altogether unknown to them. They merely set forth assumptions in physics which rely on purely scientific premisses, and which have as little to do with the religious and political interests of mankind, and with the question whether the given order of things corresponds or does not correspond with their hopes and obligations, as they affect the case of the scientific enquirer of our own day, who deduces the assumption of the cessation of motion from the mechanical theory of heat.

These scientific assumptions were, however, capable of an application which would bring them into closer connection with the apocalyptic expectations of the Jews and Christians. If the theories deduced by philosophers from a natural necessity are regarded from the teleological point of view, and are combined with the moral condition of mankind, the thesis is obtained that the end of the present state of the world is at hand, since it has now become intolerable: the general corruption will, through the destruction of the guilty, undergo a searching change and lead to better things. When the given conditions once appear to be irreparable, then the transition is easy to that expectation which is essentially contained in all apocalyptic prophecy; the expectation that the destruction and renovation of the world must be very near.

Such a tendency appears in the Stoic school of thought; the school which, like the English and German natural theologians of the

eighteenth century, traced throughout Nature the benevolent watchfulness of the Deity over mankind in the whole order of the world. In addition to the conflagration which was to bring about the end of the old world and the reconstruction of that which was to follow, the Stoics believed that there would be a universal flood, which should constitute the winter of this period, while the *ἐκπύρωσις* was to constitute its summer. When the fire had destroyed the world, with all that therein is, it was expected that the flood should also overspread the whole earth and destroy all living things thereon. Seneca (*Nat. Qu.* iii.) says of this deluge, that it will appear 'when God thinks fit that a new order of things should begin, and that the old should come to an end . . . when the time has come for the destruction of mankind in order that they may be created anew in innocency, and that none shall be left alive who can do evil.'

Again he says, that 'when the judgment of mankind shall be accomplished, animals also will be destroyed, since men have lived like beasts.' Then the flood will come to an end, the old order of the world will be destroyed, and the earth will be peopled with a new race of men, unwitting of evil, but whose innocence, as the philosopher sorrowfully adds, shall be of short duration.

Here, indeed, we have one of the motives on which the Apocalypses of the Jews and Christians rely: the assumption that men had made a temporary lapse into wickedness, from which the Deity was to save them by a reconstruction of the whole state of the world. And when we hear Seneca's estimate of the moral condition of his age, we cannot wonder at his apparent conviction that its depravity was incurable, and that the immediate destruction of guilty men was at hand.

If you go to the forum or the circus (he writes)<sup>1</sup> and observe the multitudes as they throng in, you must bear in mind that the men are not more numerous than their crimes. Even if they are not enduring the miseries of war, no man is at peace with his neighbour. Everyone seeks to profit by injuring another, and is ready to bring everything to destruction in order to obtain the slightest enjoyment or advantage. It is an assembly of wild beasts, differing only in this, that animals spare those of their own kind, while men destroy each other. There is a wild rivalry in vice: lust and sin increase day by day, and become even more shameless. Crimes are no longer committed in secret, but before the eyes of all men. Righteousness is not only rare, but has ceased to be.

When we read these and other descriptions by Seneca, we might believe that he regarded the condition of his age as so irreparable that only the deluge to which he looked forward could bring any remedy. Yet this is not my opinion. His reproaches are directed, not so much against the crimes of a definite historic period, as against the universal faults of human nature. 'We have all done amiss,' he exclaims (*De Element.* i. 63), 'and we shall continue to do amiss to the end of our lives. And again (*Ep.* xli. 9), 'We cannot

<sup>1</sup> *De Ira*, ii. 8.

be angry with the individual, since the whole human race needs forgiveness.' . . . 'It is a condition of our being that our souls are as subject to as many diseases as our bodies are.' And again (*De Irâ*, i. 10), 'No wise man will be angry with nature: to rave against the depravity of man were as reasonable as to wonder because a thorn does not bear apples.'

A writer who regards the depravity of man as inevitable can scarcely feel a wish or hope that a sudden catastrophe should bring it to an end. If all sinners were destroyed together, yet sin could not long cease to exist, since it is too deeply implanted in human nature not to re-assert its dominion at once. We have indeed read that the philosopher himself anticipated no enduring amendment in the condition of mankind from the deluge which he predicted. As a Stoic, he was unable to look forward to any final end of the conflict between good and evil, since, according to the Stoic teaching, after the destruction of each world by fire, the creation of a new one, precisely similar to the former, was to follow, in which persons, things, and inanimate objects should be reproduced, resembling the earlier world in its minutest details.

A belief in the near approach of the end of the world, upon which the practical effect and significance of all apocalyptic expectations depend, was certainly not held by the Greek and Roman contemporaries of Seneca, even if they theoretically accepted the fact of its destruction. Such a belief has only arisen among those who are so grievously oppressed and troubled that, in their despair of the present, they can only dare to hope for salvation from a miraculous intervention of the Godhead. This was by no means the condition of the adherents of paganism in Seneca's time. But it was the condition of the Jews, during the desperate struggle of the Maccabæan wars, and again when they were under the dominion of the Romans; it was the condition of the Christians under the first impressions of terror produced by the persecutions under Nero, and subsequently by the expectation that the persecution would be renewed. Their state was so hopeless that they were scarce able to wait for the moment when their Lord should descend from heaven to make a terrible end of the dominion of their persecutors. From the standpoint of a Greek or Roman of that time, the circumstances, however displeasing in some particulars, were not such as to be considered irretrievable, or such as could only be remedied by a complete revolution of the state of the world. Subsequently, when the decay of ancient culture was much further advanced, and when the wide-spread conflict of Christianity with the old polytheistic popular religions, ended, after the struggle of centuries, in the victory of Christianity, we find in one of the Hermetic writings a description which may be compared with the Jewish and the Christian Apocalypse.

The Greeks gave the name of their god Hermes to the Egyptian

god Thot or Tehuti, who was honoured, not only as the discoverer of this writing and of many other arts, but also as the author of sacred Egyptian literature. After the example of Eumerus, the popular gods began to be regarded, as time went on, merely as great men, as the kings and wise men of old; and the Egyptian Hermes was also regarded as a man, although threefold greatness was ascribed to him, and he was designated 'Trismegistos.' Many writings were ascribed to him under this name, a number of which are still extant, some complete and others only in fragments. This later Hermetic literature, as well as the earlier, was, as we conjecture, of Egyptian origin; but while the ancient 'books of Thot,' the sacred writings of the Egyptian priests, were undoubtedly written in the language of the day, many centuries before the Macedonian conquest, the later Hermetic writings were, so far as we know, originally written in Greek. Although the different pieces may have been composed at widely different dates, they appear to belong as a whole to the Christian era, since the first and somewhat obscure trace of these writings is found in Plutarch (*De Is. et Os.* 61) and the next in Tertullian (*De An.* ii. 33). All, or most of the authors, must have been Egyptians, but they were acquainted with the Greek philosophy of the time, and had assimilated its ideas. In this Egypto-Hellenic literature there is therefore an analogous feature to that which is apparent in the contemporary and earlier literature which was purely Hellenic: the attempt to advocate the views which the writers had deduced from the combination of Oriental traditions with Jewish authorities by an appeal to the sacred authorities of the national religion. A considerable part of the Hermetic writings which are still extant appear to have been composed in the third century after Christ, and in one of these we find the remarkable prophecy which presents a heathen parallel to the apocalyptic writings of Judaism and Christianity.

In the Greek original this writing is entitled 'the complete utterance.' With the exception of two short fragments, however, it has only reached us in the form of a Latin translation, which is included in the works of Apuleius, although it cannot have been written before the fourth century of our era. In this book the assumed author, Hermes Trismegistus, imparts the following predictions of future events to his son Asclepius (c. 24-26), and I here give the more important passages in a somewhat free translation:—

A time will come (he says) when it will appear that it is in vain that the Egyptians have honoured the Godhead with pious zeal. The Godhead will withdraw from the earth into the heavens, and Egypt, which was the home of the gods, will be robbed of their presence. This sacred land, the site of temples and of holy things, will become filled with sepulchres and the bodies of the dead [the chapels and relics of the Christian martyrs]. O Egypt, Egypt, nothing more will remain of thy worship of the gods save traditions which will appear incredible to our posterity, and those inscriptions upon stone which tell of thy devotion.

Scythia, India, and other barbarous nations will possess the land of Egypt. For the gods will return to heaven, all men will die together, and so Egypt will be forsaken alike of gods and men. Thou, O sacred river, will be filled to the brim with streams of blood; thou wilt burst through thy banks, and the number of the dead will be greater than that of the living: he who still survives will be known for an Egyptian by his speech only, for he will act like the stranger. Egypt, ever the most holy and most religious of all lands, the teacher of piety, will become a byword for the utmost impiety. Men will cease to honour and admire the world, this unalterable work of God, this glorious image of what is good, adorned as it is with manifold beauties, the work of the Divine will; the Deity will relinquish His work without hesitation, the unity in which all forms are included, of which the contemplation calls forth worship, praise, and love.

Darkness will then be preferred to light, and death will be held to be better than life; no man will look up piously towards Heaven; the religious man will be called a fool, and the godless man will be called wise. The vain man will be held to be a hero, and he who is most wicked will be regarded as most righteous. New laws and new ordinances will be enforced, and none will believe or obey what is holy or religious, what is worthy of Heaven and the heavenly powers. The gods will take leave of men: only the evil spirits [termed by our author 'the destroying angels'] will remain, to lead men on to war, rapine, and deceit, to all which is opposed to the true nature of our being. The earth also will suffer, the sea will no longer be traversed by ships, the course of the stars in heaven will be changed, all divine voices will be for ever hushed, the produce of the fields will perish; the earth will no more bring forth her fruits, and even the air will become pestilential with sultry heat. Thus the old age of the world will come with godlessness, disorder, the disregard of all which is good.

The following is taken from the Greek (*Lactantius, Instit. vii. 18*):—

When this shall come to pass, O Asclepius, then will the Lord and Father and God, the creator of the first and one god [by which the world is meant, although in the passage preserved by Lactantius in the original Greek (*Asc. c. 8*) he is termed the second god, but then, directly afterwards, as in the passage above, 'the first, and one and only'], look upon these things, and by His will restore His world again to its original condition: He will oppose that which is good to disorder, He will call back the world from error, and will destroy all wickedness, now by means of the floods of water which will overspread the earth, now by the flames of fire by which sin shall be burnt up, and yet again by wars and pestilence. So will the world be brought back to adore and worship, and God, who created and will again restore His glorious work, will be honoured with praise and thankfulness by men, who will again be numerous on the earth.

This description is, as we have remarked, chiefly noteworthy for us since it is the only known example of an apocalyptic prediction which had its origin on heathen soil. According to Lactantius (*Inst. vii. 15, 18*) there was one of great antiquity ascribed to Hystaspes, King of the Medes, which predicted the downfall of the Roman Empire, the action of Zeus against the corruption of men and the destruction of all the godless. But this prediction was certainly made by some Jew or Christian, who made use of the heathen name of God as a mask. It is undoubtedly possible that the author of *Asclepius* was induced by the Jewish and Christian prediction, and perhaps by the Sibylline oracles, to look for the salvation of his faith, as the Jews and Christians had already looked for it, by the miracu-

lous change of the whole state of the world. Yet, since this expectation had struck root on soil so different from its original home, it is evident that the adherents of the Egypto-Greek religion and philosophy were in a similar position to that which originally produced the Jewish and Christian Apocalypse, and it is worthy of observation by the historical enquirer that this was so early the case.

Lactantius justifies our account by a writing which cannot be later than the first or second decade of the fourth century, and we should refer the Hermetic predictions to the end of the third century. Some passages, omitted in the former extracts, in the twenty-fourth and twenty-sixth chapters of *Asclepius*, predict a judicial prohibition of the worship of the gods under pain of death. We hold with Bernays that these are later additions, since no such prohibition was issued before the decree of the Emperor Constantius, A.D. 353.

\* *Asclepius* was certainly not written much before A.D. 300, since the circumstances on which he dwells could not have occurred much earlier. But, if we are unable to fix the precise period, yet it is noteworthy that, prior to the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, the state of things, at any rate in Egypt, was such that a zealous adherent of the old religion looked forward to its downfall as a consequence which could only be averted by an immediate intervention of the Deity. Since similar conditions prevailed in other parts of the Roman Empire, we can readily understand how it was that the critical conflict which took place between the two religions under Diocletian, immediately after the composition of this writing, could not issue in the triumph of Paganism. The political sagacity of Constantine estimated the comparative strength of the two parties aright when he perceived that, notwithstanding the inferior number of the Christians, it was their side which could alone offer a firm support to his dominion, and to his reformation of the Roman Empire.

C. ZELLER.

## LANDOWNING AS A BUSINESS.

### A REPLY.

THE above title to Mr. W. Bence Jones's article, in the last number of this Review, is somewhat misleading. The paper might have been as appropriately headed, 'Every Landlord his Own Tenant,' or 'How to Abolish the Tenant-Farmer Class.' The writer ranges over a variety of topics, mixing up the historical, political, social, economic, commercial, and technical in a manner which renders it difficult to classify his propositions; but his leading idea seems to be to incite landlords to farm their estates themselves, rather than submit to reduction of rental or concede those just conditions of security which occupiers now demand for their industry.

The article cannot but be regarded as a distinct threat to the tenant-farmers of the kingdom; and I propose to show that the suggested transformation of the land system of England is as visionary and impracticable as in operation it would be mischievous and cruel.

From the opening of the article, one would suppose that the author was about to advocate better terms for the working partner in farming. It is pleaded that landowning ought to be regarded strictly as a business; that the proper commercial relationship between owner and occupier should no longer be overborne, as it still so largely is, by feudal or semi-feudal principles and traditions. But he by no means desires such improved relationship between the two parties for the purpose of raising the *status* of the tenant-farmer. On the other hand, he refers with complacency to the dependent position of the tenantry on large numbers of estates, upon which kindness and goodwill continued to them from generation to generation have imbued the tenants with stronger feudal ideas than animate the landlords themselves. He expresses no disapproval of a social arrangement which tends to degrade men, by making them recipients of favour and by obtaining from them, in exchange for such doles, an unmanly political subservience; and this often in the case of men well educated and of large means, as well as possessing great skill and intelligence. He states his belief that by far the greater part of 'influence' at elections comes from the free will of



the tenants: but utters no word of disapprobation that the class should be thus pauperised in spirit, and that there should still exist, in spite of the ballot, cases in which the dignity of the tenants would be consulted, and themselves saved from unnecessary trouble, if the proprietor simply had a cumulative vote in proportion to the number of farmers upon his estate. Surely such an avowed advocate for agricultural improvement as Mr. Bence Jones might have expressed a feeling of regret that capital is still repelled from husbandry by this sacrifice of independence which is demanded from occupiers. Is not the political control exercised by great proprietors (strongly exemplified in the recent North Riding election) answerable in part for the backward and sluggish condition of agriculture over immense districts of the kingdom? Is the fact without significance that thousands of Quaker families have been banished or repelled from farming pursuits during the present century not by causes commercial or industrial, but by influences adverse to their political or religious sentiments? Possibly there may be no *animus* against, but there is certainly no sympathy for, the class of tenant-farmers, where Mr. Bence Jones speaks of their keenness to get farms at low rents, and says, 'The best cure for that trouble will be the landowner taking his own proper position in the business;' or, again, where he alludes to some farmers who are not above taking advantage of kindness as a means of working out the last penny possible for themselves,—adding, 'I do not know the reason, but certainly the tenants' advocates in farming newspapers and the periodical press partake too much of this temper.'

In complaining of those who ask for strictly commercial terms between landowners and occupiers, yet simultaneously expect reduction of rent under the feudal claim of consideration due to tenants in bad times, the writer loses sight of the fact that at no period of our history has it been deemed equitable to hold tenants to the strict terms of contract with respect to payment of rent in the event of exceptional degrees of loss from a succession of disastrous seasons or other visitations over which a farmer has no control. From the days of the old Roman law<sup>1</sup> downward, it has always been recognised that losses occasioned by dispensation of Providence should be shared to some extent by the 'co-partners' in farming,—the term recently applied to landlords and tenants by Sir Stafford Northcote.

Again, as to the voluntary forgiving of rent, practised by many proprietors in the most praiseworthy manner during the present cycle of unfortunate years, it must not be altogether forgotten that the remissions in many cases have been prompted by self-interest—'the fear of having

<sup>1</sup> 'Subject to these limitations [previously enumerated] the landlord was obliged to forego even the whole of his rent when the crop was lost or very much destroyed by inundations, tempests, hostile invasions, wind, or rain. Allowance was also made for the depredations of locusts (C. 4, 65, 18), jackdaws, starlings, and for the blight (D. 19, 2, 15, 2).—Hunter's *Roman Law*, p. 337.

farms thrown on their hands.' Nor should the fact be lost sight of, that very loud and just complaints have been heard of the unfeeling treatment practised toward old tenants; who have been allowed to sink in ruin before a lowering of rent would be listened to, and then new men admitted in their places at half the former rents and under more liberal covenants as well.

'No doubt,' says our writer, 'there are districts and estates in which it is possible to let farms still at a satisfactory rent. Most landlords will prefer to let their farms if good farmers are willing to hire them. But all such transactions are to be left solely to free contract. For 'though there may be sentimental aberrations among leaders in Parliament, for party ends, yet increased education and development draw steadily in favour of free contract in all ways. There is, therefore, no choice.' Yet 'men like Mr. James Howard, the agricultural machine maker at Bedford and M.P.,<sup>2</sup> are not content with free contract. They constantly urge compulsion by Act of Parliament in favour of tenants.' Mr. Bence Jones might have bracketed with my name 'men like' Mr. Chaplin, M.P., and Mr. Staveley Hill, M.P., both of whom have brought in Bills securing compensation for tenants' improvements. The only difference is that I happen to have advocated the principle a dozen years before those honourable members, and now go a little further in securing it.

As to the *prospects* of 'free contract,' I take a view directly opposite to that of Mr. Bence Jones. I would submit, that after the passing of the Ground Game Act, containing the most stringent clauses in restriction of free contract ever submitted to Parliament, the members of the present Government are clearly shut out from taking a stand upon freedom of contract. I think also that no clear-headed and impartial reader of the evidence before the Royal Commission can doubt that the Commissioners are bound to report in favour of compulsory legislation in respect of security for tenants' improvements.

Did it never occur to Mr. Bence Jones as strange that, if this freedom of contract (or, in other words, this liberty of an unscrupulous landlord to take advantage of his position to appropriate the tenant's creations without payment) is of such value to agriculture, the cry for its retention comes from the tenants' masters? Surely the tenant-farmers themselves are the best judges whether their position is so strong that proprietors cannot get the better of them, or whether, on the contrary, they are placed at a disadvantage in treating with the owners of a monopoly.

<sup>2</sup> I fail to see in what way Mr. Bence Jones's argument is strengthened by a reference to my trade. I do not, however, object to the reference, for I happen to be more proud of being a foremost member of a class which has achieved so much for the agriculture of the world and contributed so greatly towards lightening the labours of toiling humanity, than even the honour of having been elected at the head of the poll for my native county.

I have always understood that the controlling influence of law is both necessary and salutary in cases where bargains between man and man are incompatible with public good, and also where injustice is inflicted upon the weaker party to a contract so far as to be injurious to the national interests. Is the writer prepared in his advocacy of free contract to abolish the Truck Act, the Factories and Mines Acts, the Merchant Shipping Act, Mr. Cardwell's Act making void certain contracts by consignors of goods, the laws relating to Usury, Wager Policies, Gaming, Simony, the Licensing Acts, the statute making void any bargain rendering a tenant liable for the landlord's property-tax, and again, the Cattle-Plague Rating Act binding the landlord to pay half the rate notwithstanding any agreement to the contrary, as well as those recent statutes, the Employer's Liability Act, the Ground Game Act, and others? Those measures were enacted by a Parliament in which landowners predominated, and members were certainly in a position to say whether tenants for whose protection those legal interferences were considered necessary, were or were not able to meet the owners on equal terms when making contracts. Further, it must be evident that the public will always support such interference for counter-acting conditions which act in restraint of trade; and if Parliamentary action is justifiable in controlling any trade for the public good, it must be justifiable when dealing with that most essential one upon which the community depends for its food.

In respect of compulsory tenant-right Mr. Bence Jones contends that 'this is nothing else but Protection weighting the scales in favour of tenants. It is wholly unsound in principle, in spite of the pretence that it is only securing the tenant's capital. It would be as reasonable to secure Mr. Howard's capital to him in his machine business.' To equalise a false balance a lump of metal added to one scale will accomplish the object; but the same end may be equally well obtained by removing a portion of metal from the opposite scale. In order, therefore, to make the writer's ideal balance true and honest, such Protection as now either openly or furtively weights that scale in favour of landlords must be removed. For I would ask, What right, favour, or advantage for tenants, formulated in any Bill before Parliament and the country, can compare with the statutory privileges and powers which are enjoyed by landowners? The owner can sue the occupier for the full loss to his property by deteriorations and dilapidations; but he is not liable to be sued by the occupier for value added to that property by the tenant. Again, the building which a tenant erects, the roads he constructs, the fruit-trees he plants, the drain-pipes he lays in the soil, the increase of fertility resulting from his management, are no longer his when once upon the land or incorporated with the soil; further, by a revaluation of the farm when such improvements have been added, the landlord can enforce from

the tenant, on pain of quitting, an additional rent up to the mark which the improved farm would fetch in an open competition. Having no certainty for his investment, the tenant can only improve on trust and at the risk of being defrauded. This is, in practice, the law; for the Agricultural Holdings Act is almost everywhere set aside, and even where it is permitted to operate, tenants' improvements after a given period are, by its provisions, transferred to the landlord without payment. Further, the Act, as already intimated, makes no provision against an equivalent appropriation at any time by increase of rent,—a mode of appropriating tenants' improvements a hundred-fold more common than getting rid of tenants without compensation.

Occasionally, improving occupiers may be able to stipulate that they shall be compensated for the unexhausted portion of their actual outlay (which may not be half the value added to the holding as the result of such outlay); but the country is full of instances like the following. A farmer in the prime of life who, two years ago, won the first prize of his County Agricultural Society for the best-managed farm in the county, wrote to me the other day as follows: 'Who can say how much less the land of this country produces yearly by this one drawback—insecurity of capital? I farm tolerably high; and wish to farm higher, but cannot succeed in getting a particle of security. Therefore must be careful, as life is uncertain.' Yet the instigator and apologist of landlords in this Review denounces as 'favour' to tenants the simple deliverance of men from such a position and the surrounding them with safeguards which shall prevent their being robbed.

There is also another weight in the landlord's scale,—a heavy one, namely, the legal favouritism of being entitled to seize and sell up the tenant's goods to the last farthing for rent, to the exclusion of other creditors who may touch nothing till the landlord's claim has been satisfied. So beneficial to him is this opportunity of safely allowing his tenant to fall secretly into arrear, even to the extent of six years' rental, that he virtually captures by distraint the property with which traders and dealers of all kinds trust the farmer, in ignorance of the depth of his indebtedness.

In my view, the man who insists upon the relations between landlord and tenant being dependent upon and governed by strict business principles alone, who publishes bitter things against tenants' advocates, and accuses them of dishonestly attempting to induce farmers 'to break their plain money contracts,' when, in truth, they are only seeking security for their property and earnings laid up in the soil, should be called upon to justify the endowing and fencing of owners with all these powers and privileges not possessed by any other class of the community.

With reference to the point of securing 'Mr. Howard's capital to him in his machine business,' it is entirely forgotten by Mr. Bence

Jones that a manufacturer's capital is completely under his own control, whereas a farmer's capital is not: it is divisible into two portions; over the live and dead stock which can be removed at will the farmer has complete control; but over the labour, materials, and manure put into the soil or affixed to the land, and which are irremovable, the tenant has lost all control.

'Hiring land, or a house, or anything else,' writes Mr. Bence Jones, 'is only a quasi-buying the use of it for a limited term under certain conditions. The rent is nothing else but the price, paid by instalments.' This view of the question is more pointedly stated by Professor Bonamy Price when he describes the renting of land as simply borrowing the use of the landlord's capital at a low rate of interest. Whilst admitting the contention, I would point out a fact entirely lost sight of, but which is as true as the proposition, namely, that, in the same transaction the landlord virtually hires or borrows the use of the tenant's capital and skill for the purpose of procuring that interest. Mark the difference, however, in the position of the two borrowers. While the tenant guarantees the landlord a certain rate of interest upon his capital, the land, the tenant has no guarantee of interest for what he lends, nothing beyond the opportunity of making a profit if he can. Further, the State steps in to the help of the owner with the Law of Distress, which enables him to snatch the interest due to him without regard to other claims upon the tenant's effects. On the other hand, instead of equally protecting, or protecting in any manner at all, the interest justly due to the tenant upon what he has invested, the State permits the landlord to pocket that interest in the shape of enhanced rent, and, in case of termination of a tenancy, to retain the tenant's principal too, without compensation. We ask that there shall be equal dealing, and that what is due to one citizen shall be as secure by law as what is due to another.

If the relations between landlord and tenant are to be so entirely commercial as Mr. Bence Jones desires, certainly, for one of the parties to stick to his preferential right of distress, which is, in effect, a State guarantee for rent, is not a little inconsistent; and the face with which a class specially protected by this law can preach the fairness, propriety, and even sacredness of free contract, under such a partial and unjust sheltering and favouring of one of the two parties to the bargain, is not a little amazing.

Does not a fallacy underlie the idea that a strict analogy exists between hiring a farm and 'hiring a house or anything else?' In the first place, the general public have comparatively little interest in the management of house property,—the people do not live on bricks and mortar. But the whole community is interested in the proper management of the land upon which its food depends. Then it must be obvious that as population with its requirements of new homes increases, houses can be freely multiplied. Whereas land is a fixed,

and not only that but an ascertained quantity; and this cannot be affirmed of any other kind of property, neither of the oak trees growing upon the surface nor of the coal lying in seams beneath. And in this sense, it cannot be denied that the owners of the soil of the kingdom are in possession of a monopoly. Such being the case, the State, which imposes a variety of conditions and regulations upon railway companies in the pecuniary interests of, as well as for the safety of, the public, is surely just as fully warranted in interfering with the conditions under which the soil is held and farmed. The vital interest of the whole community in the removal of all obstacles to a more abundant production of food is sufficient justification for statutory controlling of contracts so far as to ensure that tenants' capital, virtually borrowed by landowners, shall be safe and secure to the lenders. The nation is entitled by its necessities to demand that proper conditions of tenure shall be no longer left to chance and the sluggish filtration of commercial ideas through classes in which feudalism and patronage have been dominant for centuries, and one of which, according to Mr. Bence Jones, entertains 'stronger feudal ideas than landlords themselves.' Unless the tenures of the future shall be such as I contend for, the full energies of enterprising farmers and the employment of the largest amount of capital which they have at command, will never be called forth.

The 'whine' that 'tenants are not on equal terms with landlords in bargaining for farms' is something more than is represented. It cannot, however, be denied that in entire districts, ruined by a succession of bad seasons, there does exist a nearer approach to equality of standing between the class in want of farms and the non-increasing owners in possession. In respect of poor occupations, especially on heavy lands, applicants are in a stronger position than for many years past. These are the farms which most crowd the market at the present time; but for really good and eligible farms, especially under good landlords, there is no lack of competition, despite the gloomy outlook. The immense body of English and Scotch farmers, whether driven by the pressure upon them to seek a living in the sole business they understand, or hopeful from the advantage enjoyed in their native land of having at their very doors good customers for all that they can produce, will always be eager to occupy land that is worth farming. It is this competition that, in normal times, maintains proprietors masters of the situation, able to rack-rent if they please, and to impose unfavourable, harassing, or degrading conditions of occupancy if they please. It cannot be denied that a tenant who should resort to the estate office of one of our great landed proprietors, to ask for 'the offer of a farm,' and who should begin to stipulate for this, that, and the other condition, would be at once rejected, would be bowed out of the office, and informed that 'the rules of the estate' could not be altered to suit

his notions. Every man practically acquainted with the subject knows that an applicant, in the vast majority of cases, has really no voice in framing the conditions upon which the farm is to be let. If he should be selected as the tenant, all the liberty he has is to refuse the farm if the rent fixed is beyond his idea of its value. I unhesitatingly assert, as I did when giving evidence before the Royal Commission, that freedom of contract in the letting and hiring of farms has never had a real existence, at all events on the great estates of this country. Nor can true freedom of contract ever exist while the two parties meet upon such unequal terms, as do the landlords of England and the numerous class of tenant-farmers.

There always appears to be one default in the advocacy of the sticklers for 'free contract,' which practically condemns them; they omit to say by what conceivable means, other than legal security for the fruits of tenants' enterprise, the prosperity of the agriculture of the country is to be restored and its future advanced with the rapidity which is now rendered imperative. If the old system is to be continued intact, where is the hope that progress may be less sluggish, and production more swiftly augmented in the immediate future? A long trial has been given to our present system of landlords' introduction of improvements, of encouragement to good farming by Agricultural Societies, of stimulation to effort by the exigencies of bad years or the inspiring motive of good ones; and what else in the way of inducement to better husbandry can be held before farmers than has been continually before them up to this time, unless it be (what has been denied to farmers, though struggled for since the days of Mr. Pusey) an inalienable security for the value they may add to their holdings? This, however, is precisely what Mr. Bence Jones will not consent that occupiers shall have. He wishes them to go on, as they ever have done, trusting to chance for the safety of what they may dare to spend in improvements; waiting for, perhaps, another generation, till landlords may think well to grant equitable terms of compensation, or until their agents care to take the fetters off farm management and the disposal of produce.

Again, it appears that Mr. Bence Jones would have them go on without any permanent reduction in rent. He admits there are exceptions, for he says, 'In Scotland a letting for a term at a lower rent may be necessary; also, "There are, perhaps, districts and estates in England where the same is the case. . . . Usually in England, I believe, a permanent reduction of rent is not necessary." Then, for the purpose of maintaining the incomes which owners draw out of the proceeds of husbandry, landlords are to decline to let farms on low 'live-and-let-live' terms; for he tells us that where 'satisfactory rents' (by which I understand the prevailing high rents) cannot be continued, they are to farm the land themselves, 'making the best profit possible out of it, whether more or less than it formerly paid.' This

extirpation of tenants throughout whole districts will, it is pointed out, have an excellent effect. 'If once it is seen that landowners are able to succeed even moderately well with their land, it will put a stop to all unreasonable attempts to get the better of them in hiring farms. The letting of farms at fair values will be helped by it.' Exactly so; 'bearing' the farm market may put money in the pockets of the owners. 'Let landowners,' says Mr. Beace Jones, 'avoid putting themselves into the power of tenants as if they were without resource or help. I am convinced that business instead of feudalism will prove to be much the reverse of a loss to landowners.' This means the wholesale deportation to foreign lands of a host of tenants, whom inequitable laws and acquisitive landowners forbid to earn remuneration for their outlay and industry in their native land. I would ask is this a desirable result, or an inviting spectacle?

But the present tenant-farmers of England and Scotland need not be alarmed. The threat cannot take effect. Such changes as are shadowed forth will not come in their day. Undoubtedly it would be a change for the better, if the proprietary class devoted more attention to 'landowning as a business,' and if it were not so commonly the case that an owner of an estate yielding 5,000*l.* a year was compelled to employ an agent at 500*l.* a year to look after it. But that the landed gentry of England are prepared to dispense with tenants, and to carry on the business of farming on a wholesale scale, I cannot for one moment believe. If the career of an average landed proprietor be considered, from school and college life to the pursuit of travel, or politics, or sport, it will strike any observer of mankind how unlikely it is that the habits of a class, brought up with other aims and objects than strict business, could be changed into an altogether new groove,—at all events in less than a couple of generations.

If, moreover, Mr. Beace Jones could point to many examples of English and Scotch landlords who have farmed with commercial success, there would be some encouragement for his proposition. But the impolicy of persons engaging in a business for which they have not qualified themselves by early addiction to the drudgery of detail, is proverbial. It is said that the Earl of Leicester, that best and most practical of aristocratic farmers, when asked for advice by a landowning relative, replied, 'Let the home farm; keep only enough land in hand for the absolute needs of the household.'

Probably no more difficult social or economic task could be attempted than the effecting of a sudden and sweeping change in the farm practice and tenure of a country. I will illustrate this point by a reference to France, where estates are very much subdivided; and to Hungary, where, on the other hand, no tenant-farmer class exists, and proprietors farm tens of thousands of acres, and, in some cases, hundreds of thousands of acres of their own land. In either case, how vain it would be to recommend a sudden change to the English



system. In neither country could suitable tenants be found ; nor do houses or homesteads adapted for our system exist. Again it would simply be impossible to establish either the *petite culture* system of France, or the Continental huge-farm plan in England at short notice ; whatever broad changes of system may be accomplished here under remodelled laws of land tenure will be effected only by slow degrees. The only practical course which I can see for extrication out of present difficulty, is to make the best of our existing landlord-and-tenant system, engrafted as it is in the centuries-old customs and habits of our agricultural population.

If proprietors were ready and willing to enter upon the farming of their estates, I contend that they have not the skill or capital at command. Proprietor-farming is, moreover, recommended by Mr. Bence Jones, not so much in cases where the owner is wealthy, and the holdings are well equipped with buildings, drains, and everything requisite for the economical prosecution of the best husbandry, as upon the lamentable number of properties where good rents cannot be obtained, where suitable buildings and appliances indispensable to superior management have not been supplied ; where the land has sunk into a foul and impoverished condition, and where, therefore, a large capital, far beyond that needful for the cultivation of good farms in excellent condition, must be forthcoming for restoration and improvement. And when the consideration is added, that in vast numbers of cases the very landowners who, from the slackness of tenants to bid for their farms, should be the first to undertake the work of cultivation, are commonly the most embarrassed, or otherwise least able to find the necessary capital for large operations in farming, the conclusion seems evident that we are not likely to see tenants dispensed with on any large scale.

Into the question of the working of the Irish Land Act, raised by the writer, I shall not enter further than to remark upon the statement that 'Sub-commissioners of no weight have been sent out to cut down rents on some arbitrary feudal principle.' Of course, if they have been '*sent out*' on such an errand, Mr. Bence Jones must mean by the Government. Surely it must be obvious that no Government dare run the risk of issuing private instructions to a commissioner. In the case of Professor Baldwin, whom I have known for many years, I do know that not a single condition was imposed upon him or a hint of any kind thrown out at his appointment, and, further, that from that day to this, no communication of any kind has passed between him and any one connected with the Government. With respect to the 'arbitrary feudal principle' upon which the sub-commissioners are alleged to be acting, when the commission sat at Downpatrick, on the 13th of November last, Professor Baldwin is reported to have used the following words : 'Again we say we have not set up any theoretic standard of our own of what the farming in

any district ought to be, but have considered the capabilities of the land in the hands of tenants of the average intelligence and skill we find in each district.'

Different versions of his remarks have appeared and much indignation expressed at his declaration. I have reason to know that the above are the precise words used, and I hold the doctrine laid down to be sound. The degree of skill of the farming class of a district is a factor which every practical land-valuer in England would have to take into account in estimating the rent of farms. For instance, land of the same quality in the most backward parts of England would not be rented as high as though situated in the Lothians, surrounded by farmers of capital and possessed of the highest skill and intelligence. In this view I am supported by many eminent valuers with whom I have conversed on the subject.

To discuss fully the practical questions raised by Mr. Bence Jones upon the management of land would occupy too much space. I will therefore only touch upon one or two. In the laying down of land to grass I have had long experience, and note that Mr. Bence Jones does not sufficiently recognise the greater difficulty and expense of obtaining a turf in our dry eastern counties than in the more humid climate of the west with its double rainfall. Since 1856 I have laid down between 200 and 300 acres, and the results of my experience are given in the *Royal Agricultural Journal* (1880). Although Bedfordshire has a greater rainfall than the more eastern counties, I have felt something of the force of the last line of the old Suffolk couplet—

To break a pasture will make a man ;  
To make a pasture will break a man.

I believe that the force will also be felt by others who may possibly adopt the advice of Mr. Bence Jones; for procuring a new sward, except in suitable or highly-favoured localities, is a work requiring the utmost skill and patience.

A better supply of milk, especially for our rural population, is a crying want. And upon this point I am glad to agree with the writer. In many villages where milk is produced in abundance, the inhabitants cannot obtain it, the retailing being too much trouble to the farmers. A plan attended with little trouble, I can, from my own experience, recommend. Some years ago my own village was poorly supplied. I therefore purchased a milk-barrow, which my cowman takes round the village once a day, supplying the cottagers. It is a boon which the people greatly appreciate, and the price charged for the milk more than covers the expense.

Although I have written freely and unreservedly of the land-owners of the kingdom and of their legal position in respect of their tenants, it must not be supposed that I fail to recognise the liberality and generosity so conspicuously displayed by many in all parts of the

country,—not only during the present period of depression, but ever since I have known anything of rural affairs. In my own county we have notable examples,—the Earl Cowper and the Duke of Bedford, for instance. The latter has for two years past remitted half the rental of his vast estates. Notwithstanding the cordial relations which I know to subsist between landlords and tenants on many estates, a life-long intercourse with farmers nevertheless convinces me that the low style of farming which prevails in so many districts will continue until tenants are not only put in possession of legal security for the unexhausted value of their outlay, but, what is of far more vital importance, secured against a rise of rent upon their own improvements.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to meet, upon their own ground, the objections to the course I advocate of such political economists as Mr. Bence Jones; at the same time I have not lost sight of the existence of wider considerations of higher value than an abstract principle, even if it be scientific; considerations which a sagacious statesman, like the present Prime Minister, will not fail to recognise and to act upon.

JAMES HOWARD.

## A SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MILLBROOK AND HIS FRIEND HAUGHTON.

*Haughton.* Pray, what is all this I hear about a School of Dramatic Art, Millbrook? You, who know something of the stage, surely do not believe that acting can be taught? The player is as the poet—*nascitur, non fit*. All the instruction in the world will no more enable a man to play 'Hamlet' satisfactorily than it will to write one of Shakespeare's sonnets.

*Millbrook.* No, my dear Haughton; but obedience to certain laws will prevent his writing execrable verse; and in like manner, though he may never be a Hamlet, he may become a fair Guildenstern or Rosencrantz. He may be taught not to shock our ears by false quantities, and all the uneducated vulgarities of deliverance. He may learn the value of action and emphasis, and the yet greater value of an abstinence from both when they are not wanted. If he possess no imitative power, a school will do little for him; but an apt youth or girl may acquire in a few hours what it has cost an accomplished actor years to learn. Surely such short cuts in life are worth taking?

*H.* There is a proverb about 'the longest way round'—you remember? In my opinion, the player had better work out his difficulties for himself, by experience, by constant practice in all manner of parts: by doing so he will be more original. That is how all our great players in old time attained their eminence—by self-culture. We see what the 'Conservatoire' system produces on the French stage—certain well-understood effects by certain given means, which are always the same, and are, to my mind, irritatingly monotonous. I know the precise pitch of key in which the impassioned lover will plead his cause; I know exactly how his hands will tremble, and how he will shake them in the air and beat his breast. Nothing that he does is unexpected. His motion is regulated by given rules, and, except in cases of real talent, these seem never to be departed from. An Englishman, with the same amount of capacity, will perhaps be a less competent actor all round, but he will have more freshness, more individuality.

*M.* What you call 'individuality' is apt to result in the actor

making every character fit his own idiosyncrasy. It seems almost to be an accepted fact that an artist of ability may imbue a part with himself, instead of imbuing himself with his part. In a book on the stage recently published, I read, 'The original Marguerite (of *Faust*), Madame Miolan-Carvalho, used to go through the part in fixed attitudes, and with a dreamy trance-like expression of countenance which was considered peculiarly German. . . . Madame Lucca has never considered it necessary to adopt this non-natural and early Christian manner.' Further on the writer tells the reader not to 'waste time in studying the character of Goethe's Gretchen: let him rather study the temperament and individual peculiarities of the *prime donne*. The character of Gretchen is little more than a glass-shade which covers now the talent and beauty of Mdlle. Nilsson, now the beauty and talent of Mdlle. Lucca.' From all this it would appear that the author's conception is to go for naught: the player has only to consider what is most effective for himself or herself. Now I submit that instruction of the higher kind will teach a man that he should endeavour to grasp the poet's idea, and *become*, as far as nature will allow, the character he attempts to represent.

H. Yes; but the 'reading' of a part will necessarily vary, according to the mind that interprets. My contention is that the deadliest enemy to originality is a conventional method of speech and action, which produces a sameness, though on the French stage the sameness is rarely below a certain level of excellence.

M. The French are eminently gesticulative: all classes, from prince to peasant, illustrate their speech by much the same formula of action. We have no formula. Two men will converse on what stirs them most deeply, and all the time keep their hands in their pockets. Again, as a nation, we speak indistinctly. It is doubly necessary, therefore, to teach Englishmen how to move and how to articulate on the stage. If the student have any natural gift, instruction will not render him conventional; but it will place the implements ready sharpened in his hand wherewith to incise the character he conceives upon the spectator's imagination.

H. I had rather, as I said before, that he sharpened his own implements by constant variety of practice. Nothing should be too high and nothing too low for him. Mrs. Siddons, before she was fifteen, had played most possible female parts in tragedy, and comedy also.

M. Will you point out where such practice can be acquired at the present time? There are no stock companies in the country theatres. You know what is universally done in the present day: a play, when it has been done to death in London, is sent for change of air round the provinces. A man may be required to say 'Your ladyship's carriage is at the door,' three hundred and sixty-five nights running. The opportunity of practising a constant variety of parts,

impossible to obtain elsewhere, the School of Dramatic Art proposes to supply. Each pupil who is cast for a play will in turn take every male (or female, as the case may be) part in this play. Thus no favouritism can be shown, and each will have a chance of proving if he have any capacity, and in what direction it lies.

*H.* Good. That is the best part of the scheme I have heard yet. I confess I haven't much faith in it, except so far as it may serve as a deterrent to the idle young gentlemen who, failing to pass any professional examinations, condescend, by virtue of having once played in private theatricals, to 'take to the stage,' as they call it. A calling which should be a very serious one seems to be regarded by this effete confraternity only as a means of gaining two or three pounds a week with the smallest amount of labour. The necessity for hard work may prevent their continuing to emasculate the profession with their genteel incompetency; and thus you may do some good.

*M.* Thank you. I accept your cynical compliment. Yes; the physical training alone will be a stumbling-block to the indolent and the flabby, who will shrink from fencing, drilling, dancing, calisthenics, and all that goes to create a really graceful stage deportment. So be it; the survival of the fittest will be a public benefit. The best living critic, perhaps, said to me the other night of a very charming actress's performance, 'She knows how to move every one—but herself.' With gifted artists, the body is often more stubborn than the brain; and very careful training is needed to bring it into due subservience to the will. However, none who possess the higher intellectual requirements need despair. Pasta, who was short and thick-set; Rachel, who was spare and meagre, were alike memorable for their classic grace. It is a question first of perception, then of study; just as in drawing, the art consists in making the hand obey what the mind has seen clearly and faithfully retains.

*H.* Close observation in daily life, I take it, is a better master than any in your schools, through whose eyes every pupil will learn to regard and to render nature in a particular way. Nothing is so fatal to true art as conventionality. Many an undeveloped genius has been crushed by it.

*M.* There you are—back again on the old scent! You might as reasonably maintain that learning to draw correctly must of necessity produce conventional painters. Why is it that not one man in five hundred—the clergy included—knows how to read? \* Not from want of intelligence, not from want of feeling, but because he has no knowledge of how to modulate the wonderful instrument Nature has placed in his mouth, is as ignorant as a child with a Cremona violin of the infinite variety of tone of which it is capable, and has never been taught the relative weight and value of words. No genius in any art can be independent of study. Talma said:—

*Il y a dans tout rôle bien fait un vers . . . qui résume le rôle tout entier*

Quand j'étudie une pièce, mon premier soin est de découvrir ce vers révélateur au milieu des trois ou quatre cents que je dois débiter, et, une fois ce vers trouvé, je m'applique à y conformer, pour ainsi dire, tous les autres ; je veux que mon personnage entier lui ressemble. Ainsi, dans *Oreste*, au 3<sup>me</sup> acte, dans la scène entre Pylade et Oreste, je trouve un alexandrin qui prépare le meurtre, qui peint la fatalité descendue sur ce malheureux, et raconte tous les orages de cette âme dévouée à la fois à la passion et au crime . . .

' Mon innocence enfin commence à me peser ! '

Pour bien jouer Oreste, il faut porter ce vers écrit sur le front.

Surely this is a valuable lesson to all actors. Such subtle analysis is the result of careful thought ; its exposition in every minute detail is the result of infinite study. How arduously Rachel laboured over every new part, returning again and again to each gesture, each inflection of voice, which did not satisfy her conception of the varying emotions that were demanded, those who knew her well can testify. Edmond de Goncourt, writing of her (under a thin disguise), says :—

Peut-être, plus que la mimique, la grande difficulté d'un rôle, c'est l'accord de la voix de l'acteur avec le sentiment exprimé par l'auteur, l'arrivée à la sonorité juste, à la vocalisation exacte de l'intention dramatique. De là, des efforts et des recherches, et des reprises d'un vers que la Faustin faisait sonner de toutes les façons, en élançant le son, le précipitant, le ralentissant, le faisant passer par les infinies modulations d'une voix assouplie et brisée—et cela des centaines de fois. . . .

What do you say to that by way of study ? How many of the numerous young ladies, whose ambition it is to appear as Juliet, have any idea of examining the character psychologically, of pulling the speeches to pieces, and finding the exact *key* of each ? This is what the greatest French actress that ever lived did, though she was, in other respects, an ignorant and ill-educated woman. And it is useless to retort, as I know you will, that she did this for herself ; it is not so. Samson was her master ; and to him, as she always frankly avowed, her great success on her first appearance was due.

*H.* I dare say it was so ; I shall not contradict you. Only, I don't see the necessity of increasing the facilities for young men and women to flood the stage. We have too many theatres, and too many indifferent actors, as it is.

*M.* Yes ; that is just it. *As it is*, we have : as it will be, the public will become intolerant of slipshod English, indistinct utterance, and the absence of all those qualities that may be acquired by study, and by study alone. Too many well-served theatres there cannot be in my opinion ; but I agree with you in thinking there are too many theatres at which are one or two good actors, and the rest are—sticks. Some of these are only fit for firewood ; others might yet be rendered pliant—planed and carved to do good service, for support and ornament. Our school is the carpenter's shop, or rather the timber-yard. We ask the chief actors, the teachers of most experience in all branches,

to select the precious from the worthless wood—to be our head carpenters in short. Blocks that resist the lathe will not be allowed to cumber the premises.

*H. (laughing).* You advocate your cause well, Millbrook; but I shall not be convinced till I see if you are successful. I doubt your being able to carry out your scheme.

*M.* Ah! You are a true epitome of the world. Our scheme is fraught with difficulty, I admit. You begin by objecting to the end we have in view; you conclude by doubting its beginning. If this thing were easy, it would have been accomplished long since. It is hopeless to expect that Government will give anything ‘in aid of an art in which are combined the graces of all the others,’ as the late Mr. Planché said in writing to advocate the foundation of a national theatre. This being the case, we must depend entirely on individual exertion, and——

*H.* A national theatre? Ah! That I should like to see, a theatre where the fine old plays could be produced, and a constant variety of performance be secured. You have no such idea in connection with your School, I suppose?

*M.* I hope that the School may ultimately become part of a national establishment to which such a theatre may be attached. But that must be the work of time. What we have set ourselves to do must bear fruit, before we can expect the public to entrust to us the much larger funds that would be required to guarantee from loss the starting of such a vast enterprise. For the present we ask every one who has the higher interests of the drama at heart to contribute something towards the education of the acolytes who are to serve its temples. That is the first step; and, with the support of the profession at large, the advance will not stop there. We will extract from you, sooner or later, my dear Haughton, that encouragement and applause which—you are frank enough to admit—you will accord only to success!

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.



## OILING THE WAVES—A SAFEGUARD IN TEMPEST.

IN the course of many wanderings in many lands, I have repeatedly had occasion to notice the action of oil in smoothing the surface of troubled water, and have marvelled that we should hear so much of its use, and yet continue to act as if it were wholly a fiction.

It is now many years since I first endeavoured to call public attention to the simple precaution which, lying within the reach of all, might prove so invaluable a safeguard to all seafaring men, especially suggesting that a few extra kegs of oil should be considered part of the necessary equipment of every boat which plies its trade along our rocky and billowy shores.<sup>1</sup>

Yet year after year has passed by, each season swelling the multitude of unnumbered dead who have perished within sight of land; and hitherto no steps have been taken to bring this knowledge into practical, systematic use.

Brought up in the heart of the Highlands (where the excitement of leistering salmon by torchlight on a dark night, is a sport not altogether unknown, even in these days of Salmon Commissioners and watchers and water-bailiffs), we were well aware of the use often made of a good flask of oil in smoothing the surface of the deep brown pools in which the silvery fish lie, all unconscious of the impending spear.

And kinsmen returning from Bermuda have told us how the fishers there pour oil on the sea whenever the ripple prevents their seeing clearly enough to strike their fish; and also, how those at Gibraltar do likewise, to enable them the better to discern where the largest oysters are to be found.

In our schoolroom days we learnt how Pliny had remarked that 'all seas are made calme and still with oyle, and therefore the dyvers do spurt it abroad with their mouths into the water, because it dulceth the unpleasant nature thereof, and carryeth a light with it;' and in later years it seemed a remarkable confirmation of his words to find that the divers of the Mediterranean actually do spurt oil in

<sup>1</sup> *From the Hebrides to the Himalayas.* By C. F. Gordon Cumming. Vol. i. pp. 347-49.

the manner he described, in order to clear the light under the surface of the water, by the stillness so caused.

On our own northern coast, the herring fishers say they can tell at a distance where the shoals of oily fish are lying, by the smoothness of the water over them, and the Cornish fishers can likewise detect the position of the pilchards. In the same way, those engaged in the seal fisheries know where their victims are eating their oily prey below the water by the unruffled surface above them. So, also, the track of a wounded whale or porpoise is clearly defined by the escape of oil, and it has often been observed that the body of a dead whale always floats in calm water—however rough the sea all round may be, no breakers can form near that natural oil-vat.

As regards a practical application of the lesson, the men of St. Kilda seem to have been the first of our own countrymen to discover one. There, as usual, necessity proved the mother of invention. This lonely little isle is girt by precipitous cliffs, and has but one landing-place, and no harbour. Every fishing expedition therefore involves the hazard of extreme danger in returning to shore, for, should a sudden tempest arise, and lash the stormy waves to fury, no boat would dare to approach the isle under ordinary circumstances. But the islanders have one abundant harvest in the multitude of all manner of sea-fowl, which constitute the sole wealth of St. Kilda. Some of these are so full of oil that the people do not always take the trouble to extract it, but some slovenly householders simply pass a wick through the body of a dead bird, and, drawing it out by the beak, actually light the wick thus oiled, which goes on burning for a considerable time.

It seems to have occurred to some reflecting islander that this abundant oil-supply might be somehow specially adapted to the requirements of the beautiful white-winged creatures, to whom wind and wave are alike ministers of delight. So the thought of carrying sea-gull oil to sea took form, and the fishers made puddings of the fat of sea-fowls, and fastened them astern of their 'cobles,' to hinder the waves from breaking.

Away to the north-east, their neighbours in the Shetland Isles likewise found means to apply the lesson they had learnt, from noting the smooth surface of the water which invariably betrays the spot where a seal chances to be feasting; and they had remarked that the sea was most glassy when the victim was an oil-yielding fish, such as cod or ling. So familiar is this effect that the Shetlanders have a special and singularly descriptive word to express it, namely, 'lioom.' If you have ever noticed the appearance of the sea in a dead calm, you will at once perceive how the very sound of this word suggests the oil-like smoothness of surface.

The hardy Shetland men are a race of bold fishers, and seek their harvest far away in the deep sea, sometimes rowing forty or fifty

miles ere they reach the best fishing-grounds, in boats so small and light, that a good haul soon overweights them. Yet in these they face the fiercest storms and most treacherous currents. The worst dangers await them as they near home, for there are certain points where the currents meet, and headlands, off which the sea is always tempestuous, while, in the straits between the islands, the tide rushes in an impetuous flood, more like a rapid raging river than like a well-regulated ebb and flow. However calm may be the outer sea, these headlong sea-rivers are always tumultuous, breaking in crested billows, and marking their course by a pathway of foam, extending for miles out to sea.

Even in calm weather it is rarely considered safe to cross these currents at high tide, and the experienced fishers lie off till it slackens. But when, homeward-bound and heavily laden, they encounter foul weather, and are compelled to face these furious tideways, then in truth they have to encounter such peril as tests the coolest heads and most iron nerves. And then it is (but only when driven to the last extremity) that they put in practice the seal's method of producing the 'lioom,' and purchase their safety by sacrificing part of their hardily earned cargo. Cutting open their fish (chiefly cod and ling), they tear out the livers and, after crushing them to free the oil, throw them overboard on every side, and immediately, as if by a miracle, the mad raging of the waters is allayed. In one moment a film of oil overspreads the surface, and, though the great waves still heave and roll, they are spell-bound and cannot break, and the little boat, which but a few seconds before was in imminent danger of being swamped, now rides securely on the smooth green billows, which from that moment have become powerless to work mischief.

The idea which the Shetland islanders and St. Kildians thus worked out for themselves had already presented itself to other men sailing on the great waters. About the middle of the last century the attention of the great Dr. Franklin was called to the subject by a letter from a gentleman who told how, during a stormy voyage on a Dutch ship, the captain, in order to prevent the waves from breaking over the vessel, poured a small quantity of olive oil into the sea—a little at a time, not more than four quarts altogether—and so effectual did this prove, that the writer suggested that surely the same simple means might be made greater use of, were it only generally known.

Dr. Franklin also observed that whenever whaling vessels were lying in New-Port Harbour (Massachusetts) the water was always smooth on account of the leakage of blubber. He accordingly tried sundry experiments to test the working of this phenomenon. On a stormy day he went to a large pond which was so much exposed to the wind as to form waves, and on these he sprinkled a small quantity of oil. At first he took up a position to leeward, but

observed that though the oil instantly spread in all directions, it could not work effectually against the wind, as it was quickly driven back to the shore. So he went round the pond to windward, where he found that one teaspoonful produced an instant calm over a considerable space, and, spreading rapidly, soon made an oily film over an extent of at least half an acre, which became as smooth as a looking-glass. One drop of oil forms a film of about four feet in circumference.

It seems strange that, after this subject had been taken up by so learned a man as Dr. Franklin, so many years should have been suffered to elapse ere any definite effort was made to turn it to practical account.

He afterwards tried the experiment on a larger scale on the surf at Portsmouth (New Hampshire). Selecting a tempestuous day, he sailed out half a mile from the shore, and poured a moderate quantity of oil on the tossing waters. The effect was instantaneous, for, although the swell continued, the surface was not wrinkled or broken, and, though the sea around was white with crested waves, there were none in the smooth track left by his boat; and he noticed that a barge rounding the headland under sail at once turned into that oily path as on to a turnpike.

I have sometimes noticed the same smooth track left by a steamer, as the result of the oily water which she is continually throwing out. I first observed this one evening in the Gulf of Pecheli. There was a little sea on, but nothing to speak of, and the sun was sinking in liquid gold. Its reflection was crossed by a horizontal line of perfectly smooth water, extending as far as we could see on either hand. There was no vessel in sight, but our captain maintained that it was the course of a steamer, and that the smooth waterway was caused by the oil from the machinery. He said this result was always produced in a greater or less degree, and that we only saw it thus plainly because of the sun being at so low an angle.

In the present instance we actually followed the smooth line of oily water, till on the following day we caught up the steamer just as she anchored off the Taku Forts at the mouth of the Peiho.

This brought the subject of 'smoothing the waters' back to my mind. Soon afterwards, while crossing the Yellow Sea, *en route* to Nagasaki, in a small brig, we came in for some rough weather, and, though we had no occasion actually to test the matter, I was greatly interested at hearing from our Danish captain of many cases in which he had known of oil being cast on the waters to prevent waves from breaking. He said he had himself carried a long wicker basket astern, containing oil-bags, so contrived that by their gentle dripping a constant supply should be kept up. The result was admirable. Not one wave broke over the poop; the only objection was the expenditure of oil, and that was a trifle not worth a moment's con-

sideration compared with the damage which would certainly have been done had even one breaker been permitted to form, as any one must realise who has once experienced the awful crash when a huge curling wave strikes a shivering ship: the weight of falling water, crushing boats and bulwarks, and sweeping the deck.

Another nautical friend, Captain Champion (under whose care I have visited many a beautiful spot in the Fijian Archipelago), has also tested this magic power of oil, in allaying the tumult of the waters. On one occasion, when off the coast of New South Wales, he encountered a hurricane so severe that he believes his schooner would undoubtedly have been swamped had he not had recourse to oil-bags, which acted almost miraculously in soothing the waves. He made five small canvas bags, each to contain about three pints of oil (fish-oil is found to be the most efficacious). To each of these he attached a cord of about a dozen fathoms in length, and threw them overboard from different points of the ship—fore and aft. The leakage from the bags was sufficient to spread an oily film over the surface of the ocean, close round the ship, lasting for two days and nights, during which time the schooner was able to ride peacefully in comparatively smooth water, and not a sea broke over her.

Other men have tried the use of oil-bladders, just pricked with a needle, and hung over the sides of a vessel, so as to keep up a continual dripping. Several small bladders, containing perhaps a gallon apiece, are found to answer better than one large one, being more diffusive in their action.

Is it not almost incredible that, in the face of so much evidence of the power of oil in literally smoothing the troubled waters, so little practical use should have been made of this knowledge? How very rarely do we hear of its playing any part in those lamentable wrecks, when men are left to perish on foundering vessels because no boat dares to face the breaking billows.

Or those still sadder cases, when brave hearts and strong arms have gone to the rescue, only to be themselves dashed to destruction by the violence with which they have been hurled against the wreck. And yet, a few gallons of oil poured out to windward of the vessel would have so smoothed the broken waves that the boat would not only have been safe herself, but would have been able to rescue the shipwrecked crew.

Unless an oil-cask breaks loose by accident, and gets stove in, so that the oil floats out unbidden on its soothing errand of mercy, we hardly ever hear of the use of this most simple safeguard of nature's own devising, and in these exceptional cases the result is invariably recorded, as if some strange phenomenon had occurred, instead of its being the inevitable result of a certain cause.

Yet vessels engaged in collecting palm oil on the African coast, or Ceylon, or the Pacific Isles, and, still more frequently, whaling

ships laden with whale oil and blubber, have often reported the strange calm of the water on which they floated, while their neighbours were pitching in a chopping sea, and which they attributed to the mere leakage of oil, pumped up with the bilge water.

From Newfoundland and Labrador we have heard how such vessels, when riding out fierce gales, have saved themselves by throwing over-board small quantities of blubber, and many cases are on record of vessels having been well-nigh wrecked, the breakers pouring over them till they seemed on the point of foundering, when happily the oil-casks have broken adrift and been smashed, and so instantly have their contents overcome the mad waters that the raging waves could no longer break over the ship, though they heaved and tossed as tumultuously as before. They seemed spell-bound, and could not succeed in forming crests. And so the men have been enabled to work the pumps, and of course the oil from the broken casks in the hold kept up the supply, effectually preventing the waves from breaking, and the vessels have actually been enabled to ride out the storm, and eventually reach their desired haven.

All on board have known that the preservation of the ships, and of their own lives, was due to the action of that precious oil, yet year after year thousands of vessels start to face the dangers of the deep and never think of shipping a few extra casks of oil, in case of need. Nor, when the moment of danger has arrived, do they ever think of pouring out even what they have on board for common use. And yet from time to time some one escapes from a wrecked vessel and tells how he attributes what seems his almost miraculous preservation to the fact of some one having had the rare good sense to station a man in the stern of the boat, to pour out oil at intervals, and so prevent the waves from breaking over her astern. The result seems always satisfactory, and the boat which, but for this precaution would inevitably have been swamped, reaches the land without so much as shipping a bucketful of water.

A notable instance of this has been recorded by Mr. Ritchie as having been observed by him during a hurricane on the island of Porto Santo. He had just seen a vessel torn from her anchor and engulfed by the terrific breakers, when he espied a boat in the middle of the bay, coming toward the shore. Her fate seemed inevitable, but, to his amazement, the huge waves on which she floated never broke, but rolled right up on the strand, and there deposited the boat, so high that the men had only to jump out and scramble up the beach. The mystery, which so amazed him, and which appeared to him little short of a miracle, was simply due to the fact that as the boat neared the breakers, the captain had stove in the head of a keg of oil, and offered the soothing contents to the raging spirits of the deep.

Repeated efforts have been made by Messrs W. and R. Chambers

to bring such facts as these to the notice of all who 'go down to the sea in ships,' but their statements have unfortunately been generally received with indifference or disbelief. Yet they have from time to time published the evidence given by the masters of vessels in such minute detail as to place their accuracy beyond all possibility of doubt.

Thus in *Chambers' Journal*, August 10, 1878, they quote a statement from the New York shipping list for 1867, where an experienced shipmaster deposes that he has twice saved the vessel under his command by oiling the sea. In one awful gale he lost all his sails and the rudder, and knew that his ship could not have ridden the storm for another hour but for this blessed safeguard. He had five gallons of oil, equal to about thirty quart bottles, which he started over the side of the vessel to windward, allowing it to drip slowly. This lasted fifty-six hours, and, though the waves still heaved tumultuously, the water was smooth, and the vessel was saved, with her cargo and crew. This captain recommended that all vessels of heavy tonnage should be fitted with a couple of iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with faucets so arranged that the oil could readily be transferred to small casks in case of need. He also recommended that all ship's boats should be provided with tanks of five gallons each, always kept full, and ready for emergencies.

Very noteworthy is the evidence of Captain Betts of the *King Cenric*, running from Liverpool to Bombay with coals. He ran into a heavy gale which raged furiously for five days. Happily the chief officer had seen oil-bags profitably used during storms in the Atlantic, and bethought him of applying the lesson, so he got two canvas clothes-bags, and poured two gallons of common pine-oil into each. Having slightly punctured the bags, he hung one over each side of the vessel, towing them along. The effect produced was magical. The waves, which had previously been breaking over the vessel, causing her tremendous shocks, now broke at a distance of many yards, while all around the ship, and in her wake, lay a wide belt of perfectly smooth water. The crew were thus enabled to repair damages, and were relieved from this most imminent danger.

The oil in the bags lasted for two days, by which time the worst fury of the storm was over, and there was no occasion to renew the supply. So, the expenditure of about thirty shillings' worth of oil was the means of probably saving a valuable ship with its cargo, and many precious lives.

In the summer following the publication of these statistics, Mr. Chamber had the great satisfaction of receiving a letter from H.B.M. Consul at Wilmington, North Carolina, containing the deposition of Captain Richardson, master of a brigantine just arrived from Bristol. She had been overtaken off Bermuda by a heavy gale, which increased to a hurricane, and blew for thirty-six hours, during which the ship was

seriously damaged. Happily Captain Richardson had seen the article quoted above, and it occurred to him to try the experiment. So he prepared one canvas bag, holding about three quarts of kerosene oil; this he pierced with small holes, with his penknife, and, having attached it to a six-fathom rope, he kept it trailing to windward, and found that the topping seas no longer broke, and the vessel was enabled to ride out the gale, which was the most fearful ever witnessed by those on board. He considered that the safety of the vessel was due to the use of the oil, and recommended others in like danger to prepare six-gallon canvas bags, and to enlarge the holes after awhile, the texture of canvas becoming closer as it swells with wetting.

Quite recently, Mr. Chambers has received further details of cases in which the crews of wrecked vessels have undoubtedly owed their lives to thus casting oil on the storm-vexed waves. One case was that of the screw-steamer *Diamond* of Dundee, recently wrecked off the island of Anholt. Her chief mate says he had often heard of the effect of oil in preventing the sea from breaking, and especially recalled its use in the case of a whaler in the South Seas, whose crew had given up all hope of saving her, when some oil casks were accidentally crushed, with the extraordinary result that not another wave broke over her.

Bearing this in mind, and seeing no sign of a lifeboat coming to the rescue of the *Diamond*, he determined to try the experiment himself, though the ship's boat had apparently little chance of braving such a sea. He provided each boat with a five-gallon can of oil, and told off one of the company to pour it gradually over the stern. Immediately the sea in the wake of the boats became perfectly smooth, and they passed right through the boiling surf, and reached the land in safety without shipping a sea. None of the men in the boats believed, when they left the ship, that all would reach the shore alive; and the people on land watched their approach in wonder, deeming it impossible for even the lifeboat to live in such awful breakers.

The writer who quotes these cases draws from them the very practical suggestion that every lifeboat should be fitted with a proper oil-tank, to be kept always full, and so planned that the crew should have no trouble beyond that of turning on the tap at the moment of need, when the oil should drip of its own accord. He commends the suggestion to the builders of lifeboats, and especially to the consideration of the National Lifeboat Institution. And he further urges that the Board of Trade should insist on a sufficient supply of oil, for this special purpose, being put on board every ship, as a necessary part of her outfit. Also, that some philanthropic society should issue a pamphlet containing a collection of all the most remarkable instances on record, of the action of oil on breakers, for gratuitous distribution among all seafaring men.



There can be no doubt whatever that the adoption of these simple precautions would save many precious lives and valuable cargoes, and therefore the indifference with which the subject has hitherto been ignored can only be characterised as culpable neglect.

With regard to the objection which naturally presents itself, that the well-filled oil-tank would add a considerable item of dead weight to a boat, the answer is obvious, namely, that the labour—to say nothing of the danger—of battling with the waves would be so enormously lessened that the mere weight would appear a comparatively trifling drawback. It might even be found that any accidental leakage of oil might tend to keep the boats water-tight, at all times.

Another simple and most practical method of applying this invaluable safeguard has been suggested, namely, that every lifebuoy should have a small bag of oil attached to it, which could be punctured with a knife at the moment of throwing it to a drowning man. Any one who has seen a poor fellow fall overboard, even when quickly followed by a well-directed lifebuoy, knows how uncertain are the chances of ever recovering either. How every eye is strained to descry such puny objects on the great waste of heaving, foam-flecked waters! If a vessel is running before a sharp breeze, the lifebuoy and the swimmer will be left far behind, ere she can be stayed and a boat lowered; and it is hard indeed to mark the exact spot on that wearily monotonous expanse of ever-moving ridges, where the search must begin.

Far different would be the case were the lifebuoy accompanied by a dripping oil-bag. Every one on the vessel would see the smooth surface formed all around it, and not only would the boat go direct to the spot, without the unnecessary loss of a moment, but the poor swimmer would have a far better chance of reaching the life-preserver, and would moreover be protected from the breaking waves.

Yet another means has been suggested by which this precious quality of oil might be made available, namely, its use in shells, so constructed as to burst on striking the water, and which might be fired from mortars, placed on the beach so as either to fall outside the breakers, or by subduing them to facilitate the launch of the lifeboat or to fall to windward of a wrecked vessel, and so enable the lifeboat to approach her in comparative safety. Surely the ingenuity which devises such intricate mechanism for destructive shells and infernal machines, might contrive some method by which the oil-shell might be safely despatched on its errand of mercy.

Though the casting of oil on troubled waters has been so persistently regarded merely as a poetical figure of speech, notes of its actual use have occasionally appeared in books of travel. For instance, it has long been known that when the fishermen of Lisbon find the surf on the bar of the Tagus unusually rough, they empty a

bottle or two of oil into the sea, and thereby smooth the waves so effectually that they can pass the breakers in safety. But no one ever took that hint as the embryo of some grand scheme for overcoming the horrors of landing in the surf at Madras, or at many another port where traffic is endangered by the fierceness of the breakers.

No one even tried to apply it to the dangerous bars at the mouths of several of our own large rivers, of Aberdeen for instance, where we have had to mourn such pitiful wrecks of fine vessels, literally dashed to pieces by the mad surf breaking on the bar. Amongst the good ships that have perished at the mouth of the Dee are numbered two in which I had sailed so often that they seemed to me like old friends, and, as I bewailed their fate and that of the kind brave men drowned within sight of their homes, I thought of the fishers on the Tagus, and marvelled if British ingenuity would never find means to turn their simple precaution to account.

It has been reserved for the nineteenth century to find the practical application of the observations made by Pliny eighteen hundred years ago.

The subject has at last been taken up in good earnest, and it is to a citizen of Perth, Mr. John Shields, that is due the honour of taking the initiative in a movement which, if fully carried out, must prove of incalculable benefit to our seafaring population. Five years ago, as he stood beside a mill-pond on a windy day, he observed that the waters, which had been considerably ruffled, suddenly became smooth. On examination, he found that this arose from oil having been accidentally spilt from some machinery, and instantly forming such a film on the surface of the pond as to offer no resistance to the wind.

Happily, it at once occurred to him that it might be possible to apply oil in such a systematic manner as to calm the entrance to a harbour in stormy weather. The idea having once suggested itself, he never rested till he had thought it out, and devised means of executing it.

The plan he hit upon was that of laying iron and lead pipes from the beach, right out across the harbour, to the open sea, terminating in the deep water, 200 feet beyond the bar, and then, by means of a force-pump on the shore to pump oil into the tubes, and eject it at the bottom of the sea, outside the harbour, so that, as it rose to the surface, it might be driven inward and prevent the formation of breakers on the bar. The pipes are fitted with three conical valves fixed seventy-five feet apart at the sea end of the pipe. These are forced open by the stream of oil as it flows out, and instantly close when the pressure is removed.

Mr. Shields fixed upon Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire (the easternmost headland of Scotland, and consequently a spot exposed to the

full force of every gale that sweeps the east coast), as the most suitable spot for his test experiments. Here, then, he proceeded to submerge 1,200 feet of lead and iron piping. A large barrel containing about a hundred gallons of oil was placed in a shed on the beach, in connection with the force-pump.

Towards the end of February last some preliminary experiments were tried on a small scale, but the amount of oil expended was very trifling, and the effect was disappointing. One of the fishers standing by remarked that he could not understand it, as his own life had once been saved by hanging pieces of whale's blubber overboard, and he was certain that the same means systematically applied must produce the desired effect.

On the 1st of March we may say that the apparatus was fully and practically tested for the first time, and with such success as to leave no doubt that it must shortly be a recognised necessity in all harbours dangerous of access. On the day in question a gale was blowing from the south-east, accompanied by a heavy sea. Huge green billows, from ten to twenty feet in height, curled in white crests as they neared the harbour mouth, and broke in mad surf above the bar. No boat could have dared to face those breakers, and any luckless vessel wrecked on that rockbound, inhospitable coast must have been abandoned to her fate.

No better day could have been selected to test the soothing power of oil. If any perceptible difference could be produced on those raging, tumultuous waters, it was evident that the gaining of a complete mastery over them became merely a question of how much oil was to be expended. In the present instance the big hundred-gallon cask was filled. The forcing pump was set in action, and a large quantity of oil was driven through the pipes, whence it was ejected at the bottom of the sea, at some distance beyond the impassable barrier of mighty breakers. The oil immediately rose to the surface, and formed a thin film on the water, extending right across the harbour mouth. Straightway the dangerous white crests disappeared, and, though the strong tide still swept inward in huge swelling billows, they were shorn of their terror, and became perfectly smooth rollers, on which any vessel or boat might safely have ridden into dock.

Owing to the strength of the tide and the severity of the gale, the oil was swept shoreward so rapidly as to render continuous pumping necessary. But as long as the oil supply was kept up, the surf was kept down, and there remained no reasonable doubt in the minds of the spectators that henceforth the raging of the waters could be subdued at will, and that ships might be enabled to make the port in safety, no matter how wild the tempest.

It is needless to say that this experiment created a very deep interest in the neighbourhood, and a large number of persons faced the storm

in order to witness for themselves a phenomenon which, thanks to Mr. Shields' invention, may hereafter prove one of the best safeguards of our dangerous coasts; and all were fully convinced of its efficacy.

As a matter of course, many details were yet imperfect, and much waste was believed to have arisen from leakage of the pipes at points within the harbour. It was proposed when the gale moderated to take up the pipes for further examination; and it seemed probable that it might be found desirable to line the iron pipes with lead for greater solidity. (Possibly a lining of guttapercha might prove still better.)

These, however, are mere matters of detail. If once projectiles were invented by which the breakers could be exorcised at the very spot and the very moment when a ship was about to seek refuge in the harbour, they might perhaps be found as efficacious and more economical than the system of pipe-laying.

Since the first report of Mr. Shield's invention appeared, letters have been received from all quarters adding individual testimony to the value of oil in saving boats from capsizing or from being swamped, either at the moment of launching or when attempting to rescue fishing-nets on the approach of foul weather.

One correspondent tells us how two (I can hardly resist writing two foolhardy) Italians crossed the Atlantic last year from Buenos Ayres to some port in the Mediterranean in the '*Leone di Caprera*,' a small sailing-boat. On several occasions they encountered rough weather, and would inevitably have been lost had they not repeatedly calmed the water round them by the free use of oil, of which they had laid in an abundant supply. The tiny vessel in which this perilous voyage was performed was exhibited last year in Milan.

The captain of a steamer writes that, some months ago, he encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay. Several steamers were lost, and his own vessel was in danger, waves breaking over her with great violence. He had two canvas bags made, each to contain a quart of common lamp oil. The bags were punctured, and hung over each bow, with sufficient line to let them tow freely. The result was most satisfactory. Scarcely a sea came on board, each wave as it reached the oil ceasing to curl, and undulating past the ship without a break. The oil in each bag lasted eight hours. On the following voyage he was compelled to put the matter to a still more practical test, and the result surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He says:—

I was compelled to abandon my vessel at midnight. There was a heavy sea, and though the boats were provisioned, and in readiness for lowering, the sea which was running alongside and breaking over the ship made me doubt the possibility of the boats ever living in it, even if the difficulty of launching them was overcome.

I caused two tins of common lamp oil, each containing about two gallons, to be emptied, one over each side; and, after giving it time to diffuse itself over the water, the boats were lowered, and sheered clear of the sinking ship, without

shipping so much as a bucketful of water. The waves were still towering thirty or forty feet above us, but without a breaker or a white-topped one among them; while ahead and astern they were breaking heavily. I believe that, under Providence, we owe our lives to the use of oil, and trust that it may ere long be recognised as an efficient aid in saving life at sea.

Major-General Hendry, writing to the *Globe* with reference to the experiments at Peterhead, gives a remarkable instance which occurred in 1846, in which the use of oil was the means of saving the lives of the crew of a schooner which was caught in a heavy gale off Sable Island. Persons standing on the low sandy shore—where furious billows, swept by the whole force of the storm, were dashing with appalling violence—were amazed to see a schooner tearing her way through a sea of white foam, while two men in the after-part of the vessel were apparently throwing something at intervals high up into the air.

The schooner was the 'Arno,' Captain Higgins, with twelve men, from the Quero Bank, where they had been fishing. They left the bank at the commencement of the gale. The captain let go his anchor in twenty fathoms of water, paid out three hundred fathoms of hemp cable, and brought the vessel's head to wind. In a tremendous sea he held on until noon, when, seeing no prospect of the gale abating, he cut his cable and put the vessel before the wind, preferring to run her on shore before night to riding there and foundering at her anchor. He lashed himself to the helm, sent all his men below but two, and nailed up the cabin doors. He had two large casks placed near the foreshrouds and lashed there. He then directed his two best men to station themselves there and lash themselves firmly to the casks, which were partly filled with blubber and oil from the fish. They had each a wooden ladle about two feet long, and with these ladles they dipped up the blubber and oil and threw it up in the air as high as they could. The great violence of the wind carried it far to leeward, and, spreading over the water, made its surface smooth before and left a shining path behind; and although the sea would rise very high, yet the top of it was smooth, and never broke where the oil was. It was raging, pitching, and breaking close to her on each side, but not a barrel of water fell upon her deck the whole distance. The vessel was so old and tender that she went to pieces in a very short time after the crew, with their clothing and provisions, were saved.

The *Scotsman*, March 15, 1882, tells of yet another ship, which was undoubtedly saved by oiling the waves:—

The ship 'Airlie,' of the Dundee Clipper Line, arrived in the Tay yesterday from Calcutta with a cargo of jute. Captain Foreman reports that on the 28th of February the ship encountered a terrific gale, which lasted four days. For an hour and a half the vessel lay on her beam-ends, and in order to save the ship the master decided on trying to allay with oil the violence of the sea, which was running mountains high. A number of bags were filled with oil, and the bags having been perforated, so as to let the oil escape gradually, were towed for forty-eight hours to windward. Captain Foreman reports the experiment to have been eminently successful, the water in the immediate vicinity of the vessel becoming 'quite smooth.' A big mountainous wave would have been seen bearing down on the ship, and when within two ships' lengths or so from the vessel, when it came amongst the oil, it would suddenly fall. Had it not been for the oil experiment, the captain is of opinion that if the vessel had not altogether foundered, she would have had her decks cleared, and sustained considerable damage.

Further evidence will doubtless be multiplied. But the great point has now been fairly proved, namely, that this most gentle of mighty agencies may be enlisted in the service of all whose business lies in the great waters, whether on the shores of our own storm-swept isles, or in those distant seas where England's sons face dangers and hardships for the increase of her wealth.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

*THE  
SUPERSTITIONS OF MODERN GREECE.*

I. To travel in Greece is to make two journeys, the one in the present, the other in the past. In the present there are the picturesque sites, the deep blue sky, the splendid stretch of the sea, transparent at your feet, sombre on the horizon, golden coasts, clear mountains with simple and pure outlines; there are the inhabitants, handsome men, wearing handsome costumes. There is the activity of growing towns, the life returning to a nation after centuries of subjection more fatal than lethargy. But after having done justice to the present, having recognised the interesting and successful efforts of a people towards a revival of their former life, we are irresistibly laid hold of by the past,—by ruins, so eloquent in their slumber,—by tradition, so touching in its fidelity. Each traveller desires to bring back to his own country with his observations and his notes, some new document, some discovery to add to our knowledge of the Greece of old. Most frequently these researches are directed towards the monuments; it is only of late that any attempt has been made to reconstruct, not only the history but the daily life of the ancient races, by means of the details retained in the popular narratives. Yet even in this new field of investigation all is not equally unknown; almost everything in the peasants' songs and tales relative to history has been collected and published: only the superstitions, which are very interesting monuments of the past, have hitherto been neglected. But this indifference no longer exists, and I have thought that it might be a work of utility to make known those superstitions which are found most generally widespread in the provinces, and especially in Achaïa and Arcadia.

I have travelled too often alone in Greece not to have peopled its uninhabited regions according to my own fancy in the first instance. The whole day spent in loneliness and complete silence leads one naturally to look back into the past; the notion of the ages becomes less and less distinct, and then the mind becomes used to this double life, and even takes an indefinable kind of pleasure in ceasing to belong to its own time. I soon discovered, however, that in holding converse with the heroes of history or fable, I was not solitary or exceptional.

Little by little I came to perceive, as I talked with the peasants in the evenings, that my imagination had only been imitating that of these simple people, with the difference that what was for me the charm of a dream existed for them with all the force of a belief. I learned from their unsophisticated talk that legions of fantastic beings really inhabited those shores which we held to be desert, and that they had held rule there from all time. And, as I always took great care not to shock their credulity, but let them see that I listened to them with genuine interest, they talked unrestrainedly to me who was young, and told me their old stories as to a child. I wrote them all down, and it was not until I returned to France that I completely understood the interest of these notes. These documents being conscientiously and carefully collected, enable us, when added to those brought back by other equally trustworthy travellers, to re-ascend the stream of time to the most ancient sources of Fable. They show us, not by dry demonstration, but by facts, the process of the transformations of religions; the links by which the present and the past are united, so that we might perhaps extend to these superstitions that deep utterance of M. Renan, 'The religion of a people is, in a sense, more instructive than its history.'

It is difficult to classify these superstitions, and to present them otherwise than by enumeration. They are the relics which have survived the religions of ancient Greece, and which we find distributed about hap-hazard, after the lapse of centuries. It is reasonable to think that the victorious Christian doctrine would, in order to secure the duration of its triumph, efface even the remembrance of the worship which it had replaced. The divine dwelling, Olympus, was the first to be condemned; all the gods, the great ones first, followed each other into eternal exile. But under this celestial aristocracy there existed a whole population of harmless divinities, whom it was all the more difficult to proscribe that they were more obscure, and as these modest and familiar beings had been created by degrees by the peasants who loved them, Christianity, unable to reach them for their destruction, preferred, when it did not disdain them, to make them its auxiliaries. This explains the vitality of these personages, who, in the beginning, if they were not merely words,<sup>1</sup> represented the forces of Nature, and enables us to understand how it

<sup>1</sup> To present these notes merely as recollections is to say that we do not enter upon the delicate question of the origin of myths. Let us only admit that Greece at first adored one Supreme, sole God, Zeus, and that in order to render the object of her faith less abstract, she transferred a part of this cultus to the powers of Nature; but let us not examine whether those powers were personified, represented under the concrete form of deities, as the symbolic school held, or, according to the alluring theories of M. Max Müller and the rationalist school, whether after having been directly venerated, as powers, without intermediaries, their names (mere designations) being transported in the course of time into different countries, have finally been taken for the names of divine personages.



was that the Greek people, who drove out Jupiter, Apollo, and Minerva from their temples, have preserved the memory of those demi-gods, Satyrs, Demons, Nymphs, and Nereïds who had not even an altar, familiar shades, gracious companions created by the fancy of each, and placed wherever that fancy pleased, in that time when 'all that struck man, all that awakened the impression of the divine in his soul, was god, or element of god.'

Such then, are, with a few exceptions, the divinities I have found still living; the humblest in the memory of the humblest. We can recognise them, for the most part, if we make due allowance for the alterations that time and the immigration of the foreigner must have made in the legend. But before I enter upon a description of them, I shall give a rapid sketch of certain interesting superstitions of another order, which it would be a pity to omit; I mean those which do not relate to any fabulous personages.

II. Among the superstitions of this nature, to which the Greek peasant (more perhaps than any other<sup>2</sup>) is most firmly attached, are those which ascribe certain influences to days. The provincials, remaining faithful to the precepts of Hesiod, would refuse to undertake any employment or enterprise, if the day, the week, and the month were not propitious. Some will observe the persons they chance to meet at certain hours, or they will seek to read the future in the flight of birds; others keep a careful, scrupulous reckoning of the phases of the moon, and form their decisions accordingly. Thus, when the moon is full the husbandman should neither sow, nor graft, and the full moon is the period chosen by sorcerers at which to exorcise demons from the bodies of the sick, especially those who

<sup>2</sup> I am convinced that an entire volume on each country would not be sufficient for an enumeration of these superstitions, of the omens which are drawn from accidents, from chance meetings, of the puerile, but sometimes insurmountable fears which are transmitted, without foundation, even without explanation, from generation to generation, and which are so widespread, that in a city like Paris, London, or New York, many people, perfectly reasonable in other respects, will hesitate to begin a journey on a Friday or on the 13th day of the month, will be disturbed if they chance to upset the salt, to place two knives crosswise, to catch sight of the moon through a window-pane, to sit down thirteen in number at table, to pass under a ladder, &c. Is it not in London that brides and bridegrooms, not of the peasant class, but of the best society, now, in 1882, would not hold their union to have commenced under happy auspices, if old ball shoes and handfuls of rice were not flung after their carriage, at the risk of frightening the horses?

In Greece, the popular superstitions are more attractive because they have a more direct historical interest. There, however, as elsewhere, it is always difficult to trace their origin with certainty, especially in the case of those which do not refer to fabulous personages; these may have originated in Greece at first, but passed away and been brought back, by the Crusaders for instance, entirely transformed, after centuries. We cannot put the reader too much on his guard against the temptations offered by seeming resemblances, in which he does not take sufficiently into account the attractions which legends and customs have alike undergone in their continual migrations.

suffer from skin disease. On certain days of the month linen is never dried.

Various incidents which take place at meals are held to be, according to the case, of good or evil augury, as in almost every country. It is held to be very unlucky to spill oil; the person to whom this mischance occurs will inevitably lose money in the course of the year. If wine be spilt, good fortune will be the result of the involuntary libation, and the master of the house himself, far from objurgating the clumsy guest who breaks a bottle, has no other idea than to envy him his happy change. A householder who has vinegar in his cellar never calls the vinegar by its name *Xidi*; he will always say *Glykadi*, which means the sweet one. 'Hand me the sweet one,' is the phrase in use, and if it were not employed, the speaker would expect his wine to turn sour. Euphemisms of this kind were, as it is well known, peculiar to the Greeks; thus the fierce Erinnys were called Eumenides, or the 'benevolent ones.' If a loaf were to be placed upon the table upside down, it would be a presage of death too sure to be averted by any number of signs of the cross; and even if an awkward person should let a bit of bread fall on the ground, he must pick it up on the instant, and kiss it before eating it.

M. G. Perrot speaks, in his *Mémoires d'archéologie, d'épigraphie, et d'histoire*, of divination by the inspection of sheep's bones. This method of penetrating the secrets of the future is largely resorted to at the present time, and the Greek peasant has confidence in it as absolute as that with which his ancestors regarded the examination of the entrails of a sacrificial victim. This practice is, however, no longer restricted to diviners and sorcerers only; on solemn occasions each man may act as his own augur, on behalf of himself and his family. I remember once when I was returning from an excursion into Achaïa, near Aigion, I was obliged to stop in the evening in the outskirts of Mourla, at a peasant's house where I asked hospitality for the night. He took me into a room where his wife and his four children were beginning their evening meal, of which he invited me to partake. I think it was a few days after Easter, and the food set before us was mutton. The children had just begun to talk freely, and conversation was becoming animated, when all of a sudden my host flung something violently on the ground, struck his forehead, and as I looked at his wife, seeking in her eyes an explanation, she burst into tears. A young girl of twenty was lying on a rug at the end of the room, in the shade; I had not observed her. She had recently fallen ill. Her father, turning his eyes towards her, picked up the object he had thrown down, and handed it to me. It was the bladebone of the sheep. 'You see nothing, perhaps,' he said to me; 'nevertheless it is written there that my daughter is going to die; she will not recover.' I endeavoured to dissuade him from this idea, but in vain; all the family were plunged into despair, and gave way

to the wildest grief. As fate would have it, the young girl actually did die a few days afterwards.

During the War of Independence, the same method was employed for foretelling the issue of the struggle, and the famous Captain Karaistratis was guided by the presage in engaging in or deferring an action. Certain conditions are indispensable to the prediction of the future by the bone: the sheep must have been purchased by the person who eats it, and kept alive for three days in his house; otherwise the presage applies to the person who has sold the animal. This superstition was especially cherished by the brigands, but it is to be presumed that they found some way of eluding its restrictive conditions, for they are not in the habit of purchasing their sheep, and they have no houses to keep them in.

Funerals, weddings, and the principal Saints' days are favourable opportunities for becoming acquainted with interesting beliefs and customs. It is the usage, when a man dies, to wash him in dark wine, before the body is cold, and after that ceremony is accomplished, his face is painted if it be too pale, he is arrayed in his best clothes, new shoes being especially required,—all this because he is about to take a long journey. It is not the case that the clothes are taken off the corpse at the cemetery, though this has been said; they are merely cut with scissors, in order that the grave may not be violated by thieves. During this time, women hired for the purpose, and called *myrologystres*, remain in the house and sing the praises of the deceased. These melancholy chants, like the *lamento* and the *vocero*, are partly improvised, partly recited by heart. They seem for the most part incomprehensible, but some of them are very fine. They are called *myrologia*, and are the ancient *Linos*, funeral laments, attributed to a mythical personage of that name, the Aedes linos, which were in use in the time of Homer and Hesiod.<sup>3</sup> There is another funeral custom which I was slow to understand; it is that called '*consolations*.' The word designates the dishes of meat or vegetables which the friends of the deceased send to his family on the eve, the day, and the morrow of the interment. '*Consolations*,' the expression is a match for the French saying '*hopes*' (*espérances*).<sup>4</sup>

The ceremonies observed on St. John's day are celebrated throughout almost the whole of Greece. The traveller in the provinces who halts at some village will behold, under the burning June sky, all the houses seemingly in flames. Before each door a huge wood pile is reared, and when it has been fired, chairs, baskets, barrels, boxes, in

<sup>3</sup> Maury, *Religions de la Grèce antique*.

<sup>4</sup> A girl has but 5,000 pounds as her marriage portion. 'That is very little' says some one to the bridegroom. 'Yes,' he answers, 'but the *hopes* are considerable.' The hopes are the death of the parents.

This custom of *consolations* is directly connected with the ancient superstition of the funeral banquets, frequently referred to by M. Albert Dumont, especially in his work, *Le Balkan et l'Adriatique*.

short all the old and worthless things in the house are heaped upon it. The oldest people take a keen delight in watching these waifs hissing and crackling under their eyes, while the young ones shout and jump across the flames. In certain districts however, this popular amusement (not peculiar, as it is known, to Greece only) has been discarded, and the ceremony of the '*Clidona*' has been substituted for it.

At dusk, a young maiden, bearing a wide-mouthed earthenware pitcher upon her shoulder, goes out alone to draw water from a spring. She must walk in silence, and she must return without having spoken a word, without having uttered a cry, with her pitcher quite full. But the young men throng about her, they speak to her, they call to her, they startle her, and in most cases, when she has got back, the water which she carries has lost all its virtues, through one involuntary laugh of hers, and the trial has to be recommenced, for the first condition prescribed is silence; the water must be *Amiliton*, or 'dumb water,'—such is the phrase. The maiden who succeeds, returns, and places the pitcher on a table in the house in which the people are assembled. Each in her turn, the young girls present throw something into the pitcher; a gold ring, a pin, a clasp, a buckle, an earring (like what in France is called '*un gage*' and in England '*a forfeit*'), and then the pitcher is covered and closed with a padlock, which is not to be removed until the next (St. John's) day. To this precaution the ceremony owes its name: (*Clidi* means '*key*'). Early in the morning the young men and the maidens assemble; a child is selected to put its arm down into the pitcher and take out, one by one, and very slowly, the little articles of ornament steeped in the 'dumb water.' The girls stand up in front of the child, who keeps its hand hidden in the neck of the pitcher, while the assembled company recite or improvise some verses to be applied to the maiden who shall be bidden to advance and receive her '*forfeit*.' The innocent emotion, the frank gaiety, in all those attentive eyes, those bent, smiling, anxious faces, lend a vivid interest to this moment of the festival. 'I passed before your house yesterday, I coughed and coughed, but you did not look round; that is because you are not pretty!' Then the child opens its hand, and shows the ornament in it; quick recognition of the owner follows, and every one laughs. The girl leaves the ranks of her companions, and goes with outstretched hand to receive her forfeit, while the assembly in great delight repeat with shouts of laughter, 'I coughed and coughed—it is because you are not pretty!' Again the child puts its hand into the water, there is a fresh silence, and then another burst of laughter, and so on, until the last of the '*forfeits*' is redeemed. Then the girls, one after the other, drink from the pitcher, until the '*dumb water*' is all exhausted, when each one runs away home in a great hurry, and takes her place at the window, looking out

attentively into the street;—for the first gay young bachelor who passes by will be her future husband.<sup>5</sup>

III. A great number of the divinities of old are still to be found in Achaïa; and especially in Arcadia, the cradle of the ancient superstitions, amid whose valleys rolls the Styx. Satyrs and nymphs still linger there, and each 'genius' has preserved the greater portion of its individuality throughout the lapse of ages. These mythical personages are frequently the object of a purely local worship, and are for this reason appropriately called *Chthoniai* (terrestrials), a denomination of relatively ancient date. Some of them are regarded as formless beings, and present a striking analogy with the *Apsaras* of the Veddas. In other instances, on the contrary, we find them described with a minuteness of detail worthy of the Theogony. It would seem that they are not now, any more than they were of old, regarded as immortals, but the popular belief does not, to my knowledge, assign any precise limit to the duration of their existence; and the term of 9620 years, which was fixed by Plutarch in his treatise on the Cessation of the Oracles, is no longer admitted. When they have a body, it is generally either that of a human being with some slight modification, or of an entirely fantastic creature; they rarely take the complete form of an animal. The seal is, however, represented as it is now known to us, although the fable is that a woman is hid beneath its rude exterior. When the rash swimmer strikes out too far into the sea, the seal glides up to him, seizes him by the neck, and stifles him in her terrible embrace. She then carries him off with her, lays him down upon a desert shore, and weeps over him. Hence come the popular saying when a woman sheds false tears, 'Klei san phokia,'—or 'she cries like a seal,' and the ancient proverb, 'there be seal's tears.' In certain provinces a similar belief is entertained respecting the Gorgons, marine divinities

<sup>5</sup> Notwithstanding my reluctance to multiply instances of resemblance, and although it is a truism that nothing has been transmitted so freely from the past to the present, and so widely-spread throughout the world, as superstitions, I must relate, without entering upon the question of their origin, the following custom which existed in Ireland. It was called the *Dumb Cake*. The Dumb Cake had to be prepared, like the *Amilition* water, under certain special conditions. On St. John's Eve the company assembled, and it was shared among them. Each young girl had a piece, which she immediately hid beneath her pillow, and, if she did not speak a word she would be sure to dream of the man whom she was to marry, sometimes even she would see him; if, however, she spoke, the charm was broken, the vision disappeared. To-day they do, as it is known, almost the same with the *Wedding-Cake*.

In Germany, we find this analogous custom. If, on St. John's Night, a young girl walks backwards in a garden, without uttering a word, gathers a rose, wraps it in a sheet of paper and keeps it thus, without looking at it, until Christmas, she finds the rose as fresh as in June, and she has only to fasten it on her bosom to learn her fate, for he who shall be her husband will come and take it thence. In every country these experiments must be made at night; everywhere the important point is not to sleep on St. John's Eve. Imagination or pleasure must banish sleep, and every means is employed to serve that object.

who still bear a resemblance to the redoubtable daughters of Phorkys, and to whose account the Greeks, in certain provinces, have placed a portion of the legends formerly related of the Syrens.<sup>6</sup>

The foremost place in this gallery of fantastic portraits is due to the most popular 'genius' in Greece; that one which, together with the Nereïds, has the greatest hold upon the imagination of children and old people. The *Stichio* is known and dreaded in all the provinces, and no traveller, halting by night on his journey under a peasant's roof, can fail to hear it talked of. The *Stichio* is a spectre, a wandering soul, a vague phantom, sometimes invisible, at others assuming the most widely various forms. We shall see presently, that ancient mythological creations have become mingled in this being under the same name, and added to its attributes. The characteristics of the *Stichio* are very numerous and various, but he is especially to be regarded as the household 'genius.'<sup>7</sup> The *Stichio* is good or evil, inoffensive or harmful; every dwelling has its inevitable *Stichio*, and as there is no possibility of getting rid of it, the great object is to render it as friendly and as favourable as possible. With this view, no one who builds a house would omit to slay a lamb over the foundations, letting the blood run into the earth, so that the *Stichio* may drink it and be propitiated. This is an obligatory tribute, and if the ceremony, which is called by the ancient name of 'thysia' (sacrifice), were omitted, the dwelling would be for ever disturbed by a 'Kako' or bad *Stichio*.

It is a natural result of this belief that ruins and deserted houses should be regarded with dread similar to that which in other countries<sup>8</sup> is inspired by haunted houses. The *Stichio* only dwells in them, he is at home there, and the Greeks express this idea by saying, 'that is a *Stichiominous* house. They apply the same description to all places frequented by the *Stichios*. According to M. Passon and M. Politis (whose *Neo-Mythologia* is greatly enriched by his acquaintance with the valuable works of Curtius, Wachsmuth, and Bernhard Schmidt), certain trees, and all springs and streams, have their *Stichios*. These have encroached upon the attributes of the Naiads, the Oréads, the Napées, and the Nymphs in general; attributes which we shall find more justly attributed to the Nereïds. When a tree is *Stichiominous* it is dangerous to a man to sleep beneath its shade, and the woodcutters employed to cut it down will lie down upon the ground and hide themselves, motionless and holding their breath, at the moment when it is about to fall, dreading lest the *Stichio*, at whose life a blow is aimed with each stroke of the axe, should avenge itself

<sup>6</sup> See the Danish *Hanfrur*.

<sup>7</sup> It is possible to establish a relation between the *Stichio* and the *Dii Penates*. On comparing it with the *Dæmon* of antiquity the analogy is striking.

<sup>8</sup> In London itself for instance, in one of the best parts of the town. I am only quoting a well-known fact when I remind my readers of the haunted house in Berkeley Square.

at the precise moment when it is dislodged, to be lost in the infinite. Its existence is, in fact, like that of the Dryads, bound up with the fate of the tree which it inhabits.

In Greece, as in the whole of the East, wells are the favourite abiding-place of spirits. This is a superstition so widely spread among the peasants that they say it is a wise precaution never to draw water without having saluted the *Stichio*.

With regard to the Church, the *Stichios* play a part somewhat similar to that of the Devil, but they are not to be confounded with the latter. They have a more definite form, for they are called 'metamorphosed devils.' They are seldom beneficent, nevertheless there are some who live in the interior of churches and light them up at night. The malicious *Stichios* place themselves outside to frighten the faithful and prevent them from entering. An old woman, who lived in a cabin built against the wall of a village chapel, related to me how she heard the *Stichios* walking at night with rapid and heavy tread, and clanking their chains upon the pavement before the door. The dragon of Perseus and that of St. George, which are to be found in all Greek churches, are evil genii of this kind, and the people say, when speaking of the victory of the saint, 'He had struck down the *Stichio*.' M. Politis observes that the ancient dæmons appeared under the form of a serpent, and that this superstition led to a real respect for those reptiles. It is probable that so wide-spread a belief arises from some perverted tradition relative to the symbolical character which was for so long attached to the serpent. Even now (all authors who are at all acquainted with Greece have noted the fact), a serpent found in a house is always respected. Not only is it not killed, but, just as the *Stichio* is propitiated, the reptile, whether it be venomous or not, will be given the name of household serpent—'*spitiatico phili*.'

The *Stichios* are not always regarded as sedentary genii. They go out at night, ill-treat the passers-by and fight among themselves. In certain regions, and especially in Cyprus, they are held to be the slaves of King Solomon, whose name has been preserved with theirs in the popular memory. In one of the books attributed to him the great King of Judea expresses himself in the following terms: 'And I saw another demon appear unto me, and raise with him other spirits fair to see; and I Solomon admired them, and I questioned them thus, "And you, who are you?" and they replied with one voice, "We are those who are called *Stichios*, the Kings of Darkness."'

Before proceeding to describe the *Kalikantzari*, impish sprites, who are as popular as the *Stichios*, but are regarded with less dread, it is well to refer to the *Vroukolakkas*. These are genii of a very different kind; 'poor ghosts' who escape from the tombs at night, and whose mere name implies a secret dread, even among the least timid. The superstitions which relate to these beings are plainly of

great antiquity; they remind us distinctly of the idea so clearly conveyed in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and entertained by all the ancients, on the subject of sepulture. The modern Greeks dread beyond all things that the body should not become decomposed after death, but should remain intact in the grave. This, contrary to the belief formerly entertained in France, is the fate reserved for excommunicated persons, and the unhappy beings who have incurred that punishment are the *Vroukolakkas*. Ever restless, they quit their last abodes at nightfall, and wander away in despair towards the place of their sojourn during life. They stop frequently, and knock at all the well-known doors in the village, now closed to them for ever. Any unlucky individual who should be so imprudent as to open a door at their summons, would be certain to die in the course of the following day. Before the shades of night are dispelled by the dawn, the *Vroukolakkas* silently regain their graves, to recommence with the setting of the sun the dismal pilgrimage that is to know no end. The popular songs of Greece abound in testimonies to this belief. The dying Klepht says frequently, speaking of the earth, 'That earth which will gnaw me, which will eat me.'<sup>9</sup> Throughout the whole country the traveller will find this phrase in use, and the bitterest curse that one man can hurl at another is, 'May the earth refuse to eat you!'

The *Kalikantzari* make us forget the gloomy torments of the *Vroukolakkas*, and fireside tales of them help to pass away the evenings in the peasants' homes. The Greeks would be sorry that the power of any amulet should rid them of these amusing little devils, who are lively, funny, indiscreet, thievish, impudent, and cowardly, mischievous but not malicious, lascivious but not obscene, and withal decidedly amusing.

It is the custom in all Greek towns for the *pappas* to visit the inhabitants on Epiphany day, in order to bestow the benediction upon their dwellings, with the new year's water. This ceremony has also another purpose, according to the belief of the peasants; that of driving away the *Kalikantzari*. These genii do not sojourn among men during the whole year; they appear at Christmas, and depart on the 6th of January. But, on the other hand, they make the best possible use of this short time; and do not let a minute slip without playing a trick on some one. They prefer the evening for their diversions, and at that propitious time these funny beings swoop down upon a house, most frequently a mill, make their way into it by means of the chimney, and depart at cockcrow through the keyhole. Their favourite prank is to steal the dinner while in process of cooking, but the owners of the house are on their guard, and when the old grandmother (sitting in the chimney corner),

<sup>9</sup> See *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 15, 1876; D'Estournelles, *Vie de Province en Grèce*.



sees the smoke begin to thicken around the pot, she lifts her crutch and bestows hearty blows at random upon the air to frighten the *Kalikantzari*. Sometimes the sprites, taking advantage of the darkness, indulge their taste for metamorphoses, turn themselves into tiny beings, and flutter about in the houses. The good man of the house will be sitting with crossed arms, taking his ease, when all of a sudden he receives a slap; he turns sharply round, but sees nothing; then comes a second slap upon the other cheek; still he sees nothing. Then he quits his place, and blames none but the *Kalikantzari*. Their practical jokes are not, however, always harmless, and we sometimes find that attempts to disturb the peace of households are attributed to these indefatigable little imps. They have the temperament, as well as the horns and hoofs of the goat—(like Faunus and the god Pan)—and when they are not occupied in teasing credulous mortals, they resort to the society of the Nereïds, contemplate their charms, and join in their dances. Undoubtedly the tales that are told of these unions are a survival of those of the Satyrs and the Nymphs. They seek out women also, and the latter aver that it is impossible, at least for any who are not crafty and coquettish, to resist them.

It would be too much to assert that the *Kalikantzari* are actually guilty of all the crimes laid to their charge, and perpetrators of practical jokes do well not to trust implicitly to the fear inspired by those superstitions. It is not uncommon to find a sceptic who will return the slap dealt him in the dark, with interest, and seek the object on whom his vengeance ought to fall elsewhere than among the *Kalikantzari*. True believers, however, do not fail to employ beforehand the preventive measures which are sanctioned by the teachings of tradition. To provide against certain malpractices on the part of the sprites it is only necessary to keep black cocks on one's premises, or even if there are none, to call out 'Sticks, sticks, burning brands!' so that the cry may be heard by some living being; the *Kalikantzari* take flight at once.

Very frequently these joyous sprites have not enough houseroom, and they are found wandering in the country, or along the high roads. For this reason they are called in Cyprus *Planitari* or vagabonds, when they appear under the strangest variety of shapes. They conceal themselves in the body of a dog, or an ass, and especially of a horse; sometimes they will even change themselves into a stone, and so familiar to them is every kind of metamorphosis that M. Loukas tells us the following fact in the work upon Cyprus which we have already quoted:—'When the weary traveller seats himself upon a stone it changes into an ass, then the ass changes into a camel, and the camel into a mountain, so that the unhappy traveller, suddenly hoisted up to the skies, falls fainting down to earth again, to the great rejoicing of the *Kalikantzari* who have played him this trick.'

It is well to mark, as one of the most characteristic traits in the nature of these sprites, the infantile fear they everywhere inspire, although they are considered as personages full of kindness. It is indeed related that they have families and children whom they love. On the 6th of January, when the blessing of the waters expels them from the house, they all withdraw and live together in the centre of the earth, where they occupy themselves in sawing—last effort of their mischievousness—the gigantic tree that sustains the world.'

Thus, without taking these last-mentioned beliefs into account, the different descriptions of the habits and the form of the *Kalikantzari* which are given us in each province, enable us to see in the existence of these genii, some confused, but still perfectly recognisable reminiscences of the god Pan of Arcadia, of the Satyrs and Fauns; divinities whom we also find successively identified by the latest Greek and Latin writers. Like the Satyrs, they have entirely lost the character of protectors of agriculture, and if the characteristics of Bacchus and Silenus be no longer attached to their names, they are still the gay and irresponsible beings of the fable, lazy, gluttonous, and lustful; they are still musicians, and they have the power of spreading terror—unreasoning *panic*—everywhere! Everybody dreads, and yet everybody loves and is amused by them, and if we are to believe what is told in Cyprus, a sacrifice is still offered to them in the Isle of Venus, analogous to that wherewith the Latins thought to appease the gluttony of the *Sylvani*. A cake, called *Xero-tigano* (or dry fried cake) is prepared, with meat and confectionery; the *Kalikantzari*, attracted by the savour, come down the chimney and eat.<sup>10</sup>

IV. Before we enter upon a description of the Nereïds, who are the subject of the greatest number of legends especially cherished by

<sup>10</sup> In almost every country the peasants believe in the existence of spirits of this kind. In Sweden, Norway and Denmark particularly, among the subterranean population of the *Ellerfolket*, we find the most striking resemblances. While the Trolld, who is generally malicious, resembles the *Stichio*, the Nissé is identical in certain respects with the *Kalikantzari*. The Nissé is not mischievous; he is a little grey, long-bearded man in a red cap, who makes his appearance at Christmas time, and the feast of St. Sylvester. If he be well received he is inoffensive, even favourable; if not, he plays his hosts the same tricks as the *Kalikantzari*. Again, exactly as in Greece the *Xero-tigano* is offered, you will see a Danish peasant place a dish of *risen-grød* at his door, in the evening, for the Nissé. The Nissés, like the *Kalikantzari* have a family under ground, and work like them, not at sawing, but at forging. They are the heroes of numerous stories: it was a Nissé who gave the mother of Count Josiah de Rantzau, in recognition of a kind office rendered, the sword which rendered the Count invulnerable, until that unlucky day when he had the temerity to throw it into the Rhine: an audacious deed which cost him dear, since the story goes that, after that, he was wounded sixty times. Again, the *Domovoö* in Russia is a sort of household genius, much resembling the *Stichio* and the *Kalikantzari*. In France elves of this kind are well known. In England, their name 'Troll' (from to troll—to go about) is exactly a translation of that which they bear in Cyprus—*planitari*.

popular superstition, it will be well to refer to certain feminine divinities who have survived the Greek mythology. They are not without importance, and some of them, for instance the *Parcæ*, are of a superior order. The *Parcæ*, feared and venerated as they were of old, have not lost, under the denomination of *Meres* (*Moirai*) any of their original characteristics, and not a day passes without their name being pronounced in Greece.<sup>11</sup> They are still three in number, and they have a double part to play. In the first place, being regarded as representing destiny, they enable the weak mind of the peasant to take in more effectually, by means of a triple personality, the abstract idea which subjects human existence to an invisible but ever vigilant power always dominating our least actions; in the second place they are regarded as the symbol of life itself from the cradle to the grave. In speaking of a man who is growing old, it is the custom to say that the *Mere* is getting on with her work, that she is not losing her time, that her task will soon be ended. The first of these interpretations, however, corresponding as it does to a more elevated and more necessary idea, is more widespread: the expressions 'his fate,' or 'his *Mere*' are used indifferently in Greece, and indeed, as those words, fate, fortune, and destiny, are too abstract, and include a force which the peasant mind cannot define; it is more common to hear the name of the divinity uttered, because all hearers can understand that the speaker is talking of a being whose will is not to be resisted.

The *Meres* still hold the shears, and the eternal spinning-wheel whose thread represents the course of our mortal life, and, without naming *Atropos*, the Greeks speak of the 'Fate,' as they did of old, as 'she who is not to be bent or softened.' Each of us from the hour of his birth has his future written upon his forehead in cabalistic symbols: this the people call *to grapsimon toñ meron*, the writing of the *Parcæ*, for every man on coming into the world finds his *Mere* who protects him and guides him. When misfortune strikes him, he will not say 'Heaven forsakes me,' but rather, 'My *Mere* betrays me,' and his pitying friends will apply to him an expressive epithet which has become current in the Greek language to designate an unfortunate person, *caco-mera*, or a man with a bad *Mere*. Many a one, say the story-tellers, has desired in his despair to go in search of his *Mere*, and bear to her an offering in the hope of appeasing her. The three immortal sisters, clothed in black robes, dwell in the depths of a cavern on a lofty and barren mountain. There they spin together, and discuss the fate of all sons of kings. The witches only are possessed of the secret of this retreat, and can reveal it, but when the unhappy doomed one approaches them, his prayers remain unheard;

<sup>11</sup> I have published the text of a long and interesting story, called *The Three Sisters*, in which the *Parcæ* and the *Nereids* play an important part. (*Annuaire de l'Association des Etudes Grecques*. Année 1878.)

in vain does he trouble their inexorable silence, he returns more than ever overwhelmed with misery. Once, nevertheless, a young girl did find favour with the witches, and discovered the means of seeking her Mere; she offered a cake made after the prescribed recipe and her fate was changed. She married a rich noble, and would have been perfectly happy if she had had a child, but this favour she never obtained, for it is written that no human being, even with the good will of the Parcæ, can ever attain to complete happiness.<sup>12</sup>

It is not uncommon to see boys running after an old woman, in the country parts of Greece, and shouting 'Strigla, Strigla!' This is the name of an evil genius of the female sex, of no great importance and not very defined character in the popular belief. Used as those urchins use it, the appellation only means 'old fairy,' and indicates a cross, disagreeable old woman whom every one hunts and worries. By trying back into the past, and even by combining the existing superstitions of certain provinces of Peloponnese, we find that this name is given to malignant divinities who eat children and wage a perpetual war against mankind. M. Politis, in his *Neo-Mythologia*, makes us acquainted with these Strigles. A king and queen, after they had had several sons, became the parents of a daughter who was a *Strigla*. From her babyhood being changed into a black cloud, she ate her father's horses, and afterwards she ended by devouring all the inhabitants of the town and her parents themselves. Thus, these divinities are, according to this hypothesis, a monstrous conception, the direct issue of man and woman, they are born and they die *Strigles*. The following interpretation, which is explained by the horror with which the Greeks regard old age, is more frequently met with. All grandmothers who have lived to over a hundred years become *Strigles*, and then they are changed into bats or vampires. Under those forms they suck the blood of men and animals in their sleep.<sup>13</sup>

Popular superstition preserves with much greater clearness the existence of a goddess of a totally different order, a nymph less famous than the Nereïds, although said to be their queen, but of equally ancient origin. This goddess is *Lamia*, and she is, with the Greeks, we believe, the only rival—a very modest rival indeed,—of the Nereïdes. Their respective realms are already becoming confounded. Nevertheless, *Lamia*, essentially local goddess of the waters, especially dwells in springs of fresh water and in lakes, rarely in the sea.

<sup>12</sup> The Greeks frequently attribute to the *Meres* a character which was formerly reserved for those sisters (according to Hesiod) the Keres, psychopompæ divinities.

<sup>13</sup> In this respect they are likened to the Harpies and even to the Menads. Ovid and Pliny describe them under the name of *Strigos*, and this spelling seems to point to an analogy between the *Strigles* and the *Striga* of the Slavs. In Austria, among other countries, a superstition of the same nature exists; if the first person whom one sees on New Year's morning be a young girl, the omen is good, if an old woman it is evil. See also Roumanian superstition concerning the vampire.

Certain authors invest her with 'forbidding features;' this was a very ancient belief, but it was soon abandoned; and young men of the present day, when speaking of a woman whom they consider handsome, use the phrase, *Oraia san lamia*, 'She is as handsome as Lamia.' Although the name, contrary to that of the Nereïds, is most generally used in the singular, an indefinite number of Lamias are admitted to exist, but as they dwell not in groups, each being attached to the lake or spring which she possesses, the peasant is accustomed to think of only that one whom he believes to be near to his own house, and this is far from diminishing his faith and fear. The nymph Lamia is indeed regarded as very malicious; she is held guilty of the death of all persons who drown themselves, and in certain villages, on New Year's day, a dish of sweetmeats is prepared and placed at the edge of the spring, 'to appease Lamia.'<sup>14</sup> Her voracity is such that she, like the *Strigla*, eats men and children; Greek nurses profit by this superstition to frighten unruly children; threatening them with Lamia, just as French nurses avail themselves of 'Croque-mitaine' and English ones of the 'black man.' Every kind of defect is imputed to these divinities. So stupid are they, say the old women, that they do not even know how to bake bread; they have dogs and horses, but they give hay to the former and bones to the latter. They are besides as lewd as they are greedy; like the *Succubi* and the Syrens, they tempt young and even old men, and only the most invincible firmness can resist their solicitations. Nevertheless, in spite of all these accusations, they enjoy a certain rule over the Nereïds, which would seem to place them in the first rank, if the latter had not acquired in the highest degree, what is denied to the Lamias,—popularity.

V. We have already said that in the Nereides or Neraïds are united the greater part of those attributes which characterise the Naiads, the Oceanïdes, the Dryads, the Napæ, and the whole elegant and fanciful legion of the nymphs of antiquity.<sup>15</sup> The imagination of the people distributes these beings at its pleasure, in the forests, on the mountains, in the depths of the valleys, on the roads, even in the trees, and it might be said at the present day that, notwithstanding the etymology of their name, the characteristics of aquatic divinities is that which they have least strictly preserved, for the real deity of the waters is Lamia. Nevertheless it is also true that they frequently borrow rôles from divinities of another order; from the Parcæ for

<sup>14</sup> Ovid says, 'Neu pransæ Lamiaë vivum puerum extrahat alvo.'

<sup>15</sup> It is not only in the present day that various beliefs are confounded, and applied at the same time to entirely distinct fabulous personages. Even in the time of Homer, the nymphs who originally personified springs, or took their names, were intimately connected with the goddesses of the woods and mountains, and at a later date the name of nymph was extended to all those divinities. In the same way the name of Nereïdes must have been extended to all the nymphs.

instance, the Ilithies, the Melies, the Syrens, and even from the Stichio; so that in themselves alone they present a complete and faithful compendium of the secondary creations of the Greek mythology.

The peasants represent them to their fancy with the features of fair maidens with long flowing hair. They hover over the solitary woods and mountains, whirling round incessantly and dancing. Sometimes they alight on an elevated spot and work at the weaving of light stuffs, singing as they weave; they even appear to spin like Clotho.<sup>16</sup> Their favourite abodes are grottoes and inaccessible depths, and also, in spite of the Lamias, springs or streams, and, in general, all sites on which unexplained phenomena take place.

It is not uncommon to observe that these superstitions originate and find expression simultaneously with the fear that is inspired by storms and gales. I have had personal knowledge of this peculiarity, and owe to it the favour of having beheld the Nereïds. Towards the end of April I was shooting in Achaïa, in the neighbourhood of a little village called Phtéri, and on my way thither I had made the acquaintance of an old peasant who took a lively interest in the success of my sport. Friendships are quickly formed in Greece, and ours was matured by mid-day, when we sat down together to divide in two equal parts my already scanty breakfast. When we had finished our meal, we still sat there, dreaming: the sea-breeze had got up, and it filled the warm air with a cool salt fragrance which we inhaled in silence. All of a sudden, in the midst of our reverie, my new friend turned his head, flung himself flat upon the ground, and lay there motionless, with fixed eyes, muttering, *Panaghia mou, Panaghia mou!* Holy Virgin, Holy Virgin! then he made the sign of the cross three times, and at length said, 'There are the Nereïds dancing!' I followed the direction of his gaze. Over a neighbouring mountain, just above a barren peak, a cloud of dust drawn up by the wind was rising and whirling. It took a circular shape, became gradually wider, and finally dispersed. 'They are gone,' said the peasant with a sigh of relief, and then he proceeded to give me the explanation which I awaited. When the Nereïds dance, the earth itself quivers under their furious tread; their feet set heaps of ashes and even stones in motion, and send them flying so far, and from so high, that they frequently fall into the villages at the foot of the mountains.\* This belief is generally entertained, and the peasants are not satisfied with making the sign of the cross when the dance of the Nereïds begins; they

<sup>16</sup> The Nereïds have by degrees assumed the characteristics which we have noted among the modern Parcae, or psychopompe divinities. Not only do they preside like the former over the lives of men, but to them is now reserved the task of conducting souls to the foot of the Supreme Tribunal. In fact, in certain provinces they are furnished with wings, and a bird's body, so that they resemble the description of the Harpies given by Hesiod, who invests them with handsome features.

prostrate themselves on the earth and cry out, 'Milk and honey go with you on your way,'<sup>17</sup> so that they may not be carried away by the hurricane of Nereïds. This superstition invests the ancient imprecation, 'May the wind fly away with you!' which is still used, with a special meaning.

The virtue of 'healing waters' has, for a very long time, given rise to superstitions connected with the power of the Nereïds. In those cases the Nereïds preserve their antique character as tutelary nymphs of the waters, and are still believed to dwell in these genial springs. The invalid coming to one of the springs to drink will fill his goblet in profound silence, fearing lest the Nereïds should deprive him of his voice. It is worthy of remark that although a double character is attributed to the Nereïds, who are accounted both good and evil, we very rarely find that they avail themselves of that privilege, or fail to exert an injurious influence on human beings. The sick person who would drink must enter the grotto carrying a green lamp, fill the water-vessel in silence, and leave upon the edge of the spring a shred of his garment. Above all he must not manifest any fear; should he turn his head if a sudden sound of steps or voices catch his ear, he will become mad, and the water will lose its effect.

At midnight, when the waters are sleeping, the Nereïds come to bathe in it. The people believe that all springs are lukewarm at this hour; no one would dare to approach and drink, for fear of being carried off, for the nymphs think that they are alone, and come out of the water naked; they comb their wet hair, and adorn themselves on the banks of the streams. They are so beautiful in the clear serenity of the night, that no mortal may look upon them with impunity; although some authors aver that they have goats' and asses' feet like the Satyrs, it is said of them, as of Lamia, 'fair as a Nereïd.'

It is believed too that they are still more to be feared at mid-day, and in the Island of Milo, the epithet of noon (or meridian) *mesimergiates* is applied to them, just as in the Middle Ages the foul fiend was called *daemon meridianus*. This appellation is appropriate because, in ancient days, noon was regarded as the fitting hour for the repose of souls, and it was then a crime to disturb their tranquillity. The people of the North shared this superstition; there is a passage in Ossian, it is the song of the deliverance of Carriatura, in which the shade of Vinvela speaks again to the beloved Shelic: 'At noon, when silence shall fall upon our plains, I will come and sit by the edge of this stream on the top of the hill; come then and converse with me, thou for whom I weep; come on the wings of the mountain wind, and let me hear the sound of thy voice in the midst of the universal stillness.'

In most of the provinces it is believed that the Nereïds can

<sup>17</sup> Exactly as formerly.

appear at all hours, and that their life is passed, from day to day, very much in the same fashion as our own. They are even believed to have families and dwellings, and certain authors endow them with husbands, male spirits who bear the same name as themselves, and children who are called *Neraiidopoula*. It is also said that the Nereïds are of two kinds, and that they inhabit the sea and mountains. On Saturdays, in the evening, those who dwell in the mountains come down to the strand and fight their rivals, and upon whether they return victorious or vanquished, depends the kind of treatment which human beings whom they meet on the way will receive at their hands. The chances are, however, not in favour of the passers-by, for encounters of this nature are always dangerous, and those mortals who have to congratulate themselves upon them are very rare. In the majority of cases, the mere sight of the Nereïds is to be dreaded, and the imprudence of pausing to look at them while dancing or bathing, would be promptly punished by a fit of vertigo or epilepsy. On one occasion a woman found herself face to face with them in the middle of a road. They asked for food, and, as she was poor and had nothing to give them, they beat her so severely that she lost her senses. She went about from village to village, telling her story, until one day another woman, moved by charity, undertook to cure her. With this aim they both repaired to the road on which the Nereïds had appeared, and lighted a large fire in the midst of which they placed three pieces of bread covered with honey; but when they wanted to flee from the spot, the Nereïds, who were not appeased by this sacrifice, reappeared, and pelted them with stones until they died.

It is not always, however, this excessive cruelty that renders the Nereïds so formidable; they possess a charm which is more dangerous than their violence. If they take a fancy to a man, they carry him off, and keep him in their company. This superstition, which recalls the ancient legend (the abduction of the beautiful youth Hylas, especially), varies widely, according to the district or to the caprice of the narrator, but it is of special application under the following circumstances. In Achaïa it is said that the fig-tree, the sycamore, and the olive have heavy shade, *vary ischion*, and whosoever lies down in the shadow of their branches is plunged into an overwhelmingly deep sleep. The Nereïds await this moment to carry off the sleeper. Now it not unfrequently happens during the great heat of summer, that a man fatigued by work under the burning sun lies down to rest under the shelter of one of those trees, whose foliage (especially that of the fig and the sycamore) is very thick, and which cast a cold shadow. This sudden transition may in certain cases produce sunstroke or an attack of apoplexy, and the sleeper awake no more. The Greeks have a special phrase for such incidents, *einia ai ap' exo*, 'this comes



from on high,' or they are those outside; that is to say, the Nereïds have taken him. The man frequently escapes death and is restored to himself; he will then be carried to the town, and as he always suffers from fever and great prostration, he remains for several days without speaking: this again is the doing of the Nereïds, and the least superstitious among the people will say *ton epiran tin lalian*, 'they have taken away his speech.' There is only one efficacious remedy in these cases, a *pappas* is sent for and reads to the patient, *ton diavasi*, and frees him from the witchcraft.

Sometimes the Nereïds are not satisfied with carrying off a man for a few moments and then abandoning his lifeless body; their victim reappears no more; or else he is found after some days a shattered corpse at the bottom of a desert valley. I have, however, been told that the Nereïds, either from pity or through a refinement of cruelty, frequently let those whom they have carried off live, and send them back when they are tired of them, after having horribly mutilated or disfigured them, or affected them with the most distressing infirmities.

The Nereïds are not, however, always inexorable; they forgive, they love, and we occasionally come upon legends which depict them in a gracious and benevolent light. Thus, if the Nereïds fall in love with mortal men, it is not uncommon, on the other hand, for a man to fall in love with one of them; in that case, he allows himself to be carried away, and the grateful nymph bestows upon her lover bliss beyond all that the imagination can picture. His happiness endures so long as he is faithful; but, if he breaks faith with her, and leaves the enchanted abode to return to the town, then the insulted Nereïds combine against him, and, like new Eumenides, seek him out, lie in wait for him, pursue him to the solitude of the mountain, and kill him.

A charming image of the gentle and loving Nereïd is presented in a story that was told to me more than once, and which was doubly curious because it also applies to a very celebrated personage in contemporary Greek history. Fiction is so intimately connected with reality, positive facts are mingled with such improbable circumstances, that it is impossible to distinguish between what is historical and what is fabulous. I allude to the amours of Mavromichalis, father of the celebrated Petros Bey, who governed Peloponnesus before the Independence, and grandfather of George Mavromichalis, one of the assassins of Capô d'Istria.

This Mavromichalis was poor; his sole wealth consisted in his beautiful black eyes. One day, when he was walking alone on the sea coast, he saw, not far from the shore, a deserted barque, drifting oarless at the mercy of the winds and waves. In the middle of the boat stood a young woman of great beauty, clothed in white garments; her eyes were fixed upon Mavromichalis. He perceived the danger she was in, the wind was driving the boat out to sea; he

flung himself into the water, and brought it back to land. Then he wished to question the young woman, but she did not answer, and he perceived that either she was dumb or she did not understand his language. Nevertheless, having fallen under a supernatural charm, he took her to his home and married her. The fruit of that union was the famous Petros Bey. His mother died in giving birth to him, and as it was never known what had become of her, legend made a Nereïd of her. This fable is known all over Greece.

Tales of this kind, coinciding with the birth of important personages, are not uncommon in Greece, and the Nereïds almost always play the chief part in them. M. Politis has also related two very interesting stories concerning the union of a Nereïd with a mortal, and the birth of a son to the wedded pair, and the details of these stories confirm the similarity with which we have been struck, between the legend of Mavromichalis and that of the birth of Achilles and the wedding of Thetis and Peleus.

This recalling of the past, added to the charm of a simple and vivid narrative, constitutes one of the great attractions and the chief interest of the Greek popular stories. They make all those heroes who are of no age, all those antique creations whom we have enumerated, live in the midst of the men of the present day, among the peasants, in their very houses. No doubt many of their rôles are changed, the play is hardly like, the troop has often been dispersed, the principal personages have disappeared, and the secondary parts are mixed up together; but yet several of the actors remain, and in despite of disorder occupy the stage somehow. We see them stand again and perform for the contemporary public the parts which they have played for two thousand years, sometimes appearing in all the majesty of their might and filling simple souls with terror, or, on the contrary, familiar, almost playful, stripped of their supernatural character, coming and going upon the earth like mere mortals. It is true that we can no longer distinguish them very clearly, and that we should find it difficult to determine the part which each of them originally took, but let us not exact too much from human memory. Marble and metal themselves have not more faithfully transmitted to future ages the recollections which it was their part to glorify to all time, and it is with the remains of statues and porticoes, mutilated, scattered, or buried, that the modern historian has reconstructed the edifice of the past. Superstitions and legends have not in their turn come down through the ages with impunity, but they have come down throughout them. At the present day, when civilisation assimilates and tends to confound all customs, we should hasten to collect everything that comes directly from antiquity. I should be glad to have proved this to be a task as interesting as it is useful.

P. D'ESTOURNELLES.

## A NOTABLE SECESSION FROM THE VATICAN.

ON the 13th of September last, Henry Count di Campello, the head of the family of that name, Canon of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, addressed a letter to the Archpriest of that Basilica, in which he voluntarily resigned his position as Canon in the same, and declared that he 'went out from the ranks of the Roman clergy to fight henceforth in those of the pure Gospel of Christ,' persuaded as he was that thus only could he find peace of mind, and be able henceforth 'with honest face to profess himself Christian without hypocrisy, and Italian citizen without the mask of a traitor to his country.' The same evening he read this letter publicly in the Methodist Chapel<sup>1</sup> in the Via Poli, and made a short speech defending his action, as one to which he had been, after long struggling, constrained by the grace of God.

The fact was promptly spread abroad, and much commented on throughout the Christian world. I have no doubt that this was in part due to the care of the Methodist brethren, whose use of the press is second only to the Roman Catholic manipulation of it; but it was due even more to the attacks made upon the ex-Canon from the Roman Catholic side. These were poured upon him from all sides. But the work was overdone. It did not crush so much as give publicity, and show the importance which the Roman Church attached to this defection. It overshot itself in another way—in provoking the question what kind of a Church must it be at Rome, of whose higher clergy this very black character is a sample.

A brief *résumé* of his life will not, I believe, be without interest. I take it partly from his own published story of it,<sup>2</sup> verified by the accounts of former colleagues, and from my own personal knowledge of him. No one has yet challenged the truth of his autobiography in any of its statements. It was written evidently in great haste, and somewhat disconnectedly, and certainly with an absence of reserve, which seems less strange in Italian than in English. It is on the whole temperately written, considering the circumstances. He attacks

<sup>1</sup> One of eighteen congregations in Italy, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, under the energetic superintendence of Rev. Dr. Leroy M. Vernon.

<sup>2</sup> Enrico di Campello, *Centi Autobiografici, che rendono ragione dell' uscita di lui dalla Chiesa Papale*. Roma: Forzani e C<sup>a</sup>, Tipografia del Senato, 1881.

no one personally, where he could easily have done so, and with terrible effect. If at times he flashes out into language somewhat stronger than one could have wished, we must remember that adjectives do not mean in Italian as much as they do in English, and that he was suffering keenly under the sting of the vilest—I had almost said foul-mouthed—attacks from the clerical side; and, moreover, that he has grown up under the roof-tree almost of two Popes, who have set him a melancholy example in giving a large, if not the larger, part of their labours to cursing their enemies.

The seat of the Campello family is at Spoleto. They date in Italy from the eighth century. In the last generation, the head of the family was a Count Solon. He was a Liberal. He was a great friend of the then Archbishop of Spoleto. A cover was always set for the latter at the Count's table. The Archbishop was also a Liberal; they talked and plotted in a small way together. The Archbishop had a great fluency with his pen, as great almost as he showed later with his mouth. He wrote many letters to the Count di Campello and two or three other neighbours of like way of thinking. He even, it is said, went so far in some of these as to say that the only hope of reform in the Church lay in its separation from the temporal power. The Archbishop's name was Mastai-Ferretti. He was an ex-guardsman. He did not expect in those days to become Pius the Ninth.

The ex-Canon was the second son of the Count Solon. He took his name, Henry, from his godfather, Henry of Prussia, uncle of the present Emperor of Germany. He was born in Rome in 1831. At nine years of age he was sent to the noble Nazzarene College in Rome. His education from that time on was under the constant charge and surveillance of clerical teachers.

His father took office under the short-lived Republic of 1848, as Director-General of the Posts. A younger brother of his father, Pompeo, became Minister of War under the same Government. In the fall of the Republic the family was ruined. Pompeo came near being shot, but escaped to France, where, through the Bonaparte influence, he somewhat rehabilitated his fortunes. Solon appealed to the protection of his former friend, now Pius the Ninth. At first he was not heard—was not allowed to see the Pope. All his honours were taken from him. He had warm friends at Court, however—especially Cardinals Amat and Serafini. To the former of these Pius the Ninth chiefly owed his election. They interceded with the returned Pontiff for the Count di Campello, and were listened to. He was pardoned, and in the course of time recovered apparently his standing at the Papal court, though always as a man under a sort of unofficial surveillance. There was a good reason why the Pope should not forget that they had been Liberals together. The Count had in his hands many compromising letters which the Archbishop of Spoleto had written. He not only gave these up, but he served the Pope well in recovering for

him a number of like witnesses against him from their former political associates at Spoleto. He fully repaid in this way any kindness shown to him by the Pope. I suppose, too, that from his natural goodness of heart, Pius the Ninth remembered that they had been Liberals together, and there were probably some close questionings of conscience within him, in regard to the severe punishment of well-tried friends, for the logical carrying out of principles in which he had himself greatly strengthened them, and which they had stuck to, and he had deserted. The Mastai-Ferretti family had been friends of the people for generations. The older brother never forgave the Pope for proving false to the family traditions in this respect.

If the Count di Campello, however, did not get his pardon of free grace only, neither was it to be without conditions. As a pledge of his full submission and future fidelity, it was required that he should give up one of his sons to the service of the Church. This policy seems to have been largely followed in the reconciliation of the families who had sympathised with the revolution in 1848. I have myself met four or five priests who were forced into the Church at that time, as unwilling hostages for their families. In the case of the Count di Campello, the lot fell upon his second son Henry, then twenty-two years of age, and whose experience of life had not gone beyond monastic schools and clerical instruction. Nevertheless he did not want to become a priest at all. Of great natural activity, both of mind and body, and with his blood quickened by the few breaths of freedom that the short-lived Republic had let in upon the Roman people, he held back with distinct repugnance from the career that was chosen for him.

The Cardinal Serafini, a connection of the family, and a gay liver in his day, undertook to reconcile him to his fate; had him with him constantly at his table and in his carriage, enlarged upon the dignity and power and luxury of his own position, held before the youth's dazzled eyes the sure promise of the same preferment, and appealed above all to his love for his brothers and sisters. 'You will be the Joseph of your family, and restore to it its ancient glory.' But the young man still held back from playing even such a part, until, pressed one day by the Cardinal for his reason for such unnatural hesitation, he admitted that he shrank from giving up his liberty. A long burst of laughter followed his admission. 'What a booby you are. I entered the clerical career when I was a mere boy, was soon made prelate, received rich posts, was Canon of St. Peter's, to-day am Cardinal, and still I *never* in any way renounced my liberty, but lived just as I pleased,' and ecclesiastics who knew his Eminence tell me this was strictly true.

Under such counsels the young Enrico's opposition to the clerical career gave way. The Cardinal at once announced to his family his unchangeable resolution to give himself to the service of the Church.

His father and mother overwhelmed him with congratulations and caresses. No time was allowed for his new-born resolution to cool. He was hurried into a carriage and sent off in charge of a priest to the Jesuit establishment at Tivoli, where he made the spiritual exercises of Loyola, finishing with a confession covering his whole past, and finally with the reception of the Holy Communion. At the end of these exercises he was sent back to Rome, fully resigned to what he had been persuaded to accept as the will of God for him; a resignation which his family had thought it well, however, to put beyond risk of temptation, by the removal from his rooms of all his ordinary clothing. A fine new clerical dress awaited him in its place. Nor was he given much time to think after this. Within two months, the tonsure, and the first two of the minor orders, were given him; a little later the third and fourth, and in a month more the subdiaconate, all these orders being conferred within six months. After the subdiaconate came a little breathing time, but with its reception he was fast. There could be no drawing back, under the paternal government of Pius the Ninth, after that. The Holy Inquisition would have promptly convinced him that it would be worse than hard for him to kick against the pricks. In two months more he was made deacon, and in five months more ordained priest; just a few days over thirteen months from the time the tonsure was given, and nearly eighteen months before he had reached the canonical age for priest's orders. He was the first Roman of noble family who had entered on the clerical career since the restoration of the Papal government. His way was made very easy, that his example might draw others to follow in the same path.

Meanwhile he was passing his time in the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, with Monaco La Valletta, and Oreglia and Howard, all now Cardinals. The latter of these was ordained priest together with Campello, and always kept up relations of friendship with his former fellow-student until his abjuration of Romanism. I am afraid that the studies, however, were not severe; indeed, the Academy was rather a boarding-house than a school. Its common exercises were 'a capital supper and the Holy Rosary at three hours after sunset.' . . . The students were masters of their own time until one hour after sunset, when they were required to be in quarters. In case of failure they were supposed to be reported by the porter; the porter's eyes were always susceptible of being closed by a couple of francs. They lived like gentlemen, each one with his own apartment and special servant.

Campello pursued his theological studies during this time, at the Collegio Romano, under the most approved Jesuit professors of the day. He was ordained priest at St. John Lateran in June 1855, and the next day celebrated his first mass in the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, assisted by his friend Monsignor Monaco La Valletta—to-day Cardinal Vicar of Rome. The scene, with its following luncheon

in the apartments of the Cardinal Archpriest, and grand family dinner at his father's house, at which the young priest was the hero of the hour, is vividly described by Campello, but he recounts at the same time a little incident which shows the late Pope in pleasing contrast with the somewhat secular ceremonials of the occasion—even if it is just tinged with that amiable personal vanity, above which Pius IX. never could wholly rise.

‘The day after, Monsignor Cardoni took Campello to kiss the foot of the Pope, who presented him with a devotional book, and congratulating him said, “My dear son, keep alive the sense of your vocation, and guard yourself from growing indifferent to this, in the fever of making your career. Leave the care of that to God. I celebrated my first mass among the tattered poor of ‘Tata Giovanni.’ I should have liked to have been made canon of St. Maria Maggiore, a church at that time much frequented by me, because my confessor was a ‘Penitenziere’ of that Basilica. I was never able to obtain this. I was never prelate. So, I never adorned myself with the purple rags. Notwithstanding, after all, I am Pope.”’ This made such an impression upon the young priest that after he became a prelate he never donned the ‘purple rags,’ which his rank entitled him to wear—and this was one of the things brought up in the way of reproach against him later, that he was careless about maintaining in externals the high dignity of a prelate.

The same year he was chosen to deliver the customary panegyric on the supremacy of St. Peter and the Papacy, before the Pope and cardinals, in St. Peter's, on the festival of St. Peter's Chair. Fired by the subject, the place—St. Peter's tomb—and the surroundings, he acquitted himself so brilliantly that the Pope received him in a special audience the next day, and, after many praises, presented him with a silver medal.

He continued, after his ordination, an inmate of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, taking meanwhile his degree in theology from his Collegio Romano, and in ecclesiastical law from the Lyceum of S. Apollinare. But besides this he gave himself diligently to exercising himself in preaching, and to mission work, assisting, and afterwards succeeding, Monsignor Monaco La Valletta, of whom he speaks with affectionate admiration, in the charge of a mission to the sailors at the Ripa Grande, and of the oratory at the crowded school of the Ignorantelli, of St. Salvatore. Six years passed rapidly thus in a ministry which he felt to be profitable to himself and others; and so fully did he gain the confidence of his superiors during this time that he was in 1861 unexpectedly appointed by the Pope a Canon of the patriarchal Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore. It was one of those surprises which Pius IX. sometimes indulged in with much satisfaction to himself. But it made the young priest enemies. The chapter to which he was appointed is perhaps the most fossilised in Rome

There were venerable men in it, who had spent a lifetime in reaching its dignities, who took it ill that a priest not yet thirty years old should be entered among their ranks, and especially one of a family suspected still of republican sympathies. And they took it still worse that he was not content to pass his time in idleness after his nominal duties in the choir were finished, or give himself up to the courtier's life, which was held the becoming duty of a rising prelate. He lowered the dignity of his office, it was said, by continuing to indulge in mission work, and especially by assuming the personal direction of one of the night-schools for workmen, instituted by a charitable society of which Monsignor Franchi was president. The life of a canon, with its idleness, and jealousies, and petty bickerings, bore hardly upon one of his active temperament. He began to feel his life a wasted one, to doubt if he had been called by God to the life imposed upon him. And the confessional, to which he had recourse for guidance and comfort, could give him no answer, but '*Si non es vocatus, fac ut voceris.*' He threw himself, therefore, with feverish energy into his school-work, to try, in helping others, to forget his own troubles. Time so spent in any case could not be wasted. And his labours not only were useful to others but helped him in his own soul. His school became the favourite and crowded one in all Rome, going far beyond all others both in the numbers that attended it, and the kind of instruction given. Workmen have told me that there was no school like it, no director so much beloved, as Campello. But the days of the Revolution, which, in 1870, restored their capital to the Italian people, were drawing on. The working men of Rome were stirred with hopes of coming liberty. Campello was too much in sympathy with them. After all his faithful and most successful work, he found himself so embarrassed by all kinds of annoyances and crossings and impediments purposely thrown in his path, that he resigned his charge in the night-schools, and fell back on his empty canon's life with a sore heart, and all illusions in regard to the clerical career stripped from him. Doubtless, too, the failure of the republican rising which ended at Mentana, that same year, 1867, made the outlook still darker. The school, that had been the chief interest of his life for nearly nine years, went to pieces, and was closed for over two years.

At this moment, however, of deepest depression and mortification, the Pope, who seemed never to have lost sight of the young priest, who had followed only too literally the Papal counsels given at the time of his ordination, promoted him to a canonry in the Vatican Chapter.

This removed him happily from the rivalries, and bickerings, and tattle of St. Maria Maggiore to the very centre of ecclesiastical life. The Chapter of St. Peter's is essentially patrician, and has maintained a certain aristocratic largeness in its way of thinking and



of living. Its Easter Even dinners are reputed marvels of culinary skill and luxury. No one entered it except from distinction of family or of personal service to the Papal throne. It is the last stepping-stone to the purple. Its canonries are generally conferred on those who already hold other high preferment at the Vatican. A Patriarch and several Archbishops are happy to be among its members. By an ancient Papal privilege all the Canons are Apostolic Prothonotaries, and as such enjoy the title of Monsignore.

The Chapter consists of thirty canons, thirty-six beneficiati (minor canons), four chaplains, and twenty-six chierici beneficiati.

The canons alone have votes in the government of the chapter. They take the duty on Sundays and festival days. They are divided into two companies of fifteen each, who relieve one another on alternate weeks. They never preach, or hear confessions, or visit the sick, or touch any parochial duty; all that belongs to the inferior clergy. They are dignitaries, and expected to do nothing common accordingly. They wear a purple rochet with ermine tippet; and in the division of the income of the Basilica they receive twice as much as the beneficiati, and four times the share of a chierico beneficiato. The beneficiati do the service on ferial days, and all the parochial work. They wear in the choir a cotta with grey fur tippet. All the canonical hours are kept at St. Peter's, so that the services consume four or five hours each day; on high festivals much more. Campello seems to have found them profitless and inexpressibly wearisome, and writes of them with a want of reverence which can be excused only by the fact that they are performed with as little reverence. I am not speaking of the solemn celebrations of the mass, but of the ordinary canonical offices, which are gabbled through in a perfunctory manner, with a painful want of earnest attention on the part of the assisting canons.

The grand Basilica itself, however, had evidently made a profound impression on the mind of the young canon. In the innumerable hours of mechanical service, at which he assisted there during fourteen years, he had time to feel its real greatness, and to recall the striking events and ceremonies of its memorable past—the coronations of Popes and Emperors, the solemn launching of excommunications and interdicts against rulers and nations, the humiliation of the temporal rulers of the world before the spiritual power—all this St. Peter's had witnessed; all this supreme power the Holy See had enjoyed. But now it had lost it all. Outside, on the opposite hill, in the old palace of the Quirinal, was reigning a king who sought no coronation at Papal hands, who never put foot inside of St. Peter's, who went his way with his people, utterly unmoved by Papal threats or censures. And why had the Church thus lost its power? Because, in their ambition to extend their temporal power, and to manifest the glory of the Church in the order of material things, the Popes

had ceased to care first, or even in any way efficiently, for the greater spiritual interests entrusted to them. The story of the building of St. Peter's came up before him—the monstrous traffic in Papal indulgences, which brought in the money to build this great temple made with hands, and which cost the Pope the best, because the most earnest, part of his subjects; and it presently began to seem to him as if the grand church in which he ministered symbolised the 'petrification of Christianity.' Humanity—the soul of man—which always lives, had moved on, and was seeking blindly, in its own way, to provide for those spiritual interests whose care the Popes had so fatally neglected. This was the reason why Pius the Ninth had shut himself within the Vatican, and the world moved on outside, forgetful almost of his existence, and the son of 'the most religious' kings of Savoy reigned in his stead.

Nothing of this kind had happened, however, when Campello took possession of his stall in St. Peter's; and when he went to kiss the foot of Pius the Ninth in acknowledgment of his favour, the confident pontiff, whose heart was already set upon the Vatican Council and the decree of his personal infallibility, pointed out to him how the revolution had dashed itself to pieces against the gates of Rome, safely guarded by the Prince of the Apostles. 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

The new canon relieved the spiritual barrenness of his ministry in St. Peter's by restoring the little church of St. Maria in Vincis, near the Tarpeian Rock, and opening a mission among the crowded population of that quarter. He held services every evening, with preaching three times in the week.

The Vatican Council naturally strengthened his doubts as to the claims of his Church to universal obedience, but still for a long time he hoped that a reform might be accomplished from within her. He threw himself much with a body of priests, who passed their time in discussing the events of the day, and the great need of reform, and the probabilities of its soon coming, but who were all afraid to put their hand to the work, or even to speak out for it. Some of them were men of much higher rank and greater experience in the Church than Campello. They all liked him, spoke well of him, but were terribly afraid of his imprudence, his rashness. I met him at this time, through one of these prelates, and was myself surprised at the outspoken manner in which he uttered his opinions. I have never met such frankness of speech in any other Roman ecclesiastic. When the Old-Catholic movement took form in Germany and Switzerland, these men began to think and talk of a like movement here. Some of them were more Old-Catholic than Döllinger himself, but they did not dare, as Döllinger did, to speak out their convictions. They were always on the point of making a stand, but always passing over the present opportunity. They generally thought that the death of Pius the Ninth would afford

them the fitting occasion. They waited for it long and patiently. It was long in coming, so long that their consciences had grown callous, or some of them perhaps thought that in a new deal a cardinal's hat might fall to their lot, and so they put their consciences off with the soothing thought that in that case they might be able to do much more in leading a reform. Campello was the only one ready to break the ice, and he would have done it had he not been held back by the others. I myself did not hesitate to second their counsels in this respect. I knew that by himself in those days he could not lead an Old-Catholic movement. He would have been soon crushed; while I felt that if he waited for the others they could not be crushed if all acted together, and that his activity would supply a much-needed motive power to them. Campello, also, was much influenced by his regard for his benefactor, Pius the Ninth, and most naturally shrank from taking a step which might seem to involve personal ingratitude to him.

He undertook, however, somewhere about 1874 or 1875 to found a society whose object was the somewhat Utopian one of recovering to the Roman clergy and people their former right to elect their own bishop. There was nothing heretical, certainly, in agitating for such a result, nothing opposed to the earlier canons of the Church, but its success would have given a death-blow to the whole Papal system. The society was secretly constituted. A good number of adherents were secured, both clergy and laity. While they were discussing in secret meetings the best way to promote the objects for which they were working, one of the Liberal papers got hold of it, and prematurely exposed the whole scheme, making light of it. 'In Italy and Rome,' it said, 'they had all had enough of the Popes, and the one shut up in the Vatican was already one too many.'

The Papal press, however, took the matter seriously to heart, and the Pope promptly inflicted the major excommunication against all the members, with absolution reserved to himself. The society discreetly went to pieces. The excommunicated members never applied the excommunication to themselves. They perhaps absolved one another. One of them, I remember, told me that he never troubled his conscience about it; that the excommunication, even of the Pope, was not valid unless it was canonical. This is the general defence made to-day for their continued reception of the Sacraments in the Roman Church, by many Catholics who will not believe the dogma of the Papal infallibility. The Papacy has declared officially that all such are excommunicate, and that if they presume to receive the Communion, they commit a sacrilege. They say, in answer to their infallible Pope, practically, that he does not know anything about it.

After the death of Pius the Ninth, Campello again tried to stir up his friends to make a stand on Old-Catholic ground. They all agreed to wait a little longer. After this I saw almost nothing of

him, and I supposed that he had probably thrown up all hopes of anything better, and had settled down contented to eat the fat and drink the sweet after the manner of the orthodox Canon of St. Peter's.

I was not a little surprised, therefore, to read one morning, in the New York papers, the statement that on the previous day, the 13th of September, the Count Campello, Canon of St. Peter's, had abjured Catholicism in the Methodist Chapel, Rome. I began to think he had worn out in his long struggle, and intended to throw up his ministry entirely in order to devote himself to the secular service of his country. I knew enough of him to be sure that if he understood it, he could never be satisfied to constrain his theological and ecclesiastical thinking within the somewhat narrow limits of the Methodist system, which, however attractive it may be to our brethren of that way of thinking, is distinctly foreign to the religious and artistic spirit of the Italian people.

I looked forward, therefore, with interest to further news of his case; but I confess I was a little surprised, on landing in England, to hear on all sides that Campello was a very black sheep indeed, and that he had thrown up his position at St. Peter's only in order to anticipate the public disgrace of a certain and immediate removal. This report seemed to rest upon the following letter, published in the *Scotsman* on the 27th of September:—

Sir,—Under the heading of 'Conversion of a Roman Canon,' you have in this morning's paper a notice which is inaccurate. Will you permit me to give an account, the truth of which I guarantee? The conduct of the ex-Canon, not in regard of faith, but of morals, had for a considerable time given cause for the gravest animadversions of his ecclesiastical superiors, but neither charitable advices nor the severest remonstrances had effect in securing any amendment, and his conduct in spite of them remained such that, though he belonged to a Patrician family and was a Canon of St. Peter's, he was debarred from obtaining any higher ecclesiastical dignity, and was never, as is customary with those of his rank, allowed to receive any title or place in the Pontifical Court. The title of Monsignore, with which he is dignified in some of the papers, he had no claim to whatever. He was even removed from the direction of one of the public schools, for which his course of life rendered him specially disqualified, and it was only when all hope of amendment was gone, and when recourse was about to be had to the most extreme measures against him, that he abandoned his faith, and declared himself a Protestant. I am, &c.

✱ JOHN STRAIN, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh.

When I tried to imagine the particular ecclesiastical superiors affectionately labouring to save an erring canon in the way here pictured, it seemed as if certainly the long-looked-for dawn of reform were breaking at the Vatican. Not to speak of other inaccuracies in this letter, it seemed to me most unbecoming in the new claimant to the See of St. Andrews to charge the infallible head of his Church with having promoted to a canonry in the great Basilica of the

Church a priest who had just been removed from the charge of a mission school for incorrigible immorality. I felt myself, therefore, justified in seeking further authority for the charges against Campello, notwithstanding the cross with which Dr. Strain attests the truth of his statements. I wrote to a priest of my own acquaintance in Rome, and got the following answer:—

The reports of the *Osservatore Romano* in regard to Campello are false throughout, as might be expected in such a paper. Campello had not abandoned himself to an immoral life, unless we are to call immorality his not wearing always the tonsure, and frequently going out without the clerical dress—but if this be immorality, a very small part of the Roman clergy can be called moral—Campello was not on the point of being removed from his canonry; more, he was on good terms with most of the other canons, and if he did receive any remonstrance from his superior in regard to the above-mentioned matter of dress, he was afterwards left in peace, for the reason that nearly all the priests do the same.

On seeing the Roman papers, I found that Archbishop Strain had had his information in the case from the journal referred to in the above letter. His letter is taken almost bodily from a leader in the *Osservatore Romano* of the 23rd of September. He will find that he has a large contract on hand, if he undertakes to guarantee the truth of all that he may read in that paper.

Now, it is of no particular interest to the world at large whether the Canon Campello's life was immoral or no. I know of and have found nothing proven against him in that respect. But we must remember how he was brought into the ministry, and the ministry into which he was brought. There is no use mincing matters. Cardinal Antonelli was at the time holding the first position in the Church after the Pope. Monsignore Matteucci, afterwards Cardinal, was the Governor of Rome. The standard of living held up in the highest places of the Church before the younger dignitaries was not an ideal or a helpful one. They knew that a perfect purity of life was not expected of them. They saw, too, that the contrary would not in any way interfere with their promotion.

But it is a matter of wide interest to know whether this step taken by Campello was one freely taken for love of truth and country, or from interested motives, for the sake of gain, or the fear of dismissal. We may dismiss the suggestion of gain at once. The Canon of St. Peter's has 500*l.* a year. The Methodist minister has 200*l.* at the outside; and the latter besides has no hope of promotion, no social position; and much more work, and a far stricter life is expected of him than of a Canon of St. Peter's.

Was he then about to be dismissed from his office? The irresponsible Papal organs—both journalistic and episcopal—say he was, and have spread this report diligently all over the world, although here in Rome those who might be expected to know about the matter, and who are able to speak officially in the case, have been

absolutely silent. Neither the Vicariate, nor his ecclesiastical superiors at St. Peter's, nor any of his fellow canons, have ventured to make a single charge against him. Still, through what may be called semi-official organs of the Papacy, everywhere the charge has been made that he was about to be dismissed, and this distinctly on the ground of immorality. This position has been most unwisely taken. I would rather not have entered upon that field here in Rome, and the Roman party have only themselves to thank for forcing the discussion of Campello's case in that direction. I write not to attack the Roman Church, but for the sake of truth and fair play; and those who are true and wise friends of the Church will be glad, too, if I can disprove this charge against Campello. For his reputation was certainly better than that of some others of the chapter, and even than some of the Sacred College; and if he were so bad, one wonders what the others are; so that these reckless accusations against him really bring up generally against the Church the charge which that rash Archbishop *in part. hæret.*, so indiscreetly made against the late Pope, of promoting to the highest places in the Church men who are unfit to serve in the lowest. I do not at all believe myself that the actual state of things in this respect at the Pontifical Court is as bad as the report thereof. The Roman people, as a whole, believe it to be as bad as it can be, but they are prejudiced witnesses. A sadder thing is to find among ecclesiastics themselves an almost total want of faith in the purity of their order, but the Roman clerical mind, disordered by an isolated and unnatural life, is pruriently prone to think evil in this respect, even where no evil exists.

The average Roman is quite ready to believe that Campello was a loose liver; but he would smile a whole volume of incredulity if you went on to say that for that reason he was on the point of being dismissed from St. Peter's chapter. And there is something to be said in behalf of such incredulity in general, and especially in this particular case.

In the first place, except for *heresy*, even the Pope may not remove a canon arbitrarily. He is entitled to a trial, and before this would come remonstrances, admonitions, and lighter punishments. These last would be eight days' spiritual exercises at S. Giovanni e Paolo, or thirty days in very aggravated cases—and then suspension or suspension of pay for a limited period. Now it appears that nearly four years ago Campello was admonished for various causes, but he was able to acquit himself of the charges against him so fully that not even the lightest punishment was ever inflicted upon him. Can we believe that if his case were so bad, he would have been allowed to go on saying the Mass at St. Peter's? To inflict the punishment of dismissal under such circumstances would have been a violation of all the traditions of St. Peter's, and an infringement of its canonical

privileges which the chapter would have never permitted. As an illustration of how unwilling the ecclesiastical authorities of St. Peter's are to inflict the supreme penalty of dismissal, I may cite the well-known case of the late Monsignor Bellà, Canon of St. Peter's—Prelato Domestico of the Pope—celebrated for his defence of Perugia, as Delegato Apostolico.

He forfeited the favour of the Pope, who thought to make him a Cardinal, by false statements in regard to his debts. He gave himself up to a life of the grossest and most unnatural immorality. He neglected all his duties at St. Peter's, never entering the choir, for more than a year. He would not renounce his canonry. The authorities of the Church shrank from bringing him to trial. The matter was at last arranged amicably, as the Romans say, in this way. Monsignor Bellà agreed that 72*l.* a year should be stopped from his income for the payment of a coadjutor appointed to take his duty. He himself was forbidden to cross the threshold of St. Peter's; but he was neither brought to trial nor dismissed, and for ten years he held his title and drew his pay as Canon of St. Peter's. During this time he neglected all his religious duties, and led a notoriously evil life. He repented at last on his deathbed, and at the very last confessed to and received the Sacrament from the Cardinal Vicar himself. And this case was not one of a past generation. This man died the day before Pius the Ninth.

Now, in the case of Campello, the one remonstrance or admonition of any kind that he received from the Vicariate was in May 1879. It was not on the score of immorality, but of various irregularities. It was really intended to lead up to an inquisition as to the authors of the programme of the society for the restoration to the Roman people of their former rights in the election of the Pope; and this not so much to convict Campello of part in it, as to extort from him the names of others, much higher in the Church, who were suspected in the case. I give below the Cardinal Vicar's letter containing all the points of formal accusation against him.<sup>3</sup> But when Campello, the

\* Most Illustrious and Right Reverend Sir,—It has been reported to the Holiness of our Lord that you are not leading an ecclesiastical life, that you go out in the evening, through the city, even up to a late hour in secular dress, and that you had your photograph taken in such a dress, a copy of which has reached the hands of the Holy Father; that for some time you wore a false and long beard, which you had to lay aside, after that you had been taken up by the police, as a journal reports, and admonished to wear it no longer; that at the last carnival you frequented the public balls, masked, that you keep up familiar relations with apostate monks and priests—and report has even gone so far as to assert that you teach and cause to be taught a nephew of twelve years old, whom you have with you, quite other than his Christian duties.

The Holy Father, as you can well understand, has been greatly embittered by these reports, and you can also understand how I, who have known you so many years and have always wished you well, am also grieved by them. Therefore, with true pain, I must signify to you that it is the order of His Holiness, that your 'signoria' come to me to produce to me your justification and to assure me of your

same evening, appeared in person to answer to these, they were treated as of no account, and the examination was closely pressed in regard to the society above referred to. This—and that he had been seen more than once to go to the German Embassy. What was he doing there? These were days when the Vatican had not much hope of bringing Bismarck to Canossa.

When the Cardinal Vicar found that Campello would not betray his associates in the much dreaded society, the interview ended, with the instruction that he should send a written answer to the points of accusation in the letter for the information of the Pope himself, who wished to look into the matter personally. This was done two days later, and the Pope was reported as satisfied with the defence made. In any case, *after this* they would not accept at the Vicariate his offered resignation as Superior of the Confraternity of S. M. in Vincis; he was employed as deputy of the SS. Annunziata to distribute the dowries given every year to a certain number of poor girls, and in the Chapter of St. Peter's was not only in good standing, but was elected one of the 'Syndics'—two officers who control the budget and approve the administration of the whole expenses of the Basilica; and in the frequent absences of Monsignor Mercurelli, he always was called on to act as Secretary of the Chapter. Within a few days, too,

continued regular life. So I shall be able, as I hope, to persuade his same Holiness of your innocence, or your amendment, and stop any rigorous measures with regard to you, which in the contrary case I have good reason to fear.

Having fulfilled this duty imposed upon me by the Holy Father, and expecting you as soon as possible, I sign myself, in token of our old friendship,

From the Vicariate of Rome,

(Signed) Truly your Servant,

May 21, 1879.

R. Card. Vicar.

Signor Can<sup>o</sup> D. Enrico di Campello.

In regard to these accusations I may say that they, and particularly the photograph referred to in them, had reached the Holy Father through the malice of an old servant woman discharged by Campello, at his dying mother's request, for dishonesty. Campello's letter of answer, required for the Pope's personal perusal, is too long to give in full, but he denies and rebuts all the charges, except those touching the lay dress and the photograph. He had been ill in bed through the whole of the last carnival. He had never been arrested in disguise (the police authorities cleared him entirely of this charge). He did not attend balls masked. One apostate priest only—an ex-monsignore—had occasionally visited him, and Cardinals Nina and Chigi would confirm it that he had tried to get his nephew into an ecclesiastical school of which they were patrons. He did, on the evenings when he went out—but he was not out late—wear a plain black dress, that he might not be annoyed on the streets, 'a measure of prudence adopted generally by very many ecclesiastics—some of them of high rank too—when they are travelling, or in the country, or in the evening.' This is quite true. And in these would-be-martyr days at the Vatican it has been defended by prelates of high standing, on the ground that a priest appearing in the streets of Rome in the evening in his clerical dress would be in danger of insult or even violence. The photograph had been taken while staying with friends in the country eight years before. He had been blamed for it, confessed, had indulgence for it, and destroyed all the copies except one, which was kept in his own possession. This one had been stolen by the dismissed servant, and so reached the hands of the Holy Father.



of his withdrawal from St. Peter's, he was invited to a large dinner party at the Archpriest's—Cardinal Borromeo.

I think that this will be sufficient to show that the charge that 'he abandoned his faith, and declared himself a Protestant only when recourse was about to be had to the most extreme measures against him' on the ground of 'immorality,' is absolutely untrue. For the honour of the Church of Rome I certainly hope it is.

I may say in dismissing this point in the case, that many foreign newspaper correspondents have picked up and reported all manner of floating reports against Campello, without the least investigation as to whether they were true or not: certainly *not a single correspondent of the English or American press—even those who wrote long letters about him, took the trouble to see Campello, and hear his story from himself.* And the man had no friends except among the clergy, who, as a rule, were afraid to open their mouths in his defence. I went myself to the Questura, together with the Rev. J. W. Pickance, Curate at the English Chapel, Rome, to investigate the reports which had to do with the police. The chief himself, Comm. Serrao, authorised me to say that the Canon Campello had never come under the surveillance or notice of the police in any way; that they knew nothing against him whatever, and that the story of arrest, given by a prominent London paper, and afterwards copied back here into the *Voce della Verità*, was a pure calumny as far as Campello was concerned. Who the 'canonico' was, who was arrested, he, of course, would not reveal to one not authorised to ask the question; but as his case is known to the Vicariate, I commit no indiscretion when I say that he was not a canon of St. Peter's, but of one of the collegiate churches of Rome, and that he has not abandoned his faith or renounced his living in the Roman Church. The red devil mask of the same correspondent was a Roman count, who went to the carnival ball with some ladies of Campello's family, and I can easily imagine would have enjoyed immensely—though he is the nephew of a Cardinal—being taken for a 'canonico.'

But, notwithstanding the terrors of the Vatican, there is some evidence to be found for him. One of his former colleagues—an old man of very high position, said to me, 'I believe none of these calumnies against him. He was always most frank and loyal. His character was fairer than that of many others, and even if in his earlier years he had committed indiscretions—which I do not know of—who is most to blame? he, or the Church which forced him into the priesthood, without a calling for it, and held up before him such glaring examples of loose living in her highest offices?'

More open, if not stronger testimony in his favour has lately appeared in the preface to an octavo volume 'just published by Monsig-

<sup>4</sup> *La Civiltà Moderna Difesa*, per Monsigr. Giambattista Savarese. Napoli: Cav. Antonio Morano, 1881.

nore di Savarese, one of the Prelati Domestici of the Pope (Prelato Referendario della Segnatura Papale di Giustizia, appointed to this office by Pius the Ninth in 1858). Monsignor Savarese writes in defence of Padre Curci's last book, the *Nuova Italia ed i Vecchi Zelanti*, and in discussing the daily increasing losses that the Church is bringing upon herself by her persistent antagonism to the national life, he says (p. 20) :—

But the late act of a Monsignore, a Canon of the Patriarchal Vatican Basilica—a nobleman—not wanting in learning, and of unspotted life and reputation, who solemnly abjures Catholicism, because he can no longer live in this distressing severance between the Church and the country—is a most grave fact, which ought to be well weighed by those whose duty it is to do so. Up to the present, he is the first of his rank who has gone to so melancholy a length, and God grant that he may be the last. But from his case, justice should be done to the painful uncertainty and the gnawing doubts in which thousands on thousands of consciences groan, who cannot live without faith and see themselves placed in the same difficulty by a handful of cunning boasters who strive with all their might to pass themselves off as the organ of the Holy See, which for that matter has not yet judged it to its advantage to deny this.

To the words ‘unspotted life and reputation,’ Monsignor Savarese adds the following note :—

I speak of this from the personal knowledge that I had of him in Rome, and in accordance with the reputation that he enjoyed there up to the time of his deplorable step. It is natural that now the clerical press should be bound to sustain the contrary; and I give no small weight myself to the letter of a respectable relative of his, who affirms that the late Canon Enrico di Campello had years ago thrown away every religious sentiment. But then it might be asked how a man, who was already known to have thrown away every religious sentiment, was ever allowed to occupy for years a canon's stall in the Vatican Basilica, and live sumptuously off the goods of the Church. Might it not perhaps be thought that as Campello held his place there for years, and might still have stayed there, so there may be a number of others there of the same stamp, who are still kept there by motives of temporal interest, which he was able and willing to rise above?

There is no doubt at all what the answer would be to that question in Rome. But the Roman ecclesiastics are now like frightened schoolboys over some dreadful catastrophe. Some of his former colleagues, who wanted to speak with Campello, were afraid to do so openly, or to write a request for a meeting in their own hand. An anonymous communication reached him in an unknown hand, asking him to call at such and such a floor in such and such a house, to confer with one who wished him well. I am sure they would be afraid to speak to him if they met him on the street.

But the question may still be raised, was Campello not about to be dismissed on account of heretical or even infidel views, or on account of his known sympathy with the cause of Italian unity? I think not. Indeed, I think I may say, certainly not. The Roman Church to-day does not expel her individual members for such causes, if they do not openly attack her. There is no honest attempt any-

where to enforce against individuals the Papal excommunication of all those who do not believe from the heart the new dogmas of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the Papal Infallibility. The letter referred to by Monsignor Savarese of Count Paolo di Campello (a brother-in-law of Cardinal Bonaparte) against the head of his family, appeared in the *Osservatore Romano*, September 18, and was a very unwise effort to make political interest in the party to which he belongs, the so-called Conservative party, who have wasted much force in seeking to invent a *modus vivendi* between the Papacy and Italy without sacrifice of any principle on the part of either, and who are popularly supposed to belong to the ever-new class of those who are seeking the philosopher's stone. The ex-canonico severely punished his officious and indiscreet cousin in a letter published in the *Libertà* on the following day, in which he clearly convicted him of false witness on more than this one point. I can say myself in this connection that in the nine years that I have known Campello I have never heard a word from him that would justify the accusation of want of faith in Christianity; in the Papacy—yes, from the beginning: but he certainly seemed always more interested in regard to the truth of Christianity, and its future, than almost any Roman ecclesiastic that I know. And to-day I believe that he holds strongly to the Catholic theology and order of the Church, and that he will fight for it in the future to the best of his ability. All the man's acts, as well as his words, rebut this charge of loss of faith. If he had lost his faith, why should he not have gone on to 'live sumptuously off the goods of the Church' at St. Peter's, or why did he not openly abandon the Church for infidelity, which is more popular here in Rome to-day than Christianity? It would have given, too, less offence to the Roman Curia. Strange as this may seem, recent history has proved that the Vatican has an affinity for Mahometanism, or Atheism even, rather than for any form of Protestant Christianity. If Campello had thrown up the Christian faith for infidelity or rationalism, he would have found at once friends among this people. But to break from Romanism and declare himself unequivocally, as he did, still a Christian, and one who intended still to keep at work in the ministry of Christ—this, as society is constituted to-day in Italy, was to affront, and excite against him, 1st, the clerical party; 2nd, all unbelievers, from rationalists to atheists; 3rd, the whole host of the indifferent, who are disturbed and annoyed—their own consciences accusing them—by any marked example of earnestness in religious matters, or sacrifice for religious opinions. But even if Campello had lapsed from the Catholic faith, that would not have involved any 'extreme measures' against him on the part of the Vatican so long as he maintained an outward submission to 'Vaticanism.' All heresy will be forgiven by Rome to-day for the sake of obedience to the Papacy. It is as it were swallowed up in

this sublime virtue, which has been made the first article of the Roman faith, and the highest act of Roman morality. And even in cases like that of Campello, who was known to be an unbeliever in Vaticanism, the policy of the Curia to-day is one of extreme long-suffering. Where a man is weak they bully him, but where he is strong, and will not submit, he is never forced out. The Roman wisdom then is to give him all possible rope, and trust to his dying off in due time, without open scandal. Witness the treatment of the bishops who voted against the Infallibility. The weak were soon brought into line, or given coadjutor bishops, and quietly pushed out of their dioceses, into convents or the grave. But they never ventured to send a coadjutor to Bishop Strossmayer, or try the experiment of an effort to push him out of his diocese. And, in a smaller way, I have seen the same policy constantly applied here. One priest, for instance, somewhat known as an author, has for a year or more attended regularly the services at my church in Rome. No notice of the fact is carefully taken. And yet against every one attending worship there the major excommunication has been launched by the present Pope.

There is not the least evidence that Campello was on the point of being dismissed from his canonry for any cause of this kind. Neither do his colleagues or superiors pretend to put it forward. On the other hand, some of them have distinctly denied it; and I may say here, that on the very day on which he took his decisive step, Monsignor Appoloni, the Vicar of St. Peter's, and Canonico Tancredi Fausti, Secretary of the Vicariate of Rome, having heard a rumour of his intended action, came to him to his own house to inquire about it, and beg him not to do it. I must add, that he gave way, unable to face his friends with the truth. Greatly relieved, they left him with embraces and every demonstration of regard. Then came the humiliating sense of shame at his weakness, and his repentance for his denial of the truth decided him, and gave him the strength to renounce his canonry and the Roman communion that very day. In judging his weakness in this matter, it must be remembered that the common ecclesiastical morality in which he was trained justifies a falsehood not only for the interests of the Church, or in war, but when you are pushed into a corner by direct questioning which is not considered fair. It is a clerical extension of the maxim that no one is obliged to accuse himself.

No, this man was not about to be dismissed from his living for any cause. Nor was there any possible interest to bribe him in the case. He gave up position, ease, a comfortable living, for absolutely nothing in the way of outward gain. His nature—always out of accord with the false life into which he had been betrayed—seems at last to have simply revolted in invincible repugnance against the hypocrisy of living longer off the goods of a Church in which he could

not believe, and to have *forced* him to the step he took. Strangely enough, it has in one way given me more respect for the Roman Church in Italy, more hope for its reform, than I have had for years. I have observed it closely here, during the Vatican Council and since. The souls of as many men in Italy revolted against that annihilation of the Catholic Church, and of Catholic truth, as in Germany or Switzerland. There, however, men spoke out their convictions, fought for what they believed the truth, suffered for it. Here, they spoke their convictions in whispers, dreamed about the truth and what they would do for it, but dared not raise their heads, much less their arms, for it. 'I had begun to think 'Conscience is dead in Rome. This people may know the truth, but they are bound in a worse than pharisaic slavery, so fast that the truth itself cannot make them free.' This case of Campello's makes me feel that I judged hastily, ignorantly. It may be that God has reserved to Himself here more than 'seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to Baal,' and who may become a remnant of grace for the saving of the Roman Church from utter casting away. God grant that it may be so!

What results may be expected to follow Campello's step? Little, perhaps, at the moment, in the way of any 'organised movement in his wake. But he has set men thinking in both camps. And there is no telling what may happen here within the next few years. On the one hand, on the Liberal side, he has challenged attention to the support that the Government might find in the Church—a point which, with almost incredible want of statesmanship, has been persistently ignored by one ministry after another. On the other side, his abjuration has been a severe shock to the Roman Curia. It has touched the *amour propre* of the Vatican more than they are willing to acknowledge. Such a thing was never known before in Rome. And it may have opened their eyes somewhat to the strength of the national feeling that has united Italy, and reminded them also of the inextinguishable nature of conscience.

Muffle or depreciate the fact of Campello's secession as they may, it still remained that he was a prominent canon of their first church—the building with whose fortunes they have come to unite in a superstitious feeling the fate of the Papacy itself—in full and regular standing, on the certain highroad, had he cared to run for them, to the highest dignities the Papacy has to offer, within their charmed inner circle, in a position in which he had every opportunity of coming to understand thoroughly the innermost workings of the Roman Church, as now constituted, and of learning all that it has to promise in the way of hope to a subjugated world. And after nearly thirty years' experience of this kind in its very centre, he abandons the Roman Church as a system opposed to his God and his country. May not this abrupt challenge, perhaps, in the providence of God, serve the purpose of forcing its rulers to turn their eyes to their own

ship, and note the strain upon it of the mad course on which they are driving, before it is too late? As for him, it is easy to criticise the manner in which he acted—much easier than to act as he has acted—and to lose sight of the act itself in such criticism. But whatever we may think of the wisdom or unwisdom of the step he has taken, it was a brave act, braver than any one who has not lived long in Rome can well understand; and I think that it is impossible to withhold from it that respect at least, if not full sympathy, which every conscientious change for truth's sake—and the sacrifice made puts his case beyond any reasonable doubt in this respect—has a right to command from every man who heartily and intelligently believes in that Divine Lord and Master, who has told us of Himself, 'I am the Truth.'

R. J. NEVIN.

## A SKETCH OF THE CRIMINAL LAW.

THE criminal law<sup>1</sup> may be considered under two great heads, Procedure and the Definitions of Offences. In a systematic exposition of the law such as a penal code, the part which defines crimes and provides for their punishment naturally precedes the part which relates to procedure, inasmuch as the only purpose for which the latter exists is to give effect to the former; but in an historical account of the growth of a body of law as yet uncoded, an account of the law of procedure naturally precedes an account of the law of crimes and punishments, because the institutions by which the law is administered have been as a matter of fact, and in the earlier stages of legal history must be in most cases, the organs by which the law itself is gradually produced. Courts of justice are established for the punishment of thieves and murderers long before any approach has been made to a careful definition of the words 'theft' and 'murder,' and indeed long before the need for such a definition is felt. For these reasons I begin this sketch of the criminal law by giving some account of the English courts of criminal jurisdiction. I then pass to the procedure observed in them, and thence to the definitions of crimes with which they have to deal.

The ordinary criminal courts in England are:—

- (1.) The Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice.
- (2.) The Assize Courts.
- (3.) The Central Criminal Court.
- (4.) The Courts of Quarter Sessions.

Each of these courts has its own history. The administration of justice in England came, by steps which I need not try to trace, to be regarded as one of the great prerogatives of the king—perhaps as his greatest and most characteristic prerogative; and one of the most striking effects of the Norman Conquest was the degree to which it strengthened this prerogative and centralised the administration of justice. The prerogative was exercised in very early times through

<sup>1</sup> I have not referred to authorities, as they would have been of little interest to general readers. I hope, however, to treat the whole matter at length, and with full reference to authorities, in a work on which I have been engaged for many years, and which I hope will shortly appear, on the History of the Criminal Law. This article may be regarded as an abridgment of parts of it.

the Curia Regis, from which in course of time were derived the King's Courts of Justice, the two Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, and the different offices of State. The head officer of the Curia Regis was called the 'Capitalis Justiciarius Angliæ,' and his office was of such dignity that in the king's absence on the continent he acted as viceroy. The court also contained, amongst other officers, an indefinite number of 'justitiiarii' who performed judicial and administrative duties when and where they were directed to do so by special writs or commissions.

The steps by which Parliament on the one hand, and the Privy Council and other executive offices on the other, came to be separated from the King's Court and to have an independent existence, need not here be noticed. The courts of justice were derived from it as follows: The life of the kings of England in early times can be described only as an incessant journey. King John, for instance (of whose movements an ephemeris founded upon official documents still in existence has been published), seems for years never to have lived for a week at a time at any one place. The king's officers, and amongst others his judges, travelled with him, and the unfortunate suitors had to follow as best they could. Evidence still exists of the intolerable hardships which this state of things produced. One of the articles of Magna Charta was intended to remedy them. It runs, '*Communia placita non sequantur curiam nostram, sed teneantur aliquo loco certo.*' This was the origin of the great civil court, the Court of Common Pleas, which from that time forward was separated from the Curia Regis and was held as a separate fixed court of justice '*certo loco,*' namely in Westminster Hall. The Court of Exchequer, which was originally a court for revenue business only, also became stationary about the same time—probably indeed it was always held at the place where the treasure was kept; but the legal business of the King's Court, not done in either of these courts, still continued for a time to follow the person of the king. By degrees, however, the old King's Court changed into the Court of King's Bench, which in its origin was the supreme criminal court of the realm, and had also jurisdiction over many matters connected with the royal prerogative, which in our days would not be regarded as forming part of the criminal law. As time went on it acquired or usurped civil as well as criminal jurisdiction, but from the very earliest times down to the year 1875 its position as the great criminal court of the realm remained unaltered. In that year all the superior courts of law were fused into the High Court of Justice, which may thus be said to be a return, after an interval of about six centuries, to the Curia Regis.

Though it is the supreme criminal court of the realm, the High Court of Justice rarely tries criminal cases in the Queen's Bench Division. It does so only when the matter to be decided seems likely to raise questions which possess some special interest, legal, political,



or personal. Little indeed is to be gained by such a trial, as such cases would otherwise be tried before the same judges and in precisely the same way in other courts. There are, however, some incidents peculiar to a trial before the Queen's Bench Division, one of which is that, if the charge is one of misdemeanour, an application for a new trial on the part of the defendant will be entertained. There is no court of appeal properly so called in criminal cases in this country; but informalities in the procedure may give occasion to a writ of error which may be taken up to the House of Lords, and questions of law arising on any trial may be brought before the Court for Crown Cases Reserved.

The great bulk of the more important criminal business of the country is done before the assize courts, the technical description of which is Courts of Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, or the Central Criminal Court. The Assize Courts are of the highest antiquity. As I have already said, the Curia Regis contained an unascertained number of 'justitiiarii' who used to be sent as commissioners to different parts of the country to perform judicial and other duties as occasion required. They were called from this circumstance 'justices in eyre' (*in itinere*), and, according to the terms of their commission, they tried either particular cases or all civil or all criminal cases (both or either) in a given area. In many instances, and for a considerable length of time, they investigated and superintended the whole internal administration of the country, and more particularly everything which affected either proximately or remotely any one of the infinitely varied rights of the king, especially those which affected his revenue.

By degrees, however, these fiscal and miscellaneous duties came to be performed by other means, and the duties of the justices of assize were confined to the local administration of civil and criminal justice. For this purpose the whole of England was in the time of Henry the Second, twelfth century, divided into six circuits, which have existed with singularly little variation down to our own time. The Central Criminal Court which sits every month for London and the neighbourhood was established in the year 1834. Before that time, for many centuries, the Lord Mayor and aldermen and the Recorder of the City of London had by charter the right of being upon all commissions of oyer and terminer and gaol delivery for the city of London and the county of Middlesex.

Criminal cases of minor importance are tried by the courts of quarter sessions, held four times a year (whence their name) by the justices of the peace of every county, and of such of the larger towns corporate as have, by their charters, courts of quarter sessions. These courts were first established in the fourteenth century in the reign of Edward the Third. For some centuries they could and did try all offences except high treason; and down to the end of the

sixteenth century, if not down to the civil wars in the middle of the seventeenth century, they used continually to pass sentence of death. In a single year in the reign of Queen Elizabeth no less than thirty-nine persons were hanged under the sentences of the Devonshire court of quarter sessions. After this, their powers were by degrees diminished in practice though not in theory, and throughout the eighteenth and during the early part of the nineteenth centuries (when nearly all crimes were nominally capital) the courts of quarter sessions were practically restricted to the trial of cases of trifling importance. When capital punishments were abolished in nearly every case except high treason and murder, the jurisdiction of these courts was considerably extended, and they can now try all offences except those for which the criminal can on a first conviction be sentenced to death or penal servitude for life, and some other specified offences (such, for instance, as libels) in which legal or constitutional questions of importance are likely to be involved.

The justices of the peace for the county are the judges of these courts, the chairman being only *primus inter pares*, and having no special authority. Two justices at least must be present to make a court. In boroughs, the Recorder who is appointed by the Crown is the judge. He is paid a salary by the corporation out of the property or rates of the town.

These are the ordinary English criminal courts. Besides them, there are others which are called into activity only on rare occasions. The House of Lords is a court of criminal jurisdiction, to which the House of Commons is the grand jury. The House of Commons can impeach any peer of any crime whatever, and it can accuse any commoner of any misdemeanour before the House of Lords. Impeachments are now extremely rare. Two instances only have occurred within the last century; namely, the impeachment in 1785 of Warren Hastings, and the impeachment in 1806 of Lord Melville. The control exercised by Parliament over public servants of all ranks is now so complete and efficient, that it would be difficult for any one to commit the sort of crimes for which people were formerly impeached. The proceeding at best is a very clumsy one. The impeachment of Warren Hastings lasted for more than seven years, though the number of days during which the court sat was not so great as the number of days in which the Court of Queen's Bench sat in the trial of the impostor Orton for perjury in 1873-4.

The House of Lords has also a personal jurisdiction in all cases of treason and felony over peers of the realm. If a peer is accused of committing felony, the procedure against him up to the time when the indictment is found is the same as in the case of any other subject. When he is indicted, the indictment is sent, if Parliament is sitting, before the House of Lords; if Parliament is not sitting, before a court composed of a certain number of peers presided

over by the Lord High Steward, who is appointed for the purpose, whence the court is called the Court of the Lord High Steward.

These courts are rather antiquarian curiosities than anything else. Since the accession of George the Third in 1760, there have been only three trials before the House of Lords sitting in this capacity; namely, the trial of Lord Byron (the poet's grand-uncle) in 1765, for killing Mr. Chaworth in an irregular duel; the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy in 1776; and the trial of Lord Cardigan in 1841 for wounding Mr. Tuckett in a duel.

These are all the courts ordinary and extraordinary which at present exercise criminal jurisdiction of any importance in England, but great historical and legal interest attaches to the criminal jurisdiction of the Privy Council. The criminal law of England in early times was vague and meagre, and the system by which it was administered (trial by jury) was open to every sort of corrupt influence. Indeed, the local power of the aristocracy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was so great that trial by jury was in many cases a farce. There are many curious proofs of this in the Parliament Rolls and elsewhere. Under these circumstances the Lord Chancellor exercised in civil cases, and the Privy Council in criminal cases, powers which Lord Bacon compared to the powers of the prætors and censors in ancient Rome. The intervention of the Lord Chancellor in civil cases was accepted by the public, struck deep roots in English law, and introduced by degrees the system of jurisprudence which we call 'Equity,' and which has done much to correct the faults and to fill up the deficiencies of the common law. The Privy Council (sitting under the title of the Court of Star Chamber) tried to do the same with regard to the criminal law, and I have little doubt that if it had exercised its powers discreetly and fairly, it would have succeeded in doing so. It rendered, in fact, considerable services by punishing persons whose local influence enabled them to intimidate juries and so to set the ordinary courts at defiance, and by punishing a variety of offences which for different reasons were not regarded as crimes by the common law. Perjury by a witness, for instance, was not a criminal offence till it was treated as such by the Star Chamber.

Whatever may have been its merits, however, there can be no doubt that under James the First and Charles the First the Court of Star Chamber became oppressive in the highest degree, attempting by cruel and arbitrary punishments to put down the expression of all opinions unwelcome to the then Government. This brought about its abolition, which was effected by one of the first Acts of the Long Parliament in the year 1640. After the Restoration the Court of King's Bench took upon itself some of the functions of the Star Chamber, and in particular recognised and acted upon most of the additions which it had tacitly made to the original criminal law.

A remnant of the criminal jurisdiction of the Privy Council survived the destruction of the Court of Star Chamber, and still exists. In all cases arising in India or the colonies, an appeal lies from all courts of justice civil or criminal to the Queen; and such appeals are heard by the 'Judicial Committee' of the Privy Council. Such appeals are hardly ever permitted in criminal cases; but sometimes a legal question of peculiar difficulty and novelty may arise which it is desirable to decide upon the highest authority, and in such cases the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is the body before which it is heard. The Committee is not, strictly speaking, a court. It is a body of advisers by whose opinion Her Majesty is guided in the orders which she gives.

Such are the English courts of criminal justice. I will now say something of the procedure observed in them. The first step in criminal procedure is to secure the appearance of the person accused; the next, to examine and prepare the evidence against him. It would be of little interest to enter into detail upon the manner in which these operations are performed, and it would take more time and space than I can at present afford to relate their history, which is curious. I may, however, make one remark.

Preliminary proceedings before a justice of the peace are practically all but universal in English prosecutions, but theoretically they are not necessary. According to the theory of an English trial, the prisoner is accused not by the magistrate who commits him, but by the grand jury, and a prosecutor may still, if he chooses, prefer an accusation before a grand jury without giving notice to the accused person, and so as to prevent him from having any knowledge of the nature of the case against him till he is brought into court to take his trial. This course is so oppressive and so objectionable on public grounds that it is seldom taken, but it is still legally possible. The fact that it exists can be understood only by reference to the history of the English modes of accusation and trial, which is shortly as follows:—

At present there is in England only one mode of trying criminal cases of any importance, namely, that by jury. There are some few cases in which justices of the peace sitting without a jury may sentence offenders to as much as six months' imprisonment and hard labour, and there are one or two cases in which they may imprison offenders for a year; but these are exceptional. •

Trial by jury is the survivor of several modes of trial which were in use at and for a considerable time after the Norman Conquest. Its history, though still obscure in detail, is now, as far as its main points go, well ascertained, and it is as follows: The early modes of trial depended on the early modes of accusation, which were two; namely, accusation by a private person, and accusation by public report.

Accusations by private persons were, I am inclined to think, the commonest mode of prosecution in early times. Such accusations were called 'Appeals,' a word which in this connection means simply accusation and not recourse from an inferior to a superior tribunal.

The nature of an appeal was as follows: The injured person was bound to use every effort to have the criminal arrested by raising the country, which was bound to pursue him 'with hue and cry.' If he could not be taken otherwise, his name was proclaimed, and he was called upon to appear at five successive county courts, and if he did not appear he was outlawed; the effect of which was in very early times that he might be put to death in a summary way, and afterwards that he was taken to be convicted. In the meantime the complainant had to register his complaint before the coroner, who was in ancient times something like a modern justice of the peace. If the person accused appeared, various proceedings took place, which ended at last, if the parties could not otherwise settle the matter, in trial by combat, which, however, was not permitted if the guilt of the accused person was considered to be so clearly proved as to be undeniable. Appeals had a long and curious history which I cannot now relate. They applied at first to many offences, but were at last restricted to cases of homicide in which the heir of the murdered person had a right, even after the person accused had been acquitted by a jury, to 'appeal' or accuse him. This strange procedure, though used but seldom, nevertheless continued to exist till the year 1819, when upon an appeal of murder the Court of King's Bench actually awarded trial by combat, which was not carried out only because the accuser was no match physically for the accused and refused to go on with his appeal as soon as the court held that the accused had a right, as it was called, 'to wage his body.' This case was the occasion of an Act of Parliament by which appeals were abolished.

As time went on, accusation by public report superseded appeals. This system of accusation was carried out by a body of persons who acted as public accusers, and who were the predecessors of the modern grand jury. The system worked thus: England was divided into counties, hundreds, and townships, each township being represented on all public occasions by the reeve, the predecessor of the parish constable, and four men. When the king sent his justices into any county on one of the eyres or circuits already mentioned, they were met by the sheriff, the coroners, the high bailiffs of the hundreds, and the reeves and four men from the townships. The principal persons of the county having been in some unascertained way chosen from this numerous body, they made a report to the justices of the persons within the county whom they suspected of any offence; these persons were arrested forthwith if they were not already in custody, and were at once sent to the ordeal (*urtheil*) whether of fire or of water. The ordeal of fire consisted in handling red-hot iron of a

certain weight, or walking over red-hot ploughshares placed at different intervals. The ordeal of water—which, strange to say, seems to have been more dreaded—consisted in being thrown into the water, when sinking was the sign of innocence, and swimming the sign of guilt. How any one without fraud escaped the one ordeal or was condemned by the other it is difficult to understand. I have sometimes thought that the water ordeal may have been like the Japanese happy despatch. If the accused sank, he died honourably by drowning. If he swam, he was either put to death or blinded and mutilated; but this is a mere guess. Many records still remain which end with the ominous words *eat ad juiscam aquæ*, or *purget se per ignem*. If the accused person escaped from the ordeal, he was nevertheless banished. It was obviously considered that though it might have pleased God to work a miracle to save him from punishment, the bad report made of him by the local authorities was quite enough to show that he was a dangerous character who must leave the country.

Early in the thirteenth century ordeals fell into disuse, probably in consequence of their condemnation by the Lateran Council held in 1215. The result of this was that the report of the grand jury became equivalent to a conviction, or would have been so if means had not been found to avoid a result which even in that age was seen to be monstrous. The method adopted was apparently the introduction into criminal trials of a practice which had already been introduced in civil actions under the name of the Grand Assize.<sup>2</sup> This was the summoning of twelve persons from the place where the dispute arose who were to swear to their knowledge of the matter. The persons so summoned were called an assize, and afterwards a jury, and elaborate precautions were taken for securing the attendance of persons acquainted with the subject. When twelve persons were found willing to swear one way or the other, their oath was decisive. Even before ordeals were abolished a person accused by a grand jury was allowed as a special favour to purchase of the king the right of having a body of this kind (which in such cases was called an ‘inquest’) to ‘pass upon him.’ When ordeals were abolished, juries, or inquests, instead of being an exceptional favour purchased in particular cases, came into general use. The first jurymen were thus official witnesses, and not, as their successors are and have been for centuries, judges as to the truth of the evidence given by witnesses.

There is no more obscure question in the whole history of English law than the question how and when jurymen ceased to be witnesses and became judges. They were undoubtedly witnesses in the thirteenth century, and undoubtedly judges of the testimony given by others in the middle of the sixteenth century, and it seems probable

<sup>2</sup> The word ‘assize’ is used in a variety of senses in old English law. It means:—1, a law; 2, a jury; 3, the sitting of a court.

that in the latter half of the fifteenth century they were judges in civil cases, but not to the same extent in criminal cases. Many curious traces of their original character remained long after the change had taken place. Thus for instance, as I have already observed, perjury by a witness was no crime in England till the seventeenth century; but perjury by a juryman, *i.e.* a wilfully false verdict given by a juryman, was theoretically punishable in some cases by a process called an attain, which in practice was never put in force. The reason why the witness was not punished was that according to the theory described his appearance at the trial, was accidental. The juror was the only witness whom the law recognised as such. The reason why the juror was not actually punished, though he was in theory liable to punishment, was that as time went on every one knew that whatever the theory of the law might be he was in fact dependent on witnesses and was not himself a witness, so that if his verdict was wrong it was impossible to say that it was not mistaken.

However this may have been, trial by jury in the modern sense of the word was fully established in England in the sixteenth century. From that time to this we have full reports of nearly all the most remarkable trials which have taken place in England, and it is possible to trace the gradual growth of the present system by comparing together the trials which took place at different times.

The result of such a comparison is to show that criminal trials in England have gone through several distinct phases. Down to the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the prisoner was interrogated as closely as a prisoner is in France at the present day; and though torture was never legalised in England, it was to a considerable extent in use under Queen Elizabeth, being employed principally in the case of persons accused of conspiring against her life.

The preliminary procedure was secret to a much later date. Indeed, though in practice it became public in the course of the eighteenth century, it was not till the year 1848 that a right was conferred by Act of Parliament on the accused to be present at the preliminary examination of the witnesses. A right to have copies of the depositions made by them was given in 1836.

In the second half of the seventeenth century, and especially towards the close of it, the procedure was not unlike that of our own day; but the furious passions of the times, and the corruption and partisanship of some of the judges, exhibited all its weak points in a terribly strong light. Some of its defects, and in particular the temptation to the judges to be corrupt, were removed at or soon after the Revolution, and in the course of the eighteenth century the general management of a criminal trial was closely assimilated to the course of a civil action. The present method of procedure may be considered as having been fully established with not more than one important exception by the beginning of the reign of George

the Third (1760). It is so well known that it is unnecessary in this place to give any account of it.

I must content myself with a very cursory glance at some other curious features in English criminal procedure. The whole subject of legal punishments as inflicted in England is full of curiosity. All common offences—murder and manslaughter, rape, robbery, arson, coining, and theft to the value of a shilling or upwards—were by the law of England punished by death from the early part of the thirteenth century to the year 1827. This, however, was qualified by a singular institution called benefit of clergy, by which first the clergy, then every man who could read, unless he was *bigamus*—i.e. unless he had been twice married, or unless he had married a widow (but no woman except till the Reformation—a nun); then all people, men whether *bigami* or not, or women who could read; then all people, whether they could read or not, were excepted for their first offence in nearly all cases, not only from the punishment of death, but from almost all punishment for nearly every offence, for, at common law, only high treason and perhaps arson and highway robbery were excepted from the benefit of clergy. Side by side with the process by which benefit of clergy was extended to all persons, a parallel process went on by which large numbers of crimes were excluded from it, by being made, as the phrase was, ‘felonies without benefit of clergy.’ For instance, every one at time went on became entitled to benefit of clergy in cases of theft, but it was provided by successive Acts of Parliament that the theft of horses, sheep, and other cattle, stealing to the value of five shillings in a shop, and stealing from the person to the value of one shilling or upwards, should be ‘felony without benefit of clergy.’ This made the law terribly severe in appearance; but in practice it was seldom carried out, the judges being authorised to commute the sentences which they were obliged to pass—a power which they exercised very freely.

Between the years 1827 and 1861 capital punishment was abolished in all but four cases—treason, murder, piracy with certain aggravations, and burning dockyards or arsenals. The discretion entrusted to the judges as to the amount of secondary punishment to be awarded was also carried so far that minimum punishments were abolished in every case but one, so that there are many crimes for which an English judge can sentence a man, either to penal servitude for life, or to a single day’s imprisonment without hard labour, or to any intermediate punishment. English criminal law has thus in the course of a little more than fifty years passed from being by far the most severe system in the world, to being the most lenient as far as the amount of punishment is concerned.

The great leading peculiarity which distinguishes English criminal procedure from the criminal procedure of every other country,



is to be found in the extent to which the control of criminal proceedings is left in private hands. Every one has a right to prosecute any one for any crime of which he is suspected, and, what is even more remarkable, every one has almost identically the same facilities for doing so. The police can do hardly anything which any private person cannot do, and the law officers of the Crown, the Attorney and Solicitor General, have hardly any power in conducting the prosecution of a State criminal, which the youngest barrister has not in prosecuting a fraud which concerns no one but the person defrauded. The Attorney General can stop prosecutions; but he hardly ever does so, and he can personally accuse any person, of having committed a misdemeanour without resorting to a grand jury; but this is not a matter of much practical importance, especially in the present day.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that criminal prosecutions in England form a branch of litigation over which private persons have nearly as much authority as the parties in civil proceedings have over such proceedings. This was not the result of any intention on the part of any one whatever. It was caused by the working of the institutions already described. The grand jury at first were no doubt public accusers, and in early times the coroners and justices of the peace acted to some extent as public prosecutors; but as time went on the grand jury reported only such matters as were represented to them voluntarily by private persons, and the coroners and justices of the peace came to occupy the position of preliminary judges, who could be set in motion only by private complainants, and thus the whole system came to assume its present character.

I now pass to that part of the criminal law which consists of the definitions of crimes and the apportionment to them of punishments, and which would form the matter of a penal code, as the branch of law which I have already described would form the matter of a code of criminal procedure.

The first subject to be mentioned under this head is that of the conditions of criminal responsibility, or, as it may otherwise be called, matter of excuse. It consists of the exceptions to the general rule that every one is responsible for every crime which he may commit. The exceptions recognised by English law are age, to some extent insanity, to some extent compulsion, to some extent necessity, to some extent ignorance of fact as distinguished from ignorance of law. The effect of such a maxim as 'Non est reus nisi mens sit rea' is given by including terms relating to the state of the offender's mind in the definitions of a large number if not of most crimes. This is done by the use of such words as 'wilfully,' 'knowingly,' 'fraudulently,' 'negligently,' and above all 'maliciously,' which has much in common with the *dolus malus* of the Roman law.

There is a good deal of indistinctness in this branch of the English criminal law, the word 'malice' in particular being made to bear a great variety of meanings. Thus, for instance, murder is defined as 'unlawful killing with malice aforethought,' and manslaughter as 'unlawful killing without malice aforethought.' 'Malice aforethought' is here interpreted to mean any one of several states of mind, such as an intention to kill, an intention to do grievous bodily harm, an intention to resist a lawful apprehension, recklessness as to killing, &c. In order that the publication of a libel may be criminal it must be 'malicious.' This means that it must be done without certain specified circumstances which justify or excuse it. So, again, mischief to property is, as a rule, criminal if it is 'wilful and malicious.' These words seem to mean little more than 'intentional and unlawful and done without a claim of right.' In popular language malice means ill-will to another which it is discreditable to feel. Thus envy would be described as a form of malice, but no one would apply that term to honest indignation excited by a wicked action. In law the word is generally used in senses so unnatural that it would be well if it were altogether disused. It does not occur in the Criminal Code Bill of 1878, or in that of 1879.

The law as to insanity is somewhat vague, but this, I think, arises rather from the defective state of our knowledge as to the disease than from any other cause. The law as to compulsion is also in an unsatisfactory state, but the subject is one of singularly little practical importance.

Next come the definitions of crimes. The crimes known to the law of England, and I suppose to the laws of other countries, may be reduced to a very few leading classes, namely:—

- (1.) Offences against public tranquillity.
- (2.) The obstruction or corruption of public authority.
- (3.) Offences against public morals.
- (4.) Offences against the persons of individuals and rights annexed to their persons.
- (5.) Offences against the property of individuals and rights connected with property.

The history of these branches of English law is shortly as follows: With regard to most of them a few general names have been in common use from the most remote antiquity. These were applied to common cases of crime long before any precise definitions had been found to be needful, and the offences so named are called 'offences at common law.' Such words as treason, homicide, murder, rape, robbery, theft, are instances. These words were defined by different writers on legal subjects, and as, occasion required, by the decisions of courts of justice, which in England from a very early time were in many instances carefully recorded. Some of our reports go back as far as the thirteenth century. In some instances also the legislature

defined expressions which were considered dangerously vague and wide. This, however, was done very seldom indeed; almost the only instance I can remember of an attempt by Parliament to define common law offences, is the famous Statute of Treason passed in 1352, and still in force. New offences, however, were from time to time created by Act of Parliament, and special forms of common law offences were subjected to special punishments. For instance, though Parliament has never defined theft, it has made special provisions for the punishment of different kinds of theft, such as the theft of wills, of letters in the post office, of articles of the value of 5*l.* in a dwelling-house, of thefts by clerks and servants of the property of their masters, and the like.

This part of the criminal law of England is thus composed of two elements, namely, common law definitions and various rules connected with them, and parliamentary enactments which assume, though they do not state, the common law definitions and rules. Moreover, both the common law and the statute law have been illustrated and explained by a great number of judicial decisions which, as far as they go, are as binding as if they were laws. To understand these decisions properly, and to apply their principles to new combinations of facts, are amongst the most important of the duties which lawyers have to discharge. The decisions are exceedingly numerous, though I think they are less numerous on this branch of our law than on others. The statutes relating to crime are of all ages, and each particular statute has its own special history. Nearly all of them have been enacted at least three times over. The general history of this part of the subject is in a few words as follows: The first writer on the criminal law, whose works are in any sense of authority at the present day, was Bracton—a judge who lived in the latter part of the thirteenth century, in the reign of Henry the Third. His book *De Legibus Angliæ* is by far the most comprehensive work on the subject written for several centuries, and the third book of it, entitled ‘De Coronâ,’ is the source of much of our existing criminal law. His definitions of crimes are in several instances taken, though with not unimportant modifications, from the *Digest*. For instance, he thus defines theft, ‘Furtum est secundum leges fraudulosa contrectatio rei alienæ invito illo domino cujus res illa fuerit.’ This omits the words which extend the Roman law definition of theft to temporary appropriations. Bracton’s book served as the foundation for other works of less note, as, for instance, Fleta, and, to a less extent, Brittan; but no writer of anything like equal note dealt with the subject between his time and the early part of the seventeenth century, 350 years afterwards. About that time Coke wrote his *Institutes of the Law of England*, the third of which is devoted to the subject of criminal law. Coke had great technical learning and a character of great force and audacity; but he had no power of arranging or generalising his

knowledge, and not only was his style pedantic, but his mind never rose above a very trivial kind of acuteness. His book, however, shows fairly, though in a most disorderly manner and with many inaccuracies, what the law was in his day.

Coke was followed at the distance of about half a century by Sir Matthew Hale, a much more considerable personage, though he was far less conspicuous in the political history of his time. His *History of the Pleas of the Crown* is far superior to the third Institute, and is, I think, entitled to the first place amongst books on English criminal law. It is full of learning, especially historical learning, and in several parts shows powers of a higher kind.

Both Coke and Hale show conclusively what a crude, imperfect, meagre system the criminal law of their time was, and how little it had been improved by legislation. What can be said of a system under which it was a capital crime to steal a shilling, and a mere misdemeanour punishable with fine and imprisonment to run a man through the body with a sword with intent to murder him?

Neither Coke nor Hale notices the fact that the common law dealt only with a small number of the grossest and commonest offences, such as homicide, theft, and rape; nor the further fact that a large addition to the law was made by the decisions of the Court of Star Chamber, which treated as criminal a number of actions (such as attempts to commit crimes, conspiracies to commit crimes, perjury, some kinds of forgery) for the punishment of which the common law, properly so called, made no provision. After the abolition of the Court of Star Chamber the offences which it had been in the habit of punishing were treated as being offences at common law, though most of them were unknown to the system properly so called.

Any defects which the criminal law in Hale's time may have had on the side of undue lenity, were effectually removed by the legislation of the eighteenth century, under which innumerable offences were made felony without benefit of clergy. The excessive severity of this legislation and the capricious character which it gave to the execution of the law, excited great attention. At the same time the efforts of many reformers, of whom Bentham was the best known as a writer and thinker, and Romilly as a politician, directed much attention to the form of the law itself. The result was that between the years 1827 and 1830 a great mass of the then existing statute law was repealed, and the substance of it was re-enacted in a less fragmentary shape, the punishments for the different offences being in most cases considerably mitigated. The commoner offences were by this means dealt with by four or five statutes, which consolidated in whole or in part probably many scores or hundreds of earlier Acts.

This was a considerable improvement, but it was merely a first step towards a complete criminal code. Efforts were made to have

such a measure prepared, and a commission was opened which made many reports upon the subject of the criminal law between 1833 and 1861. After great delay five Acts of Parliament were passed in the year 1861, relating respectively to theft and offences in the nature of theft, malicious mischief to property, forgery, offences relating to the coin, and offences relating to the persons of individuals. These five Acts constitute the nearest approach to a penal code now in existence in England. They are very useful as far as they go; but they are extremely imperfect, first, because they assume and are founded upon the unwritten common law definitions and rules relating to crimes; and, secondly, because they deal only with offences against the persons and property of individuals, and leave unnoticed the subject of criminal responsibility and the definitions of offences against public order, offences consisting in the corruption of public officers, and offences against public morals and convenience. In other words, they leave unnoticed nearly half the matters which ought to be disposed of by a criminal code, and they do not deal at all with the subject of procedure, the law as to which is principally unwritten. There have thus been three sets of criminal statutes; namely, first, the unconnected, scattered enactments passed before the reign of George the Fourth in order to fill up the gaps in the old common law; secondly, the Acts passed between 1827 and 1833, which re-enacted the first set in a shorter form; and, thirdly, the Acts passed in 1861, which repealed and re-enacted, with some additions and improvements, the Acts of George the Fourth, and extended them to Ireland. Some others have been passed which I need not notice here.

I will now make a few observations<sup>3</sup> on the most important and characteristic of the definitions of each of the classes of offences which I have mentioned.

In the first place, I may observe upon these crimes in general that they are all classed as being either treason, felony, or misdemeanour. Treason is sometimes said to be a kind of felony.

Felonies were originally crimes punishable with death and forfeiture of goods, though this definition is not rigorously exact. Petty larceny and mayhem, though felonies, were not capital crimes, and piracy, though capital, was not a felony. So misprision of treason was not a felony though it involved forfeiture. All other crimes were misdemeanours, the punishment for which at common law was fine, imprisonment, and whipping at the discretion of the court. The great alterations made in legal punishments have made this classification altogether unmeaning. Many misdemeanours are

<sup>3</sup> In my *Digest of the Criminal Law of England (Crimes and Punishments)*, Macmillan, London, 1877, I have arranged the existing law in the form of a Final Code. All the crimes referred to in the text are defined in it besides many others which I pass over. The definitions will be found at the pages referred to in the footnotes.

now liable by statute to punishments as serious as most felonies, and forfeiture of property as a punishment for crime was abolished in the year 1870. There are still a few distinctions in the proceedings appropriate to felony and misdemeanour, but the classification has for many years become a mere source of embarrassment and intricacy.

Passing to the definitions of crimes I come first to crimes<sup>4</sup> against public tranquillity. The most important of these is high treason—an offence of which the definition has played an important part in English history. Bracton has not on this occasion copied the language of the *Digest*; but down to the reign of Edward the Third high treason was a term little if at all less vague than ‘majestas,’ and its definition in the year 1352 by statute was regarded as a highly important security against oppression. It defined treason as consisting of three main branches,<sup>5</sup> namely: (1) Compassing or imagining the death of the king and displaying such compassing and imagination by any open act. (2) Levying war against the king. (3) Adhering to the king’s enemies. The first of these heads has been interpreted to mean forming an intention in the mind, which intention is displayed by any open act. There is some ground for the opinion that the ‘imagining’ mentioned in the Act (which was in Norman French) really meant attempting; but the other interpretation has always been received and acted upon. This Act has remained in force for upwards of five hundred years, and its meaning has been the subject of vehement controversy. It was for centuries regarded as the law under which all attempts to make by force revolutionary changes in the Government must be punished; but it is obvious that such changes might be made without any direct attempt upon the king’s life, and also without ‘levying war’ against him in the plain sense of the words. Hence at different stormy periods in English history—for instance, in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and Charles the Second—other acts were made treason, as, for instance, denying the king’s supremacy over the Church, maintaining particular theological doctrines, speaking words of a seditious character, and the like. These, however, were regarded as stretches of power, and the Act of Edward the Third was regarded with almost superstitious reverence as containing the true constitutional theory on the subject. As it was found in practice too narrow for the purposes to which it was from time to time sought to apply it, the judges on many occasions enlarged it by ‘construction’ or interpretation. It was held, for instance, that every one who tried to lay any restraint on the king for

<sup>4</sup> See my *Digest*, part ii. p. 32.

<sup>5</sup> There are some others of less importance which I omit. It is treason *e.g.* to kill the Lord Chancellor or a Judge of the High Court whilst discharging the duties of his office. When the statute of treasons was passed, murder was clergyable, and the object was, that a man who murdered a judge on the bench should be hanged even if he could read, and if his wife had not before her marriage been a widow.

the purpose of making him change his measures, or who attempted to depose him, must be taken to 'imagine his death,' because deposed kings are often put to death. In the same way it was held that any riot having for its object the effecting by force any public general object, as, for instance, the repeal of an obnoxious law, was high treason by levying of war. These judicial interpretations or constructions were naturally unpopular, and juries sometimes refused to give effect to them. During the reign of George the Third accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed which gave them statutory authority during his life, but the greater part of this Act expired on his death in 1820. In the present reign, during the excitement produced in England and Ireland in 1848 by the continental revolutions of that year, another Act was passed which left untouched the Act of Edward the Third and the constructions put upon it by the judges, but re-enacted in substance the Act of George the Third, declaring, however, as to the greater part of it, that offenders against it should be guilty of felony and liable to penal servitude for life or any less punishment. It was, however, expressly declared that this should not in any way affect the older law. High treason accordingly at present is defined by the law of England twice over; namely, first by the Act of Edward the Third, upon which the judges have put a variety of constructions and interpretations; and, secondly, by the Act of 1848, which embodies these constructions and interpretations, but punishes the offender with secondary instead of capital punishment. Some indeed of the constructions in question which relate to attacks on the king's person are still treason by statute.

There are a variety of other Acts against political offences, some of which are strange and even antiquated. The only one of interest enough to be mentioned in such a sketch as this is the offence of seditious libel.<sup>6</sup> The crime is nowhere defined on authority. Practically it may be described as being any writing upon a political subject adverse to the existing state of things, and such that the jury think the writer ought to be punished. In the latter part of the last century this branch of the law was the subject of a great controversy between judges and juries. The judges held that it was the duty of the jury to convict the accused if it was proved that he had written or published the matter said to be libellous, and that such parts of it as were not stated in express words, but by way of allusion, abbreviation, or the like, had the meaning ascribed to them in the indictment, and that it was the duty of the judge to say whether the matter so published was or was not a libel. Juries were continually told by the counsel for accused persons that it was their duty to determine the whole matter—the criminality or innocence of the alleged publication as well as the fact that the matter alleged to be

criminal was published. This controversy was decided in the year 1792 in favour of the jury by Fox's Libel Act. Political libels were prosecuted and their authors severely punished for many years after the passing of this Act; but it is, I think, more than thirty years since there has been a successful prosecution for a political libel in England, though there have been some within that period in Ireland.

I must pass very lightly over offences consisting in the obstruction or corruption of public officers in the discharge of their duties.<sup>7</sup> I may observe, however, that perversions of the course of justice by whatever means were anciently known by the general name of 'maintenance,' i.e. maintaining or supporting by unlawful means either party to any legal proceeding. All through the Plantagenet period this offence was common, and many Acts of Parliament were directed against it. It was one main object of the erection, or at least of the extension and development, of the powers of the Court of Star Chamber to deal with such cases. By degrees the offence of maintenance ceased to be prosecuted under that name, but different forms of the offence, such as attempts to corrupt or intimidate witnesses, or to exercise undue influence over jurors, are still occasionally punished. Bribery, perjury in its various forms, and conspiracies to defeat the course of justice also belong to this class.

On crimes against the morals, health, and general convenience of the public,<sup>8</sup> I will make only one observation. As I have already observed in passing, a large addition was made to the criminal law of England by the decisions of the Court of Star Chamber. When that court was abolished and after the restoration of Charles the Second, the Court of King's Bench not only recognised the decisions of the Court of Star Chamber, but to a certain extent considered itself as having succeeded to its authority as *custos morum*, and the judges claimed and exercised the power of treating as criminal any act which appeared to be at once immoral and opposed to the interests of the public. The publication of obscene books was first punished expressly on this ground. To some degree this power has been asserted even in our own day.

I now come to the great leading heads of the criminal law—the offences, namely, which are punished under one or other of the five Acts passed in 1861, and which affect the person or property of individuals. Offences against the persons of individuals<sup>9</sup> consist either in the destruction of life, the infliction of injuries short of death, or the infringement of rights inseparably annexed to the person, such as conjugal and parental rights and the right to a good reputation.

No part of the law of England is more elaborate or more difficult

<sup>7</sup> See my *Digest*, part iii. p. 70.

<sup>8</sup> See *ibid.* part iv. p. 95.

<sup>9</sup> See *ibid.* part v. p. 191.



to reduce to anything like order and system than the law relating to homicide in its different degrees.<sup>10</sup> The Act relating to offences against the person throws no light upon it whatever. It provides in a few words for the punishment of murder and manslaughter, but it assumes that the legal definitions of these offences are known. Of these definitions I have not space to write with anything like the fulness which they deserve. I will only say in general that upon a full examination of the different legal decisions which have been given by the courts, and the different expositions of the matter which have been made by writers regarded as authoritative, it will be found that the apparently simple definitions,<sup>11</sup> already given and quoted below, require, in order that they may be fully understood, that answers should be given to the following questions:—

First, what is homicide? Must a child be fully born before it can be killed, or is it homicide to kill a living unborn infant? Is it homicide to frighten a man to death, or to break a woman's heart by systematic unkindness which, operating on weak nerves, causes paralysis and death? Is it homicide to allow a man to die when you can save him without danger or serious trouble, *e.g.* by throwing a rope to a drowning man? If a person having the charge of a child or infirm person omits to render proper services whereby death is caused, is that homicide? If a physician causes his patient's death by mistaken treatment, is it homicide? If A injures B and B refuses to submit to a surgical operation and dies, has A killed B? Or suppose the operation is performed and B dies of the operation, has A killed B? Does it make any difference if the operation was unnecessary or was unskillfully performed?

Next, in what cases is homicide unlawful? The full answer to this question involves a statement of the law as to the cases which justify the use of personal violence, and in particular its use for self-defence, for the prevention of crimes, for the arrest of criminals, for the execution of legal process, and for the assertion of particular legal rights. A, a far stronger man than B, comes by force into B's house and stays there making a disturbance. B tries to remove him. A successfully resists. At what point if at any point may B shoot A or stab him with a knife?

When we have assigned, by answering these questions, a definite meaning to the expression 'unlawful homicide,' it becomes necessary to distinguish between the two classes into which it is divided by defining each of the words 'malice' and 'aforethought.' Does the word 'aforethought' imply premeditation extending over a day, an hour, a minute, or is it a practically unmeaning word? A variety of authorities show that it is practically unmeaning. If a man with a

<sup>10</sup> See my *Digest*, part v. pp. 138-155.

<sup>11</sup> 'Murder is unlawful homicide with malice aforethought.' 'Manslaughter is unlawful homicide without malice aforethought.'

loaded gun in his hand suddenly conceives and executes the intention to shoot dead an unoffending passer-by, his crime is regarded by the law of England as being, to say the very least, quite as bad as if he committed it after long deliberation.

As for the word 'malice' I have already described the strangely unnatural meaning which has been attached to it in relation to this matter. The most important of these meanings are (1) an intention to kill, (2) an intention to inflict grievous bodily harm, (3) an intention to commit any crime described as a felony, (4) knowledge that the act which causes death is dangerous to life and a determination to run the risk of killing. For instance, when a man intending to rescue a prisoner from a prison exploded a barrel of gunpowder against the wall of the prison and blew part of it down, destroying at the same time the lives of many people in the neighbourhood of the explosion, he was held to have acted with 'malice aforethought,' though he probably knew none of the people who were killed, and hoped, if he thought about the subject at all, that they might be absent at the time of the explosion or otherwise escape its effects.

The law relating to the infliction of bodily injuries short of death has in itself no special interest, but it has a curious history. In Anglo-Saxon times the laws provided a scale of fines or *weres* for bodily injuries almost surgically minute. Thus twenty shillings were to be paid to one whose great toe was struck off, and five to one who lost his little toe. Under the early English kings *weres* went out of use; but maiming, *i.e.* destroying any member of the body which might be used in fighting or which was essential to manhood, was a felony; but it was the only felony (except petty larceny) not punished with death, and it came to be treated as a misdemeanour only. I suppose that in ages when violence was extremely common people were left in this matter to defend and to revenge themselves. The effect of this was that till quite modern times the most violent attempts to murder were only misdemeanours. By degrees, however, public attention was attracted by particular acts of violence, and laws were passed for their punishment; but this legislation was occasional and fragmentary to an almost incredible degree. Thus, for instance, in the reign of Charles the Second the enemies of Sir William Coventry set upon him and gashed his face, and in particular his nose, in order to disfigure him. Hereupon an Act was passed (long known as the Coventry Act) which made it felony without benefit of clergy to cut a man's nose or face with intent to disfigure him. All this fragmentary and occasional legislation was thrown together, first in an Act passed in 1827, and afterwards in the Act now in force which was passed in 1861. The strangest instance of its character which can be given is that different provisions in the Act punish specifically seven different ways of attempting to commit murder, to which is added a further provision punishing in the same way all attempts to

commit murder by ways other than those specified. As the punishment is the same in all cases, a single provision punishing the attempt to commit murder would have been sufficient. The explanation of this intricacy is that at one time some of these acts were and others were not capital crimes.

The Acts which punish wilful injuries to property (of which burning houses, &c., are the most serious), forgery, and offences committed with the coinage, I pass over without any further observation than that they have the same elaborate and yet fragmentary and occasional character as the other Acts. The Act relating to forgery in particular exemplifies this in the strongest way. Forgery at common law was regarded only as a misdemeanour; but as commerce increased, and in particular as bills of exchange and other negotiable instruments came to furnish a supplementary currency, forgery came to be of more importance, and a succession of Acts were passed making it felony without benefit of clergy to forge deeds, bills, notes, and many other commercial papers. It became usual indeed, when any statute was passed which required almost any sort of document to be used, to make a special provision for punishing its forgery. The Forgery Act is an imperfect collection of these provisions. It is at once most elaborate, most minute, and quite imperfect. I think a very few general provisions might replace the whole of it.

The Act<sup>12</sup> most commonly in use, most important, and most remarkable, is the Act relating to theft and other offences consisting in the dishonest appropriation of property. It is a production which no one could possibly understand without being aware of the history of the law upon the subject, and of the common law theories upon which it is founded.

Bracton's definition of theft, as I have already observed, was taken almost verbatim from the *Digest*, but the whole theory of the English common law upon the subject differs widely from that of the Roman law. Most of the differences arise, I think, from the circumstance that the Roman lawyers regarded theft as a private wrong, whereas the common law treated it from very early times as a capital crime. The extreme severity of this view was mitigated in practice by several extraordinary doctrines, the inconvenience of which was recognised as time went on, and to some extent remedied by parliamentary enactments. I will mention the most important of these doctrines. The first was obviously intended to restrict the law to the class of things most likely to be stolen, and of which the theft was of most importance in a rude state of society, such as cattle, articles of furniture, money, stores of food, &c. It was that certain classes of things were not capable of being stolen. First of all it was considered that as it was a physical impossibility to steal a piece of land, so it

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" See my *Digest*, pp. 194-266.

should be made legally impossible to steal anything which formed part of, grew from, or was permanently affixed to the soil. So far was this carried that it was not theft at common law to cut down a tree and carry it away, or to rip lead off a roof and melt it down. Coal forming part of a mine, even fruit on a tree, or growing corn was not capable of being stolen at common law. A second exception applied to title deeds, bonds, and other legal documents. As a legal right was physically incapable of being stolen, it was held that the evidence of a legal right, such as a deed or a bond, should be legally incapable of being stolen. When bank-notes first came into use they were not capable of being stolen, because they were only evidences of the holder's right against the bank, and were otherwise of no value. Again, many kinds of animals were not regarded as being capable of being stolen, because as old writers said 'they were not worthy' (as oxen and sheep were) 'that a man should die for them.' Such were dogs and cats and wild animals kept in captivity for curiosity like bears or wolves.

All these exceptions from the general rule as to theft are themselves subject to exceptions made by Act of Parliament, and the sub-exceptions are so wide that they are all but coextensive with the original exceptions. Thus the rule that documents which are evidences of rights cannot be stolen, is qualified by statutory exceptions which enumerate nearly every imaginable document which can fall within the exception, and provide special punishments for stealing them; and the same is true of the other excepted classes which I have mentioned.

Another rule of the common law has caused much greater intricacy and complication than this. This rule is, that it is essential to theft that there should be an unlawful *taking*. If a man gets possession of a thing lawfully, and afterwards misappropriates it, he is not guilty of theft. For instance, if having hired a horse honestly, the hirer rode away with him and sold him, he would not have been guilty of theft at common law, nor was it theft at common law to misappropriate a watch lent for use or entrusted to the misappropriator to be repaired. Nor, again, was a servant who received money on his master's account and spent it guilty of theft at common law.

It would not be worth while to attempt to give an account of the extraordinary intricacies and hardly intelligible technicalities into which these doctrines have run, and it would be hopeless to try to show to what extent they have been removed by statute. It is enough to say that there has been an immense quantity of legislation on the subject as occasional as minute, and as incomplete as the other legislation already referred to.

Even this, however, does not bring us to the end of the intricacies of the law of theft. As I have already observed, the old law

was comparatively simple. Theft or larceny (*latrocinium*), as it was called, was divided into grand and petit. Grand larceny was theft of things worth a shilling or upwards, and was punishable with death. Petit larceny was theft of things worth less than a shilling, and was originally punished by flogging and imprisonment. Grand larceny, however, was a clergyable felony; that is to say, offenders for the first offence were branded on the brawn of the thumb, and imprisoned for a short time and discharged. On a second conviction they were hanged. This was not considered severe enough for many forms of theft, and accordingly Acts of Parliament were passed excluding particular classes of thieves from benefit of clergy, as, for instance, those who stole to the value of forty shillings in a dwelling house, those who stole cattle, those who stole five shillings from a shop, and many others. These are the principal intricacies which were imported into this offence, either by the rules of the common law or by the course of parliamentary legislation. All of them must be borne in mind before the principle on which the Larceny Act of 1861 is drawn can be understood. It sweeps together all the exceptions to each of the common law rules already referred to, and it punishes with special severity every form of theft which in earlier times was excluded from the benefit of clergy. It also punishes various forms of fraud allied to theft, and provides for theft aggravated by personal violence, which is robbery, and for extortion by means of threats. It thus forms upon the whole one of the most intricate, unwieldy, and at first sight hopelessly unintelligible productions of a legislative kind that I have ever met with. It consists of 123 sections, and is, I should think, nearly as long as the *Strafgesetzbuch* of the German Empire.

I have now completed my very rough outline of the criminal law of England as it is. I may observe upon it in general, that it is surprisingly minute and distinct, and, when you have learnt it, so well ascertained that few questions arise on its meaning, but it is to the last degree fragmentary. It is destitute of any sort of arrangement, a great deal of it has never been reduced to writing at all in any authoritative way, and the part which has been is unintelligible to any one who is unacquainted with the unwritten definitions and doctrines of which it assumes the existence.

Of the plans for its codification which have attracted public attention in the course of the last three years, I have only to say that I am now fully convinced that the task of codification—which practically means giving literary form to large bodies of law—is one which a popular assembly like the British Parliament is quite incompetent to perform itself, and most unlikely to entrust to any one else. Parliament can no more write a law book than it can paint a picture, and a thorough revision and re-enactment in an improved form of the whole body of the criminal law would raise so many questions of various sorts, upon which great difference of

opinion exists, that I do not believe that any ministry is likely to encumber themselves with so extensive a measure, or that any Parliament is likely to pass it. I think, however, I am justified in saying that the Bills referred to prove the possibility (which in England has sometimes been denied) of drawing a criminal code, whatever may be the difficulty of passing it when it is drawn. I also think that they show what an immense quantity of sense and experience the criminal law of England contains, notwithstanding some undeniable defects in substance and defects of form which can hardly be exaggerated.

JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

## THE AGNOSTIC AT CHURCH.

## I.

I SHOULD like to say a few words upon one passage of the article by Mr. Louis Greg, in the January number of this Review, on the propriety of an Agnostic's frequenting his parish church. With the tone of the article, and with the general conclusion at which Mr. Greg arrives, I fully sympathise; but upon the one point to which I refer I should go further than he does.

Mr. Greg says: 'It is not suggested that he (the Agnostic) should repeat the Creeds, still less offer himself as a communicant.' I will endeavour to show why I think an Agnostic should certainly offer himself as a communicant.

I do not ask him to accept Mr. Matthew Arnold's conclusion that there is a power *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness; of this he knows nothing; but this he knows, that there is a power *within ourselves* which makes for righteousness, and which may be cultivated. He knows that, not only in himself, but in all men, there are impulses and tendencies which, if followed, lead to the happiness of self-surrender, to the blessedness of benefaction, to finding oneself the centre of life and love. It is admitted that in church he finds himself in a mental atmosphere which has a tendency to promote the following of these impulses, but he is not in harmony with much of a formal and dogmatic character which he hears. He sympathises with the object, he doubts the means. There is, however, one principle which underlies all church worship with which he cannot fail to sympathise, with which he cannot fail to be in harmony—the sacramental principle. For this is the great underlying principle of life by which the commonest and dullest incidents—the most unattractive sights, the crowded streets and unlovely masses of people, become instinct with a delicate purity, a radiant beauty—become the 'outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.' Everything may be a sacrament to the pure in heart. 'Our delight,' says George Eliot, in one of the finest passages she ever wrote, 'our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.'

This sunshine upon the grass, then, is a Sacrament of remembrance and of love.

This principle, which underlies all things, is concentrated in the supreme act of church worship, in a touching ceremony, where the most perfect and beneficent creatures of nature, bread and wine, are set forth as the representatives of what it is agreed to take as the type of a perfect and beneficent life, whether really existent or not is, in this aspect of the question, of no importance. Round this ceremony the holiest affections of his fellow-men have grouped themselves for centuries. Sacred and awful in their thoughts, it cannot be wholly without a sanctifying effect in his. Kneeling in company with his fellows, even if all recollection of a far-away past, with its childhood's faith and fancies, has faded from his mind, it is impossible but that some effect of sympathy, some magic chord and thrill of sweetness, should mollify and refresh his heart, blessing with a sweet humility that consciousness of intellect which, natural and laudable in itself, may perhaps be felt by him at moments to be his greatest snare. Strengthened, chastened, purified by this communion, he will find his loins girded to run the daily race that is set before him, the course plainer beneath his feet, the guiding light clearer upon the desired goal.

It may be objected that, by so doing, the Agnostic is supporting a superstitious system against which his conscience rebels; but this system he has already condoned by coming to church; he will hear more superstition from the pulpit than he will ever meet with in the ritual of the Sacrament. But in truth he cannot avoid superstition unless he severs himself entirely from his fellow-men. It is deeply engraven in the race.

Even if it be granted that there is no hereafter for the individual consciousness, worship, as no Comtist will deny, still remains the most becoming attitude of man, and, if so, where can he worship, with so little to jar his taste, as in this simple touching rite?

There is another side to the question which Mr. Greg has also alluded to: How is the Agnostic likely to be received? The man who comes to the Sacrament in the spirit I have described is not likely, at other times, coarsely and unnecessarily to outrage the feelings of his neighbours, and such a man few clergymen would do otherwise than rejoice to see present himself. If there be any clergy who think otherwise, I would commend to their attention the following words of Henry More, the Platonist, applied to an Agnostic of his day. Our Agnostic will pardon some expressions for the sake of the beauty of the whole.

*Sophron.* In my mind it is a sign of a great deal of natural integrity, and inbred nobleness of spirit, that, maugre the heaviness of his complexion that thus strongly bears him down from apprehending so concerning metaphysical truths, yet he retains so vivid resentments of the more solid morality.



*Philotheus.* That will redound to his greater joy and happiness whenever it shall please God to recover his soul into a clearer knowledge of Himself. For even moral honesty itself is part of the law of God and an adumbration of the divine Life. So that when Regeneration has more thoroughly illuminated his understanding, I doubt not, but that he will fall into that pious admiration and speech of the ancient Patriarch, 'Verily, God was in this place and I knew it not.' Wherefore those that are true lovers of God must be friendly and lovingly disposed towards all His appearances, and bid a kind welcome to the first dawns of that Diviner Light.<sup>1</sup>

Looking into the future I sometimes think I see a glorious Church, which, without faltering in the announcement of what she conceives to be truth, gives her blessing with a kingly munificence, asking for nothing in return, and, leaving the result to the decision of the final Assize, bestows her Sacraments and Benediction, like the divine gift of sunshine, upon all mankind alike. The Romish Church has never risen to the 'height of this great argument,' and if our own has approached nearer to it, it has been, I fear, often the result of the accident of its legal position. May she be able more nearly to achieve it in the future! otherwise the outlook, both for her and for the Agnostic, I fear, is dark.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

(Author of '*John Inglesant*.')

<sup>1</sup> *Divine Dialogues*, vol. i. p. 6, 1668.

## *THE AGNOSTIC AT CHURCH.*

### II.

MR. LOUIS GREG is of opinion that it is incumbent upon all Agnostics who reside in country neighbourhoods or villages to attend church regularly—except upon those days when the so-called Athanasian Creed is ordered to be read—but to refrain from repeating the ordinary creeds, and from joining in Communion.

This Agnostic rôle is upheld on the ground of the ‘good of others, and the advancement of humanity,’ and urged as a clear duty if one would be true to his creed.

I am not aware that the positive precepts of a formulated creed have ever been published by an Agnostic, but if so, I am convinced that truthfulness must be enunciated in that creed; and by truthfulness an Agnostic means conformity of outward personal conduct to his inward state of thought and feeling.

Far from supposing that the advancement of humanity requires deception, and the playing of a part which is not the spontaneous and logical outcome of his own intellectual standpoint, the Agnostic looks upon such action as pernicious and baneful to humanity, and believes that were all men scrupulously true to themselves in this transition age, progress would be infinitely more steady and rapid.

It is a fallacy to place before us the interrogative proposition, ‘does the teaching in Church do good or harm?’ and infer that we are shut up to the logical necessity of affirming one and denying the other. The answer is, that the teaching in Church does some good and some harm, and the proposition has no bearing whatever upon the moral question of an Agnostic’s duty.

If we come to the relative proportion of good and harm done in Church, and make attempts to compute the two and strike a balance, we enter upon a Herculean labour, and one of no practical value in the guidance of personal conduct.

The Church is a thoroughly useful, regulative force, just so long as its authority is not questioned, and the doctrines taught in it are not seen to conflict with fact; but, after that point, its general influence is vacillating and unsteady, and, from the intellectual point of view, harmful, because it brings confusion into the public mind.

The Agnostic recognises that science is slowly but surely undermining the theological explanation of the Universe, and step by step verifying the Evolution theory.

Comparatively few individuals can scan the entire field of action of this enormous factor of change, and understand something of the magnitude and bulk of the effects it is destined to produce on human life; but even now waves and eddies from the main stream are everywhere thrown up upon the surface of society, and facts of science are seen to clash with the notions previously established, and cause in individual minds bewilderment and doubt, and often pain.

To turn to the Church for enlightenment in this dilemma is vain. It has no clear and certain teaching to offer regarding the true place of science in its economy of things, and the laity must themselves carve or shape out a new philosophy of life which will harmonise with knowledge and give consistency to conduct.

Meanwhile the danger of the present day arises from the fact that morality, or the conduct of life, has hitherto been attached to, and only taught upon the basis of authority—viz. the authority of a Church or a book, both of which are now almost universally admitted to be *not infallible*. And when authority gives way, those natures that are weak are apt to prove morally unstable.

All Agnostics see this danger to mankind equally with Mr. Louis Greg, but few, I imagine, could possibly approve his retrograde, hypocritical, and, therefore, immoral method of meeting it.

Example is often better than good precept, and at all times much better than confused and wavering precepts. In these transition times, what we want is the example of steadfast, noble, upright, self-regulated lives standing independently of the support of superstition. Agnostics outside the Church, who are truthful, courageous, just, tolerant, and filled with the enthusiasm of humanity, will accomplish an admirable work in advancing human progress. They will serve as beacons to benighted mariners who, driven from old moorings by the simple uncontrollable force of the onward march of time, do not themselves clearly see the path of truth and progress, and are apt in the maze and sad bewilderment of intellectual doubt to make shipwreck of moral life, and, losing childish faith, lose all.

The outward forces that have kept men upright are failing us, and it is to inward self-regulating forces we must look.

To sustain the tottering props of outward forms is not the rôle of calm and strong Agnostics, but rather to develop and inspire the inward regulative powers, and show the world that laws of noble life and human well-being are quite distinct from dogmas handed down by men who, wise and rational in their day, were wholly ignorant of much that now stands revealed to us.

But let us contemplate the picture Mr. Louis Greg places before us: an Agnostic going regularly to Church, but never to Com-

munion, and shutting up his prayer-book or his lips, and resting mute whilst creeds are read or reverently intoned. If fellow-worshippers observe—and who does not in this inquiring age?—what do they make of this strange feature of a Christian service?—a worshipper who stumbles at and clearly will not stand upon the very foundation stones on which the worship is built up!

If such observers are incapable, as Mr. Greg assumes, of dealing with abstract ideas, at least this concrete and very tangible reality is likely to awaken in them dreadful doubts and dire perplexity, and if they simply ask an honest question, ‘Are you Christian or are you not?’ what must the Agnostic do or say? Is he to answer both yea and nay, and hold that the world is all the better for his doing so? or is he to speak out when brought to book and never to perceive that the questionable good done to the indifferent or lazy man, who has been brought to church by his example, is cancelled by the doubt he has awakened in the breast of his more orthodox fellow-worshipper? Truly he is in a strait betwixt two, and the good old precept which bids a man be honest and choose at all times the straightforward course has claims to be considered the better policy as well as what it surely is—the higher morality.

But it is not simply as example to lazy villagers that Mr. Greg would urge upon Agnostics to attend church services. He argues further, that without this concession to conformity they will lose influence in a neighbourhood and be thrust out from fellowship in local efforts for the general well-being, moral, intellectual and physical.

The parson, he thinks, will refuse to work cordially with them, or even to recognise them as animated by any spirit of earnestness and truth.

This seems a remarkable view of the English clergy, and if Agnostics have but small reason to be proud of the measure Mr. Greg has taken of their mental and moral capacity, still less have parsons cause for self-gratulation.

A parson is supposed to be grossly intolerant and quite incapable of even comprehending the Agnostic’s intellectual standpoint and position! And this weakness is brought forward as a reason for concession and a claim on the Agnostic to outwardly conform and bolster up the parson’s influence in his parish!

I feel convinced the clergy will disavow the claim, and feel it something of a calumny; for are they not educated gentlemen, as able and as willing as Mr. Greg or any other layman to understand, and to respect, the conscientious scruples of those who differ in opinion from themselves?

Mr. Greg sums up his arguments in four propositions:—

1st. He postulates that the teaching of the Church does more good than harm, directly and indirectly.

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2nd. He asserts that the absence from Church of our supposititious Agnostic will act as an example to induce others to stay away, not from conviction but from laziness or worse motives.

3rd. That it will tend to prevent that cordial co-operation with the parson, which in a small district is so important for the welfare of the neighbourhood.

And 4th. That it will not only neutralise in great measure his own power for good, but also diminish that of the parson.

To his 1st proposition I reply: The Agnostic declines to compute the relative proportion of good and harm done by the Church; and considers the question *irrelevant*.

To the 2nd: I admit that the example may lead others to stay away, but I assert—if that be an evil—that much graver and greater evils lie on the other side. His own moral nature suffers by a position that is deceptive and compromising, and he confuses the minds of others by inconsistent action.

The 3rd proposition I entirely discredit. No earnest and devoted parson will refuse to co-operate with a willing Agnostic in efforts for the intellectual, moral, and physical well-being of his flock.

And, the first half of the 4th proposition I not only deny, but I affirm its opposite! An Agnostic's power for good would be neutralised by the course Mr. Greg advises, whilst if he lives consistently and openly, according to his own belief, he acts for 'the good of others and for the advancement of humanity.'

The second half of the 4th proposition, I leave to parsons themselves. It seems to me that very few indeed would ever wish to prop their personal influence in the parish upon the doubtful stay afforded by an Agnostic's half-hearted worship in the Church.

Therefore, I say, let all Agnostics be true men outside the Church, and not sham Christians within it.

J. H. CLAPPERTON.

THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY.

No. LXIII.—MAY 1882.

THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.

A PROTEST.

THE undersigned—having had their attention called to certain proposals made by commercial companies for joining England to the Continent of Europe by a Railroad under the Channel, and feeling convinced that (notwithstanding any precautions against risk suggested by the projectors) such a Railroad would involve this country in military dangers and liabilities from which, as an island, it has hitherto been happily free—hereby record their emphatic protest against the sanction or execution of any such work.

[In response to the invitation for further signatures to this Protest which was published in the *Nineteenth Century* of last month, so great a number of names has been received, that it is impossible to find room for them all in this Review. The whole will be published hereafter in a separate form: meanwhile the following additional list will show how widespread through the country is the condemnation of the project.]

The Archbishop of York.  
The Duke of Norfolk.  
The Duke of Leeds.  
The Duke of Manchester.  
The Duke of Wellington.  
The Duke of Marlborough.

The Earl of Shaftesbury.  
The Earl of Lucan.  
The Earl of Albemarle.  
Earl Grey.  
The Earl of Malmesbury.  
The Earl of Morton.

The Earl of Romney.  
 The Earl of Longford.  
 The Earl of Aberdour.  
 The Earl of Strafford.  
 Earl Fortescue.  
 Viscount Templetown.  
 Viscount Hawarden.  
 Viscount Downe.  
 Viscount Melgund.  
 Viscount Brabazon.  
 Bishop of Chichester.  
 Bishop of Rochester.  
 Baroness Burdett-Coutts.  
 Baron Stanley of Alderley.  
 Baron Monteagle.  
 Baron Clermont.  
 Baron Wentworth.  
 Baron Lovat.  
 Baron Elphinstone.  
 Baron Kingsale.  
 Baron Coleridge (Lord Chief Justice).  
 Baron Chelmsford.  
 Baron Bagot.  
 Baron Leconfield.  
 Cardinal Newman.  
 Marquis of Blandford.  
 Lord Elcho, M.P.  
 Lord Eustace Cecil, M.P.  
 Lord Ebrington, M.P.  
 L. L. Dillwyn, M.P.  
 Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P.  
 Sir John H. Kennaway, Bart., M.P.  
 Sir Thomas Bateson, Bart., M.P.  
 Horace Davey, M.P.  
 Walter Long, M.P.  
 Marston C. Buszard, Q.C., M.P.  
 J. A. Hardcastle, M.P.  
 G. W. P. Bentinck, M.P.  
 Right Hon. A. J. Beresford Hope, M.P.  
 Right Hon. Sir James Hannen, P.C., Judge of Court of Probate.  
 Hon. Mr. Justice Grove (Queen's Bench Division).  
 The Right Hon. J. Christian, P.C., ex-Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland.  
 Sir Charles M. Browne, Bart.  
 Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.

Sir George Duckett, Bart.  
 Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart.  
 Sir Joseph Copley, Bart.  
 Sir Henry Lushington, Bart.  
 Sir Arthur Rugge Price, Bart.  
 Sir Nelson Rycroft, Bart.  
 Sir Peyton E. Shipworth, Bart.  
 Sir Alex. J. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I.  
 Sir Geo. R. Clerk, K.C.B., G.C.S.I.  
 Sir Joseph Fayrer, K.C.S.I.  
 Sir Charles Herries, K.C.B.  
 Sir Fred. Leighton, P.R.A.  
 Sir George Macleay, K.C.M.G.  
 Sir Henry Maine, Member of Council of India.  
 Sir William Muir, Member of Council of India.  
 Sir Robert Montgomery, K.C.B., G.C.S.I.  
 Sir R. Spencer Robinson, K.C.B., F.R.S.  
 Sir George Yule, C.B., K.C.S.I.  
 Gen. Sir H. Charles R. Daubeny, K.C.B.  
 Gen. Sir Frederick Haines, G.C.B.  
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 Gen. Sir Edward Warde, K.C.B.  
 Gen. H. J. Warre.  
 Lieut.-Gen. Francis Carey.  
 Lieut.-Gen. Foster, C.B.  
 Lieut.-Gen. Hon. F. Keane, R.E.  
 Lieut.-Gen. Henry H. Maxwell.  
 Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Norman, K.C.B.  
 Lieut.-Gen. Patterson.  
 Lieut.-Gen. J. W. Thomas, C.B.  
 Lieut.-Gen. G. H. Willis.  
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 Major-Gen. Bigge.  
 Major-Gen. W. Bray, C.B.  
 Major-Gen. H. Hope Creatorly.  
 Major-Gen. C. Evans-Gordon.  
 Major-Gen. John Gordon, C.B.  
 Major-Gen. Graham.  
 Major-Gen. Greenaway.  
 Major-Gen. H. P. Hutton.  
 Major-Gen. John Ludlow.  
 Major-Gen. W. F. Macbean.  
 Major-Gen. John W. Playfair.  
 Major-Gen. Sarel, C.B.

Major-Gen. H. A. Sarel.  
 Major-Gen. J. R. S. Sayer.  
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 Col. C. E. Blackett.  
 Col. George Briggs.  
 Col. Lonsdale Hales, Prof. Art.  
     Staff College.  
 Col. George Hankin.  
 Col. Allen Johnson.  
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 Col. G. S. Macbean.  
 Col. H. Yule.  
 Lieut.-Col. Barron.  
 Lieut.-Col. Thos. H. Colvill, J.P.  
 Lieut.-Col. Frederick Dugmore.  
 Lieut.-Col. W. H. D. Fitzgerald.  
 Lieut.-Col. O. H. Goodenough,  
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 Lieut.-Col. J. Johnstone, C.S.I.  
 Lieut.-Col. H. Helsham Jones,  
     R.E.  
 Lieut.-Col. L. W. Longstaff.  
 Lieut.-Col. Forbes Macbean.  
 Lieut.-Col. Page.  
 Lieut.-Col. Robert Portal, J.P.  
 Lieut.-Col. the Hon. R. A. Ram-  
     say.  
 Lieut.-Col. Rickards.  
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 Lieut.-Col. A. de C. Scott, R.E.  
 Lieut.-Col. E. L. Strobe, J.P.D.L.  
 Lieut.-Col. Turnbull.  
 Lieut.-Col. E. E. Watson.  
 Major H. B. Bacon.  
 Major Bailey.  
 Major John H. Brooks, J.P.  
 Major C. W. Cooper.  
 Major Fraser.  
 Major F. Maurice.  
 Major John Monckton.  
 Major C. W. Murray.  
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 Rear-Admiral Henry J. Raby, C.B.,  
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 Ven. Archdeacon Reichel.  
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 Rev. Canon Duckworth.  
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 Rev. George S. Barrett, *Congregational Chapel, Norwich*.  
 Rev. Alfred B. Beaven, *Head Master, Preston Grammar School*.  
 Rev. Henry Belcher, M.A.  
 Rev. Henry A. Bellows.  
 Rev. Thomas Berney.  
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 Rev. Julius Brigg, *Wesleyan Minister, Hexham*.  
 Rev. W. Brodie, *Petersfield*.  
 Rev. P. B. Brodie, M.A., F.S.S., *Rowington, Warwick*.  
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 Rev. William Bulner, *Gloucester*.  
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Rev. Albert Smith, *Head Master, Sutton Coldfield Grammar School.*

Rev. J. Gregory Smith, *Malvern.*

Rev. Henry Smith, *Inspector of Schools.*

Rev. R. Rodolph Suffield.

Rev. J. H. Thresker.

Rev. H. R. Ware.

W. Davenport Adams, *Nottingham.*

H. Vance Agnew (Convener of the County of Wigtown).

Hon. Lionel Ashley.

Thomas Ashton, *Secretary Oldham Spinners' Association.*

Alfred Austin.

William Austin.

D. B. Baldwin, *Herts.*

Hugh Barclay, *Surbiton.*

W. H. Barrett.

Charles Beasley.

George Bennett, M.A., *Plymouth.*

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M. Godsall, *Newbury.*

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John Gurney, *Norwich.*

John Hall, *General Treasurer Northumberland Miners' Association.*

W. E. Hall.

J. B. Head, *Hexham.*

Edward H. Hepworth, *Cheltenham.*

Prof. Berkeley Hill, *University College, London.*

F. Hochliffe, *Bedford.*

H. G. Salusbury Hughes, *Luton.*

E. H. Hopwood, *Middleton, Lancashire.*

Benjamin Houghton, C.E.

A. S. Hussey, M.A.

R. Jones-Bateman.

James P. Joule, D.C.L., F.R.S.

T. E. Kebbel.

Coleridge J. Kennard.

W. W. Kettlewell.

Walter King, *Paisley.*

W. Duncan Knight, F.R.G.S.

James Thomas Knowles.

F. C. Lane, *Falmouth.*

J. A. Langford, LL.D., *Member, Birmingham School Board.*

Alfred Latham.

D. C. Lathbury.

John Lawrence, *Secretary Oldham Trades Council.*

W. S. Lilly.

H. R. P. Lomas, *Buxton.*

Franklin Lushington, *Metropolitan Police Magistrate.*

R. A. Macfie, *Dreghora, Edinburgh.*

A. B. McGrigor, LL.D., *Glasgow.*

John McLean, *President Coopers' Society, Greenock.*

James MacLehose *Glasgow.*

H. P. Malet.

Robert Bright Marston.

James Maudsley, *General Secretary Amalgamated Cotton Spinners, Manchester.*

Edward Mellor, *President Oldham Spinners' Association.*

Geo. Milner, *President Manchester Literary Club, Member Manchester School Board.*

W. Minto, *Aberdeen.*

St. George Mivart, F.R.S.

William Morris.

Ernest Myers.

Frederic W. H. Myers,

Hon. Roden Noel.

N. J. Newnham, *Somerset.*

John Nixon, *President Northumberland Miners' Association.*

John Paget, *Metropolitan Police Magistrate.*

Hervey Pechell.

W. G. Pedder.

Charles Percival, *Rugby.*

Edward F. S. Pigott.

Walter Herries Pollock.

William Agnew Pope, *Editor of 'British Trade Journal.'*

George Baden Powell.

R. Ruthven Pym.

Henry Renshaw.

William Ridgway.

E. B. Robson, F.S.A.

H. T. Round, LL.B.

Spencer Ryder, *Bideford.*

W. S. Sexton-Karr.

Prof. D. W. Simon, *Spring Hill College, Birmingham.*

F. Sprigge, *Peterborough.*

R. H. Johnstone Stewart, *Physiologist.*

W. W. Synge, *Guildford.*

C. F. Timæus, *Bedford.*

Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, C.B.

Joseph Tritton.

H. P. St. G. Tucker, *Worthing.*

W. M. Venning, D.C.L.

J. Veitch, LL.D., *Professor Logic, University, Glasgow.*

Horace Walpole.

John Warren, *Royston.*

Henry Waterfield.

Francis Wedgwood, *Stoke-upon-Trent.*

Charles Williams, F.R.G.S.

Alfred Wills, Q.C.

Effingham Wilson.

E. D. J. Wilson.

H. Schütz Wilson.

John C. Wilson, *Lecturer in Jurisprudence, Oxford.*

John Wrightson, *President College Agriculture, Downton, Salisbury.*

John Young, M.D., *Professor Natural History, Glasgow.*

&c.

&c.

## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

### A NATIONAL QUESTION.

It is well known that the promoters of the Channel Tunnel are making the most persistent efforts to get a private Bill through Parliament, to authorise its construction. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the public, and especially members of both Houses of Parliament, with whom the final decision will rest, should thoroughly understand the question as it affects the nation at large and its most cherished institutions.

Having some time ago drawn up a memorandum embodying my views on the subject, I have been urged to publish it, and accordingly do so under the conviction that the question is one of the most momentous that can possibly come before Parliament.

The allusions to our neighbours the French are indispensable to the consideration of the question. They are made in the earnest desire and sincere hope that the good feeling—nay more, that the friendship—which has now subsisted for many years between the two nations, and has been cemented by the co-operation of their armies in the field, may last not only for the present generation, but for generations to come; and in the belief that the best and only means, so far as human foresight can provide, for its continuance, is by taking such measures that each nation shall respect the other, and, by making itself secure against attack, preclude the probability of any slight spark of misunderstanding being fanned by the whirlwind of temporary excitement into the flame of war.

#### *Memorandum on the proposed Channel Tunnel.*

The objections to the construction of a Channel Tunnel are so great that there can be no doubt the Government ought peremptorily to prevent it.

England may be regarded as an island fortress, unassailable so long as the integrity of the silver streak, its moat, is maintained. This moat *alone*, as I once heard the late Emperor Napoleon say, saves us the burden of a large army raised by conscription such as Continental powers are compelled to keep in a state of constant readiness

for war. It also has hitherto been considered sufficient, although this sufficiency is questioned by many, to render unnecessary monster fortifications for the protection of the metropolis and other vital points similar to those which all the great Continental powers have been compelled to erect at a cost which would amaze the British taxpayer.

Any interference, therefore, with this moat, which is our true and only line of defence, is to be deprecated.

The passage of this moat is defended by the navy, which during the great French war was equal to that of any two of the maritime powers that could combine against us; but it is well known that at the present moment the fleets of Great Britain are but little superior to those of one power, France;<sup>1</sup> whereas the interests of Great Britain which require naval protection and are of enormous value extend to every part of the world, involving dispersion of force, whilst those of France are comparatively of small value and are concentrated in seas nearer home. If these facts be carefully considered, as well as the uncertainty which must attach to future operations with the complicated machines now used as ships of war, and the absolute certainty and rapidity with which combinations may be made for crossing the moat, it cannot be denied that invasion is much more feasible now than formerly.

Fortified harbours are being made close to our shores at Calais and Boulogne far larger than are required for mere purposes of commerce, which afford matter for reflection as having an important bearing on the question.

If by any mischance, whether from the absence of the fleet in distant seas, from disastrous weather, or as the result of a severe action, the French obtained the mastery of the Channel for a short time, a contingency by no means improbable in war, it would be a comparatively easy operation to disembark 100,000 or more men on our coast.

In this case, the first line of defence having been forced, the second would come into operation. This second line consists of the regular army, militia, and volunteers, unaided by other defensive works than those which might be extemporised on the spur of the moment. Under these conditions, the troops would have their *full work* before them to cover and protect the metropolis. There would, however, always be the prospect and hope that the fleet might reassert its supremacy in the Channel, and thus cut off supplies and supports, and render impossible the retreat of the invading army.

<sup>1</sup> In support of this statement the reader is referred to the pamphlet *Forewarned, Forearmed*, by Lord Henry Lennox, M.P. (Ridgway, 1882), whose alarming statements as to the rapidly growing strength of the French navy, as compared with our own, 'have been endorsed by the high authority of Lord Dunsany, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds, Admirals Sir Spencer Robinson, Sir John D. Hay, M.P., and De Horsey, as well as by other officers of less rank but of great experience and keen observation.'

Let us assume, now, that a tunnel has been made, and consider what may follow. If it could be seized and worked, the invading force would become merely the advanced guard of an army exceeding a million of men, who could overrun the country by sheer weight of numbers. It will, therefore, be essentially necessary that the Tunnel's mouth should be made *absolutely* secure against attack. This, however, will be *impossible*; no fortress can be made impregnable; all that can be accomplished by works of defence is to create delay and defer the day when the assailant, if possessed of adequate means and sufficiently persistent in his attack, must be rewarded by success.

If, however, defences were constructed with this limited object, it would not be just that their cost should fall on the taxpayer; it should be defrayed by those who desire to make the Tunnel for their own pecuniary benefit. They ought also to pay for the additional troops required for their defence, which, unless the army were increased, would cause a material reduction—probably several thousand men—from the forces available for the general defence of the Empire. Were the condition imposed that the Tunnel Company, and not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should bear the expense of the defences and their garrison, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the scheme would be dropped by its promoters as too costly for construction, and above all for maintenance, and therefore, as the prospect of a dividend would disappear, we should hear nothing more of it. At any rate the public would long hesitate before taking such a new departure in our military system, even were the shareholders ready to risk it, and after all the security afforded would be totally inadequate.

The above is based upon the hypothesis of a temporary loss of supremacy in the Channel; but if our island fortress, which scarcely at any time contains provisions for more than four months, could be blockaded, or partially blockaded, so as to interrupt the regular supply of food, the necessities of the population, who might possibly not be all equally earnest in their resistance, would demand a peace. This peace based upon precedent might involve, among other disastrous conditions, the payment of an indemnity, with the occupation of the Tunnel and its defences as a guarantee. In this case, if the surrender of the guarantee at the appointed time were refused, it would be impossible for Great Britain alone, *as at present organised*, unaided by some foreign power like Germany, which should occupy the French army in another direction, to re-establish the integrity of our island fortress.

It is said by some that the Tunnel might be rendered useless by flooding or by other means, and that it will not even be capable of being used, if the mechanical arrangements provided for its ventilation should be destroyed. This is quite true; but it is equally true that it will only be useless so long as the damage is not repaired and

the water not pumped out ; and it is not to be believed that a great country like France, with the engineering talent she possesses, and her unlimited resources, could not find the means for re-opening it for traffic within a reasonable time. This operation is not more improbable in the present day than was the lifting of the electric cable in mid-ocean by the comparatively limited resources of a private company five-and-twenty or thirty years ago.

These are the principal reasons which militate against the construction of the Tunnel, and are of such moment that it is not to be conceived that any advantage to be derived from it can possibly outweigh them.

The object of the promoters is financial, as a speculative investment from which they hope to secure a good dividend. To attain it, an appeal is made to the sympathies of those who suffer inconvenience from the passage as now made ; to the trading interests of the country, which it is said will be benefited by it ; and to the sentimentality of philanthropists, who anticipate from a more rapid and easy communication with the Continent, more perfect fraternisation of the nationalities of the world.

As regards the first, it is to be doubted whether the discomfort of travelling through a tunnel about thirty miles in length would not more than counterbalance that of the present means of transit, to say nothing of the apprehension of danger arising from the knowledge that provision was made, for defensive purposes, for drowning the Tunnel or destroying its ventilation at any moment. In fact, so great would be this apprehension, that it is more than probable that the Tunnel would not be long open for traffic before the public insisted upon being secured against the risk by the removal of the cause.

If the country had found it necessary, either in the interests of passengers or of trade, to procure increased facilities for crossing the Channel, it would long ere this have insisted upon the far more practicable and less costly expedient of making better harbours so that larger ships might be used, having a greater draught of water, which, being more steady and running at higher speeds, would permit of through railway trucks and carriages being run as proposed by Mr. Fowler, and reduce the journey between London and Paris to within a few minutes, probably less than half an hour, of what it will be through the Tunnel.

The public, on the contrary, have taken so little interest in the improvement of the Channel passage that Parliament could not be induced to sanction the extension of the pier requisite to make Dover a sheltered harbour, although pressed to do so on national grounds, the importance of which is much enhanced by the harbour works now in progress on the other side of the Channel.

On a careful consideration of the whole question it is inconceivable

that any Government in England can entertain for a moment a proposal that, by destroying our perfect insularity, will make a breach in the natural defence of our island fortress,—a defence for which we cannot be too grateful to a merciful Providence.

If by means of the Tunnel we become a Continental power, we shall have to accept Continental risks, and ere long be compelled to insure against them by means similar to those adopted on the Continent, viz., by compulsory military service and a standing army raised by conscription to a strength which, while adding enormously to our burdens, would lessen our powers of production and change the whole nature of our institutions.

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J. L. A. SIMMONS.



## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

A WRITER in the *Times* the other day complained, that although the great majority of Englishmen are opposed to the construction of a Channel Tunnel the small knot of speculators who advocate it are so energetic as to convey a very erroneous opinion of their numbers. There is some truth in the remark: the promoters are not only energetic and able, but they are skilled in the use of two weapons which are very effective with British minds. One is the art of advertising, and the other is the use of ridicule. It is well that we should constantly bear in mind that neither can be accepted as a substitute for serious argument.

It is of course easy for admirers of the Channel Tunnel to affect superiority over those who acknowledge themselves to be alarmed at it. There was an old lady, honourably mentioned in *David Copperfield*, who was extremely fond of tea, but who discouraged, with all the eloquence she could command, the practice of what she called 'meandering:' under this head she classed all distant travel, including the voyage to China. She held meandering to be dangerous and useless, and when reminded that her favourite luxury could with difficulty be procured without adventure in foreign parts, she would only repeat, 'Let us have no meandering.' Sir Edward Watkin and his friends lose no opportunity of likening those who oppose their plans to Dickens's old lady. They give us to understand that though they are themselves superior to human weakness, they are well aware that the race of nervous old women will never fail out of the land, that panic-mongers always have existed, and that, albeit a contemptible race, they must be treated tenderly, because, owing to their numbers, they might otherwise destroy, or at least delay the construction of, channel tunnels and other rational enterprises. 'If you are afraid,' they exclaim, 'that a few score Frenchmen will creep through the Tunnel and capture England, we hold you little better than lunatics for thinking so, but in any case do not allow our confidence to prevent your precautions; pray take means of blowing up the Tunnel with dynamite, flooding it, or pumping smoke into it to choke the invaders. Erect fortifications at the mouth of it if you like, and we will pay for them. We are sorry that Englishmen have grown so nervous, and

we are astonished that when you see how steam navigation has changed the conditions which affect the insular position of England, you do not see that you are straining at the "tunnel" gnat, while you swallow without alarm the camel "steam." These are, it will be acknowledged, fair specimens of the half-contemptuous arguments by which the warnings of our best soldiers, sailors, engineers, and statesmen have been met.

There is a class of minds which is readily affected by reasoning such as this, which implies compassion for superfluous fears, and pity for inferior intelligence. It may be shown, as Lord Dunsany in this Review has shown, that the fact of steam having rendered invasion easy is no reason for making a tunnel to make it more easy still; that no one is afraid of an enemy advancing directly through the Tunnel unless he did so as part of a series of combined movements, all of which would collectively be rendered more likely to succeed if the Tunnel existed than if it did not exist.

These points have been argued before, and I do not touch them now except to point out that the tone adopted by the promoters depends for success, not on argument, but on caricaturing and misrepresenting argument.

There is another class, and a more numerous one, which is affected by free tickets, champagne luncheons, and the well-chronicled 'profuse hospitality' of the Channel Tunnel promoters. This form of advertisement has been persistent and continuous, and, truth to say, very successful. I asked a friend, 'only yesterday, whether he had signed the protest which appeared in this Review against the construction of the Tunnel. 'No,' he replied 'I have not; I am strongly against the construction of the Tunnel, and I told Watkin so. But he gave a party of us, the other day, an excellent luncheon, and was very civil in showing us everything; so I should not like to do an unhandsome thing to him by signing the protest.'

Exactly so; it is the instinct of a gentleman not to eat a man's salt and then go against him. This 'profuse hospitality,' as the newspapers call it, is an astute advantage taken of generous feelings. The friend of whom I speak is a member of one of the Houses of Parliament; he may not improbably sit on the Committee which will have to judge of the merits of the Tunnel scheme. I am quite sure he will do his duty; but I am also quite sure that it is not fitting that the remembrance of 'profuse hospitality' should add to the difficulties of judges in a cause which materially affects the welfare of England.

There is one point only, among those which I mentioned above as advanced by the Tunnel promoters, on which I ask leave to say a word to-day. The promoters tell us that arrangements can be made for destroying the Tunnel at a moment's notice in case of danger. Dynamite to blow it up, water to drown it, have been proposed. I

do not propose to insist on the obvious fact that dynamite and water might alike prove ineffectual at the moment when they were most needed; that the electric wires connected with blasting charges might be cut or otherwise fail in continuity; that hydraulic pumps might be out of gear or be in possession of the enemy. Passing over that, and supposing—rather a strong supposition—that the Tunnel was absolutely at the mercy of the minister in Downing Street; that, if he said ‘Fire the mine,’ the Tunnel would collapse,—I ask the question, Would there ever be a moment at which the minister of the day would, could, or should take the responsibility of giving such an order?

When war has been declared and the Tunnel is in the hands of the enemy, the conditions I have imagined would no longer exist. The enemy would have taken his precautions, would have cut the blasting wires, or done whatever was necessary to protect himself. No one needs to be reminded that, the Tunnel being a joint construction of two nations, the holders of either end would be equally acquainted with the precautions, offensive and defensive, of the other; and the possessor of the Tunnel would have, *ex hypothesi*, the means (the Tunnel being in his possession) to prevent its destruction. But there will be a moment before the declaration of war, ‘on the first threatening of danger,’ as the Tunnel promoters so glibly put it, when it has become unmistakably obvious that the Tunnel ought no longer to exist and is incompatible with English safety. Would any minister dare to destroy it then? “Imagine him for a moment sitting in consultation. His military advisers tell him that the decisive moment has come. ‘I think, gentlemen,’ says the minister, turning to his colleagues, ‘that we are all agreed—the Tunnel must be immediately destroyed. Fire the mine!’ ‘There is one other point,’ says the officer, ‘on which I request instructions—at what time am I to execute the order?’ ‘At once, sir; telegraph at once, and in five minutes the blasting charge can be fired.’ ‘But,’ persists the officer, ‘trains laden with non-combatants are at this moment in the Tunnel. They enter continuously at twenty minutes’ intervals; there are never less than four trains, two each way, in the Tunnel at the same time; each train contains some three hundred persons. War has not been declared—or even if it has, I could not destroy twelve hundred non-combatants without very special instructions.’ What would any minister, under such circumstances, do?

A very practical answer to the question is conveyed by the fact that the Germans, during the Franco-German war, advanced through tunnels in the Vosges which were elaborately mined, but, somehow, the moment never arrived for destroying them.

If this difficulty of deciding as to the proper moment for destroying the Tunnel will exist in the time of peace, or during the brief instant when the issue of peace or war is trembling in the balance,

will the proper time for action be found more easily when war has been actually declared?

Assuming, as in the last case, that the minister retains full command of the means of destruction, and that war has been declared; that no successful dash has been made for the possession of the Tunnel; or assuming, if you please, that such a dash has been made and has not been successful, it may be admitted that one brief moment will exist when a British minister might be expected to nerve himself and give his order even at the sacrifice of innocent lives. But who would prefer to trust the whole and solitary chance of salvation for England to the nerve and decision of a statesman, however eminent, when the whole danger might so easily be averted by leaving things as they are, and making no tunnel at all? The moment for action would pass like a flash, and never recur. The time would be one of hurry, panic, indecision, divided counsels. All the difficulties which I have mentioned as likely to prevent decision before the declaration of war would exist as strongly under the new condition. Sir Lintorn Simmons, our greatest engineer, has told us that the greatest danger of the Tunnel is not direct, but consequent. If an army, landed on some part of the coast remote from the Tunnel, should obtain, as it well might do, some temporary advantage, might not the commander of such a force demand, as the price of his withdrawal, or as security for an indemnity, or on one of a thousand pretexts, the possession of the English end of the Tunnel mouth? With both ends in foreign hands an irretrievable blow would be struck at England's power. Till now, our great safeguard against invasion has been, not the difficulty of landing—for there has never been much difficulty about that—but the impossibility of an enemy ever getting home again. That consideration has preserved us hitherto. With the building of a tunnel this safeguard would disappear. As Lord Melbourne said, 'Why can't you let it alone?'

BURY.

## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THOSE who protest against the construction of the Tunnel may fairly claim to occupy, from the outset, favourable ground in the question, for they can have no private interest in objecting to it; on the contrary, they are opposing those who promise to them, in common with the rest of the public, certain advantages; but these they are willing to forego in consideration of the injury which, as they think, the national interests would suffer.

Without attempting to recapitulate the arguments against the Tunnel, I will mention two which appear to me to be, even if taken singly, decisive. One is that however slight may be the risk that the Tunnel would be used by an invader, still, as in all cases where a contingency is to be obviated by performing a particular action at a particular time, risk there must be; and the failure to close the Tunnel at the critical moment would entail consequences so grave that no prospective convenience to the public, no advantage to the promoters of the enterprise, can, in comparison with the chance of such consequences, be considered as reasons which ought to prevail.

Nobody doubts that means may easily be devised by which egress from the Tunnel on our side *could* be prevented. The question is whether it certainly *would* be. Apart from the chances of failure which cannot but exist in any plan of the kind, however complete the safeguards against failure may appear to be, and which it would be premature at present to consider, there is one kind of precaution open to the enemy which has already been practised in a somewhat similar case. When the Germans in their late invasion of France desired to transport their troops by a French railway through a hostile district, where preparations to attack or upset the train might certainly be expected, they placed some French official of distinction on the engine. The measure was found to be effectual, and the trains, thus secured, formed safe means of transport for the Germans. And however perfect might be our measures for blowing up or swamping the Tunnel, however trustworthy the persons charged with the execution of those measures, however thoroughly the officer who was to give the word might be convinced that the moment for giving it was come, still he might well be expected to pause if suddenly certified

that he would be destroying, along with the enemy in the Tunnel, some highly important Englishmen. I am not aware that this consideration has been suggested before, but it seems to me to present a kind of risk which it would be especially difficult to guard against.

The other of the two arguments adverted to above as decisive is this: If an invading force be thrown on our shores, it must be during the temporary withdrawal of our fleet, a condition which Napoleon contemplated as indispensable when planning an invasion. Supposing such an event to take place when no tunnel exists, the return of the fleet would limit the invaders to the supplies which they might have brought with them, when their position, in presence of any respectable organisation for defence, would be so precarious that the prospect of it might well prevent the enterprise. But if the enemy could hold an underground thoroughfare into the country, the fleet would return in vain, and we might experience the unheard-of mortification of seeing our ships dominant in the Channel and yet unable to protect our own shores—a mortification infinitely aggravated by the reflection that this condition of affairs was the consequence of our own voluntary act.

There is still another consideration, which has not yet, I believe, been suggested, and which it is repugnant to contemplate. Hitherto, the primary condition in arguing for the possibility of the Tunnel being used against us has been the landing of an enemy's force on our shores. But have we no domestic foes who might count for something in the matter? Are there not home-bred adversaries among us who make a boast of their hostility to England and its institutions, and who would certainly be ready to combine with a foreign enemy to overthrow them? Would the existence of the Tunnel give no fresh advantages to treason, afford no new grounds for fearing mischief from those whom it is our pleasure to tolerate among us as if they were ordinary politicians, the advocates only of some open question of domestic policy? It will be sufficient, perhaps, merely to draw attention so far towards this unpleasant element of the case. It is not difficult to imagine a combination of circumstances that would give sudden importance to the highway through which hourly communications with France were proceeding, namely, a line of policy adopted by that country, amid the many shiftings of continental diplomacy, which would threaten us with imminent war, and a traitorous faction still unsuppressed in the midst of us.

Such then, it appears to me, are among the chief of the reasons which present themselves against the construction of the Tunnel. On the other side the advantages claimed for it are that more assured amity with France will result from increased facility of communication—an assertion which, being supported by no proof, may be met by simple denial; greater comfort in transit; passage to the Continent

without change of conveyance; and expected profits to certain shareholders. It must always be an unpleasant task to endeavour to frustrate an enterprise in itself spirited and ingenious, and I will therefore add nothing at present to this statement of the case, which, however, I venture to present, though it places me among those whom Sir Edward Watkin charges with 'ignorance and littleness'—ignorance in not viewing the scheme as he, the chairman of the Tunnel Company, views it, and littleness in not holding the balance as he holds it between the gains of private speculators and the interests of the nation.

E. B. HAMLEY.

## THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

### • A FRENCH REPLY.

ABOUT six months ago, when the first works for the Channel Tunnel were begun, there was among us Frenchmen but one feeling about the engineers' magnificent project. We cried with one accord: '*A merveille!* No more sea-sickness on the Strait. We will be able to go right away from the Gare du Nord straight to Charing Cross! . . . And again, how commercial relations will be facilitated, nay, even doubled!'

Being, as is known, a nation of Vandals, such was the impression made upon us by the announcement of the Channel Tunnel. For us the Tunnel question is the question of the suppression of sea-sickness and of easier commercial intercourse. As to the military question, we should not have been conscious of its existence, had not Lord Dunsany given the sounding cry of alarm, had not Sir Garnet Wolseley honoured it with his approval.

They are facts I call to mind, facts which every one can verify; stubborn facts indeed, and which I will reply to by a fact quite as stubborn as those I have just touched upon. It is this: the great majority of the English people thought, and still thinks, on the Tunnel question just as the unanimity of the French people. Indeed, the famous 'silver streak' has the same inconveniences for the English as for us. As there are many more Englishmen who travel on the Continent every year than Frenchmen who go to London, it may even be said that the Tunnel would be far more useful to England than to France. English merchants would be as happy as French merchants to see an obstacle removed which has always retarded, by so many hours the arrival of goods and merchandise, an obstacle which has doubled and sometimes even tripled the cost of carriage. French and English as a whole are of opinion that a tunnel would signally facilitate and multiply all intercourse between two friendly nations.

This established, how is it that the Tunnel question was unanimously approved in France, whilst in England it met only with the approbation of the majority? That is precisely what I would like to point out by replying, not to Lord Dunsany's article itself, but to the



sentiments by which it is animated, and which are the sentiments of the Admiral's partisans.

After the very convincing reply of Colonel Beaumont, it should be deemed that all is said upon the strategic question raised by Lord Dunsany, and that the debate is closed. Colonel Beaumont has replied in a masterly manner to all the noble Admiral's fears, to those which appeared in a serious garb as well as those under an *opera buffa* form. We allude here to the hypothesis of French soldiers disguising themselves as tourists, putting their ammunition into their portmanteaus and carpet-bags, getting out of the train at Dover under pretext of visiting King Lear's cliff, and taking possession of the town in order to subject England to a contribution of 4,000,000*l.* In face of this hypothesis, seriously treated by Lord Dunsany, it is impossible to help thinking of Le Comte Ory's merry companions, who disguise themselves as nuns and enter a convent to the light and gay music of Rossini.

Colonel Beaumont, then, has completely refuted all Lord Dunsany's fears. He has shown that the Tunnel would create the same strategical situation for England as for France, always supposing that a great submarine tube, so easy to be rendered useless, could be considered as an element in any military scheme. He has explained that the fortifications of Dover are already safe from any *coup de main*, and that nothing would be easier than to render them still more redoubtable. He has shown that in case of war it would be the very simplest thing in the world for the engineers, or for the English sailors, to destroy the Tunnel. The military question has been too well and thoroughly treated by Colonel Beaumont, and his arguments, it must be admitted by all men of sound judgment, are too convincing, for it to be necessary to go over that question again here.

To be really frank, what induced me to intervene in the discussion raised in the English press by the opponents to the Tunnel, is not the theory they maintain as to the new military and naval forces England will be obliged to keep up, but the arguments which are brought forward to support this theory; for these arguments seem abnormal with a free and friendly people.

The theory is certainly not surprising in itself, it is perfectly legitimate. Lord Dunsany commences by acknowledging that a war between England and France is most improbable; but, says he wisely, political prudence consists in considering nothing as impossible; such a war might come about, and then we must not be taken by surprise, without defence. Of course the English Government would be perfectly right in fortifying Dover as the Germans have fortified Metz, and as we French should likewise be right in making Calais a fortress of the first order. Nor would England be supposed to make a demonstration of war against France by accumulating at Dover the most terrible means and the most efficacious instruments for the

eventual destruction of the Channel Tunnel. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*

If the Tunnel is brought to a successful termination, it is to be hoped that our War Minister and Minister of the Marine will do the same at Calais. Once more, all that is perfectly wise, prudent, and legitimate, simply necessary and useful precautions.

What, however, must be severely condemned are the injurious suspicions which are almost inducing a great civilised people to take a step backwards towards barbarism.

For—it is not to be denied—the suspicions which Lord Dunsany puts in the mouth of his anonymous military interlocutor, are unfair and defamatory to France. We cannot object to the noble Lord reasoning from a military point of view, on the hypothesis of a Franco-English war. But when Admiral Dunsany, that is to say, a man who has doubtless known the French armies in the Crimea and in China, as shedding their blood side by side with the English, when it is a soldier who gives us Frenchmen credit for the vilest and most criminal intentions, frightful treasons, Carthaginian duplicity and perfidy, then we must protest. We cannot let Lord Dunsany try to put England on its guard against France by representing the latter as a country capable of all the treachery and all the attempts at surprise enumerated in his article on the proposed Channel Tunnel.

Will Lord Dunsany kindly allow us to put a question to him? What would he have said if a French Admiral had written as follows, in a French review, respecting the Tunnel?—‘Be on your guard. England will make use of the Tunnel suddenly to invade France by surprise, without a preliminary declaration of war, on a dark night. She will take possession of Calais, where she will station her garrison. She will levy enormous indemnities. Perfidious Albion is as rapacious as perfidious.’

Had a Frenchman written such lines, Lord Dunsany would have given a cry of horror. He would have declared it abominable to give a friendly nation credit for such criminal designs; ‘that shows what sort of people the French really are,’ he would say: ‘we ought to see a warning from Providence in these lines,’ &c.

That is what Lord Dunsany would have replied. But let me also add how public opinion in France would have answered the French Admiral who had written that article containing hypotheses so offensive towards England. Public opinion would have severely condemned him, and treated him as imprudent and frivolous, at the least. Two hundred journalists, as well of the Republican press as of the Opposition, would have protested, and reminded the *maladroit* writer of all those common and dear interests and recollections by which England and France have been united for more than half a century. We should have told him that after Inkermann, Alma, and Sebastopol, after so many brave English soldiers and so many brave

French soldiers had fought side by side, and nobly found their death on Russian ground, any injurious suspicion of one nation against the other is a culpable suspicion. We should have called up against him John Bright's superb invocation to the victims of the Crimea.

This is what appears sad and deeply to be deplored in Lord Dunsany's article. He by no means draws his arguments from the hypothesis of a war between France and England, openly and loyally declared by the French. If he had done so, I should certainly not have taken up my pen to refute him. No, all Lord Dunsany's line of argument rests on the hypothesis of base treachery on the French side, of France lying in wait for England, and attacking her by surprise. Is it not the duty of a Frenchman to protest against a line of argument founded on such a supposition? Has not every Frenchman a right to feel wounded by it?

But is Lord Dunsany a man belonging to the nineteenth century, to this noble English century, the age of civilisation and political progress, the century of Cobden, Peel, John Bright, Gladstone? Are not the Wars of the Roses over? Indeed, we doubt, for what Lord Dunsany declares is this: 'We are in the year 1882. • France and England, the two most enlightened and liberal nations in the whole world, are friends and allies. We are constantly exchanging our ideas and opinions on the most noble and elevated subjects, at the same time as our products and merchandise. Science having made wonderful progress for the comfort of humanity, engineers come and propose a stupendous work, which is to unite the two countries, thus repairing that geological revolution which, at some remote epoch lost in the night of time, separated England from France. This union would be one of the grandest works of the century. It would have most important and desirable results for the comfort of two nations. It would bring them more and more into contact, thus enabling them to know each other better, and consequently better to appreciate one another. Well! all these benefits, this progress, these delights, must be renounced because France might take advantage of the Tunnel to send over to Dover four thousand soldiers in civilians' dress, in order to conquer England!'

Would Lord Dunsany have the kindness to ask Sir John Lubbock what he thinks of this reasoning, which is strictly the noble lord's own? Sir John Lubbock would reply, that, even *before history*, man was an animal having all the characteristics of progress, and that in the whole creation cray-fish alone walk backwards.

I will no longer urge this point, for a certain scruple takes possession of me. Does Lord Dunsany really believe in the possibility of the hypothesis he advances? Might not the truth be that Lord Dunsany and his friends, thinking the English army and fleet not sufficiently prepared and provided, desire in their patriotism an augmentation of the marine and war budget; that they were afraid

their demand would not be complied with, and that they thought the only expedient to obtain this augmentation would be to cry 'Wolf! wolf!' and to frighten England by the possible consequences of the Tunnel?

Is it not possible that they make use of the Tunnel to get new grants from the House of Commons, just as one speaks of 'bogeys' in order to make children do their lessons better?

This is probably the real aim of the noisy adversaries of the Tunnel, and if this is so, I can but approve it, and say that everything England may think necessary to do to secure her strength and prosperity, France will consider right and just, and will not take umbrage at it. Let England double her fleet, establish compulsory military service, fortify her coasts, and surround Dover by impenetrable walls, all this is right and worthy of the England that France admires and esteems, of the true England. But England refusing to allow the construction of the Tunnel, walking backwards as it were, hiding itself from civilisation—that is not England, that is some country that would wish to thrust its inhabitants into ignorance and darkness because of a groundless fear; a country Nelson and Cobden would equally blush to own, and of which Hume and Macaulay would say, 'This is not the grand country of civilisation whose history we have written. A mirage of fogs has deceived us. This is not *our* old England!'<sup>1</sup>

• JOSEPH REINACH.

<sup>1</sup> It should be stated that this article was written for the April number of the Review—for which, however, it was too late. This will account for the reference to Sir John Lubbock, who had already signed the Protest against the Tunnel when he was here appealed to in favour of it.

The coincidence between adversaries and advocates of the Tunnel as to its likelihood to increase the military armaments of this country is curiously shown in the author's last paragraphs.—ED. *Nineteenth Century*.

*A WORD ABOUT AMERICA.*

MR. LOWELL, in an interesting but rather tart essay, 'On a certain Condensation in Foreigners,' warns off Englishmen who may be disposed to write or speak about the United States of America. 'I never blamed England for not wishing well to democracy,' he cries; 'how should she?' But the criticisms and dealings of Englishmen, in regard to the object of their ill-will, are apt, Mr. Lowell declares, to make him impatient. 'Let them give up trying to understand us, still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence; for they will never arrive at that devoutly to be wished consummation, till they learn to look at us as we are, and not as they suppose us to be.'

On the other hand, from some quarters in America come reproaches to us for not speaking about America enough, for not making sufficient use of her in illustration of what we bring forward. Mr. Higginson expresses much surprise that when, for instance, I dilate on the benefits of equality, it is to France that I have recourse for the illustration and confirmation of my thesis, not to the United States. A Boston newspaper supposes me to 'speak of American manners as vulgar,' and finds, what is worse, that the *Atlantic Monthly*, commenting on this supposed utterance of mine, adopts it and carries it further. For the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says that, indeed, 'the hideousness and vulgarity of American manners are undeniable,' and that 'redemption is only to be expected by the work of a few enthusiastic individuals, conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires;' or, as these enthusiasts are presently called by the writer, 'rather highly civilised individuals, a few in each of our great cities and their environs.' The Boston newspaper observes, with a good deal of point, that it is from these exceptional enthusiasts that the heroes of the tales of Mr. James and Mr. Howells seem to be recruited. It shrewdly describes them as 'people who spend more than half their life in Europe, and return only to scold their agents for the smallness of their remittances;' and protests that such people 'will have, and can have, no perceptible influence for good on the real civilisation of America.' Then our Boston friend turns to me again, says that 'it is vulgar people from the large cities who

have given Mr. Arnold his dislike of American manners,' and adds, that 'if it should ever happen that hard destiny should force Mr. Arnold to cross the Atlantic,' I should find 'in the smaller cities of the interior, in the northern, middle, and south-western states, an elegant and simple social order, as entirely unknown in England, Germany, or Italy, as the private life of the dukes or princes of the blood is unknown in America.' Yes, I 'should find a manner of life belonging to the highest civilisation, in towns, in counties, and in states whose names had never been heard' by me; and, if I could take the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* to see it along with me, it would do him, says his compatriot, a great deal of good.

I do not remember to have anywhere, in my too numerous writings, spoken of American manners as vulgar, or to have expressed my dislike of them. I have long accustomed myself to regard the people of the United States as just the same people with ourselves, as simply 'the English on the other side of the Atlantic.' The ethnology of that American diplomatist, who the other day assured a Berlin audience that the great admixture of Germans had now made the people of the United States as much German as English, has not yet prevailed with me. I adhere to my old persuasion, the Americans of the United States are English people on the other side of the Atlantic. I learnt it from Burke. But from Burke I learnt, too, with what immense consequences and effects this simple matter—the settlement of a branch of the English people on the other side of the Atlantic—was, from the time of their constitution as an independent power, certainly and inevitably charged. Let me quote his own impressive and profound words on the acknowledgment of American independence in 1782:—

A great revolution has happened—a revolution made, not by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing states, but by the appearance of a new state, of a new species, in a new part of the globe. It has made as great a change in all the relations, and balances, and gravitations of power, as the appearance of a new planet would in the system of the solar world.

As for my esteeming it a hard destiny which should force me to visit the United States, I will borrow Goethe's words, and say, that 'not the spirit is bound, but the foot;' with the best will in the world, I have never yet been able to go to America, and probably I never shall be able. But many a kind communication I receive from that quarter; and when one has much discoursed on equality and on civilisation, and then is told that in America a lover of these will find just what suits him, and is invited, and almost challenged, to turn one's eyes there, and to bear testimony to what one beholds, it seems ungracious or cowardly to take no notice at all of such challenges, but to go on talking of equality and civilisation just as if America had never existed. True, there is Mr. Lowell's warning. Englishmen easily may fall into absurdities in criticising America,

most easily of all when they do not, and cannot, see it with their own eyes, but have to speak of it from what they read. Then, too, people are sensitive; certainly it would be safer and pleasanter to say nothing. And as the prophet Jonah, when he had a message for Nineveh, hurried off in alarm down to Joppa, and incontinently took ship there for Tarshish in just the opposite direction, so one might find plenty of reasons for running away from the task, when one is summoned to give one's opinion of American civilisation. But Ewald says that it was a sorry and unworthy calculation, petty human reason-mongering—*menschliche Vernünftelei*—which made Jonah run away from his task in this fashion; and we will not run away from ours, difficult though it be.

Besides, there are considerations which diminish its difficulty. When one has confessed the belief that the social system of one's own country is so far from being perfect, that it presents us with the spectacle of an upper class materialised, a middle class vulgarised, a lower class brutalised, one has earned the right, perhaps, to speak with candour of the social systems of other countries. Mr. Lowell complains that we English make our narrow Anglicism, as he calls it, the standard of all things; but 'we are worth nothing,' says Mr. Lowell of himself and his countrymen, 'we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism.' Mr. Hussey Vivian, the member for Glamorganshire, goes to travel in America, and when he comes back, delighted with the country and the people, he publishes his opinion that just two things are wanting to their happiness—a sovereign of the British type, and a House of Lords:—

If Americans could only get over the first wrench, and elect a king of the old stock, under the same limited constitutional conditions as our sovereigns, and weld their separate states into one compact and solid nation, many of them would be only too thankful. I cannot help suspecting, also, that they would not be sorry to transform their Senate into a House of Lords. There are fortunes amply large enough to support hereditary rule, and men who will not now enter political life upon any consideration would doubtless do their duty as patriotically as our peers, if not compelled to face the dirt of candidature. As to aristocratic ideas being foreign to Americans, I do not believe it for a moment; on the contrary, I believe them to be a highly aristocratic people.

I suppose this may serve as a specimen of the Anglicism which is so exasperating to Mr. Lowell. I do not share it. Mr. Hussey Vivian has a keen eye for the geological and mining facts of America, but as to the political facts of that country, the real tendencies of its life, and its future, he does not seem to me to be at all at the centre of the situation. Far from 'not wishing well to democracy,' far from thinking a king and a House of Lords, of our English pattern, a panacea for social ills, I have freely said that our system here, in my opinion, has too much thrown the middle classes in upon themselves, that the lower classes likewise are thus too much thrown in upon themselves, and that we suffer from the want of equality.

Nothing would please me better than to find the difficulty solved in America, to find democracy a success there, with a type of equality producing such good results, that, when one preaches equality, one should illustrate its advantages not from the example of the French, but, as Mr. Higginson recommends, from the example of the people of the United States. I go back again to my Boston newspaper :—

In towns whose names Mr. Arnold never heard, and never will hear, there will be found almost invariably a group of people of good taste, good manners, good education and of self-respect, peers of any people in the world. Such people read the best books, they interpret the best music, they are interested in themes world-wide, and they meet each other with that mutual courtesy and that self-respect which belong to men and women who are sure of their footing.

This is what we want; and if American democracy gives this, Mr. Lowell may rely upon it that no narrow Anglicism shall prevent my doing homage to American democracy.

Only we must have a clear understanding about one thing. This is a case where the question of numbers is of capital importance. Even in our poor old country, with its aristocratic class materialised, its middle class vulgarised, its lower class brutalised, there are to be found individuals, as I have again and again said, lovers of the humane life, lovers of perfection, who emerge in all classes, and who, while they are more or less in conflict with the present, point to a better future. Individuals of this kind I make no doubt at all that there are in American society as well as here. The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* himself, unfavourable as is his judgment on his country's civilisation in general, admits that he can find a certain number of 'enthusiastic individuals conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires.' Of these 'rather highly civilised individuals' there are, he says, 'a few in each of our great cities and their environs.' His rebuker in the Boston newspaper says that these centres of sweetness and light are rather in the small towns than in the large ones; but that is not a matter of much importance to us. The important question is: In what numbers are they to be found? Well, there is *a group* of them, says the Boston newspaper, in almost any small town of the northern, middle, and south-western states. This is indeed civilisation. A group of lovers of the humane life, an 'elegant and simple social order,' as its describer calls it, existing in almost every small town of the northern, middle, and south-western states of America, and this in addition to circles in New York and other great cities with 'a social life as dignified, as elegant and as noble as any in the world'—all this must needs leaven American society, and must surely, if we can take example from it, enable us to leaven and transform our own. Leaven American society it already does, we hear :—

It is such people who keep the whole sentiment of the land up to a high standard. While the few 'rather highly civilised individuals' are hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic to learn what is the last keynote which a pinch-



beck emperor has decided on, or what is the last gore which a man-milliner has decreed, these American gentlemen and ladies, in the dignity of their own homes, are making America. It is they who maintain the national credit, it is they who steadily improve the standard of national education. If Mr. Arnold should ever see them in their own homes, it is they who will show him what is the normal type of American manners.

Our Boston informant writes so crisply and smartly that one is unwilling to part with him. I can truly say that I would rather read him and quote him than join issue with him. He has seen America, and I have not. Perhaps things in America are as he says. I am sure I hope they are, for, as I have just said, I have been long convinced that English society has to transform itself, and long looking in vain for a model by which we might be guided and inspired in the bringing forth of our new civilisation; and here is the model ready to hand. But I own that hitherto I have thought that, as we in England have to transform our civilisation, so America has hers still to make; and that, though her example and co-operation might, and probably would, be of the greatest value to us in the future, yet they were not of much use to our civilisation now. I remember, that when I first read the Boston newspaper from which I have been quoting, I was just fresh from the perusal of one of the best of Mr. James's novels, *Roderick Hudson*. That work carries us to one of the 'smaller cities of the interior,' a city of which, I own, I had never heard—the American Northampton. Those who have read *Roderick Hudson* will recollect, that in that part of the story where the scene is laid at Northampton, there occurs a personage called Striker, an auctioneer. And when I came upon the Boston newspaper's assurances that, in almost every small town of the Union, I should find 'an elegant and simple social order,' the comment which rose to my lips was this: 'I suspect what I should find there, in great force, is Striker.' Now Striker was a Philistine.

I have said somewhere or other that, whereas our society in England distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace, America is just ourselves, with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly. This would leave the Philistines for the great bulk of the nation; a livelier sort of Philistines than our Philistine middle class which made and peopled the United States—a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, and with the pressure and the false ideal of our Barbarians taken away, but left all the more to himself, and to have his full swing. That this should be the case seemed to me natural, and that it actually was the case everything which I could hear and read about America tended to convince me. And when my Boston friend talks of the 'elegant and simple social order established in almost every small town in America, and of the group, in each, of people of good taste, good manners, good education and self-respect, peers of any people in the world,' I cannot help thinking that things

are not quite so bright as he paints them, and so superior to anything of which we have experience elsewhere ; that he is mixing two impressions together, the impression of individuals scattered over the country, real lovers of the humane life, but not yet numerous enough or united enough to produce much effect, and the impression of groups of worthy respectable people to be found in almost every small town of the Union, people with many merits, but not yet arrived at that true and happy goal of civilisation, 'an elegant and simple social order.'

We too have groups of this kind everywhere, and we know what they can do for us and what they cannot do. It is easy to praise them, to flatter them, to express unbounded satisfaction with them, to speak as if they gave us all that we needed. We have done so here in England. These groups, with us, these serious and effective forces of our middle class, have been extolled as 'that section of the community which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature, which has done all the great things that have been done in all departments, and which supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have still to be done.' So cry the newspapers ; our great orators take up the same strain. The middle-class doers of English race, with their industry and religion, are the salt of the earth. 'The cities you have built,' exclaims Mr. Bright, 'the railroads you have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen !' There we have their industry. Then comes the praise of their religion, their own specially invented and indomitably maintained form of religion. 'Let a man consider,' exclaims Mr. Bright again, 'how much of what there is free and good and great, and constantly growing in what is good, in this country, is owing to Nonconformist action. Look at the churches and chapels it has reared over the whole country ; look at the schools it has built ; look at the ministers it has supported ; look at the Christian work which it has conducted. It would be well for the Nonconformists, especially for the young among them, that they should look back to the history of their fathers, and that they should learn from them how much is due to truth and how much they have sacrificed to conscience.'

It is the groups of industrious, religious, and unshakeable Nonconformists in all the towns, small and great, of England, whose praise is here celebrated by Mr. Bright. But he has an even more splendid tribute of praise for their brethren, of the very same stock, and sort, and virtue, in America also. The great scale of things in America powerfully impresses Mr. Bright's imagination always ; he loves to count the prodigious number of acres of land there, the

prodigious number of bushels of wheat raised. The voluntary principle, the principle of modern English Nonconformity, is on the same grand and impressive scale. 'There is nothing which piety and zeal have ever offered on the face of the earth as a tribute to religion and religious purposes, equal to that which has been done by the voluntary principle among the people of the United States.'

I cannot help thinking that my Boston informant mixes up, I say, the few lovers of perfection with the much more numerous representatives, serious, industrious, and in many ways admirable, of middle-class virtue; and imagines that in almost every town of the United States there is a group of lovers of perfection, whereas the lovers of perfection are much less thickly sown than he supposes, but what there really is in almost every town is a group of representatives of middle-class virtue. And the fruits by which he knows his men, the effects which they achieve for the national life and civilisation, are just the fruits, be it observed, which the representatives of middle-class virtue are capable of producing and produce for us here in England too, and for the production of which we need not have recourse to an extraordinary supply of lovers of perfection. 'It is such people,' he says, 'who keep the whole sentiment of the land up to a high standard when war comes, or rebellion.' But this is just what the middle-class virtue of our race is abundantly capable of doing; as Puritan England in the seventeenth century, and the inheritors of the traditions of Puritan England since, have signally shown. 'It is they who maintain the national credit, it is they who steadily improve the standard of national education.' By national education our informant means popular education; and here, too, we are still entirely within the pale of middle-class achievement. Both in England and in America the middle class is abundantly capable of maintaining the national credit, and does maintain it. It is abundantly capable of recognising the duty of sending to school the children of the people, nay, of sending them also, if possible, to a Sunday school, and to chapel or church. True; and yet, in England at any rate, the middle class with all its industry and with all its religiousness, the middle class well typified, as I long ago pointed out, by a certain Mr. Smith, a secretary to an insurance company, who 'laboured under the apprehension that he would come to poverty and that he was eternally lost,' the English middle class presents us at this day, for our actual needs, and for the purposes of national civilisation, with a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. For the building up of human life, as men are now beginning to see, there are needed not only the powers of industry and conduct, but the power, also, of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. And that type of life of which our

middle class in England are in possession is one by which neither the claims of intellect and knowledge are satisfied, nor the claim of beauty, nor the claims of social life and manners.

That which in England we call the middle class is in America virtually the nation. It is in America in great measure relieved, as I have said, of what with us is our Populace, and it is relieved of the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians. It is generally industrious and religious as our middle class. Its religion is even less invaded, I believe, by the modern spirit than the religion of our middle class. An American of reputation as a man of science tells me that he lives in a town of a hundred and fifty thousand people, of whom there are not fifty who do not imagine the first chapters of Genesis to be exact history. Mr. Dale, of Birmingham, found, he says, that 'orthodox Christian people in America were less troubled by attacks on the orthodox creed than the like people in England. They seemed to feel sure of their ground and they showed no alarm.' Public opinion requires public men to attend regularly some place of worship. The favourite denominations are those with which we are here familiar as the denominations of Protestant dissent; when Mr. Dale tells us of 'the Baptists, not including the Free Will Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, Six Principle Baptists, and some other minor sects,' one might fancy oneself reading the list of the sects in *Whitaker's Almanack*. But in America this type of religion is not, as it is here, a subordinate type, it is the predominant and accepted one. Our Dissenting ministers think themselves in paradise when they visit America. In that universally religious country the religious denomination which has by much the largest number of adherents is that, I believe, of Methodism originating in John Wesley, and which we know in this country as having for its standard of doctrine Mr. Wesley's fifty-three sermons and notes on the New Testament. I have a sincere admiration for Wesley, and a sincere esteem for the Wesleyan Methodist body in this country; I have seen much of it, and for many of its members my esteem is not only sincere but also affectionate. I know how one's religious connections and religious attachments are determined by the circumstances of one's birth and bringing up; and probably, if I had been born and brought up among the Wesleyans, I should never have left their body. But certainly I should have wished my children to leave it; because to live with one's mind, in regard to a matter of absorbing importance as Wesleyans believe religion to be, to live with one's mind, as to a matter of this sort, fixed constantly upon a mind of the third order, such as was Mr. Wesley's, seems to me extremely trying and injurious for the minds of men in general. And people whose minds, in what is the chief concern of their lives, are thus constantly fixed upon a mind of the third order, are the staple of the population of the United States, in the small towns and country districts above

all. Yet our Boston friend asks us to believe, that a population of which this is the staple can furnish what we cannot furnish, certainly, in England, and what no country that I know of can at present furnish, —a group, in every small town throughout the land, of people of good taste, good manners, good education, peers of any people in the world, reading the best books, interpreting the best music, and interested in themes world-wide! Individuals of this kind America can doubtless furnish, peers of any people in the world; and in every town groups of people with excellent qualities, like the representatives of middle-class industry and virtue amongst ourselves. And a country capable of furnishing such groups, will be strong and prosperous, and has much to be thankful for; but it must not take these groups for what they are not, or imagine that having produced them it possesses what it does not possess, or has provided for wants which are in fact still unprovided for.

‘The arts have no chance in poor countries,’ says Mr. Lowell. ‘From sturdy father to sturdy son, we have been making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century.’ This may be quite true, and the achievements wrought in America by the middle-class industry, the middle-class energy and courage, the middle-class religion of our English race, may be full as much as we have any right to expect up to the present time, and only a people of great qualities could have produced them. But this is not the question. The question is as to the establishment in America, on any considerable scale, of a type of civilisation combining all those powers which go to the building up of a truly human life—the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners, as well as the great power of conduct and religion, and the indispensable power of expansion. ‘Is it not the highest act of a republic,’ asks Mr. Lowell, ‘to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such?’ Let us grant it. ‘Perhaps it is the collective, not the individual humanity,’ Mr. Lowell goes on, ‘that is to have a chance of nobler development among us.’ Most true, the well-being of the many, and not of individuals and classes solely, comes out more and more distinctly to us all as the object which we must pursue. Many are to be made partakers of well-being, of civilisation and humanisation; we must not forget it, and America, happily, is not likely to let us forget it. But the ideal of well-being, of civilisation, of humanisation, is not to be, on that account, lowered and coarsened.

Now the *New York Nation*—a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is the best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers, and one of the best newspapers anywhere—the *New York Nation* had the other day some remarks on the higher sort of education in America, and the utility of it, which were very curious:—

In America (says the *Nation*) scarcely any man who can afford it likes no to refuse his son a college education if the boy wants it; but probably not one boy in one thousand can say, five years after graduating, that he has been helped by his college education in making his start in life. It may have been never so useful to him as a means of moral and intellectual culture, but it has not helped to adapt him to the environment in which he has to live and work; or in other words, to a world in which not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork.

Now upon this remarkable declaration many comments might be made, but I am going now to make one comment only. Is it credible, if there were established in almost every town of the great majority of the United States a type of 'elegant and simple social order,' a 'group of people of good taste, good manners, reading the best books, interpreting the best music, interested in themes world-wide, the peers of any people in the world,' is it credible, with the instinct of self-preservation which there is in humanity, and choice things being so naturally attractive as they undoubtedly are, is it credible, that all this excellent heaven should produce so little result, that these groups should remain so impotent and isolated, that their environment, in a country where our poverty is unknown, should be 'a world in which not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork?' It is not credible; to me, at any rate, it is not credible. And I feel more sure than ever that our Boston informant has told us of groups where he ought to have told us of individuals; and that many of his individuals, even, have 'hopped over,' as he wittily says, to Europe.

Mr. Lowell himself describes his own nation as 'the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world.' They strike foreigners in the same way. M. Renan says that the 'United States have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, and will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence.' Another acute French critic speaks of a 'hard unintelligence' as characteristic of the people of the United States—*la dure inintelligence des Américains du Nord*. Smart they are, as all the world knows; but then smartness is unhappily quite compatible with a 'hard unintelligence.' The Quinionian humour of Mr. Mark Twain, so attractive to the Philistine of the more gay and light type both here and in America, another French critic fixes upon as literature exactly expressing a people of this type, and of no higher. 'In spite of all its primary education,' he says, 'America is still, from an intellectual point of view, a very rude and primitive soil, only to be cultivated by violent methods. These childish and half-savage minds are not moved except by very elementary narratives composed without art, in

which burlesque and melodrama, vulgarity and eccentricity, are combined in strong doses.' It may be said that Frenchmen, the present generation of Frenchmen at any rate, themselves take seriously, as of the family of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe, an author half genius half charlatan, like M. Victor Hugo. They do so; but still they may judge, soundly and correctly enough, another nation's false literature which does not appeal to their weaknesses. I am not blaming America for falling a victim to Quinion, or to Murdstone either. We fall a victim to Murdstone and Quinion ourselves, as I very well know, and the Americans are just the same people that we are. But I want to deliver England from Murdstone and Quinion, and I look round me for help in the good work. And when the Boston newspaper told me of the elegant and simple social order, and the group of people in every town of the Union with good taste and good manners, reading the best books and interpreting the best music, I thought at first that I had surely found what I wanted, and that I should be able to invade the English realm of Murdstone and Quinion with the support of an overpowering body of allies from America. But now it seems doubtful whether America is not suffering from the predominance of Murdstone and Quinion herself—of Quinion at any rate.

Yes, and of Murdstone too. Miss Bird, the best of travellers, and with the skill to relate her travels delightfully, met the rudimentary American type of Murdstone not far from Denver, and has described him for us. Denver—I hear some one say scornfully—Denver! A new territory, the outskirts of civilisation, the Rocky Mountains! But I prefer to follow a course which would, I know, deliver me over a prey into the Americans' hands, if I were really holding a controversy with them and attacking their civilisation. I am not holding a controversy with them. I am not attacking their civilisation. I am much disquieted about the state of our own. But I am holding a friendly conversation with American lovers of the humane life, who offer me hopes of improving British civilisation by the example of a great force of true civilisation, of elegant and simple social order, developed in the northern, middle, and south-western states of the Union. I am not going to pick holes in the civilisation of those well-established States. But in a new territory, on the outskirts of the Union, I take an example of a spirit which we know well enough in the old country, and which has done much harm to our civilisation; and I ask my American friends how much way this spirit—since on their borders, at any rate, they seem to have it—has made and is even now making amongst themselves; whether they feel sure of getting it under control, and that the elegant and simple social order in the older States will be too strong for it, or whether, on the other hand, it may be too strong for the elegant and simple social order.

Miss Bird, then, describes the Chalmers family, a family with

which, on her journey from Denver to the Rocky Mountains, she lodged for some time. Miss Bird, as those who have read her books well know, is not a lackadaisical person, or in any way a fine lady; she can ride, catch and saddle a horse, 'make herself agreeable,' wash up plates, improvise lamps, teach knitting. But—

Oh (she says), what a hard, narrow life it is with which I am now in contact! A narrow and unattractive religion, which I believe still to be genuine, and an intense but narrow patriotism, are the only higher influences. Chalmers came from Illinois nine years ago. He is slightly intelligent, very opinionated, and wishes to be thought well-informed, which he is not. He belongs to the strictest sect of Reformed Presbyterians; his great boast is that his ancestors were Scottish Covenanters. He considers himself a profound theologian, and by the pine logs at night discourses to me on the mysteries of the eternal counsels and the divine decrees. Colorado, with its progress and its future, is also a constant theme. He hates England with a bitter personal hatred. He trusts to live to see the downfall of the British monarchy and the disintegration of the empire. He is very fond of talking, and asks me a great deal about my travels, but if I speak favourably of the climate or resources of any other country, he regards it as a slur on Colorado.

Mrs. Chalmers looks like one of the English poor women of our childhood—lean, clean, toothless, and speaks, like some of them, in a piping, discontented voice, which seems to convey a personal reproach. She is never idle for one moment, is severe and hard, and despises everything but work. She always speaks of me as *this or that woman*. The family consists of a grown-up son, a shiftless, melancholy-looking youth, who possibly pines for a wider life; a girl of sixteen, a sour repellent-looking creature, with as much manners as a pig; and three hard, unchildlike younger children. By the whole family all courtesy and gentleness of act or speech seem regarded as *works of the flesh*, if not of *the devil*. They knock over all one's things without apologising or picking them up, and when I thank them for anything they look grimly amazed. I wish I could show them 'a more excellent way.' This hard greed, and the exclusive pursuit of gain, with the indifference to all which does not aid in its acquisition, are eating up family love and life throughout the West. I write this reluctantly and after a total experience of nearly two years in the United States. Mrs. Chalmers is cleanly in her person and dress, and the food, though poor, is clean. Work, work, work, is their day and their life. They are thoroughly ungenial. There is a married daughter across the river, just the same hard, loveless, moral, hard-working being as her mother. Each morning, soon after seven, when I have swept the cabin, the family come in for 'worship.' Chalmers wails a psalm to the most doleful of dismal tunes; they read a chapter round, and he prays. Sunday was a dreadful day. The family kept the commandment literally, and did no work. Worship was conducted twice, and was rather longer than usual. The man attempted to read a well-worn copy of *Boston's Fourfold State*, but shortly fell asleep, and they only woke up for their meals. It was an awful day, and seemed as if it would never come to an end. You will now have some idea of my surroundings. It is a moral, hard, unloving, unlovely, unrelieved, unbeautified, grinding life. These people live in a discomfort, and lack of ease and refinement which seem only possible to people of British stock.

What is this but the hideousness, the immense *ennui*, of the life on which we have touched so often, the life of our serious British Philistine, our Murdstone; that life with its defective type of religion, its narrow range of intellect and knowledge, its stunted sense of



beauty, its low standard of manners? Only it is this life at its simplest, rudimentary stage.

I have purposely taken the picture of it from a region outside the settled States of the Union, that it might be evident I was not meaning to describe American civilisation, and that Americans might at once be able to say with perfect truth that American civilisation is something, totally different. And if, to match this picture of our Murdstone in other lands and other circumstances, we are to have—as, for the sake of clearness in our impressions, we ought to have—a picture of our Quinion too under like conditions, let us take it, not from America at all, but from our own Australian colonies. The special correspondent of the *Bathurst Sentinel* criticises an Italian singer who, at the Sydney Theatre, plays the Count in the *Somnambula*; and here is the criticism: ‘Barring his stomach, he is the finest-looking artist I have seen on the stage for years; and if he don’t slide into the affections or break the gizzards of half our Sydney girls, it’s a pretty certain sign there’s a scarcity of balm in Gilead.’ This is not Mark Twain, not an American humourist at all; it is the *Bathurst Sentinel*.

So I have gone to the Rocky Mountains for the New World Murdstone, and to Australia for the New World Quinion. I have not assailed in the least the civilisation of America in those northern, middle, and south-western States, to which Americans have a right to refer us when we seek to know their civilisation, and to which they, in fact, do refer us. What I wish to say is, and I by no means even put it in the form of an assertion—I put it in the form of a question only, a question to my friends in America who are believers in equality and lovers of the humane life as I also am, and who ask me why I do not illustrate my praise of equality by reference to the humane life of America—what I wish to say is: How much does the influence of these two elements, natural products of our race, Murdstone and Quinion, the bitter, serious Philistine and the rowdy Philistine, enter into American life and lower it? I will not pronounce on the matter myself; I have not the requisite knowledge. But all that we hear from America—hear from Americans themselves—points, so far as I can see, to a great presence and power of these middle-class misgrowths there as here. We have not succeeded in counteracting them here, and while our statesmen and leaders proceed as they do now, and Lord Frederick Cavendish congratulates the middle class on its energy and self-reliance in doing without public schools, and Lord Salisbury summons the middle class to a great and final stand on behalf of supernaturalism, we never shall succeed in counteracting them. We are told, however, of groups of children of light in every town of America, and ‘an elegant social order prevailing there, which make one, at first, very envious. But soon one begins to think, I say, that surely there must be some mis-

take. The complaints one hears of the state of public life in America, of the increasing impossibility and intolerableness of it to self-respecting men, of the 'corruption and feebleness,' of the blatant violence and exaggeration of language, the profligacy of clap-trap—the complaints we hear from America of all this, and then such an exhibition as we had in the Guiteau trial the other day, lead one to think that Murdstone and Quinion, those misgrowths of the English middle-class spirit, must be even more rampant in the United States than they are here. Mr. Lowell himself writes, in that very same essay in which he is somewhat sharp upon foreigners, he writes of the sad experience in America of 'government by declamation.' And this very week, as if to illustrate his words, we have the American newspapers raising 'a loud and peremptory voice' against the 'gross outrage on America, insulted in the persons of Americans imprisoned in British dungeons;' we have them crying: 'The people demand their release, and they must be released; woe to the public men or the party that stand in the way of this act of justice!' We have them turning upon Mr. Lowell himself in such style as the following: 'This Lowell is a fraud and a disgrace to the American nation; Minister Lowell has scoffed at his own country, and disowned everything in its history and institutions that makes it free and great.'

I should say, for my part, though I have not, I fully own, the means for judging accurately, that all this points to an American development of our Murdstone and Quinion, the bitter Philistine and the rowdy Philistine, exhibiting themselves in conjunction, exhibiting themselves with great luxuriance and with very little check. As I write from Grub Street, I will add that, to my mind, the condition of the copyright question between us and America appears to point to just the same thing. The American refusal of copyright to us poor English souls is just the proceeding which would naturally commend itself to Murdstone and Quinion; and the way in which Mr. Conant justifies and applauds the proceeding, and continues to justify and applaud it in disregard of all that one may say, and boldly turns the tables upon England, is just the way in which Murdstone and Quinion, after regulating copyright in the American fashion, would wish and expect to be backed up. In Mr. Conant they have a treasure: *illi robur et as triplex* indeed. And no doubt a few Americans, highly civilised individuals, 'hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic,' much disapprove of these words and works of Mr. Conant and his constituents. But can there be constant groups of children of light, joined in an elegant order, everywhere throughout the Union? for, if there were, would not their sense of equity, and their sense of delicacy, and even their sense of the ridiculous, be too strong, even in this very matter of copyright, for Mr. Conant and his constituents?

But on the creation and propagation of such groups the civilised

life of America depends for its future, as the civilised life of our own country, too, depends for its future upon the same thing ;—so much is certain. And if America succeeds in creating and installing hers, before we succeed in creating and installing ours, then they will send over help to us from America, and will powerfully influence us for our good. Let us see, then, how we both of us stand at the present moment, and what advantages the one of us has which are wanting to the other. We in England have liberty and industry and the sense for conduct, and a splendid aristocracy which feels the need for beauty and manners, and a unique class, as Mr. Charles Sumner pointed out, of gentlemen, not of the landed class or of the nobility, but cultivated and refined. America has not our splendid aristocracy, but then this splendid aristocracy is materialised, and for helping the sense for beauty, or the sense for social life and manners, in the nation at large, it does nothing or next to nothing. So we must not hastily pronounce, with Mr. Hussey Vivian, that American civilisation suffers by its absence. Indeed they are themselves developing, it is said, a class of very rich people quite sufficiently materialised. America has not our large and unique class of gentlemen ; something of it they have, of course, but it is not by any manner of means on the same scale there as here. Acting by itself, and untrammelled, our English class of gentlemen has eminent merits ; our rule in India, of which we may well be proud, is in great measure its work. But in presence of a great force of Barbarian power, as in this country, or in presence of a great force of Philistinism, our class of gentlemen, as we know, has not much faith and ardour, is somewhat bounded and ineffective, is not much of a civilised force for the nation at large ; not much more, perhaps, than the few ‘rather civilised individuals’ in America, who, according to our Boston informant, go ‘hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic.’ Perhaps America, with her needs, has no very great loss in not having our special class of gentlemen. Without this class, and without the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians, the Americans have, like ourselves, the sense for conduct and religion ; they have industry, and they have liberty ; they have, too, over and above what we have, they have an excellent thing—equality. But we have seen reason for thinking, that as we in England, with our aristocracy, gentlemen, liberty, industry, religion, and sense for conduct, have the civilisation of the most important part of our people, the immense middle class, impaired by a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners ; so in America, too, where this class is yet more important and all-pervading than it is here, civilisation suffers in the like way. With a people of our stock it could not, indeed, well be otherwise, so long as this people can be truly described as ‘the most common-schooled and least cultivated people in the world.’

The real cultivation of the people of the United States, as of the English middle class, has been in and by its religion, its 'one thing needful.' But the insufficiency of this religion is now every day becoming more manifest. It deals, indeed, with personages and words which have an indestructible and inexhaustible truth and salutariness; but it is rooted and grounded in preternaturalism, it can receive those personages and those words only on conditions of preternaturalism, and a religion of preternaturalism is doomed—whether with or without the battle of Armageddon for which Lord Salisbury is preparing—to inevitable dissolution. *Fidelity to conscience!* cries the popular Protestantism of Great Britain and America, and thinks that it has said enough. But the modern analysis relentlessly scrutinises this conscience, and compels it to give an account of itself. What sort of a conscience? a true conscience or a false one? 'Conscience is the most changing of rules; conscience is presumptuous in the strong, timid in the weak and unhappy, wavering in the undecided; obedient organ of the sentiment which sways us and of the opinions which govern us; more misleading than reason and nature.' So says one of the noblest and purest of moralists, Vauvenargues; and terrible as it may be to the popular Protestantism of England and of America to hear it, Vauvenargues thus describes with perfect truth that conscience to which popular Protestantism appeals as its supposed unshakeable ground of reliance.

And now, having up to this point neglected all the arts of the controversialist, having merely made inquiries of my American friends as to the real state of their civilisation, inquiries which they are free to answer in their own favour if they like, I am going to leave the advantage with them to the end. They kindly offered me the example of their civilisation as a help to mend ours; and I, not with any vain Anglicism, for I own our insular civilisation to be very unsatisfactory, but from a desire to get at the truth and not to deceive myself with hopes of help from a quarter where at present there is none to be found, have inquired whether the Americans really think, on looking into the matter, that their civilisation is much more satisfactory than ours. And in case they should come to the conclusion, after due thought, that neither the one civilisation nor the other is in a satisfactory state, let me end by propounding a remedy which really it is heroic in me to propound, for people are bored to death, they say, by me with it, and every time I mention it I make new enemies and diminish the small number of friends that I have now. Still, I cannot help asking whether the defects of American civilisation, if it is defective, may not probably be connected with the American people's being, as Mr. Lowell says, 'the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world.' A higher, larger cultivation, a finer lucidity, is what is needed. The friends of civilisation, instead of hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic, should stay at

home a while, and do their best to make the administration, the tribunals, the theatre, the arts, in each State, to make them become visible ideals to raise, purge and ennoble the public sentiment. Though they may be few in number, the friends of civilisation will find, probably, that by a serious apostolate of this kind they can accomplish a good deal. But the really fruitful reform to be looked for in America, so far as I can judge, is the very same reform which is so urgently required here—a reform of secondary instruction. The primary and common schools of America we all know; their praise is in every one's mouth. About superior or University instruction one need not be uneasy, it excites so much ambition, is so much in view, and is required by comparatively so small a number. An institution like Harvard is probably all that one could desire. But really good secondary schools to form a due proportion of the youth of America from the age of twelve to the age of eighteen, and then every year to throw a supply of them, thus formed, into circulation—this is what America, I believe, wants, as we also want it, and what she possesses no more than we do. I know she has higher schools, I know their programme: Latin, Greek, German, French, Surveying, Chemistry, Astrology, Natural History, Mental Philosophy, Constitution, Book-keeping, Trigonometry, etc. Alas, to quote Vauvenargues again: *'On ne corrigera jamais les hommes d'apprendre des choses inutiles!'* But good secondary schools, not with the programme of our classical and commercial academies, but with a serious programme—a programme really suited to the wants and capacities of those who are to be trained—this, I repeat, is what American civilisation in my belief most requires, as it is what our civilisation, too, at present most requires. The special present defects of both American civilisation and ours are the kind of defects for which this is a natural remedy. I commend it to the attention of my friendly Boston critic in America; and some months hence, perhaps, when Mr. Barnum begins to require less space for his chronicles of Jumbo, my critic will tell me what he thinks of it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## THE GOAL OF MODERN THOUGHT.

### I.

GEORGE SAND, in her *History of my Life*, tells us how during the solitude of her early womanhood at Nohant she had yielded to the taste of the century, which was to shut oneself up in an egoistic sorrow, to imagine oneself René or Obermann, and to attribute to oneself an exceptional sensibility, by reason of sufferings unknown to the vulgar herd. When she was thirty her horizon enlarged. She came to Paris, the blissful Promised Land of her waking dreams, to live that artist life in which she had hoped, above all things, to find peace with herself. Her illusion was soon dispelled. It was then that she was brought, for the first time, face to face with the darker problems of existence, and saw the world as it was. And in the view of its great objective evil, she tells us, her merely subjective sorrow was merged, as a rivulet lost in ocean.

One quickly tires (she writes) of contemplating oneself. We are such limited beings, so soon exhausted, the little romance of each is so quickly gone over in one's memory! Except one really believes oneself sublime, how can self-examination, self-contemplation, occupy us long? But who is there that, in real good faith, thinks himself sublime? The poor lunatic, who takes himself for the sun, and who, from his sad domicile, calls out to the passer-by to have a care of the brilliancy of his rays. When the sadness, the want, the hopelessness, the vice, of which human society is full, rose up before me, when my reflections were no longer bent upon my proper destiny, but upon that of the world, of which I was but an atom, my personal despair extended itself to all creation, and the law of fatality arose before me in such appalling aspect that my reason was shaken by it. There is no pride, no egotism, which will console us when we are absorbed in that idea. . . . The general evil poisons the individual good.<sup>1</sup>

The strange and fascinating book from which these extracts are taken must of course be read with a judicious reserve and a limited scepticism. Let us not, however, make it a reproach to George Sand if she has idealised a little in her self-delineation. Who is there that could bear to be drawn in the hard lines of a pitiless realism? Some fig-leaf of the ideal has been indispensable to us since the day, now grown so dim and very far off, when the eyes of

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de ma Vie*, 5me partie, c. 2.

the 'snow-limbed Eve' and her too complaisant partner 'were opened, and they knew that they were naked.' It is the office of language, as of raiment, both to express us and to conceal us. And there can be no question that the portrait given to us in the *History of my Life* does, to a very great extent, really express its author. It lives not more by its artistic merit than by the truth that is in it.

George Sand's intellectual history, as she has observed in an earlier portion of her Autobiography, is, to a certain extent, the intellectual history of her age. The century opens with a passionate cry from a band of poets who sing, 'to divers tones,' the same sad song of disenchantment, life-weariness, despair. It was Lord Byron who, as their Choregus,

bore,  
With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,  
Through Europe to the Ætolian shore,  
The pageant of his bleeding heart.

In Italy, Leopardi's deeper note had for its theme 'the unblessed and terrible secret of life'—

Nostra vita a che val? solo a spregiarla.

Heine, 'bitter and strange,' is aptly termed by his countrymen 'the singer of the world-pain.' Alfred de Musset's burden is ever—

que le bonheur sur terre  
Peut n'avoir qu'une nuit, comme la gloire un jour.

Even Wordsworth, in the 'sweet calm' which he had made for himself among his hills and streams—

Mourns less for what life takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

While the eupeptic cheerfulness of Scott is darkened by the shadow of what Schelling finely calls 'that sadness which cleaves to all finite life,' as the day dying on 'the broad lake and mountain side' suggests the unanswerable reflection—

Thus pleasures fade away,  
Youth, talent, beauty, thus decay,  
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey.

And it will be found, for that is my present point, that as the century advances, this pessimistic vein in the literature of Europe becomes more objective; that the general thought travels the same melancholy road as George Sand's particular thought from the single to the universal, from the person to the race. But more than this, 'years that bring the philosophic mind' lead not only individual men, but the collection or rather flock of individual men which we call an age,

from sentiments to systems, which, after all, are only sentiments formulated. Man is a metaphysical animal, whatever else he may or may not be. No gay Voltairean banter, bidding him concentrate his energies on the cultivation of his garden, will ever tie him down to the seen and actual; no fork of positivism will expel his innate tendency to look behind phenomena and to pry into the great darkness which encompasses human life. The earlier generations of the nineteenth century gazed, appalled, at

the vision of the woe  
In which mankind is bound.

Our own generation seeks men of excellent spirit and knowledge and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, to show the interpretation of the vision, and turns to Germany for the new Daniel of whose soothsaying it has need. We have passed from Shelley to Schopenhauer, from *The Revolt of Islam* to *The World as Will and Intellectual Representation*. I propose in this paper to consider the explanation of the enigma of life which is offered us by the great prophet of pessimism, and the later writer upon whom has fallen his mantle, if not a double portion of his spirit. The new pessimistic philosophy is a fact, and a very significant fact, in the world's history. I shall endeavour, in the first place, to give in as plain and untechnical language as possible some account of its main outlines, and then to estimate its significance, as a fact, in the annals of our time.

## II.

Although it is only of late years that Schopenhauer has acquired his high position among 'the masters of modern thought,' he belongs chronologically to the earlier part of the century. Born in 1788 and dying in 1860, he lived through the age whose sentiment he was to translate into philosophy, but it was so long ago as 1819 that he published his principal work, on *The World as Will and Intellectual Representation*. For forty years, however, this treatise was buried in obscurity. It was not until 1851 that his countrymen were aroused by the publication of his *Parerga und Paralipomena* to a dim perception that the Prophet of a new Gospel had arisen among them. From that date until the present day Schopenhauer's teaching has attracted ever-increasing attention, and the pessimistic school of which he is the founder and chief doctor now occupies a very prominent position in Germany. Von Hartmann, the most considerable member of it, claims, indeed, to rank as an independent thinker, and maintains that the doctrine set forth in the two pon-



derous volumes wherein he unfolds his *Philosophy of the Unconscious* is connected with Schopenhauer's teaching, only by very slight ties.' It seems to me that the claim is ill founded, that the variations of Von Hartmann from the earlier teacher are superficial and unessential, and that the message which the two deliver to the world is manifestly in the main the same. In England the new philosophy has been discussed in Mr. James Sully's *Pessimism*, a thoughtful work not undervalued by many who, like myself, differ widely from its conclusions. In France M. Ribot and M. Caro have made it the subject of carefully written and eminently readable books, and M. Challemlacour, the recent ambassador of the French Republic to this country, has contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an extremely interesting sketch both of the philosopher and his system in a paper entitled *Un Bouddhiste Contemporain*.

M. Challemlacour has done wisely, I think, in prefacing his account of Schopenhauer's speculations by an account of Schopenhauer himself, and I shall follow his example. No kind of ratiocination, indeed, is more vicious than that which seeks to draw conclusions as to the soundness or unsoundness of any philosophical or religious system, from the merits or demerits of particular persons who happen to profess it. But the founders of religions and philosophies are in a very different position in this respect. Their teaching is but one expression of themselves—a reflection of their own individuality, or, as Aristotle speaks, an external embodiment of their inner being,<sup>2</sup> and is best judged of, when that is possible, in connection with other manifestations of their personality. Their lives often throw a flood of light upon their doctrines. Let us therefore consider briefly what manner of man Arthur Schopenhauer was. His life may be read at large in the pages of Gwinner, Frauenstädt, and Lindner, and in the instructive little English work which Miss Zimmern has compiled from these and other sources. As to its external incidents, it is soon told. The son of a wealthy and well-educated merchant of Danzig, for whom he claimed Dutch descent, and of a clever and vivacious woman, he lost his father at the age of eighteen. Soon after, he abandoned the commercial career upon which he had entered, and, after passing a short time at Gotha, betook himself to Weimar, where his mother was residing. She however stipulated that he should not live with her. 'Your mania for disputation, your lamentations over the folly of the world and the misery of mankind, prevent my sleeping and give me bad dreams.' On attaining the age of twenty he entered at the University of Göttingen, where, besides the humane letters, he studied chemistry, medicine, natural history, and the religions and philosophies of the East. After two visits to Italy, and an unsuccessful attempt to obtain pupils as a

<sup>2</sup> ἐκφραγία δὴ ὁ πολήσας τὸ ἔργον ἐστὶ πῶς.—*Eth.* c. ix. 7.

*privat-docent* at Berlin, he took up his abode in Frankfort in 1830, and there he finally fixed his residence. He never left it from 1833 until his death. His life, through all that tract of years, was led in a routine of study, *table d'hôte*, flute-playing, walking, and sleeping. He never married, and appears to have declined, as far as possible, all the ordinary duties of life. His chief amusements were the theatre and music, and the contemplation of works of plastic and pictorial art. The picture which Miss Zimmern, a professed admirer of him, gives of his manners, is not winning. She attributes to him 'boisterous arrogance'<sup>3</sup> and 'vanity in the worst sense of the word.'<sup>4</sup> 'Neglect exasperated him, he was easily angered, suspicious and irritable.'<sup>5</sup> 'The heavy artillery of abusive utterance characterised his speech.'<sup>6</sup> 'Loss of fortune was of all evils most dreaded by him.'<sup>7</sup> 'The slightest noise at night made him start and seize the pistols that always lay ready loaded. He would never trust himself under the razor of a barber, and he fled from the mere mention of an infectious disease.' He professed a great respect for the memory of his deceased father, but to his living mother he exhibited 'a shocking want of filial piety.' In politics he was a strenuous advocate of absolutism. Patriotism he judged 'the most foolish of passions and the passion of fools.' Like Voltaire, he held the people to be 'a collection of bears and swine,' and he regarded all pleadings for their liberty, freedom, and happiness as hollow twaddle.<sup>8</sup> Naturally, therefore, the great uprising of 1848 against the crowned oppressors of Germany was detested by him. How strong were his sympathies on the other side may be inferred from the fact that all his fortune was bequeathed to the survivors or representatives of the troops who carried out the murderous task of re-establishing the tottering edifice of Teutonic despotism. In the pleasures of the senses he indulged freely. Wine, indeed, soon mounted to his head. He was obliged therefore to content himself with shallow potations. But he was a great eater, and, as Miss Zimmern euphemistically expresses it, 'he was very susceptible to female charms,'<sup>9</sup> with a preference, as that lady is obliging enough to note, for brown women. His landlady at Berlin, it may be assumed, either was not charming or was not brown, as he distinguished himself by kicking her downstairs with such violence as permanently to cripple her, and was in consequence condemned by the proper tribunal to maintain her for the rest of her natural life. His constant aim, as he says in many places, was to acquire a clear view of the utter despicability of mankind, and it must be allowed that he supplied in his own person a strong argument in favour of that doctrine. The sole virtues, using the word in its most elastic sense, with which I find him credited were love of his spaniel, and occasional doses to his poor relations,

<sup>3</sup> *Life*, Pref. p. vii.<sup>4</sup> *Life*, p. 81.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 89.<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 28.<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* p. 130.<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* p. 201.<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* p. 70.

which, however, could have been no great tax upon his fortune, for at his death his patrimony, in spite of sundry bad investments, had nearly doubled.

And now let us turn from the man to his philosophy.

### III.

The first position of Schopenhauer's system is the ideality of the world. The external universe as it appears, as it presents itself to the senses, he holds to have no real existence, but to be merely a cerebral phenomenon. The visible forms of things which seem to us the necessary and absolute conditions of all real existence he considers inherent in the human intellect. There is a passage in the *Memorabilien* in which he brings out this view with great clearness and force.

Two things were before me, two bodies, ponderable, regular in form, fair to behold. One was a vase of jasper with a rim and handles of gold; the other an organised body, a man. After having long admired their exterior, I begged the genius who accompanied me to let me look inside them. He consented, and in the vase I found nothing save the pression of the weight, and I know not what obscure reciprocal tendency between its parts which I have heard called cohesion and affinity. But when I looked into the other object, what a surprise was then in store for me! How can I rehearse what I saw? No fairy tale, no fable, relates anything so incredible. Within it, or rather in the upper part of it, called the head, which, viewed from without, seemed an object like the rest, circumscribed by dimensions, weight, &c., I found—what? The world itself, with the immensity of space in which the All is contained, and with the immensity of time in which the All moves, and with the prodigious variety of things which fill space and time; and what sounds almost absurd, I saw myself there coming and going. Yes, all that I saw in that object, hardly as big as a large fruit, which the executioner can with one blow sweep off, plunging into darkness the whole world therein contained. And this world would have no existence if objects of this kind did not sprout up continually, like mushrooms, to receive the world, ready to sink into nothingness, and bandy about among them, like a football, this great image, identical in all, and whose identity they express by the word 'object.'

Such is the starting-point of Schopenhauer's doctrine—that 'the world of phenomena, known in sensuous perception, exists only for our percipient minds, and that its essential nature therefore is mental representation.' It depends upon mental activity, and ceases to exist when the percipient mind ceases. He next proceeds to inquire whether there is behind this phenomenal world a Reality, an Absolute Existence, an Ultimate Fact. He holds that there is, and that Reality, that Absolute Existence, that Ultimate Fact, he designates Will. Of this Will, which does not seem to be substantially different from what is usually termed Force, all phenomena are but manifestations. It is the 'universal and fundamental essence' of all activities, both of the organic and the inorganic world, 'the primordial thing whence we and everything proceed.' But this Will is not per-

sonal. Far from it. It is a blind power, pervading the universe, primarily unconscious, but attaining consciousness in the world of representation. 'The innermost consciousness of every animal and of man lies in the species.' It is the Will of the species that manifests itself both in actions which tend 'to the conservation of the individual and in those which tend to prolong the life of the species.' 'The Will, which regarded purely in itself is unconscious and only a blind irrestrainable impulse, as we see it manifested in inorganic and vegetable nature and its laws, and in the vegetative part of our own life, receives through the added world of representation, which is developed for its service, a knowledge of its own volition and of what it is that it wills: a knowledge, namely, that what it wills is nothing else than this world, life exactly as it stands.'<sup>10</sup> In short, Will, according to the pessimistic doctors, manifests itself as the Will-to-live. 'Life is that for which everything pants and labours,' and sexual love,<sup>11</sup> with whatever trappings of poetry or sentiment it may be adorned, is merely a manifestation of this blind striving after the life of the species. This is a point which Schopenhauer regarded as 'the pearl of his system,' to quote his own expression, and he enlarges upon it much and forcibly, and with a wealth of humour reminding us now of Swift and now of Rabelais. His humour indeed, like that of those masters, is as broad as it is keen, and it must suffice here to quote his dictum, that 'the growing passion of two lovers for one another is nothing else, properly speaking, but the Will-to-live already manifested, of the new being which they are capable and desirous of begetting.'<sup>12</sup> It is the Will of the generation to come, 'striving to mix itself with life,' and using for its purpose the most potent of human instincts, with an entire disregard of individual suffering. He considers women as the ministers of our weakness and our folly, and the foes of our reason: the instruments whereby the Will-to-live attains its maleficent ends and perpetuates the miserable existence of humanity. Hence, they are the objects of his deepest contempt and most withering satire.

Many important consequences flow from this theory of the Will. In the first place it is incompatible with anything which we commonly understand by the word God. Theism, Schopenhauer holds, is a tradition of the nursery; Pantheism, an invention of pro-

<sup>10</sup> *Sämmtliche Werke*, vol. ii. p. 323.

<sup>11</sup> He writes: 'The state of being in love, however ethereally the feeling may comport itself, is rooted solely in the sexual impulse; nay, it is throughout only a sexual impulse more closely determined, specialised, in the strictest sense individualised.' *Sämmtliche Werke*, vol. iii. p. 610.

<sup>12</sup> M. Caro quotes the lines in which Ackermann has versified 'with savage energy' this conception of Schopenhauer:—

Ces délires sacrés, ces désirs sans mesure,  
Déchainés dans vos flancs comme d'ardents essaims,  
Ces transports, c'est déjà l'humanité future  
Qui s'agite en vos seins.

fessors. Secondly, it is fatal to the personality of man. What men had called the soul, Ego, or first principle, he resolves into two factors, Will and Intellect, but of the latter he makes small account, regarding it merely as a cerebral phenomenon, dependent upon the organism, a function of the body. And the Will, which is 'the innermost kernel of our nature,' is not in truth individual: it is merely a manifestation of the one universal Will. Hence, with perfect consistency, he pronounces that 'the study of psychology is vain, because there is no ψυχή; there is nothing but Will and phenomena.' Thirdly, not less vain, according to Schopenhauer's theory, is any notion of free will in man. He is a strict necessarian. 'Velle nōn discitur' is a text upon which he is fond of enlarging. Our character—our 'intelligible' character, as he terms it to distinguish it from our 'empirical' character—is born with us and is absolutely subject to the law of cause and effect which reigns in the phenomenal world. As logical necessity presides over the sequence of ideas, and physical necessity over the succession of phenomena, and geometrical necessity over the relations of space, so moral necessity rules in the actions and motives of men. Fourthly, his theory makes an end of conscience, which he thinks may be resolved into five elements—fear of man, superstition, prejudice, vanity, custom. And, fifthly, it of course overthrows the old bases of moral obligation. Virtue, he teaches, consists in universal sympathy, grounded on the fact that the whole universe, sentient and non-sentient, is simply a manifestation of the one Will, and therefore is identical with ourselves. It is therefore merely a form of self-love, and to show kindness to any man or thing is to show kindness to that which we ourselves are. 'Tears,' he says in one place, 'spring from self-pity.'

So much may suffice to convey some conception, at all events in outline, of the second great doctrine of Schopenhauer's system—that the one reality is Will, manifesting itself in the phenomenal world as the Will-to-live. His third point is that this is not a rational desire, but a blind instinct altogether foolish and irrational. He adopts in the fullest sense the proposition that

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;

we are the sport of that dark, mysterious power—that *puissance rusée* in M. Caro's phrase—Will, which is perpetually rushing into life, whether conscious or unconscious. He does not deduce his pessimism merely from the accidental sufferings of humanity, although of these he draws a very powerful and terrible picture. He takes 'the high priori road,' and maintains that existence is in itself, and essentially, an evil: because for every sentient being to live is to will, and to will is to strive, and to strive is to suffer. Thus 'life, so far from being a state of enjoyment, is always and necessarily one of

suffering, and the deepest cause of this suffering lies in the Will itself.' 'Our nature is a perpetual striving, and may be compared in every respect with an insatiable thirst.' It is a 'struggle for existence with the certainty of being vanquished.' Nor is there any exception to this rule: it presses upon animals as upon men, and upon wise men as upon the ignorant and foolish, but ever with the more terrible severity the higher we ascend in the scale of being. For increased intelligence merely means increased capacity for pain—the man of genius being more miserable than the fool, and the fool more miserable than the animal—while the only moments of life which deserve to be called happy, save those passed in the absolute unconsciousness of sleep, are such as are spent in the disinterested contemplation of works of art. *Æsthetic* enjoyment is the temporary deliverance from all which makes up the fatigues of life, its chain of vulgar realities and petty egotism. It lifts us, though but for a moment, above the infinite torrent of Will: the enfranchised cognition seizes on things without personal interest, and abandons itself to them as pure representation and not as motives. For an instant Ixion's wheel stops. There is on the one hand the enfranchisement of the contemplative subject, and on the other of the contemplated object, which is raised to the state of pure idea (in the Platonic sense) by being freed from the conditions of time, of space, and causality. We lift for a moment the veil of *Maya*, for the idea stands between the thing-in-itself and the world of representation, and in disinterested intuition of it, we are sprinkled, as it were, from the true river of *Lethe*, the stream of the Absolute and Eternal. As to the other so-called pleasures of life, both Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann regard them as illusions, through which we become the sport of that Will-to-live which is the cause of all our sufferings. Schopenhauer adds to this that all pleasure is merely negative, as being nothing but a cessation of pain, while suffering alone is positive. Von Hartmann, who does not adopt this tenet, has devoted much attention to the construction of a balance of pleasures and pains, the result at which he arrives being that the latter far outweigh the former. Schopenhauer's conclusion is that the world is the worst possible world. Were it worse, he thinks it could have no existence at all. Von Hartmann considers that this statement requires qualification on the ground that we do not know what is possible. But he earnestly maintains that the world is so bad that it had far better not exist, and that it is steadily becoming worse. Both he and Schopenhauer agree that the notion of what is called progress, 'the dream that man will become in some vague future wiser, gentler, better,' is the master-delusion of the age, for 'the advance of civilisation means but the enhanced capacity of the human race for suffering.' Far other is the outlook on which the pessimistic doctors delight to dwell. They profess a sure and certain hope that

the immensity of the world's evil will work out its own cure : that the human race will, in this event, accept the nihilistic gospel of the supreme evil of existence and the universal law of suffering, and that, as the visual ray of mankind is purged by these doctrines, men will cease to propagate their species, the human race will disappear, and 'the blunder of existence' will be corrected. Pending this consummation, Schopenhauer recommends his followers, with much mystic enthusiasm and solemn earnestness, to root out the Will-to-live by voluntary poverty, entire continence, and the various other practices of asceticism. Von Hartmann does not endorse these exhortations. Individual denial of the Will-to-live, he thinks, profiteth little, but in the times to come, he hopes, men will be sufficiently enlightened to execute a common resolve not to will, and thus terminate the long agony of existence. Meanwhile he adjures his disciples, in Biblical terms, to quit them like men, remembering that they have received the first-fruits of the spirit, and as true workers in the vineyard of the Lord to preach the word in season and out of season, in order to hasten the final deliverance for which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together.

#### IV.

It has been truly remarked by Professor Max Müller that 'all higher knowledge is gained by comparison, and rests on comparison.'<sup>13</sup> It will be well, therefore, to consider the system of Schopenhauer in the light which comparison gives. To do this we must make a long journey, from the banks of the Spree to the banks of the Ganges, from the nineteenth century of the Christian era to the dim antiquity of an uncertain century before Christ. The only true counterpart of modern 'reasoned pessimism' (to use Mr. Sully's happy phrase) which the world's history offers, is, I think, to be found in the doctrine of Sakya-Muni. I do not forget, indeed, the striking points of similarity afforded by Manicheism, both as to its theoretical positions and its practical results: its attribution of the material universe to an evil principle, its proscription of matrimony as the means of perpetuating the evil, and the unspeakable impurities which were the issue of that proscription.<sup>14</sup> But it is to Buddhism that we must go for the true original of Schopenhauer's doctrine, and therefore it is worth while to consider a little the history and teaching of the 'Light of Asia.'

Regarding the life and legend of Buddha, indeed, but few words are possible to me here, for that is not my subject, and the space at

<sup>13</sup> *Lectures on the Science of Religion*, p. 12.

<sup>14</sup> A good deal of information upon this subject will be found in St. Augustine: see especially *Contra Secundum*, c. 21. St. Leo bears similar testimony. As to the practical results of Schopenhauerism see M. Caro's *Le Pessimisme*, p. 245.

my command needs to be economised. I regret the brevity to which I am thus enforced, for the story itself is one of the most beautiful and touching and fascinating in human literature. I must refer those who would read it at large to the invaluable volumes in which Bishop Bigandet relates it, or to Mr. Edwin Arnold's fine poem, which, I am glad to see, has reached a sixth edition. It is difficult to understand how any one can rise from the perusal of those works without the profoundest veneration for the moral and spiritual greatness of him who is their subject; whose religion has for twenty-five centuries been the stay in life and the hope in death of a greater number of human hearts than any other mode of faith, and to whom four hundred and fifty millions of our race still turn with the disinterestedness of pure affection as the highest and noblest ideal of which they have knowledge. No amount of prejudice appears to have been able to dim the lustre of his personality, to obscure the sweetness and winningness of his character. Even in the full middle ages we find Marco Polo writing, 'Had he been a Christian he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so holy and pure was the life he led;' while in our own day the chief professed opponents of his system, whether Catholic or Anglican prelates, Wesleyan or Baptist missionaries, agree in the judgment of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, one of its severest and least fair critics—that 'with the sole exception of the Christ there is no more touching figure than his among the founders of religions,' so entirely is he 'without spot and blemish,' 'the finished model of the heroism, the self-renunciation, the love, the sweetness, he commands.' Nor, however doubtful many details of his life may be, is there any reasonable room for scepticism as to its main outlines. We know that, of royal lineage and the heir to a throne, he gave up father and wife and child to become a religious mendicant, and that years of heroic mortification and fierce interior trial culminated in that great night under the Bo-tree upon the bank of the Nairanjaia, when, as the Buddhist author expresses it, 'he attained supreme enlightenment,' and 'alone worked out the salvation of the three worlds and overthrew the whole army of the Prince of Evil.' We know how he then entered upon his high task to preach the gospel of pity, to found a kingdom of righteousness, of which enfranchisement from worldly desires, universal brotherhood, and spiritual equality were the great laws:—

To give light to them enshrouded in darkness,  
And to open the gate of immortality to men.<sup>15</sup>

We know how during the forty years of his public ministry he went up and down the country watered by the Ganges, occupied like One greater than he, of whom he may without irreverence be deemed

<sup>15</sup> Beal's *Romantic Legend from the Chinese*, p. 245.



the precursor,<sup>16</sup> in doing good, receiving all who came to him without distinction of rank or caste—his law, he was wont to say, was ‘a law of grace for all’—but especially calling to him all that laboured and were heavy-laden, the poor, the sorrowful, and the sinful, who were above others dear to his pitiful heart.<sup>17</sup> So much is luminously clear through ‘the mists of fabling time’ regarding this great teacher’s life. But in truth the fables are not less valuable sources of information regarding him than the facts themselves. It is a profound saying of Plato, and very pertinent to this subject, that poetry comes nearer vital truth than history.

I shall have occasion to touch again upon this point. I now proceed to glance at the doctrine of Búddha, the gospel which he spent his life in preaching. Its foundation is the illusoriness of the world, the subjection of all that is to the great law of mutability, the misery inseparable from the condition of man, so long as he remains in ‘the whirlpool of existence.’ In the account which is given of the workings of his mind in the first watch of the great night which he spent under the Bo-tree, he is represented as going through the chain of ‘the Twelve Causes and Effects,’ and tracing back all the evil that is in the world to ignorance, the prime illusion, the fundamental error by which we suppose that anything exists. And in his sermon to the seventy Brahmins he declares ‘to know as truth that which is true, and to regard as false that which is false, this is perfect rectitude, and shall bring true profit.’ And then he goes on to point out as the primary truth.—‘Everywhere in the world there is death: there is no rest in either of the three worlds. The gods indeed enjoy a period of bliss, but their happiness must also end, and they must also die. To consider this as the condition of all states of being, that there is nothing born but must die, and therefore to desire to escape birth and death, this is to exercise oneself in religious truth.’<sup>18</sup> For death is in itself no deliverance from the burden of being. To die is merely to pass from one state of existence to another. So long as *tanhā*—thirst, passion, desire—remains, the source of being remains. To root out *tanhā* is the only way of escaping ‘the yawning gulf of continual birth and death.’ It is this which is expressed in the Four Truths, thought out by Buddha, in that great night, after he had followed the sequence of the Twelve Causes and Effects—the Four Noble Truths, as they are called, regarding grief, the cause of grief, the annihilation of grief, and the way that leads to it, which may be reckoned great fundamental doctrines of the

<sup>16</sup> The late excellent Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Milman, writes: ‘Among the heathen precursors of the truth I feel more and more that Sakya-Muni was the nearest in character and effect to Him, who is “the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”’—*Memoir of Bishop Milman*, p. 203.

<sup>17</sup> See Bishop Bigandet’s *Life or Legend*, passim.

<sup>18</sup> Beal’s *Dhammapadam*, p. 65. I translate ‘Devas’ by ‘gods.’

Buddhist Church. But there are two other tenets of no less importance. In common with almost all Oriental thinkers, Buddha believed in Transmigration—an hypothesis which, as Mr. Rhys David observes, 'is incapable of disproof, while it affords an explanation, quite complete, to those who can believe in it, of the apparent anomalies and wrongs in the distribution of happiness or woe.'<sup>19</sup> The doctrine of *Karma*, which is the great peculiarity of Buddhism and the main source of its moral excellence, is the complement of the doctrine of Transmigration, and the link which connects it with the 'Four Noble Truths.' It is the teaching of Buddha that there is no such thing as what is commonly called a soul. The heresy of individuality is the first of the condemned propositions of the Buddhist Church, and the master-delusion whereby man is deceived. The real man is the net result of his merits and demerits, and that net result is called *Karma*. A man according to this doctrine is—what he does, and the character of his acts depends upon his intention. 'All that we are,' the Teacher insists, 'is the result of what we have thought.'<sup>20</sup> Thus human life is, in the strictest sense, a time of probation. 'Two things in this world are immutably fixed,' he is reported to have said upon another occasion—'that good actions bring happiness, and that bad actions bring misery.'<sup>21</sup> 'Just as the life has been virtuous, or the contrary, is the subsequent career of the individual.'<sup>22</sup> A man's present existence creatively determines his future existence, whether in heaven, in hell, or upon the earth. To say that his works follow him when he dies, that what he has sown *here* he shall also reap *there*, falls far short of this tremendous doctrine. His works *are* himself, he *is* what he has sown. The question of questions for him is how his account will lie. All drops from him at death save his doing, the individualised result of his actions, or, to speak more correctly, the balance of his demerits; for if his merits exceeded his demerits, he would be delivered from 'the whirlpool of existence,' there would be no more birth for him, he would enter into *Nirvāna* and be at rest.

Such is *Karma*—a great mystery which the limited intellect of ordinary man can but contemplate as it were 'through a glass, darkly:' only the perfectly enlightened mind of a Buddha can fully fathom it. As I have observed, it is closely connected with the Four Noble Truths. The cause of demerit is *tanhā*, which appears to present some analogy to concupiscence, as Catholic theologians define it: 'a certain motion and power of the mind whereby men are driven to desire pleasant things that they do not possess.' That is the cause of sin, of sorrow, and of suffering. To root out this thirst is the only way to obtain salvation, release from the evil which is of the essence of existence,

<sup>19</sup> *Buddhism*, p. 100.

<sup>20</sup> Professor Max Müller's *Dhammapada* in *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. x. p. 8.

<sup>21</sup> Beal's *Dhammapada*, p. 75.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.* p. 169.

deliverance from 'the earthly load of death called life, which us from life doth sever,' and, as the fourth of the Noble Truths teaches, 'the means of obtaining the individual annihilation of desire' is supplied by the eightfold Path of Holiness. Abolition of self, living for others, is the substance of the Buddhist plan of salvation. 'Scrupulously avoiding all wicked actions, reverently performing all virtuous ones, purifying our intentions from all selfish ends—this is the doctrine of all the Buddhas.'<sup>23</sup> Thus does man conquer himself: and, 'having conquered himself, there will be no further ground for birth.'<sup>24</sup> And so the verse of the *Pratimoksha* :—

The heart, scrupulously avoiding all idle dissipation,  
Diligently applying itself to the holy law of Buddha,  
Letting go all lust and consequent disappointment,  
Fixed and unchangeable, enters on Nirvāna.

This is the blissful state which results from the extinction of desire: this is the highest conquest of self; it is the fulness<sup>25</sup>

Of deep and liquid rest forgetful of all ill.

Those who have attained to this 'peace which passeth understanding'<sup>26</sup> even the gods envy, we are told. 'Their old *Karma* is being exhausted; no new *Karma* is being produced; their hearts are free from the longing after future life; the cause of their existence being destroyed, and no new yearnings springing up within them, they, the wise, are extinguished like this lamp.'<sup>27</sup>

## V.

Such are the leading features of the doctrine contained in Buddhist canonical books, and, whether it proceeded to a greater or less extent in this form from the Master's lips, it may safely be regarded as a correct representation of his mind. When not directly referable to him, it is a legitimate explication of his teaching. The possession of a power of development is necessary to the vitality of any religious system; here, as elsewhere, growth, assimilation, change, are the condition and the evidence of life. Nor if we once know the essential idea or type of doctrine—and in the case of Buddhism we undoubtedly do possess that knowledge—is there much difficulty in distinguishing

<sup>23</sup> Beal's *Catena of Buddhist Scriptures*, p. 156.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.* p. 158.

<sup>25</sup> 'When Buddha had arrived at complete enlightenment, he thought within himself, The perfect Rest which results from the extinction of desire—this is the highest conquest of self.'—Beal's *Catena of Buddhist Scriptures*, p. 190.

<sup>26</sup> 'This is a matter hard to understand, the suppression of all the Sanskāras (tendencies or potentialities), the forsaking of all sin, the destruction of yearning (Tanhā), the absence of lust, the cessation (of sorrow), Nirvāna.' Quoted from the *Maha Vagga* of the First Pīṭaka by Mr. Rhys Davids; *Buddhism*, p. 122.

<sup>27</sup> *Battana Sutta*. Quoted *ibid.* p. 111.

between its true developments and the corruptions by which it is sure to be overlaid when it is received into the popular mind. It must be remembered, too, that Buddha's reformation was chiefly moral and social, that his message to the world was for the most part no new thing. His mission was not to destroy the old belief but to develop and quicken what in it was real, spiritual, and earnest. I do not know that there is any portion of his teaching which may not be more or less clearly traced in the older systems, except the dogma of *Karma*; a great exception indeed, for this dogma is the fount of the moral purity, the humility, the self-conquest, the universal charity, which are stamped upon his system, and which have won for him the praise of being the first of Indian sages to give a universal character to morality.

And now it is time to return to Schopenhauer. I have said enough to show how much his doctrine has in common with that of Sakya-Muni. What the founder of modern 'reasoned pessimism' leaves out in his new edition of Buddhism for the use of the nineteenth century are its poetry and its metaphysics, and these are precisely the two elements which are the source of its greatness and of its stupendous triumphs, and which, therefore, we may take to be its truest parts; for it is by what is true in it that a religion, a philosophy, lives in the world, and subdues the minds of men. 'Man consists in truth,' as Novalis finely remarks. And more than this, it is only when truth is 'embodied in a tale' that it enters in 'at lowly doors,' only when it is 'linked to flesh and blood' that it wins its way among the vast majority of our race, who busy, sensual, dull as they are, yet by a true instinct confess and worship the something more than human which shines forth in the teachers and patterns of holiness, and truth, and self-denial. And so the poetry of Buddhism—and is not religion the sublimest expression of poetry?—centres round the noble figure of its founder, instinct with the supernatural, revelatory of the unseen, appealing not to men's lower natures but to that which, according to the wisdom of the ancients,<sup>28</sup> marks us off from the beasts; the power of looking up for something higher than sense or reason supplies. Buddha is no mere man, as other men are, to the countless millions who have believed on him, but a great being who, moved with compassion for mankind, left the glory he had among the gods to redeem the world by his 'most excellent law' and his perfect example. It is not the philanthropic philosopher, but the legendary Saviour, who had lived in the hearts of his votaries for so many ages, calling up in them some image, however faint, of himself; some reflection, however dim, of his unearthly majesty.

Schopenhauer's version of Buddhism leaves out this superhuman

<sup>28</sup> *ἄνθρωπος* was explained to mean *ὁ ἔνω ἀθροῦν*, the looker up; the other animals being, in Sallust's phrase, 'prona atque ventri obedientia.'

ideal round which it centres: leaves out, too, its metaphysics, upon which its noble and severe morality depends. For those metaphysics Schopenhauer substitutes speculations still more vain, fantastic, and arbitrary. The doctrines of *Karma* and Transmigration may be dark and difficult enough; but they are rational and winning beside Schopenhauer's Will theory.<sup>29</sup> His fundamental conception of a *φύσις* without a *νοῦς* involves, theoretically, an absurdity which Aristotle has unanswerably pointed out;<sup>30</sup> while its practical effect would be to overthrow the only bases upon which any ethical system has ever existed in the world as a living power. It is a simple fact that every code of morals by which the unruly wills and affections of men have been so governed has derived its sanctions from the invisible, the supersensual. And so the corner-stone of Buddha's teaching is that there rules in the universe a supremely just law, 'a power not ourselves, a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness.' And it is to man's conscience, free will, and instinct of retribution that he appeals when he preaches the 'Five Aversions obligatory on all men,'<sup>31</sup> and 'the Six Transcendent Virtues whereby a man passes to the other shore.'<sup>32</sup> To Schopenhauer all this is the idlest of verbiage. The more closely his system is compared with that of Buddha, the more radical will their differences be seen to be. The one is the climax of atheistic materialism; the other is the purest emanation of Aryan religious thought.<sup>33</sup> The one proclaims by way of gospel the utter despicability of mankind; the other unfolds the royal law of universal pity. The one degrades woman to a merely noxious animal; the other has raised her to an elevation never before attained by her in the Oriental world. The one issues in the despotism of sheer force; the other is the widest eman-

<sup>29</sup> I am far from denying that a great truth is hidden under that theory. Will, in the ordinary sense of the word, is the only cause of which we have experience. See Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, c. iv. § 1, pp. 66-72 (5th ed.); with which compare Mr. Wallace's *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, p. 368.

<sup>30</sup> See chapters 3 and 4 of the first book of the *Metaphysica*.

<sup>31</sup> Not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to lie, not to become intoxicated.

<sup>32</sup> Almsgiving, charity, purity, patience, courage, and wisdom shown in contemplation and science.

<sup>33</sup> It is matter of much surprise to me that so many accomplished scholars have spoken of Buddhism as atheistic. It seems to me to be clear from the canonical books that Sakya-Muni, a Hindu of the Hindus, recognised all the innumerable deities of the Brahminical Pantheon; and his followers have adopted, or at the least have respected, the gods of the countries they have evangelised. I cannot help thinking that when Buddhism is called atheistic, all that is meant is that it does not possess the conception of the personal creative God of Monotheism. This is undoubtedly true. Buddhism, like all Aryan religions, is Pantheistic, with at the least a tendency to Acosmism; and the notion of creation is foreign to the Aryan mind; there is, I believe, no word, either in Sanscrit or Pali, which properly expresses it. The conception of emanation takes its place. Fichte maintains that 'the arrangement of the moral sentiments and relations, that is, the moral order of the universe, is God,' and this seems pretty much to express the Buddhistic view of the Supreme Power ruling over gods and men. Compare Mr. Tennyson's verses 'The Higher Pantheism.'

cipatory movement the East has ever known. The one teaches that a man is what he eats; the other, that a man is what he does. The mouth of Schopenhauer is full of cursing and bitterness. 'The words of Buddha are holy words.'<sup>34</sup> The poet has told us how

the bad man, judging of the good,  
Puts in him his own badness, by default  
Of will and nature.

This is exactly the operation which Schopenhauer has performed upon Buddhism.

## VI.

Schopenhauerism, then, is little more than Buddhism vulgarised. And it is as a sign of the times, rather than on account of any intrinsic merits which it possesses, that it deserves our attention. It is curious and significant that the latest form of Western speculative thought should be of this kind; that it should regard human life, not only as not worth living, but as supremely and irremediably evil; that it should consider the universe as the sport of a malign, irrational power, and hold out annihilation as the only hope of humanity.\* Still such is the fact. What is its meaning?

One great note of the modern world is its intense self-consciousness. It is a characteristic which specially distinguishes it both from classical antiquity and mediæval Christendom. Ancient Greece and Rome hated and proscribed the Ego, and—what is more important for my present purpose—the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, although recognising the supreme value of the individual soul, and addressing itself primarily to the individual conscience, yet by no means left men in introspective subjectivity, a chaos of disconnected atoms, but drawing them together by the strongest principle of cohesion the world has ever known, a belief in a divine fraternity, worked, according to the Evangelical similitude, as leaven upon the mass of humanity. The conception of the family, the *gens*, which had been the unit of archaic society, remained, although enlarged and spiritualised. The Catholic Church was the Christian family, a *gens sancta*, and its members were *domestici Dei*. The great thought by which Christendom was permeated and knit together was the thought of God, the beginning and final end of each soul, but apprehended in the household of faith in which each soul had its fellowship of sacred things. And more than this, participation in religious rites was the great tie, also, of associations whose characters were most distinctly secular, such as military orders, municipal corporations, and trade guilds. This, then, was the organisation of human society in the Middle Ages—an organisation based on the fatherhood of God

\* Chinese translator of the *Dhammapada*; see Beal's *Dhammapada*, p. 30.

and the brotherhood of Christians as the great objective facts of life. And this organisation remained long after the mediæval period had closed. 'Dieu seul est le lien de notre société,' Malebranche could still write in the seventeenth century. The whole tendency of what is specifically denominated 'modern thought,' whether as formulated in the eighteenth century or the nineteenth, has been to eliminate the idea of God. This was manifestly the issue of that 'experimental psychology' of which Locke was the most popular exponent in this country, and which, receiving from the French intellect a complete and logical development, soon became predominant throughout Europe. And it is also the issue of the vastly different doctrine which was originated by Kant, and formulated by him in the *Critique of Pure Reason*—that wonderful book which, whatever may be our feelings towards it, is certainly one of the profoundest things that ever issued from the human intellect. Of course Kant differed *toto cælo* from the French *philosophes* as to his fundamental principles. Holbach and Cabanis, who said the last word of their school, reduce everything to physics. They hold that there is no thing-in-itself behind phenomena, that the phenomenon is the thing-in-itself. Kant holds that the distinction between physics and metaphysics is the distinction between that which appears and that which is, the latter being the only reality, the only 'thing-in-itself,' but being, also, unknowable. Hence, he concludes, ontology is impossible. He does not admit the existence in man of an immaterial power of perception by which, penetrating through the phenomenal, we reach the noumenal. He acknowledges only a perception within the limits of the relative.<sup>35</sup> Here our knowledge ends, noumena being beyond our reach; our conceptions of time and space being mere 'mental forms,' as he speaks, while propositions about God, the soul, immortality, are incapable of being either proved or disproved.<sup>36</sup> Thus does the *Critique of Pure Reason* make a *tabula rasa*, not only of what the world once called 'the Supernatural Order,' but of the Natural Order also, except so far as regards phenomena; while even with regard to phenomena it allows only of a conditional certitude, for phenomena are but the phantasmagoria of sense. The result, as Heine has finely said, is that men find themselves much in the condition of the prisoners described by Plato at the beginning of the seventh book of his Republic. It is an underground, cavernous chamber which we are there asked to picture to ourselves, but with an opening above towards the light. In it sit, and have sat from childhood, a number of men fast bound in misery

<sup>35</sup> Related, that is, to the Forms and Categories, and therefore capable of being apprehended.

<sup>36</sup> It is, of course, only of the *speculative* reason that Kant says this. But I am throughout speaking not of his teaching as a whole, but of one part of it, the *Critique of Pure Reason*, which is commonly, but improperly, taken apart from the totality.

and iron, not able so much as to turn their heads round, and so seeing nothing but what is straight before them. At a distance above and behind them a bright fire burns, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way, with a low wall built along it, like the screens which the marionette-players put up in front of their audience, and above which they display their puppets. Behind this wall, walk a number of persons, bearing vessels and images of wood and stone, and various other materials. The captives, sitting without the power of turning their heads, see their own shadows—which are all they see of themselves and each other—and the shadows of the objects carried past, upon the part of the cavern facing them, and hear the voices thence reverberated, for there is an echo in their prison-house. And they refer these sounds, not to the unseen passers-by, of whom they have no knowledge, but to the passing shadows, which are all they can see, and which they take for realities. Strange and weird conception! Apt image of the phantasmal and disinherited world to which we are reduced by the sage of Königsberg.

The *Critique of Pure Reason* has given the tone to the speculative thought of the century, and has infiltrated itself into the minds of millions who have never read one line of it. Nor can there be any doubt that if taken by itself—Kant, we should always remember, did not mean it to be so taken—it effects, as Mr. Lewes declares, the destruction of all theology and theological ethics. Thus, as I have said, the result of 'modern thought' has been to dissolve the great idea which in the time of Malebranche was still, as it had been for a thousand years, the bond of society in every department of human activity; to unloose that bond and to throw men back upon themselves. It has been observed by Richter, 'No one in Nature is so alone as the denier of God. He mourns with an orphaned heart that has lost its great Father, by the corpse of Nature which no World Spirit moves and holds together, and which grows in its grave, and he mourns by that corpse until he himself crumbles off it.'<sup>37</sup> To this terrible feeling of loneliness is clearly traceable that intense self-consciousness of which I just now made mention, as being a special note of the modern mind, and which is the necessary product of its all-absorbing scepticism, and 'the very source and fount' of its profound despondency. The world has not for a long time witnessed such a spectacle as that which is presented in the present age, of a vast number of men and women, possessing a certain amount of intellectual cultivation, endowed with a sufficiency of the gifts of fortune to dispense them from that necessity of daily toil which assuages, if it does not heal, the malady of thought,<sup>38</sup> and quite devoid of first principles of faith and action. For a parallel to it we must

<sup>37</sup> I borrow Mr. Carlyle's translation, *Mis. Essays*, vol. ii. p. 164.

<sup>38</sup> It is hardly necessary to quote *Candide*: 'Travaillons sans raisonner, dit Martin; c'est le seul moyen de rendre la vie supportable.'



go back to the days of Seneca and Petronius, of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius; and indeed the tone of sentiment characteristic of the decadent and moribund Roman Empire presents a curious affinity to that which finds expression in the literature of the nineteenth century: it is 'sicklied o'er' with the same 'pale cast of thought,' the same morbid self-introspection and egoistic melancholy. It is the doom of this generation, and its special misery,

To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it,  
Nor numbed sense to steal it.

No: not 'numbed sense,' but the vastly enhanced capacity of suffering which the increase of knowledge and the amelioration of the physical conditions of existence have developed. In this hopelessness and desolation, Schopenhauer arises to solve the terrible enigma of life, and he offers the solution which we have seen. Claiming to be the true successor of Kant, and to continue and complete the doctrine of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, he expounds the 'thing-in-itself' which his master had left unexplained, and tells us that the reality behind the phenomenal world is—not God—but that irrational demoniacal entity, 'that power not ourselves, that stream of tendency that makes for 'evil, which he calls Will.

Such is the goal of modern thought: the last turn in the movement which, as M. Caro truly observes, has 'destroyed everything, the reality of God, the reality of duty, the reality of man's personality, the morality of science.'<sup>39</sup> Making all deductions which may fairly be made for exaggerations due, whether to an atrabilious temperament or to mortified vanity, the picture which Schopenhauer draws of human existence with the void thus caused in it seems to me to be unquestionably true. He raises directly the question, with a vigour and clearness, a logical incisiveness, peculiarly his own, whether life shorn of its theistic basis is worth living. Nor is it easy to see what answer can be given to the pessimistic argument save that supplied by religious faith. 'How can I hold myself up in this miserable life, unless Thou strengthenest me with Thy mercy and Thy grace?'<sup>40</sup> asks the mediæval mystic, and the nineteenth century echoes back the How? 'Un monde sans Dieu est horrible,' M. Renan confesses. To Schopenhauer belongs the merit of having exhibited that horror in its fulness.

A thing may be horrible and yet true. Its horror supplies no sufficient reason for pronouncing it to be false, but does supply a very strong reason for searching inquiry as to its truth, upon the part of those whom it concerns. If nihilistic pessimism flows naturally from the negation of God, and if the negation of God is involved in

<sup>39</sup> *Le Pessimisme*, p. 292.

<sup>40</sup> *De Imitatione Christi*, lib. iii. c. 3.

the theory of human knowledge presented in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, taken by itself, we are imperiously led to inquire whether that theory is complete, as Schopenhauer alleged it to be. Does it not leave out of sight a whole side of man's nature, and that the most important side? Are not spiritual phenomena, mechanism, and laws, facts as indubitable as those wherewith the physicist is concerned? Are there not self-evident truths which exist in the range of morals as in the range of æsthetics or mathematics? Nay, does not all our knowledge imply intuitions, that is, immediate cognition of first principles? Is St. Anselm's *à priori* demonstration of the existence of God from the idea of God, in truth, devoid of objective value, as Kant judged, or does not the argument by which Kant meets it rest upon the bare assumption that existence cannot be reached through thought? Is there not in man an immaterial power of perception as well as a sensuous? These are questions worthy surely of deeper consideration than they apparently receive from the majority of the ready writers and fluent speakers who most confidently meet them with a negative reply.

## VII.

There is a curious passage in Gwinner, where we are told how Schopenhauer, upon one occasion, was deeply moved upon seeing a picture of Rancé, the saintly founder of La Trappe. He gazed upon it for a long time, and then, turning away with a pained look, said, 'That is a matter of grace.' Strange words in such a mouth! and in an age which among its manifold discoveries has lighted, as we are assured, upon the true method of 'finding out' religions. I suppose that in the judgment of the highly gifted persons who value themselves upon their proficiency in that art, the spectacle of this latest master of modern thought adopting, though only for an instant, the language of an exploded superstition, is but a melancholy token how difficult it is for the strongest intellect to gain complete emancipation. They may say so if they will. It is a characteristic of their school to be 'très affirmatif dans la négation.' Still there is another explanation, which will require something more than the contemptuous dogmatism of contemporary finders out of religion to discredit it for many minds not ashamed to avow themselves followers of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, of Pascal and Butler, of Maine de Biran and Cardinal Newman. That explanation is, that in this moment, at least, of his dark and ignoble existence, Religion had found out Schopenhauer; that the light which, beaming from the holy ascetic's face, dazzled and dismayed him was in truth a reflection of

that uncreated light—'æternum atque indeficiens'—which the pure in heart see, and which is 'the life of men.' \**Beata quippe vita est gaudium de veritate. Hoc est enim gaudium de Te qui veritas es, Deus illuminatio mea, salus faciei meæ, Deus meus. Ipsa est beata vita, gaudere ad Te, de Te, propter Te. Ipsa est ; et non est altera.*'<sup>41</sup>

W. S. LILLY.

<sup>41</sup> St. Augus. *Confes.* lib. x.

## THE ARCADY OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

WHEN a man has arrived at the prime of life, that is, when he finds himself a little—a very little—nearer sixty than fifty, he is apt to become sensitive on the subject of his age. If he be faintly conscious that youth has passed, he dislikes being reminded of the fact; he does not wish to hear that he is a wonder for his time of life, and any indelicate hint from some *enfant terrible*, suggesting that the period of fogginess is approaching, he resents with pardonable warmth. Even a philosopher has been known to betray irritation when told that it was time for him to resign—that his place was wanted.

Hence, when one of those young persons—in this instance it must have been a very young person—who flesh their maiden swords as critics in the periodical press, audaciously described the present writer as an *elderly clergyman*, the kindly judgment passed in the body of the article was resented rather as an outrage than a friendly critique. To be labelled ‘elderly’ when one is conscious of exuberant vitality, to have one’s career in a manner cut short by being scheduled with the infirm, was really too bad.

It was while smarting under this undeserved and gratuitous wrong that a remarkable coincidence afforded some comfort to my wounded self-esteem. During the same week that I was denounced as *elderly*, I had occasion to visit one of my parishioners, a man at one time of great force and intelligence, who had completed his ninety-first year; on the very next day I received a visit from one of the landowners in the parish who was at the time ninety-two; and four days afterwards I met walking on the high road, a mile from my own door, the oldest beneficed clergyman in the diocese of Norwich, a man revered and loved by all who know him, and who still, at the age of ninety-three, officiates every Sunday in the parish where he has ministered for sixty-nine years, and ministered too as few men of ordinary calibre are able to do at half his age.

It was an inexpressible solace to my wounded feelings that, in a single week, I had talked with three men, each of whom was actually old enough to be my grandfather; and as I pursued my solitary Arcadian rambles, by one of those freaks of self-deception which we are all inclined to indulge in at times, it seemed to me that the fact of

such venerable persons being alive in my immediate neighbourhood proved me to be a young man still, for is not every man young who has, or who might have, a living grandfather?

Moreover, looking round me on this side and on that, I was forcibly struck by the fact that I was surrounded by an extraordinarily large number of persons of both sexes of very advanced age, whom it was my business to visit in the ordinary course of my duty—old men and old women who still retained their faculties, though looking back over eighty, some of them over nearly ninety years—people who dearly loved to talk about their earlier reminiscences, and to repeat the traditions of an age that has gone as completely as the age of chivalry—people whose very exaggerations and inaccuracies are instructive, and who, as they drop off one by one, carry with them under the sod ‘portions and parcels of the dreadful past,’ which none of those who now remain can tell us of as they could, who seventy or eighty years ago were actors in the drama of our petty village life—actors, or, it may be, sufferers.

As I reflected, it seemed to me that it would be well if from the generation of the very aged people around me I endeavoured to glean such stories as I could of the condition of the peasantry and their habits during the days to which the memory of man doth extend, inasmuch as traditions of this nature are very rarely long-lived, and have a tendency to disappear altogether. The slightest words and acts of the great leaders in art, or politics, or literature, are greedily sought for and jealously preserved, but the personal reminiscences of the humble peasant who has hardly left Arcadia for a week at a time since he was born, and who has been bound to the soil which he has tilled without change, without cessation, without ambition, and, as far as this world is concerned, without hope, surely ought to have *something* to suggest to us. Why should history be too proud to notice the lowly?

There is indeed a sect of—Economists I believe they call themselves—who are making determined efforts to throw every difficulty in the way of all who desire to collect and preserve the stories and traditions of the peasantry. These theorists are, I hope, well-meaning and peaceable citizens in the main; but blameless as their ordinary life is, they become dangerous maniacs if you hint to them that you can tolerate outdoor relief in any shape or form. In their view, all the sickly and infirm, all the blind and halt and lame, all the aged widows and the old men who are past work, and have not saved a fortune out of ten shillings a week, ought to be buried alive, or afforded every possible facility for dying of mere dullness with the utmost speed. It is idle to reason with monomaniacs, but upon such as are not yet beyond the reach of argument I would fain urge that there is one consideration which may induce us to pause before we give in to the heresy that all the aged poor should be shut up in what Carlyle called the *poor-law Bastilles*.

To carry out a hard and fast rule, and to shut up in 'the house' every old man or woman past work, would be to snap off rudely the rustic's connection with the past, and to take from him almost the only picturesque and harmonising element in his monotonous existence. Gas-light theorists have no notion of the part that the old people play in our country life. The tottering old crone that sits knitting in the sun, with nothing in the world but the scanty furniture of her tiny two-roomed cottage, can be trusted with the toddling baby whose mother has gone to the next market town, or she can give the alarm if the pig is in danger of breaking out of the sty. In return she gets some little kindly office done for her which brings into play the softer and gentler emotions, and gives scope for services of Christian charity which cannot be paid for in coin or be set down in a debtor and creditor account. The old man who hobbles slowly with his stick, and only now and then can earn a shilling by poking about in a ditch or looking after a feeble cow, crouches with his old 'missus' over the scanty fire in the wet days when nothing is doing, and the younger neighbours drop in to have a talk. It takes these neighbours out of themselves and widens their very very narrow horizon; they get transported into a past that is like, and yet so different from, the present; legend and tale of suffering or daring are repeated, alluded to, asked about, discussed; the rustic of to-day finds himself bound by shadowy links of mysterious sympathy to the days gone by, and he is the better for it. With so little to soften him and so much to harden him—believing, because he is taught to believe, that his employer is his oppressor, that the landlords are robbers, that the parsons are working for lucre, that every man's hand is against him—we can very ill afford to take from the peasant any personal influence that tends to civilise him. You do him a grievous wrong if you help him to the conviction that human beings, like wild beasts, had best make short work with all the old consumers who have ceased to be bread-winners. Yet this is the tendency of the doctrines of the Economists.

'You don't seem to me quite a fool somehow!' said one of these blatant gentlemen to me the other day in a railway carriage. 'But when *your* sort begins to talk of your "moral side of the question" and of "feelings" and "romance," *my* sort ain't going to be shut up that way. All I've got to say to that bunkum is—it's all my eye!'

When vanity has forced the blush of pride to the cheek under pressure of the delicate compliment that you are not 'quite a fool somehow,' prudence suggests that you should allow the graceful sycophant to have the last word. For 'my sort' we love to drop into the little cabins and gossip with our elders, picking up the fragments that still remain of the language and the traditions that are fading. Sometimes we come upon odd scraps of scandal, as when old Cobb assures us that

his mother held him up to look at Lord Nelson after the battle of the Nile when he appeared in Norfolk 'long o' Cap'n Trowbridge, you know. Folks said as he wanted to be on the quiet 'cause o' them as he wanted to see down Necton ways. But he hadn't on'y one arm an' one eye, and they soon foun' *him* out.' Sometimes we get at the deep-seated faith in charms and occult lore which the schoolmaster has not quite eradicated, when, with bated breath and very slowly, Sally Doy solemnly declares what her own knowledge and experience forbid her doubting. Sometimes in one of the few chimney-corners of a ramshackle farmhouse which the enterprising agent has doomed, an aged farmer of the all but extinct species is beguiled into opening out upon us. They are, however, a wary and reticent race, and shy of letting out too much at a time. But what a flavour their stories have! I turn out many an afternoon, weary and eye-sore, trudge across the heavy fields and muddy lanes, and drop down upon a three-legged stool before the smouldering fire. In a little I am a new man.

Round and round and round we beat. More often than not it's a *blank day*. But then again, awoke by a chance word, up there rises from the dark storehouses of memory a cloud as big as a man's hand, and how slowly we have to set to work if we hope to see it gather form and distinctness. If you lose your chance, you may never get it again. 'It's easy does it,' as they say. 'Prowided you beant hurrisome,' you may get most things out of your Arcadian friends—except money! If the truth must be confessed, I should be sorry to learn all that my informants had to tell in a single sitting. I do dearly love gossip, provided always that it is gossip which concerns the dead. The townsman's gabble is not at all to my liking—it is so oppressively modern in its tone; to him everything anterior to the days of George the Third is 'very ancient.' Do the poor in the towns *all* retire into 'the House' before they are seventy? Or is it that the worship of geography and English grammar, so firmly established and so bountifully endowed in the Board schools, has led the townsman to fight very shy indeed of anything remotely resembling history?

Be it as it may, in Arcadia men and women are still to be found who live very much in the past and love it, who have nothing to retail to you from the last penny paper, who do not concern themselves with politics, who have no opinions on Indian affairs, who have never seen the Royal Academy, and yet whose conversation to 'my sort' has a never-ending attraction. These dear old people have really got something to *tell*, not only to *repeat*.

Their talk is *meatier*, and 'll stay,  
While book-froth seems to whet your hunger!

One notable feature of the old Arcadian is that he is *not* a *laudator temporis acti*. I never yet heard one of them say that 'the former times were better than these.' To a man they will stand to it that the present generation know nothing of the hard life their grandsires had experience of. 'How did I come into this parish if I warn't born in it, eh? Why you see there was four of us, and my mother she worked the spinning-wheel, and they was a going out, don't you know. And then—lawk! I think she did a little among the rushes, and you see, my father he got hurted wi' a cart, and boys kind o' counted on going out—and that were all seventy-five year ago!' You must give him his head, or yop'll very soon puzzle him. Moreover you must allow him unlimited use of harmless expletives. 'Lawk,' and 'you see,' and 'whoy' are absolutely indispensable assistants to him. But above all you must allow him to *bless you* freely. The number of blessings I get in the course of the year, if they only brought material advantage with them, would result in fabulous wealth for me and my heirs.

Stripped bare of beatitudes and circumlocutions, old Wiffin's story comes to this. His father was killed by an accident, his mother was left with four sons, of whom he was the eldest; the rest all died young. He was just fourteen. Of course he had to go to work. The parish gave him a *suit of clothes*. What were they? A 'flannel jacket kind of a jersey as they call 'em now,' a pair of leather breeches without buskins, and a pair of shoes. Thus fitted out he was 'let out you know' to a man of the name of Emms *for his board and no wages*. There were four men and boys in the little homestead. Emms had no family. Mrs. Emms did the dairy and the cooking by the help of a girl whom she worked like sin. They had plenty to eat 'and a *deal more meat than they get now*;' the bread, however, was 'awful.' The two serving boys (Wiffin was one; Judd, another of my old friends, was the other) had to sit in the 'what you may call the back kitchen like.' All through the long winter evenings there they sat with never a pretence of fire. Sometimes in the bitter frost and snow they'd leave open the door of the living room where Farmer Emms was enjoying his pipe. Mrs. Emms was 'getting the victuals,' and the girl was spinning. The two men were out in the stable or the cowhouse—'they were a deal warmer than we'—and the monotonous day came to an end with a bowl of milk and a hunch of the 'awful' bread. At eight o'clock everybody used to turn in. The men and boys, as far as I can make out, seem to have had no bedsteads; they slept 'anyhow—top o' the house mostly!' Wiffin has a vivid recollection of his first night at Emms's, for he and Judd have often recurred to it. Wiffin, being soft of heart, lay awake crying for his mother. 'I kep' a thinkin' on her. I dunno how it war, somehow I couldn't help a dreamin' as she wanted me.' Judd, being of sterner metal, chose him out a warm retreat



—for it was cold. They were going to brew next day, and he—he *slept in the mash-tub*! ‘I heard him a snoring, and he make out as he heard me a crying, but that ain’t so.’ The poor lad throve on the hard work and abundant food. ‘How did you get your clothes if you got no wages?’ ‘I didn’t get no clothes. I was always a little ‘un, yet I grew, and when my first year came to an end I said to my master, “Look here!” and I showed him how I had nothing between my breeches and my jacket. We used to fasten up our breeches with a strap or a cord. I couldn’t buy a strap, so I had to truss up with string, and the breeches were good breeches, but they were too heavy for the jacket, and they’d tore the bottom part off. So I says to master, “Look here!” says I, “I can’t go on so.”’ And he was put out about something, and he took me up short, and says he “Then you may go off so!” And I did go off, and I went and I hired myself with Farmer Olde—up that way—and there I was to get a pound a year, for he knew I was handy.’

It requires a considerable effort of imagination in our time to throw ourselves back into the days when tens of thousands of grown men and women were to be found who *never spent anything* from one year’s end to another. A lad of eighteen or twenty was quite content with a couple of pounds a year and his board. ‘A *good man sometimes* used to get ten pounds—I’ve heard of one or two,’ says Wiffin; ‘but then they were extraordinary good men. *There didn’t appear to be no money then!* We used to have a shilling, or at most eighteenpence, to take a team to Norwich, and there was fourpence to pay at the gate, and that’s all we got, and if we didn’t get back to the gate before twelve there was another fourpence we should have had to pay. But of course no one was going to miss the gate—’tain’t likely!’

The same absence of money in the rural districts showed itself in a hundred different ways. It never occurred to people that everything *could* be reduced to a money value. ‘Nobody knew anything about soap and candles. In the goodish farmhouses the girls used to cut the rushes and dry them, and then there used to be a boiling of the fat, and sometimes they used to let poor folks bring their own dry rushes and dip ‘em for nothing. Spinning was mostly going out, but *some on ‘em* [a phrase which every old Arcadian loves] kept it on much longer than others, and the buyers used to come round and take the yarn and bring back cloth, and sometimes it was poor cloth too, and then they used to quarrel; but the buyers always had the best of it. Many of them were Scotchmen, so I’ve heard say, and when they growed abusive, lawk! it war no manner o’ use trying to understand ‘em—they didn’t mean you to!’ I assume that there was *some* settling of accounts between the parties, but Wiffin doesn’t remember it, and he evidently looks upon the trade as carried on without a cash balance.

Wiffin's reminiscences, it must be observed, do not go back much more than seventy years. He is only a little over eighty, but there are much older than he. His wife is his senior by five or six years. Unluckily she is a commonplace old lady, and you must not put too great a strain upon her. What you can get from her take, and when you see her put her hand to her head with a 'Lawk, now I'm mazed!' give her a shilling and go your ways. But old Biddy Wiffin has her vivid recollections too, and she has a word to say to the modern lasses. 'I can't abide all their fal-lals!' she says sometimes. I am never so indiscreet as to ask her what she means, and I assume 'fal-lals' to be some heinous vices about which it would be indelicate to inquire. Worked up to virtuous indignation she becomes voluble, and then is your time: 'Gals! there ain't no gals—they're ladies. You've got to call 'em Miss, or they'll sauce you! When I was young I was a gal! I was one of the lucky ones, though, I was! You mayn't credit it, but it's as true as you're sitting there: *I never had a mistress as ever give me a flogging*—not one!'

I know not how my readers will receive this solemn asseveration, but it came to me with a shock of pathos that almost unmanned me. On inquiry I found that these boys and girls in the old farmhouses at the beginning of the century were treated at times with an amount of brutality almost inconceivable to us. The old people are unanimous in testifying to this, and the evidence they have furnished me is sometimes very dreadful. '*She's a going on about that there boy o' hers 'cause his schoolmaster give him a hiding,*' growled out old Reed, who has lived over eighty-four years. 'I tell her she knows nothing o' what bar-bar-ity means. I tell 'e there ain't none o' the bar-bar-ity as there used to be!' Then, with much vigorous emphasis and a certain eloquence with which the old man is gifted, he told me what I can never hope to tell half as forcibly. Accept the following as a version of his story. 'I was over eighteen. I had been out in the same farmhouse three years with a man named Grimmer. He was a hoggish sort of man—what I call real hoggish—and I never liked him, and I thought I ought to get two pounds a year, and he hadn't the means. It was just the year after the war, and the farmers were breaking right and left, and I thought he'd break, and so he did; but I was beforehand with him, and I went and hired myself with a man of the name of Mills; he had that farm, you know. . . . So I was to get two pounds a year, and there were five of us, men and boys, and when I got there I didn't like the looks nor the talk of the other four. When we went to bed they began to bounce a bit. "You won't be many days, young 'un," they said, "before our master will call you into his little yard." And when I asked what for, they told me that he was a rare 'un for the whip, and he gave it to them all round, young and old. We had to be down and out by five o'clock, and two or three days after I'd been there I was late. When I came

down, there he was. He was a big powerful man, with wrists like a cart-horse's fore legs, but he was lamish and walked with a stick. "Boy," says he, "go you and fetch my whip and bring it me in the little yard." But I never stirred. "Do you hear?" says he, and his great voice was like a bull's. "I hear," says I, "but I'm not coming." Out he jumped, and he was that mad that he was no more lame than you are; he was as nimble as a cat. And there he'd got me griped in his left hand, and one of those brewer's whips, all one piece and six feet long, in the other. And there were those four looking on to see if I'd give in, and he took me up as if I'd been a puppy, and flung me a couple of yards off, and swish it came. I was stubborn, and that mad that I felt no more than if he'd been hitting an anvil. He certainly would have killed me if the team man hadn't called out to him, 'Master, you'll be hung next assizes for killing that boy.' Then he went in, and then I found my clothes were cut as if it had been with a knife, and I was bleeding all over. He wasn't such a bad master, though, for all that. O' course he used to flog us, but then, when he did, you see he meant it 'cause o' them wrists.'

Think of that, you who maunder on about the *simple tastes* of your progenitors. Was there no redress for inhuman ferocity like this, no protection for half-naked lads against these ruffians? None! 'Where was the parson?' 'He? He used to come over from Swaffham o' Sundays. I don't know what they call'd him.' Magistrates? 'What was the use of my going to the magistrates? There wasn't a labouring man for miles round would have dared to appear against a farmer; and as for them, they were all alike, and he wasn't such a bad master after all. It wasn't half such a hoggish sort of a place as Grimmer's.' But then Farmer Grimmer hadn't 'them wrists.'

The same hideous cruelty seems to have run through everything. Here in my Arcadian retreat we have for two hundred years had the rare advantage of possessing a school endowed by a former inhabitant of the parish, at which boys and girls have been educated gratis in the three R's. The school has been such an inestimable boon to the people, has worked and is working so well, has been for so long the envy of the county, and is at this moment so remarkably efficient, that her Majesty's Commissioners have of course imposed a new scheme upon us, which will effectually hamper and eventually extinguish our endowment, and level us down to the required minimum standard of the village schools around us. Over this school, some seventy years ago, reigned supreme a man whom the people believe to have been a Jew. Old men and women in the parish to this day never mention his name without horror and a hate that is bad to notice. 'Many's the time,' said an old woman to me, 'that I've hid in a brake or a dry ditch all day long for fear my mother should make me go to school. Some of them used regular to hunt up them as were playing truant, and bring 'em in to see 'em whipped!'

'It was all the same wherever you went,' says old Reed. '*Folks seemed to hanker after it.* I never did like to see a boy abused myself, but I'd have walked miles to see a man in the stocks and the tothers pelting of him!' It appears that the constable in those days was a much more powerful personage than Policeman X., and that if he found a vagrant skulking about, he would think very little of shutting him up in the cage for the night, with the chance of forgetting him next morning. So in the case of a fight—no rare occurrence—the cry of 'constables' would empty the alehouse yard in a twinkling, and the combatants would take to their heels, absolutely cowed by the terrors of the law. And yet, as far as I can learn, it never would have entered into the head of a labourer of those days to appeal to the law. It was a power like some hideous Juggernaut that could grimly crush and defied resistance; but for an agricultural labourer to look to it for refuge or defence would have been too ridiculous. Thus one of my informants gave me a graphic account of an exciting fight which was going on in a neighbouring village when a raid was made upon the combatants in the heat of the battle. Up marched the constable, a spare man with a harelip, and with those magic words, 'In the king's name,' single-handed, captured principals and seconds. The boxers, stripped to the waist and smeared with blood, he there and then set side by side in the stocks, no one daring even to cover their naked backs till the tremendous representative of the law had gone away to his supper.

I never met with any one who could say he had been present at a bull-baiting. I suppose that pastime went out in times to which the memory of man doth *not* extend. But in Norfolk cock-fighting seems to have been a passion; shopkeepers of the small towns, publicans, and farmers used to have cocks boarded out in every village. 'I've heard my mother say many a time,' said one old body to me, 'that she blessed the Lord there was cock-fighting, or she didn't know how she could have got on at all.' She kept the cocks in separate pens. Sometimes they would get out, and would fight *anything*. One day one of them escaped, and forthwith went for the old gander. 'I was only a little girl, and I was right frightened; and I holloahed to mother, but the old gander he got the master of him with his pinions, and he knocked him over into our dyke by the common, and mother she had hard work to save him from being drowned, and when the old gander saw him in mother's arms he came a hissing and a creaking at him like a Christian!' The cockfights were held anywhere where there was a deep depression, an old marlpit being a favourite place; but that indefinite spot 'back o' the alehouse' was the more usual resort, John Barleycorn being the master of the ceremonies for the most part. And this leads me to another very notable difference between the rustics at the beginning of this century and the moderns.

From all that I can learn, and I have taken no little pains to arrive at the truth, I have no hesitation in saying that the agricultural labourer of seventy years ago was less frequently a sot than he whom we now have to do with. To begin with, he had no time at his own disposal and no money to spend. But this was not all—he hardly knew what ardent spirits meant. There was a good deal of beer and cider giving in the farmhouses, and he took all he could get; but gin and the other fire waters he never tasted. One of my very disreputable ‘special correspondents’ is an old heathen of 87. He has been a wicked old vagabond, and, by all accounts, was at one time a noisy, quarrelsome, blasphemous bully of much vigour and energy; and all the more dangerous because ‘the best of company.’ Now, since his temptations have left him, and he has become blind and infirm, he has become religious in his talk, though still at times remarkably jovial. One day I found him very feeble and apparently sinking; the old woman who has been touchingly faithful to him for fifty years or so was crying at his bedside. A drop of rum would bring him to—but where was she to get it? My heart could not but be softened to the wretched old man who lay there the wreck of a grand physique; I couldn’t see him die. I sent for the cordial, and, by the help of the stimulant and some more generous food for a week or so, he revived, and is likely to last for another year or two. We have had many a long talk since then. ‘God A’mighty has put up wi’ a deal from me, he has, and I don’t think he’ll be hard upon me somehow,’ he broke in one day. ‘Some on ’em talks o’ being conwarted, but I don’t mean to say as I’ve ever been conwarted. I wasn’t never given over to drink enough for that.’ Solemn as the occasion was, and profoundly touched as I was by the piteousness of all that the words implied, I confess that I found it very hard indeed to smother my appreciation of their grotesqueness. But by questioning him, and waiting, and tempting him to confide in me, it became evident that, so far as he had any distinct meaning in this extraordinary speech, he meant that he had never had *delirium tremens*! It was as if in this broken-down and grossly ignorant old man there lurked a survival of the old belief in the Dionysic possession: *that* never came, he thought, *if you only drank beer*. When he was young no one ever heard of anything else—no working man at any rate. He was a man grown before he ever tasted gin. ‘Gin came in with the railroad chaps. I used to tell ’em, “Mates,” says I, “them bottles o’ yourn don’t hold enough for me. I don’t like getting drunk—I like drinking!”’ Whether he was right or wrong I know not, but it is his firm conviction that at the old alehouses there were no spirits to be bought. It used to be whispered that there was a good deal of smuggling carried on by the help of the carriers’ carts that were always moving along the roads night and day; but, for the farm labourer, brandy was as little known as nectar. Nor was this all. The public houses, in these

old days, were almost confined to the high roads. Old Bickers protests that sixty years ago there was only a single public house 'between Dereham and Fransham Kennels,' a distance of nearly six miles. At this moment, though the traffic on this same road is not a third of what it was, and the population is much more sparse, there are at least nine!

There are some of us who have a deep dislike to that sort of protection which would treat the masses as if they were children in hourly danger of falling into the fire; but I confess I cannot see why the trade of the brewer and the distiller should be the only 'protected interest' left among us; or why, when that stupid creature, the *plain man*, indignantly complains at the outrageous number of pothouses, which threaten to outnumber the labourers' cottages in some country districts, he should be told to remember the vested interests, which ought never to have been created and which hardly existed till within the last half-century. When the cause of 'local option' is taken up by leaders who have no ulterior object in view, and pleaded by advocates who are too much in earnest for buffoonery, I suspect that the general sense of the community will be found inclining to the lesser of two evils, and prefer the danger of submitting to the tyranny of the majority to enduring the grosser tyranny of the besotted.

One thing is certain, that the farm labourer at the beginning of the century had not the facilities for the horrible orgies that he is familiar with now. He was cruel, as I have said, he was ignorant, his language was very foul and profane, and it is clear to me that, as a rule, he had very little affection for his offspring. 'Folks didn't take so much notice o' childern as they do now. They didn't use to have such fam'lies to my seeming. The women were more hard-worked like, and they used to go out into the fields, and the little uns used to *doie* like more'n they do now.' That the labourers' cottages were less crowded seventy years ago than they are now seems quite certain. The practice of boarding the lads in the farmhouses will account for this to a great extent, and the causes urged by my informant above deserve consideration.

The old people never have anything to say about their *fathers*. Whatever memories they have of tenderness, pity, or sympathy, these all have to do with their *mothers*. The fathers seem to have been a terror to the rising generation, and only that. 'Father used to hide me with a strap,' says one. 'My father didn't hold wi' beating you wi' a stick—he used to flog us,' whatever that may mean, says another. All the octogenarians tell the same tale. On the other hand I cannot learn that there was much wife-beating. I suspect 'that came in with the railroad chaps' and their bottles. But the language was hateful, utterly hateful. And here, perhaps, is the

place to say that I observe a very curious and very marked difference in the ordinary speech of the old people and that of the young ones who have been under the influence of the modern schoolmaster. I remember well how, some twenty-five years ago, I startled a friend by saying, 'I am sure that woman is lying; she tells her story *without a doubt!*' Your old Arcadian's style of talk is full of doubts; it is what may be called the dubitative or approximating style. He is always feeling for what he has to say through a maze of tangled expletives, qualifications, retractations, and corrections. He knows he is not sure of his ground, that he has not said what he had in his mind; he is afraid of the consequences of articulate speech, and expects to gain something by silence; his 'hopes and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng,' confuse him, and his speech bewrayeth him.

'How's your old missus to-day, Mark?' you inquire simply. Mark pauses, takes off his cap and wipes his head, and begins his reply. 'Well, thank ye, sir, she's a poor critter as you may say. What I'm a thinking on is, you see, as she's coming on in years. Not but there's some as is older 'an she, but you know you can't never trust 'em, they'll say anything 'fares [it appears] as some on 'em will. Now I reckon as I'm four score years comé Martinmas, but then you ain't got my register for me, don't you see, as you said you would, though Biddy Blake ha' got hern. [This with a certain gentle rebuke at your negligence and a spice of jealousy too.] And my missus, somehow she's maybe a year younger, leastways I ain't certain, but I kind o' reckon so!' 'But how about the rheumatics?' you suggest. Hereupon Mark, having delivered himself of his preamble, repeats the process with a dozen repetitions of 'least-ways,' 'fares as if,' 'whereby don't you know,' 'not but what,' 'I ain't a going to say,' &c. After ten minutes you are left to infer that the old woman is pretty much as she was, and would like some more pudding. These dear old circumlocutions are rapidly going the way that the fine old Norfolk words, and twang, and squeaky sing-song have gone. The lads and lasses speak out clear distinct and almost faultless 'governess English,' answer briskly and categorically; they are not troubled with doubts or hesitation; it is as if their sentences were made by machinery. So 'the old order changeth, yielding place to new.' But by all accounts the wholly wanton and gratuitous blasphemy, which the old people tell you of, must have been horrible. Thank God, among the rural population it is rarely that one hears it now. Old Joe Bickers, who they say had at one time a bad reputation for his guilty tongue, opening out to me in his own peculiar way, explained, 'I ain't a going to say as I warn't given to swearing; but bless the Lord, I meant no harm by it. I didn't mean 'em *all* to be damf'd as you may say, but somehow it kind o' came handy like, whereby you was helped along when you was in want of a word and couldn't stop no ways.'

It was inevitable that side by side with all this cruelty, coarseness, and blasphemy, there should be a dreadful amount of crime. During the nine years ending with 1808 there were actually committed to the four prisons at Wymondham, Aylsham, Walsingham, and Norwich Castle, the enormous aggregate of 2,336 men and women, to whom we may be sure little mercy was shown. The ghastly horrors of one at least of these prisons thirty years before this time may be read in some brief notes of Howard's by those who delight in the luxury of feeling their flesh creep. It is to be supposed that, in the interval, considerable improvements had been carried out, but 'once a gaol-bird always a gaol-bird' seems to have been accepted as a canon which admitted of no exception. 'Father used to say to us when we were boys, "You can always starve, but don't you get into gaol. Don't you believe it!" I've heard him say scores o' times. "Abednego didn't get out o' that there furnace without blisterin'." I was a grown man afore I rightly understood what he meant, but he war a scholar he war!' But the very severity of the law had a tendency to defeat itself. The certainty that any evidence given against a criminal would hand him over to the gallows, led to a great deal of semi-connivance with the wrongdoer. How could it be otherwise? It is said that in the year 1785 ninety-seven persons were executed in London alone for shoplifting, the value of the goods stolen in the majority of instances being hardly as much as five shillings. When Sir Samuel Romilly, on the 15th of March 1813, brought in his bill for repealing what he called 'the most severe and sanguinary Act in our Statute Book,' there was actually at that moment a child under ten years of age lying in Newgate, on whom sentence of death had been passed for shoplifting!

More than once have I had a harrowing tale of some shocking crime related to me, the doer of which was never found out; and then in a mysterious undertone has been added: 'X. or Y., he gnawed who done it well enow, but o' course he warn't a going to hang un.' This connivance—the outcome of a mixed sentiment, in which pity and horror were curiously blended with a vague superstitious shrinking from blood-guiltiness—accounted for a large margin of lawlessness which baffled the very inefficient rural constabulary. The rustic shut his ears and eyes, and even when he was brought into court he fell back upon his reserve of real or assumed stupidity. The moment that a felon was hunted out of the country into the towns he was a doomed man. At Mattishall were three brothers, Skinner by name, who were known to be desperate characters; they lived with their mother, a weak, whining sort of a woman, and who was kept in constant terror by her lawless sons. She was somewhat deaf by nature, and deaf as a post when it became necessary to reach that point. Again and again the house was searched, but no evidence could be obtained. At last one of the brothers was caught mounted on a horse he had stolen. The fellow



was thrown into Norwich Castle; he managed to break out of gaol, and was at large for two years. To an inner circle his haunts were perfectly well known, but he laughed at warrants, till being hard pressed he made for London, the very worst place in the land he could have run to; here he was taken and hanged at Newgate. Another brother, while attempting to break into the rectory at Tuddenham, was shot by the butler; the other burglars carried him home and left him; he lingered for a fortnight, and then died of his wounds. No inquiry was made. The third brother had a warrant out against him for years, but he died in his bed at last.

I suspect that the executions in and near London were much in excess of the numbers which the population of the metropolis, relatively to the rest of the country, could account for. It would not be difficult, I suppose, to obtain the statistics for correcting or confirming my suspicion, but on no other hypothesis can I account for the curious fact that I have never met with an old countryman who would confess that he had seen a man hanged. One old fellow, indeed, with some shyness and awe, gave me a clue to this mystery. 'He'd heer'd tell' that whoever saw three executions was sure to be hanged himself; therefore, my informant had a shrinking from the very name of the gallows. But here and there, where four roads met on some lonely heath or wild moor, a ghastly gibbet, on which the rotting carcase of some specially ferocious murderer swung, served as a landmark for miles round. We had one three or four miles off, on what was Bradenham Heath, seventy years or so ago. The gibbet many men remember; indeed there is a curious history attached to it which it may perhaps be worth while returning to on a future occasion. One very intelligent farmer gave me a thrilling report of what his father had experienced on this spot shortly after the ghastly object had been set up. It was dark when he started 'from t'other side of the county.' He rode alone. Just as he came upon Bradenham Heath up rose the moon and the wind with her. His horse was very tired, he was compelled to ease him; the poor brute could hardly go. The storm burst forth in angry squalls and gusts that came with no warning, then lulled, then passionately began again. Heaven and earth! There stood the gibbet, the moon shining full upon it. Instead of being ten feet high, it had grown as large as a steeple. Downes had never meant to pass it; he had meant to take a short cut across the heath and leave the gibbet a mile to the left, but his horse was dead-beat, and he had to keep to the road. He shut his eyes, and with all his force he struck his horse with the heavy whip. The jaded beast feebly trotted on, made a bad stumble, recovered himself, then stood stock still. Downes was almost touching the gibbet, and he knew that the carcase, enclosed in a kind of iron cage and swinging by chains, was a few inches above his head. At the same moment came a fiercer squall than any before, and close to Downes' ear sounded a loud scream that maddened him. The

frightened horse trembled all over, started, swerved, crushed his master's leg against the gibbet, and a heavy weight fell down from the cage and brushed the rider's boot in its fall. How Downes got home he never could tell. 'Other folks' used to aver that the scream was no more than the creaking of the chains as the gale caught the rotting carcase, and that after that gale it 'kind o' fell into a heap in the cage like.' It was conjectured that the murderer's leg-bone slipped out and just missed the worthy farmer's head in its fall.

Outside the margin of the breakers of the law there were the tramps and nomad bands who skulked behind it. Large gipsy encampments used to move about from heath to heath, and eighty years ago these poor people were just beginning to have a bad time of it. It was about 1808 that the high price of corn led to a prodigious breadth of heath land in Norfolk being brought under the plough, land which never could and never will pay for cultivation in any but exceptional times. The gipsies suffered much, and thereupon began trespasses upon the farmers' fields, quarrels, and, some said, incendiary fires. Sometimes a rough bargain was struck: 'You leave my fences alone, and you may camp on the green lane. If you meddle with the hedge-stakes, I'll have the law of you.' Sometimes these gipsies, being great horse-dealers, would have as many as twenty horses belonging to them. But the old farmers were afraid of the gipsies, and it was only when the new race of farmers came in with the scramble for land which high prices brought during the last decade of the great war, that the Romanies found themselves doomed. Then they had to break up into smaller encampments, they became poorer and poorer, and now they have almost disappeared. 'Did they live by poaching? or how?' Nobody can answer the question. Poaching, as we understand it now, was almost unknown. There were scores of landowners who lived on their small estates and never dreamt of aping the follies of the great men. Pheasant coops, and battues, and beating covers, and driving birds, these things were all in the future. What was the use of going out with nets and snares when every *pightel* had its corners thick with brushwood and every parish had hundreds of acres of gorse and thickets which practically was no man's land? Every field had its huge hedgerow, with the 'doddles' or pollards, which afforded firing for rich and poor. 'We used to hear 'em of a night sometimes up an old tree chopping,' says one old farmer; 'and we usen't to say anything to 'em as long as they didn't pull up the hurdles.' All this underwood with the turf in the *pulk hole* or bog lands, which the women used to cut and store and not unfrequently pilfered and fought about, constituted absolutely the only fuel at the beginning of the century. Now and then an old growler stands to it that 'there ain't nothin' like it! A real good bit of turf on the hearth is better nor bacca any day. And as for warmth, why when once you'd got your fire alight it never went out all the winter. You just look at that now!' It is difficult to

make out when the labourers first began to burn coal; it must have come in gradually. High farming cut off the supply of fuel from the heaths and commons. 'I never saw coal till after I was married,' says old Sally Tuttle, who is past eighty, 'and I never burnt any till my second husband bade me bring some from Dereham. We used to bring it tied up in a bundle and carry it on our heads.'

The clean sweep that has been made in some districts of everything in the shape of wood is already occasioning some inconvenience. There are whole parishes in Norfolk where not a tree has been planted, except by the parson, for fifty years, and where the process of cutting down every stick and stubbing up every hedgerow has gone on with merciless ferocity.

With the denudation of the heathlands and scrub a vast change has come over the *fauna* of the Eastern counties. All the larger birds have disappeared, bustards, and bitterns, and storks, the great horned owls that haunted the old gnarled pollards, kites that would hover over the flocks—just out of shot of the crazy flint-lock gun which kicked a man off his legs if he dared to fire it—hover and then swoop down and carry off some tiny lamb, 'mostly a dead un,' as one old fellow told me; but now and then a newly dropped one struggling feebly in the cruel grip of the ravisher that bore off his prey, carried it to some high ground where it was out of reach, mangled it, and then away to the nest and the callow brood awaiting with gaping mouths.

'Were there any bitterns hereabouts when you were a boy, Mike?' 'I can't zackly make out what yer main.' Then, after much explanation and long digressions, he returns to it. 'Why, you must main *Bog Bumpers*. It's over fifty year since I heard folks even talk of them.' Then he proceeded to say how some seventy years ago, when he was a small boy, he went with his mother over Thetford Heath, 'or that way,'<sup>1</sup> and how they came upon the nests of the 'Bog Bumpers' 'in a kind of a low mash like.' The two male birds 'roared and bellowed' over their heads, and the poor woman grew very much alarmed. The child sank in the ooze and clutched at a tuft of rushes to save itself. The two female birds rose startled—moved off a yard or two. They looked like 'great hedgehogs all feathers, only they was as big as a sheep, and my mother scrome that loud she was fit to scare 'em. And they seemed to me to come a rolling at us, and says mother says she, "O Lord, they'll have my Mike's eyes!" I'd had enough of Bog Bumpers arter that!'

In the beautiful open country near Sandringham the great bustard was comparatively common at the beginning of this century; they are as large as turkeys, and it must have been a sight never to be forgotten to see a flock of eleven rise up together from the heath almost under your horse's feet, as happened to an old Norfolk clergyman in (I

<sup>1</sup> This locality would be an extremely improbable one, but our Arcadian geography is of the vaguest.

think) 1803 who recently died. Then there were stoats, and weasels, and polecats by the million, fearless and blood-thirsty—‘you might watch them hunting, and they didn’t seem to mind you.’ It was a gruesome sound that would be sure to come upon your ear as you crossed the old furze-brakes, when a rabbit was clutched at last, and you heard the scuffle and the screams that grew fainter and fainter, and then literally the ‘stillness of death.’ The foxes swarmed without any need to preserve them. They did not do half the mischief they do now, though there were three times as many in our grandfathers’ time. ‘You see there was such a lot of warmint, they’d no call to come arter the hens!’ Otters, too, used to hunt in every trumpery stream; the people seem to have been afraid to tackle them, whether from any superstitious feeling or because they really are powerful and formidable animals, I cannot say. Snakes and hedgehogs appear to have been as plentiful as mice or blackbeetles. Keeping a tame hedgehog in the farmhouses, or even in the labourers’ cottages, was very common. The children used to make playthings of them. ‘Some folks used to say as they milked the cows, but I never could hold wi’ that. My sister Kezia—she lies in — churchyard—she was wonderful fond of her hedgehog; she’d brought it up ever since it was as big as an egg, and she used to go and beg at farmhouses for milk for it. We children—five of us—we used all to sleep in one bed, and my sister Kezia once would have her hedgehog in bed with us, and when we got up in the morning there was the hedgehog all crawling over wi’ lice. You see ‘t warn’t used to go to bed wi’ Christians, and the heat had drawed ‘em out, but mother she wouldn’t have no more o’ that!’ The old people have a lingering regret for the hedgehogs, and a persuasion that they formed the staple food of the gipsies. ‘Many’s the gipsy fellow as I’ve seen with nothing on his head only hedgehog skins; they used to like them sort o’ caps!’

Twenty years ago, when I first settled in Norwich, I received every now and then a visit from an extremely intelligent old man who got his living by collecting for naturalists up and down the country. His speciality was snakes, but he did not confine his attention to them. When he came we used to give him a ‘benefit’ in the crypt under the grammar school, and very edifying it was to see a crowd of boys huddling in a dense ring, but taking good care to keep their distance, while the snake-man turned out six or eight ‘deadly vipers’ to writhe about the damp stone floor. After scaring the smaller urchins for a while, he would pick them up one by one with a small iron hook and drop them into the cage he carried about on his back. He complained sadly how the times had altered with him. When he was young he could go to twenty places in the county and be sure of getting a dozen adders in an hour or two, but now he was lucky if he found three in a week. The pretty little slow worms that are not only harmless, but seem to respond to

gentle and kindly treatment—they, he said, were getting very scarce. 'It's a pity, sir!' he added, in a dreamy kind of way, as he took one of them out mechanically and put it round his neck—the little creature slipping down his collar, and seeming to be looking up at his face.

The aspects of nature exercise too powerful an influence upon us all not to have brought about with their changes some changes too in the beliefs and sentiments of the dwellers in Arcadia. The old superstitions are passing away—passing, but not quite gone. Indeed, the dread of the 'wise woman,' the trust in the 'cunning man,' and firm belief in being 'overlooked,'<sup>2</sup> is very much more common and very much more deep-seated than is generally supposed. I know of at least three persons within a mile of my own door each of whom is most entirely convinced that he or she has suffered from the machinations of the evil one and those in league with him. I regret to say that one of these—a really good old soul for whom I have a great regard and whom everybody respects—protests that my immediate predecessor in this benefice 'overlooked' her donkey, and so caused the animal's premature decease; and, as though that was not enough, did likewise overlook her husband, who continued to languish and suffer till such time as the rector himself sickened and died, after which his victim began to mend and speedily returned to work once more. The audacious rationalists—impious sceptics who would say *anything*—declare that the donkey was forty-two years old, and that the man had a slight paralytic seizure. 'That don't interfere with his being overlooked, though!'

On the subject of our Arcadian superstitions and the matters kindred thereto I must defer entering. Possibly an opportunity may present itself hereafter for recurring to a subject about which there remains something to tell.

My readers will notice that I have said but little about the farmers of seventy or eighty years ago. Unfortunately it is much more difficult to gather information regarding their habits and *status* than to pick up stories and traditions of the peasantry who lived by day-labour. There are several reasons for this, but the chief reason exists in the fact that the race of small farmers have been 'improved off the face of the earth,' at any rate in what are called *close parishes*, i.e. parishes belonging to a single landlord. In the *open parishes*, where the ownership of the land is shared by several proprietors, other causes account for the oblivion that tantalises the inquirer. If the small man prospered in his farm of fifty or a hundred acres, he was not satisfied; he moved into a larger occupation, and, in nine cases out of ten, became bankrupt in a year or two. He had the capital in physical strength, brain power, and cash for successful cultivation of the smaller area; he was utterly unfit to cope with the larger difficulties which he was called upon to face in his new undertaking.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* bewitched.

It was as if a small tradesman in a country town should rush into a wholesale business in London or Liverpool—the end was almost always disaster. . . . ‘He? He’d a mind to go and take a farm down that way, and he found he hadn’t the mains.’ ‘He took up (borrowed) 500*l.* of Lawyer X., and he hankered arter a bigger place, and then somehow he war bankrupt.’ ‘He wanted to better hisself, and then times got worse and he lost all as ever he had.’ These are the kind of answers that one receives. *None* of the small men, as a rule, seem to have been able to do well if their ambition carried them beyond a certain point. They dropped out, in large numbers during the rage for farming that came in towards the close of the French war. ‘Those were bad times for the poor and good times for the farmers,’ writes one whose quaint autobiography lies before me, and who passed from us at the age of ninety-two only a few months ago. ‘The poor lived upon turnips,’ he goes on to say; ‘the women used to go eight or ten in a gang at high noonday into the turnip fields, each of them with a bag which they filled with as much as they could fairly carry home. . . . This I can state as a fact, as I have seen it and helped to get it home.’

Bad times for the poor indeed! During the nine years ending with 1813 the labourer’s wages in Norfolk averaged *eleven shillings a week*. Good times for farmers—yes, assuredly! During those same years the average price of wheat was *eighty-eight shillings and fourpence a quarter*. How significant is that pregnant remark of Mr. Bacon in his valuable report on Norfolk agriculture published nearly forty years ago. ‘In almost all the inquiries which have been made . . . we have invariably found the rate of wages *higher* in proportion when the price of corn was *low* than when high prices have been obtained.’ But the inflation of prices brought with it a speculative mania, and the Nemesis came at last. The neglect of the labourer ‘recoiled on his superiors with double force at a later period, when it was beyond the power of the occupier to remedy the evils engendered by depression, he himself being involved in almost irretrievable ruin.’<sup>3</sup>

As a consequence of the high prices, precisely the same fierce scramble for farms and the same rise in rents occurred, which we have known only too well during the last ten or twelve years, and then the same collapse when bad seasons came. The small men disappeared, and their place knew them no more; their memory perished with them. They were a rough lot, as far as I can gather. They rode in troops to market on the famous Norfolk cobs, which have gone from us as completely as their riders. They were *not* thrifty as a class, if all or half I hear of them be true. They drank and spent more at the market inns than their successors do, notwithstanding all that is

<sup>3</sup> *History of the Agriculture of Norfolk*, by Richard Noverre Bacon. 2nd edition. Ridgway, London, 1849. Mr. Bacon is still alive and full of vigour, intelligence, and energy.

said to the contrary. They did not drive their smart gigs, to be sure, for gigs were hardly known. Their top boots lasted them through many a rough season. They came to church with their dogs, who occasionally had a general fight in the aisle. They thought little of carting their hay on Sunday morning, provided they put in an appearance at worship in the afternoon. Between them and the labourer little love was lost.

But if they were now and then hard taskmasters, and if the labourer submitted to their tyranny in a stolid kind of way which looked like desperation, his submission was due exactly to this, that his own position was *not* desperate. He bore the blows and oaths, the flogging, and the hard fare, just because he had a prospect of having his own innings by-and-by, and because he knew that he might, if he pleased, have a chance of grinding down *his* labourers one of these fine days. In fact he had a future. Between him and the farmer there was not the great gulf fixed which has gone on continually widening. Small as his wages were, it is undeniable that somehow or other the labourer of two generations back could and did rise to be an occupier more frequently than he does or can do now. If he could not, and never did, aspire to become the 'gentleman farmer,' he could at any rate rise some little way. Thrift, sagacity, and indomitable energy were not all in vain. There was a day of small things then which offered at any rate the semblance of a career.

It may be said, and it is sometimes said, that the old race of farmers passed away because they neither had capital nor did they amass it. I know that with some people it is sufficient condemnation of any enterprise that no fortunes have been made in it. Judged by this test, the farmers of the old days must be pronounced failures. But apply the same test to the tenant farmers of the last fifty years, and do *they* come out of it with any flying colours? Let those who can tell us most about the results of high farming in the Eastern counties, the lawyers who buy and sell property, and *who make the farmers' wills*, and the bankers to whom the secrets of men are known, answer the question. There is strong reason to believe that farming never has been a *money-making* pursuit, whether conducted on a large or a small scale—never has been and never will be. Meanwhile the fertility of the land has increased enormously, and the gross rental of the county of Norfolk alone is nearly 700,000*l.* more than it was seventy years ago.<sup>4</sup> Capitalise this vast income, and the portentous proportions of the *unearned increment* become somewhat appalling. The aggregate of money that has passed through the farmers' hands in these seventy years almost defies calculation; but it has literally *passed through their hands*. Where has it stuck? Are the tenant farmers of England at this moment *very* much richer

<sup>4</sup> Under the property tax of 1810 the gross rental of Norfolk was 1,439,997*l.*; in 1879-80 it was 2,108,125*l.*

than they who tilled the soil so rudely seventy years ago? Are the landlords as a class more sure of their rents than they were? Is it certain that the outlay which the single tenant of 1,000 acres demands to be spent upon his holding is periodically less than that which the ten men on the same estate used sheepishly to beg for in the old days? If it should turn out that wheat really cannot be grown at a profit in these islands, will the large holdings with the mansions upon them command any rent at all? If the *increment* has been *unearned*, will the *decrement* that some foretell have been undeserved? But I am wandering into 'another man's line of things' and forgetting that I have nothing to do with the future. Prophecy is for others. I am but a humble picker-up of memories that are fading away, a mere chronicler of gossip that will not be prattled long. While I write the bell is tolling, and another aged life has dropped. Week by week they pass, these witnesses that will be cross-examined no more.

AUGUSTUS JESSOP.



*WHAT IS A STANDARD?*

ONE half of my economical friends take it as a personal grievance that I should advocate bimetallism, and the other half absolutely refuse to discuss the matter seriously at all. This arises partly from the extreme dislike which all Englishmen have for system of any kind, and partly from the almost mad enthusiasm with which they regard the very few systematic institutions they possess.

At this time of almost universal scepticism, when every one of our most cherished beliefs is being scattered to the winds, there is one thing, and one thing only, which most Englishmen concur in adoring, and that one thing is the English pound sterling. An English pound sterling unites in itself qualities to be found in scarcely any other coin. It has maintained its position unaltered for sixty-four years; it is the standard of value and measure of property throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, and even in our unfortunate annexe of Ireland. It is the unit of accounts; it is the coin passing from hand to hand, at all events in England; and it is legal tender. It is, in fact, the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king has set up, and which, according to the serious portion of my economic friends, all Englishmen are bound to fall down and worship.

The present position of the question as it apparently presents itself to the Government may be shortly stated.

1st. The question does not concern England at all.

2nd. If it does concern England, it is not within the scope of present practical politics, but is only in the academic stage of discussion.

3rd. England, not having changed her standard since 1816, cannot be called upon to mix herself up with the discussions upon it until those countries which have been chopping and changing ever since 1868 have made up their mind what it is they want, and to what extent England can assist them in getting it.

4th. Supposing the object of these bimetallic discussions be to rehabilitate silver, England, by keeping open her Indian mints, has done more towards keeping up the price of that metal than all the other countries put together.

5th. England having accepted and put in practice that which

is believed to be in accordance with economic law—namely, free-trade—and having in vain endeavoured to procure the adoption of it by other nations, including her own colonies, it is rather too much to ask her without a moment's hesitation to adopt another economic truth, supposing the possibility of bimetallism by agreement to be as capable of an academic demonstration as free-trade.

6th. But whether it be true or false, whether it be wise or foolish, the number of pressing questions and the party feelings in the House of Commons would render any attempt to solve the question in this present year absolutely hopeless.

I have endeavoured thus to state the present position of things and the views entertained by those who take it as a personal grievance that I should advocate bimetallism, and I now pass on to those who resolutely decline to treat the question seriously at all. The most conspicuous among these is Lord Sherbrooke, but I shall endeavour to deal with him later on. Besides his lordship, there are others who write week by week upon the subject, and find it a simple matter to crush bimetallism. To do so it is only necessary to take Lord Liverpool's book and Sir Robert Peel's speeches, to talk of Harris, Temple, and Locke, to bring out the most well-known passages in their writings, to ignore everything that has happened since 1868, and to speak of the impossibility of thwarting the eternal laws of production. Then, by mixing up in hopeless confusion standard, currency, legal tender, and unit of account, it is possible to produce a most able paper which must be quite satisfactory to the orthodox worshippers of the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king has set up.

In answer to an assertion of mine that the double standard existed in England up to and indeed after the suspension of cash payments, the *Economist* writes:—

It is difficult to understand how they—that is, Lord Liverpool and Sir Robert Peel—could have represented to themselves the mercantile money of the kingdom as anything but gold. If they found the legal standard consisted of two metals, but that in practice one only was used, what stronger proof can be given of the impossibility experienced by us, as by other nations, of keeping both metals in circulation at one time?

This extract is given to show the determination not to discuss the question in a serious manner; for how can we suppose that a writer in the *Economist* can be ignorant of the difference between currency and standard? nor do we know where he finds that the bimetallists desire that both metals should be kept in circulation at the same time.

The *Economist* is so far right in that it follows Lord Liverpool in using the expression 'that the standard is the principal measure of property—that is to say, the chief coin in use'—and it would appear that this diction was followed by the Bullion Committee, which took

'standard' and 'chief coin' in use to be synonymous, and thereby held that gold was the English standard, anything in law to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now, what appears to me to be a correct meaning of the word 'standard,' as it is used at the recent monetary conferences, is that it shall be the principal measure of property, but not necessarily the chief coin in use.

A banknote at this moment is legal tender in England, but not in Scotland. It is also current in England and not in Scotland. A Scotch banknote is current in Scotland, but it is neither legal tender nor standard until it has been exchanged for gold.

In America it is very hard to say, with the perpetual changes taking place, what is standard and what is legal tender. In France, French banknotes, pieces of five francs, and napoleons are legal tender at the ratio of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, but the coinage of silver having been suspended, the gold has not quitted the country, notwithstanding the fall of silver. It is, however, only kept therein by that and other somewhat forcible measures. Most of the economists declare that France has got what they call a gold basis, and this is true to a certain extent—namely, that while, if you take gold ingots to the mint at Paris, you may get gold coin in exchange, of standard weight and fineness, if you take silver ingots you cannot get them coined. The double standard, therefore, exists still in France to the extent of coined silver, but no further. The double standard, according to law, is in that country less complete than it was in England previous to the suspension of cash payments, because during that time, notwithstanding that the free coinage of silver had been stopped, any one could pay his debts to the amount of 25% of garbled silver currency, and to an unlimited extent in silver by weight.

Before continuing the subject of the standard, I will say a few words upon what I mean by money.

A friend of mine, of unequalled knowledge of commercial affairs, and of twenty years' experience in parliamentary life, was inclined last year to take an interest in bimetallism. He applied to Lord Sherbrooke for his opinion, and received for answer that only fools were to be found in favour of the double standard, and I have therefore naturally taken up his lordship's paper upon the nature of money with fear and trembling; the more so as I find that he considers bimetallism to be one of those 'delusions,' only worthy of being treated like the raging waves of the sea by letting them 'foam out their own shame.'

Having declared myself to be a bimetallist, I am astonished to find that I have been 'deluded' into a question which 'touches on the verge of the abstruse, which the mass of mankind are content not to meddle with.' 'The answer,' according to Lord Sherbrooke, 'appears to most minds'—that is, I presume, to most minds other

than those of the mass of mankind—‘so complete and so crushing that it has been thought unnecessary to give it at any length.’

I do not pretend to understand *all* that has been written on the subject, for I do not know what Lord Sherbrooke means by the ‘discipline of bimetallism,’ but I have done that which he has not done, in reading most of the treatises which have been written on the question. His method of studying it has been, as Mr. Kinglake said of Lord Raglan at the battle of the Alma, to avoid clouding his brain with useless information or plans. The masses of pamphlets which lay upon his table,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa,

have been put aside, and he has sought for information as to what he calls ‘the latest phase of the doctrine and discipline of bimetallism’ by looking exactly where he was sure not to find it. He goes to the printed report of a meeting summoned to agree upon the best mode of organising a society for the spread of the doctrine, and expects to find the whole theory explained in a speech made by the chairman to men almost all of whom had written or spoken upon it. He might as well have expected to find the Pons Asinorum or the first rules of syntax in it. In fact, to carry on his own quotation, in this he is like a ‘wandering star to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.’

He tells us he is a disciple of Smith, Ricardo, and Mill, and I presume that the form in which that assertion presents itself to his mind is the following:—‘I am a disciple of Smith, Ricardo, and Mill; I disapprove of bimetallism, therefore every one who approves of it is in contradiction with Smith, Ricardo, and Mill.’

My desire is to show that all that Mill says of the double standard is thoroughly understood by bimetallists; that what Adam Smith says of the standard refers to purity of coin more than anything else; and that the plan of Ricardo, for the paper circulation, is one which would bring out in a stronger light than any other the advantage, if not the absolute necessity, of bimetallism.

But here I am in the same unpleasant predicament of which Lord Sherbrooke complains: I am ‘jerked with kicking at nothing.’ If he had read the papers before him, he would have known that the bimetallists have never relied, for their statement of the effect of the German demonetisation, on their own resources. They have derived their whole statistical information from the writings of Messrs. Giffen and Jevons. If these are exaggerated or erroneous, their mistakes can be corrected.

The effect of bimetallism to secure a diminution of the fluctuations in the prices of the precious metals is vouched for by Mr. Jevons in his work on money.

The general principles of bimetallism are contained in a memorandum on an international bimetallic standard of value, dated Simla, June 2, 1880, which memorandum is to be found in the Blue Book containing the proceedings at the Paris Conference of 1881. Mr. Chapman, the author of it, was himself present at the meeting in November, and its contents are more or less adopted by all those who take an interest in this question.

Mr. Gibbs's pamphlet on the Double Standard, which contains the table of the relative prices of the precious metals during the whole period of the existence of the French mint prices, showing that their divergence dated from the exact moment when the double standard was destroyed, might have afforded a candid inquirer some food for reflection. But, as Lord Sherbrooke had omitted to read anything on the subject on which he lays down the law, so it was necessary for him to create a giant of some sort to destroy, and the one he has selected is a supposed assertion on our parts that we were 'undergoing some unheard-of plunder, some cruel and unjust humiliation,' by the German demonetisation. I shall shortly show that our language upon that subject has been much less violent than his own.

What we have said is that Germany committed an error, now publicly acknowledged by her to have been so, in that she 'reposed too much confidence in the doctrines inculcated by the standard writers on political economy, and in the success that had hitherto attended obedience to their advice;' that she followed the counsels of doctrinaires who had no practical knowledge of the phenomena they undertook to explain, and that she thus altered her monetary system, confiding in 'dark and dreary ambiguities,' rather than in that which would bear the light of day from being based on practical experience and theoretic truth.

A subject 'verging on the abstruse' is not exhausted by one quotation from Aristotle, and by paraphrases of Mill and Adam Smith's chapters concerning the nature of money, nor is it sufficient for an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer to assert that, like the mother of Sisera, a question upon the subject would make answer to itself. The bimetallist theory, which Lord Sherbrooke has not examined, is believed by us to rest upon the definition to be found in his own quotation from the *Ethics*—namely, that the value of money, and the relative value of the precious metals, depend less on production than on the monopoly with which it is endowed by being money.

Aristotle tells us that money has the name '*νόμισμα*' because it is not so by nature but by law, and because it is in our own power to render it useless;' thus, and thus only, was it in the power of the German Government to change its silver money and render it useless, and the consequences arising from that act are what we have to analyse and explain.

Lord Sherbrooke says that 'the value of money depends entirely on the cost of producing it.'

M'Culloch says the same thing, if possible, more explicitly; he says 'a pound weight of gold is at present worth about fifteen pounds of silver. The cause of the difference in the price of the two metals consists entirely in the circumstance of its costing about fifteen times as much to produce a pound of gold as to produce a pound of silver.'

In a correspondence between Lord Grey and myself last summer, he, while eagerly claiming for the precious metals the subservience to the general law of the cost of production, frankly admitted that qualification of the doctrine which all men, I believe, except M'Culloch, in an unguarded moment, and Lord Sherbrooke, assent to.

Lord Grey says :—

It is true that variations in that cost do not cause rapid fluctuations in the value of these metals, because they are so durable, and the total mass of them available in the world at any one time is so large as compared with the produce of a single year, that it is a good while before a reduction in the cost of producing either metal, and an increase in the amount produced, can cause any sensible variation in its value as compared to the other, or to commodities at large.

This modification, if correct, shows that the truth of the value being governed by cost of production is a question of degree and not of principle. If the interval mentioned by Lord Grey between the change in the cost of production and the effect upon the market value be a very long one, say a century, it naturally becomes less important than the instantaneous effect upon the market by the arbitrary action of certain states. The discovery of the Californian and Australian gold fields, and that of the silver deposits in the centre of North America, had less effect on the values of the precious metals than the acts perpetrated by the German and Scandinavian Governments in their total or partial cessation of silver coinage. A comparison of these phenomena seems to me to be more pertinent to the question than allusions to Diomedes and Glaucus, bricks of tea, cowries, and rocksalt, or *macutes*, otherwise money of the mind, of which Lord Sherbrooke possesses so surprising a monopoly.

Mill's remarks on the double standard have not been neglected by the bimetallists; they are as follows :—

It appears therefore that the value of money is liable to more frequent fluctuations when both metals are a legal tender at a fixed valuation, than when the exclusive standard of the currency is either gold or silver. Instead of being only affected by variations in the cost of production of one metal, it is subject to derangement from those of two.

Lower down in the same page he says :—

Some of the advocates of a double standard are influenced by an exaggerated estimate of an advantage which to a certain extent is real, that of being able to have recourse for replenishing the circulation to the united stock of gold and silver in the commercial world, instead of being confined to one of them, which, from accidental absorption, may not be attainable with sufficient rapidity.

These two assertions would be admitted by the bimetallists to have been fair enough at the time they were written; but the experience gained since the demonetisation of silver in Germany has proved that if the oscillations in the prices of the precious metals in respect to commodities would be somewhat more frequent, they would be also much less violent, with the double standard.

I now pass on to Adam Smith. In his days either of the two metals was legal tender at a fixed ratio. Lord Sherbrooke apparently fancies that some weak-kneed individuals were assembled at the India Office last November to hear the doctrine propounded for the first time. The following is what I find in Adam Smith on the subject:—

In the English mint the pound weight of gold is coined into 44½ guineas, which at 21s. the guinea is equal to 46l. 14s. 6d. An ounce of such gold coin therefore is worth 3l. 17s. 10½d. in silver.

Further on he says,—

In the English mint a pound weight of standard silver bullion is coined into 62 shillings, containing in the same manner a pound weight of standard silver; 5s. 2d. an ounce therefore is said to be the mint price of silver in England, or the quantity of silver coin which the mint gives in return for standard silver bullion.

There is not a word in the famous chapter of Adam Smith indicating his belief in the necessity of a single standard; in fact, in his day the question of the standard was so mixed up with the necessity of standard weight and fineness in the coins forming the currency of the country, that no one that I am aware of was known to discuss the possibility of a standard of value, other than that depending on the standard weight and fineness of the coins of the realm, to which principally Lord Liverpool's famous treatise is devoted. Thus Adam Smith says:—

The money of any particular country is, at any particular time or place, more or less an accurate measure of value, according as the current coin is more or less exactly agreeable to its standard, or contains more or less exactly the precise quantity of fine gold or pure silver which it ought to contain.

I now come to Ricardo, whom it is the fashion at this day to decry. Lord Sherbrooke's devotion to him is derived, I believe, from one of the causes whence springs his contempt for the classics. That contempt is bred by familiarity with them, which, in the case of Ricardo, has produced admiration mixed with envy of that special knowledge to which his lordship can never attain.

Ricardo in his day, and Lord Overstone in ours, have enjoyed the peculiar advantage of what Mr. Squeers called 'practical education': that is, they can not only spell horse, but they have rubbed him down. Ricardo's scheme for a paper currency which has been publicly praised by Lord Sherbrooke, but the precise scope of which I fancy he scarcely understands, is exactly the example which appears to me to show the advantage of bimetallism.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that Ricardo's scheme

for a paper currency should be carried out to its fullest conclusion; that one-pound notes should be issued for England, as they are for Scotland and Ireland, and that there should be no such thing as coined sovereigns at all; that the security for the payment of these notes, either by a privileged bank or the State, should be the amount of securities declared to be sufficient, and the balance in bullion. It is manifest that with such a state of things there would be no necessity for a mint at all. The precious metals, whether one or two, would be kept in ingots of the standard weight and fineness in the vaults of the issue department. The volume of the paper circulation would fluctuate exactly to the same extent as if the whole circulation were metallic, and the raising and reducing of the rate of discount would be the regular expression of the existing value of money in the country—that is, a demand for circulation would cause the rate to rise and a superabundance of it would cause it to fall. Bullion for the issue vaults would be attracted by high rates, and repelled by low rates.

Are the monometallists prepared to say that, with the circulation thus confined to paper, if the principal nations of the civilised world had agreed to treat both silver and gold as money at a fixed ratio, whether in coins or ingots, it would be to the advantage of England to restrict its operations to one metal only?

If they are not prepared to say this, they will no doubt answer that the fixed ratio is an idle dream and an impossibility, and that the reason why they wish for ingots of gold is that one metal alone can measure value. How then, if that be so, is it to be accounted for, that, during the whole period of the French mint prices being open to the world, the relative prices of gold and silver remained constant, notwithstanding the changes in the cost of production caused by the discoveries, first, of gold in Australia and California, and afterwards of silver in America? Instead of accounting for these phenomena, Lord Sherbrooke rejoices in such words as ‘confusion for confusion’s sake,’ ‘fraudulent device,’ and ‘palming off by a practice known to dishonest pedlars.’

I have already shown that in the days of Adam Smith a standard meant the measure of weight and fineness of a coin or ingot, and I have also endeavoured to show that with Ricardo’s scheme for a paper currency which Lord Sherbrooke publicly approves, there would be no need for coin at all, but bullion, and bullion only of standard weight and fineness in ingots, would be necessary to hold against banknotes beyond the amount permitted to exist in securities. The standard weight and fineness being duly certified, the pounds sterling in such ingot would constitute the measure of value in the country, because each possessor of a sufficient number of banknotes could at any time change them for an ingot, which might be sent anywhere. In such a case, the only use of the ingots would be to send abroad. Supposing the French mint prices to be restored anywhere, the holder of the ingot could procure currency with it in such places, but the mono-



metallists would prevent the holding of silver against the notes, however 'convenient it might be to the merchant,' lest it should be supposed that the bimetallic standard was that of the realm of England.

In America at this moment silver is legal tender, but nobody wheels about barrows full of silver dollars; but they have in their pocket-books silver certificates with which they can pay their debts or taxes. These silver certificates are, as near as possible, in accordance with Ricardo's proposition.

The most singular part of Lord Sherbrooke's omissions is his total oblivion of his own speeches. He thinks it a most dreadful presumption to attempt to alter the standard of the realm in England, forgetting that he has proposed to alter the standards used by two far more populous communities than ours. He first proposed to alter the European standard of value, and, secondly, that of our Indian Empire. In order that there may be no mistake whatever about his propositions, in making both of which I am bound to admit that his language about the double standard was fully as strong as it is now, I quote his words:—

A gold and silver standard is not a double, but an alternate standard. The two metals are always fluctuating in their relations to one another. It is in the nature of things for the cheaper metal for the time being to drive out the dearer. Therefore, when the silver standard drives the gold out of circulation, it leaves us nothing to compare our international coin with except the silver standard to which it would have no exact relation; and so I ventured to say in answer to the question, that it would be impossible to hold out hopes of assimilation [that is, of coinage with France] until France has made up her mind to give up the silver standard and have only a gold standard; and I am happy to say that France is favourable to the abandonment of her silver standard. . . .

But I wish here to point out that I believe it is possible for England and France, if they can make up their minds to give up a little of their prejudices for the sake of the great advantage of having an international coinage, to obtain that object. I will just show the House how that could be done. . . .

It appears to me that the subject is not so difficult as might be supposed, and that by a single measure we may secure to ourselves the great benefit of saving all the expenses incurred on our own gold coinage, without imposing those expenses on any one else, and at the same time of striking a coin which would have the advantage of an international circulation.

These extracts show that to change the standard of value all over Europe for the very small object of possessing a coin which would have the advantage of an international agreement, was in 1869 thought a very easy and simple operation by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The next quotation is from his contribution as an Opposition leader to the Indian silver discussions. He was as strong as he is now, and as he was in the coinage controversy, against the double standard, and he placed his views before the House purely as suggestions, and without any assumption of authority. But, when looked

at in the light afforded by the controversy about the standards, they showed that he exaggerated far more than any bimetallists do the evils to India arising from the demonetisation in Germany.

We know from the accounts before us that India by this means alone (that is, the depreciation of silver) actually loses and is deprived of 3,000,000*l.* yearly. This is a state of things which, if it is to be regarded as permanent and one not likely to be speedily or immediately relieved, is one utterly intolerable to be contemplated, if there be within our reach any means or power of amendment. I think the case is made out, as clearly as can be, that we should, if possible, avoid so terrible a calamity as that with which India is visited through no fault of her own, which springs from institutions which she has, which does not arise from the nature of things, but comes from institutions made by the will of man, and can be altered by the will of man.

What, then, was the remedy for the intolerable state of things brought about, as he correctly states, by the will of man and alterable by the will of man? He proposes a paper currency for India founded upon gold. After making his usual attack upon the double standard, which had been recommended by the previous speaker, Mr. Sidebotham, he adds:—

The question is whether we cannot hit on some other means. What appears to me to be wanted is a standard identical with that of the country with which it is so intimately bound up. . . .

It would be perfectly easy, I think, to introduce notes into India, and to make the regulations that Mr. Ricardo suggested, that a person should receive gold for any notes he might bring in. We know if there were any redundancy in the currency that the process would go on until the redundancy ceased; but it would go no further, and then we should be possessed of a currency, not so showy, not so expensive, but for all practical purposes just as good, as the currency of England and the silver currency of India.

This crude proposition, at first believed to have been hastily advanced in the heat of debate, was afterwards enlarged upon in an article in the *Fortnightly* of July 1879 under the title of 'A Simple Way out of the Indian Difficulty.' It included a cessation of general coinage of silver in India, and the issue of notes convertible into gold. The objections to it were,—

1. That to procure the gold to pay the redundant notes would create so large a demand for that metal as would increase the divergence between the value of it and that of silver.

2. That the enormous amount of silver rupees in India would be crowded into the treasuries to exchange for the new notes convertible into gold.

3. That, notwithstanding the limit implied by the cessation of fresh coinage, the profit to the holders of rupees would be so enormous that it would have paid to set up mints in all directions.

This 'simple way' showed the extreme simplicity of the author of it, who perhaps never suspected that it would be called 'a fraudulent contrivance,' tending to 'confusion for confusion's sake.' However, this proposition very naturally was heard of no more.

The conclusions arrived at by Lord Grey in the correspondence to which I have already referred are as follows :—

1. That the objections to bimetallism are insurmountable ; bimetallism being understood to mean a system under which the character of money is given to both silver and gold coins, and either at a fixed rate is made a legal tender in the payment of debts.

2. That the present standard of value in this country ought to be strictly maintained, and that no departure from it or from the principles of our existing monetary system ought to be made.

3. That if, in consequence of our determination to adhere to our present monetary system, France, the United States, Germany, and Italy, were to resolve that they also would maintain gold currencies, and should make such changes in their existing laws as to the use of silver as would be necessary to keep the gold coins they might issue in circulation, the demand for gold must be so increased as, for a time at least, materially to raise its value, and thus occasion much commercial embarrassment and very serious pressure on all branches of productive industry in most nations.

4. That authorising the Bank of England to use silver *at the market price* together with gold as the basis of its issues might avert this evil, by leading other nations to adopt similar arrangements, and would, at any rate, mitigate the evils that would arise from a great extension of the use of gold in the circulation of those countries, by diminishing the amount of gold required by England, and affording facilities for the employment of silver as an instrument of exchange between nations.

5. That this measure would not involve the slightest departure from our present standard of value, or from the principles of our monetary system.

It will be seen that Lord Grey accepts the fact of the evils which have followed the demonetisation of Germany.

Mr. Clarmont Daniell, an Indian writer, proposes that there should be but one standard and one legal tender of money for all the world—gold. To this he adds silver, to be equally legal tender to any amount, but upon condition that its value as existing in the bullion market shall be ascertained from time to time, and proclaimed by competent authority. Professor Bonamy Price supports this theory, and backs it up by the singular argument ‘that steadiness of value is incomparably the highest quality which money can possess.’ He therefore wishes to take away that quality from that which is the money of a very large portion of the human race, simply because he is unwilling to accept one fact which Professor Jevons has proved to be mathematically correct, and another which the French mint prices show to be historically true.

The objection which I feel both to Lord Grey’s plan and to Mr. Daniell’s is that they would have all the evils of a radical change without bringing us back to that state of the common measure of value which was lost when the French mint prices were given up.

The use of a standard is that, if the unit of account be a pound, a dollar, a mark, a rupee, or a franc, the persons having any number of these written in books against their names may know as exactly as

possible what their debt is, and what quantity of what substance will suffice to free them from it. Now with a varying relative price between gold and silver, notwithstanding that both would be used as 'instruments of exchange between nations,' the above advantage would be lost.

The functions of a standard, as has been said before, are not necessarily limited to its connection with coins or other instruments of circulation within a state, more especially in a country where paper transfers of all sorts are as much in use as they are here. A standard may be, if I may use the term, the test of that 'money of the mind' which is founded on the certainty of ultimately receiving that which will be as available in the international exchange as paper is within the state. It appears then to me that to recognise the standard of value in international exchange is more important than to regard it in its relation to interior currency, and that this consideration ought to induce the governments of those countries which have brought about the difficulty by their rash interference and ill-considered changes in their monetary arrangements, to think twice before they break up the present negotiations, even supposing that their continuance should involve an agreement with no other offer from England and the Indian Empire than that made last year.

I give this advice under the full conviction that the enormous international transactions of England will make her come into the agreement as soon as it shall be shown to be feasible, and giving due weight to the old objection which would of course arise on the part of other Powers, that they do not wish to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for us.

A great deal has happened since last year. The Italian Government has made a gold loan, but has not ventured upon a gold resumption. The American Government has shown its powerlessness to repeal the Silver Coinage Bill, notwithstanding the recommendation of the Treasurer and Director of the Mint. The silver material dollar may not have got into circulation; but the silver certificates which Lord Sherbrooke thinks better still are to be found in every railway station and custom-house, while the evils which were so intolerable in India have turned out to be only losses to the public budget of the State and the private budgets of the English officials.

Lord Sherbrooke has himself proposed an international agreement for coin which at once deprives him of the right to make the objection of its impossibility.

The French bimetallic standard was defended as far back as 1819 by Sismondi without anticipating either international agreement or free mintage, the two new elements brought in since that date. He says:—

*Si le gouvernement déclare que toute dette d'une once d'or pourra être légitimement payée avec quinze onces d'argent, ainsi que cela se pratique en France, la*

mesure commune du commerce ne s'établira pas sur la quantité annuelle produite par les mines d'or ou par celles d'argent, mais sur une moyenne proportionnelle entre les variations que subiront ces deux quantités, et l'étalon désiré en acquerra plus de fixité.

Now the above is what we want answered ; it will not answer itself. We are all agreed that the object in view is to have the greatest fixity which can be obtained from our common measure of value. We are all agreed that within a country where gold is the only measure of value, the fixity, though not absolute, is as great as can be had ; but the question is how to obtain the greatest fixity in international transactions, and with reference to this point we believe that the effect of the demonetisation of silver has shown that 'there are more things in heaven and earth' than were dreamt of in the philosophy of Lord Liverpool and M'Culloch.

Lord Sherbrooke has not refuted our arguments, but he approves of Aristotle's definition. He therefore believes that money is made by law and can be unmade by it ; but he apparently disbelieves that the relative value between the two metals can be fixed by it ; that is, he thinks that Aristotle's rule is good enough for either metal, but not for both. He is thus, in my opinion, landed in the dilemma suggested in Sheridan's famous paradox.

Sheridan was in the habit of walking with his aunt to the pump-room at Bath, but after a time that amusement palled upon him. One day he neglected to escort her, and on his visiting her next day she remonstrated with him.

'But,' he answered, 'it was raining all the morning.' 'Quite true,' she said, 'but it was fine all the afternoon, and I heard of you on the public walks.' To which he rejoined, 'My dear aunt, it was fine enough for one, but not for two.'

This argument, though in some respects defective, was meant to be, and no doubt was, good enough for an old woman. Lord Sherbrooke's limitation of the maxims of Aristotle appears to me to display a contempt for the understandings of his opponents similar to that which Sheridan felt for that of his aunt.

No doubt Lord Sherbrooke would have refuted all this if he had chosen to do so, but he has not read his brief. To use his own words in the paper mentioned above, 'why should he waste his time in thinking, when he is already master of all that has been and all that can be said on the subject ? To try to impart to such a person a new idea is a sort of insult, for it implies that there is something left for him to learn—which, as the mathematicians say, is absurd.'

H. R. GRENFELL.

## *A SCHOOL FOR DRAMATIC ART.*

MR. HAMILTON AIDÉ, in the last number of this Review, writing on this subject, makes his puppet Millbrook say, 'There are no stock companies in the country theatres.'

I think he is wrong. There is, I believe, a stock company at Brighton; also at one of the Manchester theatres, the Queen's; and at one or other of the Liverpool theatres; and I should say also in Dublin. There must be some sort of company where the theatre is open throughout the year. A beginner would get quite enough practice to accustom him to facing an audience by joining the stock company at any such theatre. Why should he not begin with the pantomime at Christmas? This, I admit, does not apply to an educated young lady who wishes to adopt the stage as a profession. I am speaking only of young men, when I suggest joining the stock company at pantomime time in a provincial theatre.

Millbrook continues: 'You know what is universally done in the present day;' and from this commencement it would naturally be surmised that Millbrook himself does know what is 'universally done,' and that he is going to impart it to his friend Haughton; and so he goes on, 'a play, when it has been done to death in London, is sent for change of air round the provinces.'

Very sorry to contradict Mr. Millbrook as to what is 'universally done' with a play, but really for a gentleman, who poses as an instructor, he does not seem to be remarkably well up in the subject he has taken in hand. The following, my dear Mr. Millbrook, is a rather more correct account: when a piece is an undoubted success, which can be ascertained with certainty at the expiration of six weeks, a company is *at once* organised to take it round the provinces, the time of its departure from town depending on the dates that can be given in the country and the plan of the campaign. A second company will be formed for a tour of the less important towns; and these two companies will commence operations, *not* when the piece 'has been done to death in London,' but when it is in the full vigour of its existence at the theatre where it was originally produced.

'A man,' continues the clever and well-informed Millbrook, 'may be required to say, "Your ladyship's carriage is at the door," three hundred and sixty-five nights running.' Yes, hé 'may,' but also he

may not. If Mr. Millbrook means that in a London theatre the 'super' who can be 'trusted with a line' would have to say these words at every performance, including *matinées*, throughout a year's run of a successful piece, he is under the mark in his calculation—that is, if by 'nights' he intends 'representations'; and I may add, that if that Super-with-a-line attempted to vary it by an occasional 'gag,' he would the first time be admonished, the second reprimanded, and the third dismissed,—that is, unless the gag was repeated by request and permitted by authority. But if the speaker of this line be worthy of better things, depend upon it he will either be picked up from outside or he will receive preferment from his own manager, who on the first opportunity would 'give him a chance' with a part in the *décor du rideau*, or, 'if he humbly and heartily desire it,' he would be sent with the provincial company, and be cast for a better part in the same piece. The only person likely to consider this statement of the case as not in accordance with facts will be the 'disappointed tragedian,' who is always complaining that professional spite and jealousy have debarred him from being at the top of the tree. Such a one is hopeless: he is neither humble nor hearty, and his proud spirit has to bend beneath the weight of a banner in a spectacle, until, alas! even the banner becomes too heavy, and he disappears from the scene for ever.

The absolute Millbrook continues: 'The opportunity of practising a constant variety of parts impossible to obtain elsewhere the School of Dramatic Art proposes to supply.'

With what the School 'proposes' I am not concerned just now; only with the 'impossibility' of obtaining the 'opportunity of practising a constant variety of parts.' First, what does our guide, philosopher, and friend Millbrook mean? and what does he want? Well, what he wants I suppose is to encourage dramatic art. There I am with him. But the means to this end? There I am without him; in fact, I don't think with his present ideas that he is wanted at all. When better instructed he may be of use, but I doubt it. He goes out valiantly enough to do battle on behalf of his idea,

Millbrook s'en va-t-en guerre.

But, unless he is better armed at all points—

On n'scait quand il reviendra.

Let him join the happy amateurs in the clouds, and theorise. But let us mortals be practical. Therefore, let us return to our young man who, in consequence of having said his line, 'Your ladyship's carriage is at the door,' so well, has been promoted to a better part in the piece, and joined the travelling company. The members of this company change and chop about; not all of them remain from first to last; other engagements with other companies, or in London, prevent

their being fixtures; and so it will happen, and not by any means as an exception, that an actor or an actress in a travelling company may, before quitting it, have played every part in the piece. I know of two cases: one, where the actor, who started as the footman in the London theatre, worked his way up through the other minor parts to a leading rôle in the piece; and another, where an actress, commencing as the chambermaid in London, joined the country company and played all the ladies' parts in rotation. That was good practice, and both actor and actress found out what they could do. The two cases I have quoted are not exceptions. The travelling Chippendale Company offered a great variety of study in the old comedies; and as it is not usually mutually advantageous for manager or actor to engage for a whole tour, the fortnight's notice on either side affords plenty of opportunity for a member of a company to leave it and join another where he may see a chance of 'bettering himself.'

I contend that there is as good a chance now, if not a better one, for the actor of ordinary talent, as there was in the days of stock companies in the provincial theatres, who got into a slipshod routine, who seldom played a new piece, but did a certain 'draw' regularly every Saturday night as the week came round, varied only by another certain draw. 'Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun,' 'The Field of Forty Footsteps,' 'The Three Red Men,' 'The Lonely Man of the Ocean,' and so forth, were, depend upon it, on the stock list of the stock company under the management of the lamented Mr. and Mrs. Crummles.

While long runs are supported by the public there will be long runs; and as long as the travelling company system pays, there will be travelling companies; and as the number of theatres is increased, so are the chances of the actor who 'really has it in him' increased.

But as to this 'School of Dramatic Art,' who are the professors? who are to teach?

The most highly gifted actors are not the best teachers. You remember Pendennis? Who taught Miss Fotheringay those dramatic tricks which so delighted and charmed her audience? Snuffy old Bows who played the fiddle in the orchestra.

The stage being what is called a 'self-educating profession,' the letter 'h' is, in a general way, beyond an ordinary actor's aspirations. The dropping of the 'h' is not necessarily a sign of an uneducated man; but it is not a model of correct English. Over how many London stages could it be safely written, 'Ici on parle anglais'? Not even in a Shakespearian theatre—where, at all events, they cannot retort that they 'only speak what the author puts in their mouths, and if he doesn't put "h's" in for them they can't be expected to pronounce them'—will the letter 'h' be given its proper value,



But to our practicality.

Each theatre should be a school of dramatic art.

Take e.g. the Lyceum, the St. James's, or the Haymarket.

Let pupils be rehearsed by the prompter in whatever piece may be running at the time. Let the pupils be shifted about from part to part, until something like a well-cast *dramatis personæ* is obtained.

Let the strictest rules be observed during rehearsal. Pupils able to do so should pay a fixed fee. Pupils unable to do so should bind themselves as apprentices to the manager of the theatre, who would have the refusal of their services at a salary for a certain time, either for town or country. The prompter and stage manager should receive extra pay for this work, to which the fees would contribute.

The paying pupils should be free to go from one theatre to another. Plenty of variety for them then. 'Orders' for witnessing performances should only be given to those unable to afford payment.

Fines should be inflicted for unpunctuality; and a pupil after three offences against any one rule should be removed from the piece, but not dismissed from the class, unless the manager should judge it necessary. Some such plan as this, carefully considered, would afford the opening so much needed by young women of good birth and education, who would go on the stage if they could be assured beforehand that their professional surroundings would be respectable.

Only under the greatest safeguards can a young lady attempt to adopt this *quasi* profession. At some theatres there may be a veneer of respectability over its Bohemianism; but 'tis a very thin varnish, and for my part I prefer the rough Bohemian kindliness, expressed in a free and easy manner towards the young beginner, to the strain of keeping up the 'best company manners' (soon to vanish when real earnestness comes out in the excitement of rehearsal), which is as snobbish in the green-room as it is anywhere out of it. All members of a company have a right to the use of the green-room of their theatre; it forms a sort of fantastic antechamber to a court of public appeal, to which every one connected with the case is admitted. In a theatre, where the entertainment is mixed, so must be, necessarily, the company in the green-room. Where will all these have been educated? In what possible school of dramatic art will this motley assembly have obtained instruction?

The subject is full of difficulty; but the suggestion I have already made as to instructions at rehearsal, and each theatre forming its own private school, seems to me to offer the greatest advantage in the simplest and shortest way: if, that is, a school of Dramatic Art be required at all.

Millbrook (I must return to him to finish with) says, 'There are too many theatres at which are one or two good actors, and the rest are sticks.' Then he goes on, 'Our school is the carpenter's shop, or rather the timber-yard'—all logs. Then he wants the 'chief

actors, the teachers of most experience in all branches'—still 'sticks'—'to select the precious from the worthless wood, to be our head carpenters in short.' But what will they do with the wood when they've selected it? Puppets of such material must be wooden. The simile seems to me about as fortunate as the 'happy thought' of the manageress who presented her two leading actors with the appropriate gift of a couple of walking-sticks.

A thoroughly good education is the best basis for an actor who has to hold the mirror up to nature. All require this, whatever profession or calling they are going to adopt; but the actor above all others, and, as a rule, he has less of it than most others.

Then he needs some special instruction; he should dance and fence well. The masters for these are at hand. He should be acquainted with music, drawing, and painting beyond a mere school-boy's knowledge. The masters for these are also at hand. He should learn the art of 'making up.' This can be taught easily enough. He should learn to recite blank verse. Ah! where is the master for this? Oh, certainly there *are* masters at hand—pompous theatrical elocutionists, from whom heaven preserve us! I doubt whether the very few actors who can speak blank verse could impart to others what they themselves have acquired from their only instructors—study, practice, and acquired knowledge of stage effect. A clever, experienced prompter, or good stage manager, could give all the necessary hints, without fettering the pupil with a master's mannerism during the rehearsals; and this I have already suggested as being the readiest, best, and most practical form of dramatic art schooling.

F. C. BURNAND.

## NOTES ON TURNER'S '*LIBER STUDIORUM*.'

THE *Liber Studiorum* was begun by Turner in rivalry with the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude, but the comparison of the two books would be unfair. Claude's drawings were slight records of his pictures, hurriedly flung off, and he has of course nothing to do with the mezzotints of them which appeared long after his death. Turner's book was made up of original studies, carefully conceived for the purpose of engraving, etched on the copper by himself; their engraving carried on day by day under his own eye, and sometimes done by his own hand. The books, as books, cannot be compared. That which can be compared is the method and power of composition of the two men, their truth to nature, their imagination of their subject, their sentiment, their range, their disposition of light and shade, their capacity of grasping the real, and of idealising it truthfully. Turner began his book by a plate, the *Bridge and Goats*, which every one can see is done in rivalry with Claude. But he soon wearied of the half-imitation, and, though there are other 'classical landscapes' in the *Liber Studiorum*, the majority of the plates are done out of his own heart, and bear his character upon them. They are always composed, that is, they are not absolute transcripts of any scene in Nature. He drew when he was at the place the impression it made upon him, and he arranged what he drew according to certain laws, on some of which I have dwelt in the notes attached to these photographs. But the laws of composition, from long habit of them, had become a part of himself, and he followed them unconsciously, practising them, as a man walks, without taking note of his movements. He drew also the landscapes which flashed upon his inward eye in solitude, such as the *Hindoo Devotions*, and the *Procris and Cephalus*; and these also were composed into a beautiful harmony, so that the landscapes seem Nature when she works like an artist, Nature working with a human soul. It is the fashion to call these composed landscapes 'ideal,' but they are never ideal in

<sup>1</sup> The author has kindly consented to the publication in this Review of a selection from certain notes which have been prepared for a forthcoming autotype reproduction of the *Liber Studiorum*, and which happened to come to the Editor's knowledge.

the sense of being untrue to physical truth. On the contrary they inform us concerning Nature, and concentrate into a short space a number of truths of mountain, river, tree, sea, cloud, and plain: each truth won from long observation of Nature by steady work done hour by hour for thirty years in the open air. Every drawing then is a record of individual emotion, of truth to Nature, and of both these harmonised by imagination into a subject and wrought in obedience to laws of composition which generation after generation of painters had elaborated in careful practice.

The publication of the book began in 1807, and was carried on at intervals for twelve years until 1819, at which year Turner was forty-four years old. Seventy-one plates were issued, and then, there being but small sale for the work, the publication was dropped. Of the remaining thirty plates—for the original plan, excluding the *Frontispiece*, was to embrace one hundred—some were finished, others had only advanced as far as the etching, and some only existed in the drawing. A few proofs, etchings, and nearly all the drawings of these unpublished plates, are in various collections. Turner classified those that were published under six heads, marked by letters above the plate: A., architectural; P., pastoral; E. P., elegant pastoral, or, as Mr. Pye thinks, epic pastoral; M., marine; M. or Ms., mountainous; H., historical, or perhaps heroic. Many engravers were employed: Charles Turner, William Say, Dunkarton, Clint, Easling, Lupton, Dawe, S. W. Reynolds, Hodgetts; and, for the aquatinted subject already alluded to, F. C. Lewis; and full information may be gained about them and their work, and about all matters relating to the *Liber Studiorum*, combined with admirable criticism, in the Catalogue compiled and written by Mr. Rawlinson.<sup>2</sup>

As to the method employed, the first thing Turner did was to make a drawing of the subject in sepia for the guidance of the engraver. These drawings are in the National Gallery. They are the ghosts of what they were, and are in almost every case and naturally inferior to the prints. The copper was then sent to Turner, who, with a few exceptions, etched with the needle the essential lines of the subject, always with a reference in his own mind to the mezzotint which was to be added. When the plate was etched and bitten in, the engraver roughened the whole plate with the *bur*—a multitude of little projecting points of copper made by a special tool, resembling the papillæ of the tongue. 'All these points catch the ink in printing, and would yield an intense black were they not removed. They are accordingly partially removed with the scraper when lighter darks are required, and the lighter the passage the more the bur is cleared away, till finally in high lights it is removed altogether, and the plate in these places is burnished.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Published by Macmillan & Co.

<sup>3</sup> Hamerton, *Etching and Etchers*, ch. ii. p. 81.

It is plain then that the mezzotint engraver can gradate the light and shade of his plate from absolute black to pure white, or rather from the deepest dark to the highest light, and no better vehicle than mezzotint could have been chosen for engraving his plates by a man who, like Turner, was a master of gradation, and was careful beyond all others of his time in developing his whole subject from or towards a dominant light. The engravers were not afterwards left to themselves. Turner had proofs of the plates at various stages of the rubbing down sent to him, and wrote on these his instructions and advice, following the engraving almost day by day, and often working on the plate with his own hands. A few he mezzotinted and engraved himself, and I have drawn attention in the ensuing notes to some curious things in these plates. When finished, they were printed off, but, owing, first, to the rapid wearing away of the less raised, that is, the most rubbed-down bur, and secondly to the polished parts becoming roughened by the friction used in cleaning the plate, the relation of tints in these mezzotints was gravely affected and changed after about thirty or forty impressions were taken by this twofold decay of the engraved surface. Hence it is only these early impressions, called 'first states,' which show the subject as Turner originally conceived it in dark and light; and when retouching became necessary the second state was arrived at, and when again necessary, the third.

As to what I have myself done in the way of notes, I was asked by the Autotype Company to write something on each plate, and I have done what I could.<sup>4</sup> Every one who reads these notes will see how largely I have been indebted to the writings of Mr. Ruskin, and if there is anything useful in what I have said, I owe to him the knowledge, principles, or insight which may have enabled me to feel the truth and beauty of these drawings. He has increased tenfold the joy of the world in all things which are just, and true, and lovely, and of good report in Nature and in Art, and uplifted the moral, spiritual, and passionate nature of man into the world where joy is noble and given to noble things. Whatever he has written on this great work of Turner's has been written in that spirit, a spirit penetrative with sympathy and imagination and directed by a will towards truth. What is written on this special book is not much, but it has taught others to strive to write in a similar way. I have tried to do so, with the unequal steps of the child who followed *Aeneas*. My object has solely been to tell the pleasurable thoughts and feelings of which these engravings have told me, and the things I have seemed to see concerning their composition during a companionship with them of many years. I have refrained from all critical blame, for criticism of that kind is useless, and Turner knew

<sup>4</sup> Of the twenty-four subjects thus annotated with their photographs, thirteen are here given.

his difficulties and his failures better than any one else; but we can never go very far wrong in saying clearly what we enjoy. If others then enjoy, or are taught to enjoy, the same things, or the way to enjoy rightly, good is done; and if the things we enjoy are not justly, but only fancifully enjoyable, then no harm is done. There is nothing which is so easily discovered to be fantastic as fantastic enjoyment. There is one kind of criticism which is altogether vile: it is that which strives to find out mistakes for the sake of pluming itself on its own cleverness; and rather than fall into that, it is better not to get the habit of blame at all. I have preferred to look at what was beautiful when I was capable of seeing it, and when I saw it to say why I loved it and how I saw it.

#### BRIDGE WITH GOATS. No. 43.

The drawing of the Bridge with Goats was probably the first made, and certainly the first engraved, of all the *Liber Studiorum*. It is the only one which is wholly engraved in aquatint, and Lewis who wrought it, having disagreed with Turner about the price to be paid for the engraving of the second plate (Chepstow Castle), which Turner asked him to etch as well as engrave for the same money, was never employed again. Turner, having thus lost the services of the best aquatint engraver of the day, turned his attention to mezzotint, in which vehicle the rest of the plates (with the exception of two of their skies) were done. This was fortunate, for the effects obtained by mezzotint are incomparably more various, more rich, softer as well as more powerful, than those of which aquatint is capable. Moreover, Turner could never have used with aquatint the etched line with the power, fierceness, and freedom he used it afterwards in the *Liber Studiorum*. In this plate, the etching is, in comparison with the others, scratchy, tentative and weak. It was partly the thin and shallow vehicle of aquatint which compelled this unforceful line; but something is no doubt due to this plate being Turner's first experiment in etching combined with engraving. He did not yet see how much and how little might be done by the etched line, nor how a few deep-bitten lines might do all the work he has here done (for example, in the trees) with a great many. In the next plate that he etched (Chepstow Castle) his manner of work with the needle changed. The line is still unforceful, too thin, even weak in the foreground; but he understood now how much he might leave to mezzotint, and how few etched lines, provided they were leading lines, he might use. Later on, force, edge, depth were given to the selected lines; nor was delicacy lost where it was needed.

Whether the landscape here is the record of a real scene, or invented from reminiscences of Italy as it seems to be, it is at least thoroughly Italian. It might be a view from some point in the

Alban hills near Nemi. The wooded hills, misty with olive, crowned and edged with stone-pines and cypresses, that here descend from their castles and villas into the plain; the plain itself below, the long flowing yet sharp-angled line of hills, the deep gorge crossed by the bridge, the scene on the road with goats and figures, the heavy blocks of volcanic rock that build up the parapet of the bridge—are one and all seen every day by the traveller in the hill country near Rome. And the burning, glowing sky, with its sun blazing in the midst and devouring all clouds, save those lofty cirrus bars that the sun makes and unmakes momentarily, is Italy and, alas! not England. The vast expanse of landscape seen from the height is also characteristic of Italy, and is one of the things which most impressed Turner, as it also did Shelley. Turner loved the endlessness of a great plain like the Lombard plain, its multitudinousness, its incessant change. It was like the sky, and had the same attraction for his imagination. To describe a vast expanse of this kind was one of his great powers, and he has with fine skill expanded this plain to the eye. He has done that work, first, by the strong horizontal line of the bridge met in contrast by the vertical arches which descend and have no visible end, so that all the horizontal lines of the plain are emphasised, and the height from which we are looking created to the eye by the depth which is given to the gorge. Next, owing to a few etched lines which connect the gorge with the plain, it seems natural to us that the narrow cleft should open out like a fan from its handle, an impression continually made on the wanderer in Italy. Then, the immense expanse of sky suggests the plain below, and we know that it lies outspread behind the hills on either side. The stone-pines on the ridge of the hill on the right also do their work of making distance, and by a common 'trick' of his, Turner, detaining the eye by a series of lines, dots, indications of rivers, of low lines of hills, and of woodland, all more or less horizontal, leads us over an infinite distance, hour by hour, till at last wearied out we gain the hills. Nothing can be better than the suggestive etching of this plain: every line, every scratch tells its tale.

This is the kind of thing Claude could not do, and this plate was done in rivalry with Claude.

The last volume of the *Liber Veritatis* had just come out when Turner began his *Liber*. This deep and pervading sunlight is in emulation of Claude, and so is the massed composition of the trees and of the men and animals on the road. But it is just because it is work done in rivalry, and in the manner of his rival, that it is not successful rivalry. The imitation takes away some of Turner's individuality, and yet that individuality was so strong that it rises through the imitation. The drawing is then neither Claude nor Turner; nor quite in the manner of one or of the other. Again, Turner worked directly from nature, and then, keeping natural truth, composed his objects—with special refer-

ence to beauty and its emotion, and to imaginative thought and its interest—into a picture. Claude did not work from nature, nor did he see or care for natural truth; but he composed his properties into beautifully disposed masses, and with a view to awaken through noble composition an ideal pleasure. It was always a conventional idealism, having no secure basis of truth, and resembles the landscape of Pope, and, when it is best, of Collins or Gray. But when we choose to look at it within the sphere of the painter's powers, and through the glasses of his time, it has its own beauty and charm, and it is seldom wanting in breadth and indeed in dignity. And this is wholly independent of its greatest charm—the beautiful purity of the light—and is of itself enough to give delight. But when Turner strove to reach this conventional idealism, he broke down. It was like Shelley trying to write in the manner of Pope or Gray. Look at the disposition of the trees on the right. Claude, at his best, would have massed them in so impressive a way that they would have solemnised the whole. Turner breaks them up, and worries the eye, and does so because he is imitating. For he could mass things better even than Claude when he chose, when he was working from his own impulse. Again, the road, the trees, figures, goats, bridge and fortress are imitative of Claude, fairly disposed properties, conventional. But the wooded hills, the plain, the hills are not imitative of Claude. They are Turner's own, and as true to nature as possible. Half nature then, half convention, half Turner, half pseudo-Claude, the drawing is like a Gothic building with a Palladian porch, and as disagreeable. I must say, however, that the splendid curve of the bridge on which the goats are, and the noble way in which it is broken, its largeness, the disposition of the two goatherds with regard to the landscape and its divisions, the hurry, crowd and speed of the troop, and the graceful and studied arrangement of the plants and tree stems in the foreground in their relation to the bridge, are things of which Claude was rarely capable.

#### HINDOO DEVOTIONS. No. 23.

Of the first state of this plate very few impressions were taken before Turner saw reason to change the sky—it is said, owing to failures in the copper. The original sky was free from clouds save for a few solemn bars of horizontal cirrostratus which, just touched with light on their under edges, hung high over the trees. Near the hill also there were a few drifting vapours, and the rest was the grave and pure sky of a misty afternoon. An entire change was wrought, and not, I think, for the better, in the second state. The sky was there made a mackerel sky, less solemn, but in its continuous repetition and in its ordered arrangement, also dignified and calm,



and detaining the eye with pleasure from distance to distance. I conjecture that the lower range of the sky, which with its barred clouds resembles a vast plain, is made so on purpose, to suggest and emphasise the plain of the Campagna below, a portion of which we see. Few things are more impressive than the immense surface of the outspread Campagna of Rome as seen from the Alban hills, and I think that Turner saw it in his mind when he drew this sky. For it is quite plain that this drawing has nothing to do with its nonsense title of 'Hindoo Devotions.' It is an ideal reminiscence of Rome and its scenery. The temple might almost have been directly sketched from that of Minerva Medica. The half-withered and stunted trees are such as we meet in the Campagna. The stone-pines, two and two together, and scattered on ridges of ruin, inevitably with that sky, put us in mind of many a drive in the Campagna. The mingling of trees and ruin on the further bank above the stream, and the slow, sluggish stream itself, recall the banks of the Anio. The low hill beyond the plain has the outline and the sentiment of the hills we see from the platform of the Lateran. Indeed, the whole sentiment of the scene is Roman. Deserted, melancholy, ghastly, yet keeping its solemn grandeur, its inextinguishable and pathetic appeal to our sympathy for the ruin of so much glory, for the passing away of so much of human life. There is no doubt that Turner felt this. The very ground is built up of the ruins of temples and baths, and the wild weeds grow among the remains of pride and luxury and of the worship of the gods. He embodies in the drawing all the sorrow of Rome, and all the strange and haunted sense of the wanderer at night, outside the walls of Rome, who hears the dead whisper, and sees them pass him by, white in the white mist. The image or painting nailed on the tree is such also as hangs on many a wayside tree near Rome, and the kneeling figure kneels like a Roman peasant. It must have been one of Turner's grim jokes to take off its clothes and make it a Hindoo. He may have wished to conceal his contrast, already remarked by Mr. Rawlinson, of the religion which could engage the wayfarer to worship on the roadside, and to find his temple everywhere, with the religion which only lived in the ruins on which the wayfarer is kneeling.

When we turn from the drawing as an ideal representation of sentiment, and ask how far it is an ideal representation of natural truth, our satisfaction is not so great as it is in other and even less important subjects. The sky is admirable, even without its distinct aim at sentiment. The hill and plain are lovely and true, and the two pines on the ridge of ruin, which throw the plain and hill into distance, possess that lonely aerial look which makes those isolated trees in Italy enchant the imagination. The dip of the road, the broken ground and banks of ruin, and the brushwood beyond them which binds them together with so beautiful a curve, the disposition

of the tree trunks with the ground and the mystery of the road itself, are all skilfully wrought, but they do not so much as usual with Turner tell us many natural truths in a beautiful way. I do not like to blame the trees on the left hand, but I do not understand them and cannot like them, though I suppose Turner wanted them to be so. The stone-pine nearest to us is a careful study, and the branches in their balance and arrangement, in their combination of rigidity and spring, and their tale of the ceaseless effort of the tree to set right the original push it got out of the perpendicular (an effort one can follow all along the stem) are very interesting; so is the intricacy of the upper branches and the repose of the foliage, but I do not think that Turner can be said to have ever drawn a stone-pine in a perfect manner, or with the sympathy and joy it needs; and this tree is no exception. As to its companion, it is a libel. But these criticisms matter little. This drawing is poetical in a way not many of the *Liber Studiorum* are, and in a way too much neglected. It is a piece in an old manner, and Turner seems—so versatile is he—to the manner born.

RAGLAN CASTLE. No. 58.

Turner did not etch this plate. Indeed, the commonplace and monotonous etching would almost spoil this beautiful subject were it not for the careful skill with which Turner has mezzotinted it. Of the subjects of the *Liber Studiorum* which he engraved with his own hand, this and the *Source of the Arveron* are those in which he followed the method of the engraver rather than that of the artist, using engraving tools as if the tools were brushes and the mezzotint colour. The result was that the effects produced in these two plates lasted, while those of the others he engraved wore out after a few impressions. Indeed, I may say concerning a plate like the *Mer de Glace*, or the centre of the *Frontispiece* (where the most delicate effects are produced, not by rubbing down the mezzotint to the surface of the copper, but by laying on different kinds of mezzotint with different tools on the surface of the copper, as if he were laying on subtle touches of colour), that at every impression the effect was changed. I have never seen the distance the same in any first state of the *Mer de Glace*. Yet, even in this plate, where he has schooled himself to employ his tools in the manner of the engraver, he has also used the freedom of the artist, and in the tall tree near the castle has neglected the etching, and scattered behind it little clouds of mezzotint to suggest the light foliage. The engraving of the undergrowth above the bank, and of the bank itself with all its shadows, is of the highest quality; as is the skill with which the water and all the reflections are treated, especially the reflections of the supports of the bridge, which actually seem to make the eye feel the

olly, sluggish surface of the moat. See also how the passage of the bird, breaking for the moment these reflections, so detains the eye that the depth of the reflections and the height of the bridge are both increased.

The composition is very simple, and needs little comment. It is true that where the composition is simple, a great artist like Turner varies in a hundred subtle ways his detail in order to give pleasure, and it would be possible to illustrate the laws of composition at many different points of this subject. But one may say that, in general, where the composition of the whole is simple in a drawing of Turner's, the detail is varied and subtle, and where the composition is complex the detail is simple.

The sentiment of this piece is one not difficult to feel. It is evening solitude in a deserted place where man has once lived in pride and power and pleasure; a place haunted, when night falls, by ghosts of the past, but undisturbed now except by the cry and the splashing of the water-hen as it beats its wings and trails its feet across the waters of the moat. As usual, Turner marks his sense of the past splendour of the castle and the pathetic sorrow of its decay by the setting rays of the sun that strike through the ruined windows. It is the same thought he had when he drew the *Norham*. Here also the upper clouds hang in peace and sympathy over the landscape, and the soft fells behind are steeped in the light of the solitary sunset. No one clearly knows where this castle is, and indeed it often seems to me that Turner drew this place in the land of pure imagination, and that the light upon it is the light of vanished Faery-land. It is not wholly like England. Certain foreign touches in it, and a certain strangeness in the trees, as if they were more ideal abstracts than actual studies, have always suggested to me that Turner felt as he drew that the romance of the place belonged to all countries. Lastly, as in Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*, the highest point of light is in a foreground flower—so is it here. Even brighter than the flash of the water behind the bird, is the eye of light made by the lily under the bank. Indeed, not only is it the eye of the drawing in this sense, but its soft peace with its outspread leaves around sleeping in the slumberous water, and its loneliness with none to see or love it, strike the keynote of the feeling with which Turner wished to impress the mind.

#### THE CRYPT, KIRKSTALL. No. 39.

To draw a piece of architecture like this crypt gave Turner real pleasure. I dare say an architect would find fault with the technical drawing and the perspective, but no mere architect could have drawn this. The spirit of the Norman work breathes in the stones. How firm—centuries will not shake them—these pillars rest and rise!

How massive the masonry of the roof! How closely knitted together! How fitted to bear the weight of the church above! The place is small, yet looks twice as large as it is. There is not a stone of it with which Turner has not had sympathy, in etching which he did not feel that the masons loved their work, put into it their own thought, and worked for their own hand. Look at the capitals of the pillars, and note the corbels along the wall. They are etched as if they were hewn from the living stone.

Turner not only etched but engraved the plate, and it is enough to show that no mezzotint engraver ever used his tools as Turner has done. He uses them as an artist uses his brushes and pencils, and dashes in sweeps of mezzotint as if they were washes of colour. He did not roughen the whole of this plate over with the tool, and then scrape and burnish it down to the light. He put in the mezzotint at once of the shade he wanted (just as an etcher adds shade to his guiding-lines immediately), as, for example, in the shading of the cows and of the willows outside the window. See also the way he has used the large-toothed tool on the flat of the arch that springs from the pillar on the right, and in other places, in order to get what the water-colourists call texture. Look also at the engraving of the shadow of the central pillar, and the three strong lines at the top. No engraver would have put those in in that way. It is a colourist's work. Indeed, the character of all the earlier mezzotint engraving of Turner in the *Liber Studiorum* is that he sought for effects which were water-colour effects, not engraving, not even etching effects. The result was that the finer effects perished almost immediately, and were so far failures as engraving. These willows, after a few impressions, vanished, and so did the exquisite gradating of the central column. In what is called the second state of the plate the pillar and the willows were darkened with fresh mezzotint. These in turn perished and were again made light, but the original beauty never returned. There are all kinds of delicate reflections of light on the roof in this plate, especially above the pool. These also a few impressions merged in the general mass of shade. They were never seen again. Those who have not a first state of the plates engraved by Turner have no idea of their first finish and beauty.

The bright pillar is, of course, the centre of the composition, and Turner has bestowed infinite pains upon it. The diffused light from the second window on the right, now serving for a door, and the direct sun-rays from the unseen gap on the left, meet upon this pillar. To give it importance, the mass of cows forms, as it were, a base for it, and the cow behind it, kept white, throws it forth from the wall. The head of the cow with her dark muzzle, down to which the shadow of the pillar comes, and the dark shadow of the other cow who is resting against it, make it spring forth to the eye. It seems to bear up the whole roof, yet, strong as it is, the extraordinary deli-

cacy of the engraving of its shaft makes it beautiful in the midst of strength.

The time is deep, hot afternoon, and the slanting rays of the sun, which pour in on the left, rule by their lines the arrangement of the ground and the borders of the pool. But light comes from the other side also, through the two windows, and both lights are represented on both the pillars with difference, one being directly incident and the other diffused light; and this twofoldness of light is wrought with especial care on the right-hand pillar, which in the dark water, owing to its own reflection and to reflected light from the bottom of the pool, seems to have no end. The willows outside, lost almost to the eye in the warm haze which the sun draws from the river, deepen the impression of heat which the sheltering cattle first create; while the dark pool suggests the neighbourhood of the river, and impresses on the mind the pleasant contrast of shade and coolness.

There is no humanity here, only utter stillness and loneliness. But it is the loneliness and stillness of Nature and animals among the ruined work of man; and there is Turner's ineradicable sadness in the image of the cattle sleeping where men met once to worship God and to bury their dead, and in the dark pool which rots under the roof, and the weeds which crawl around the pillars, to the building of which artists of old time gave their best thoughts and their deepest faith.

#### SKETCH OF SHIPPING. No. 10.

##### *The Egremont Sea-piece.*

This is one of those days Turner was fond of, when the wind across a clear upper sky continuously brings up heavy rain-clouds, one after another, each attended with fierce rain. As the clouds pass away with the wind, the sun from the clear sky above strikes on and illuminates their upper edges. The moment chosen here is when one squall has passed, and another approaches in an interval of no rain. Rain is falling to the right and left, but not in the centre. This massive sky, full of movement and of infinite variety of whirling vapour and of darkness and light, has the contrast which enhances the pleasure it affords in the quiet space of upper air on the right and in the horizontal cirrus clouds that float in it. The same contrast of movement and quiet is even more vividly made by the ships which whirl swiftly in curves around the steady straight-lined ship at anchor. In order to animate the sky still more and to fill the mind with the impression of the gale, Turner has put in the gulls which are tacking against the wind, and the pennant and flags of the ships which struggle with the wind to escape, and are themselves like flying birds. The oblique lines of shadow which cross the sky at right angles to the masts of the sailing ships are also useful. They make

the curves of the clouds seem more beautiful, and they double the speed of the ships. By them also, and by a number of reflected lights, volume, distance, and mass are given to the clouds. To get distance, the sea is divided into three spaces on the left, the middle one of which is flooded with sunlight; but still more sense of distance is created to the eye by the two upright but twisted posts which stand up beyond the pier. The same effect of distance is produced on the right hand, but in a different way, by the shadow of the sails of the ship which divides the sea into five spaces and forces the eye to travel over them one by one.

The direction of the wind is given by the ship in the midst at anchor, riding head to the wind. The force of the wind is given by the way she sinks downward at the head, pulling at the cable. The wind is strong, therefore, but it is blowing off shore. Hence the waves have no run in them and no massiveness, and are broken up into white water. They lift only against the pier with the general agitation of the whole sea, and the interest of their drawing consists in the representation of the clashing of this apparent double movement, the movement towards, and the movement away from, the land. Three of the ships are sailing free with the wind on their quarter. Another beyond the ship at anchor has just luffed up head to wind in the process of tacking, and her sails are flattened against the masts. Their life, their speed, the way they are in the water and its masters, are not more admirable than in its own way is the engraving of the sails. The sentiment of the piece is easily felt. It is Turner's pleasure in the vigorous sea-life of England; in the sturdy mastery of winds and waves by such old tars as we see upon the pier; in the stir of her commerce, using with joy the ocean for its work under the protection of her navy. If the pennant tell true, the ship at anchor is an old ship of war, now on guard, and round it, as if claiming their right to its defence before they go on voyage, sweep the merchant ships in salutation.

#### SKETCH FROM SEA-PIECE. No. 20.

##### *The Leader Sea-piece.*

As the sentiment of the Egremont picture is collected round the active business of England's commerce and of its freedom and command over the sea under the guard of her navy, so the sentiment of this picture is England watched over by her warships. The line-of-battle ship at anchor is the guardship at the Nore. Another ship of war in the distance doubles the impression of watchfulness and protection. Between them both the fishing-boats return safely to the land. They belong more to the land than the merchant ships of the last picture, and Turner almost always mixes them up with home.

In this picture the shore lies low, scarcely seen ; the rest is England's surest guard—the sea.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep.

It is not the sea at peace which defends her, but these wild squall-tormented waves that run so fiercely here, the crests torn off by the wind which has made the clouds above as wild and tossed as the water. It is a wonderful sky. The great cumulus clouds have all their upper edges blown away like the wave-crests underneath ; and lower down they are tailed off, as if by wind, into parallel lines of slanting stratus. The very rays of sunlight seem also to be driven into the same lines by the wind. Above, heavier clouds, charged with rain, are heaving forward, their edges full of a coming shower. The sea is divided into four stripes of alternate dark and light. The nearest and largest is blackened by the squall which sends the fishing-boat along so swiftly. Their horizontal lines harmonise and emphasise the horizontal lines of the anchored ships, and insist on the impression of firm and stately watchfulness they are designed to make. The beautiful curve made by the two fishing-boats and by the sloping patch of light on the shore, and the sweep of which is determined by the etched lines of the stern of the nearest boat, is a lovely contrast and determination of the strict horizontal lines, and the rushing speed of the boats equally contrasts with and determines the stern quiet of the warships. The sloping lines of the masts of these boats, at right angles to those of the clouds, yet both—clouds and boats—moved by the wind, enhance the sense of the force of the wind, and so does the strained cable of the ship. The run and curves of the sea are developed to the eye by the three white touches on the bars of the buoy which curve against the curves of the waves. Note the masterly etching of the waves and the splendid drawing of their eddying curves around the buoy, and of their hollowed calm behind. It is in their work around this buoy that Turner tells exactly how strong he means the wind to be.

MILL, NEAR THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, DAUPHINY. No. 54.

I do not know who was the etcher of this plate : but it is most likely by its engraver, Dawe. If so, it proves pretty clearly that he had no hand in the etching of any other plate in the *Liber Studiorum*, for it is very badly done. The engraving, however, is excellent, so much so that it is supposed that Turner had a hand in it. I cannot myself trace his work anywhere. But whether or no, there is so much of Turner's own nature in this plate, that it needed not his own hand. Perhaps he thought it would of itself reveal him plainly. And it does reveal his profound sympathy with the difficult

labour of man, and with the victory of that labour, and also the two ways in which he felt and looked at Nature.

In the *Devil's Bridge*, the scene represented is far more savage than that of this drawing. . We are there placed higher up in the mountains, beyond the region of the trees, nor is there seen in that engraving any trace of humanity except the bleached skeleton of the mule of some traveller who had been cast away. But here at a lower level, human toil, which has gone on for years and still goes on, has fixed its home in the very jaws of the gorge. The rude mill is set across the gulf of the torrent, and the light wooden bridge, over which the workman is passing in the sunset, leads man to his labour. Nature is, even where she is tempestuous, used by man to do peaceful work. But it is sore and difficult labour, done in spite of the enmity of Nature. The roaring stream, the tumbling rocks, the overhanging cliffs that frown over the lonely mill, seem to threaten its life day by day. It is as nothing in the midst of all these mighty forces, yet to the artist, it and its bridge are the centre of the whole: the eye of the composition, the keystone that knits the whole together. Turner has made this plain in his own way. There is, to the right of the window on the face of the mill, a little etched lozenge, with two lines descending from it to a point. That is the keystone. It is repeated on a larger scale on the projecting angle of the rock below, which itself is the centre of the natural scenery, and the same thing is carried on down lower, but in a more disguised manner. This dominance—expressed in this fashion—of the mill in the composition is the expression also of Turner's belief that, vast and overwhelming as the grandeur of rock and wood and torrent was in this place, yet the little building of human hands which here has used, yet in obedience, rock and wood and torrent for its own just purpose, had a greater grandeur. It is in sympathy with this difficult and obedient victory that he pours behind the mill the scattered lights of the sunset and fills the sky above it with delicate films of gracious cloud that seem to smile upon its loneliness. Nay, though at first we think that the mountains frown over it, afterwards we feel that they have adopted it as a child of their own and now protect its frailty. I have before said that Turner often felt this adoption by nature as her own of the works of man, and here he has certainly expressed it, and with equal tenderness and strength.<sup>5</sup>

When we turn from the humanity of the subject to its represen-

<sup>5</sup> It is the destruction of this adoption of buildings by Nature and of all her work upon them in development of their character and their beauty which makes our accursed 'restoration' so wicked. The front of S. Maria Novella at Florence has been wrought upon by Nature, till through her wearing and carving toil upon the stones, and through her artist hand, laying on year by year subtle and lovely colour, it is as varied in surface and as beautiful as a hill-side. It is this very beauty which seems ugly to the restorers, and they are already projecting its annihilation at Florence.



tation of nature, we find in it Turner's sympathy alike with the savage power, and with the tender beauty, of wild nature. The mountain precipices are hewn as with a giant's hand. The stream has worn and swept away masses of rock as huge as great houses. The waters never cease to struggle with them; and over stream and rock, and up the cliff, at every coign of vantage, the rock-rooted pines grow strongly, the children of the tempest, dark-foliaged and armed with iron greaves from point to point. It is the tormented loneliness of desolation, the incessant activity of self-destructive forces, and all so drawn, so wrought together, that we feel the very passion of the artist when he first beheld the scene.

Yet, on the other hand, he drew with as distinctive a joy, and with exquisite tenderness, the sunny trees upon the mountain slope resting in peace, and the broken lights which play above the mill. Among the straight climbing pines and contrasted with their dark and firm monotony of foliage, Turner has placed the elastic grace of the chestnut, the trembling and sunlit variety of its foliage, and the upward leap of its young branches. A beautiful little bit of undergrowth below, through which a falling rivulet makes music, touches still further this note of tender play in the midst of the 'torture of the scene,' and above, it all, the rosy sunset, far set in heavenly calm, pours into the wild glen its loveliness and pity.

These are the two sides of Turner's soul. Both aspects of nature are drawn and felt with equal intensity. Nothing is greater than his sympathy with the overwhelming power of nature except his sympathy with her overwhelming tenderness. He draws these gigantic masses of rock, with the fierce stream roaring round them, with the sternest joy and truth. But I have seen in a little Yorkshire drawing his hand lingering with even greater joy and truth over a tiny stone in a dark and tiny pool. Each manifold reflection in the water, each wrinkle in the stone, are laid in as if a fairy were at work, and near the stone one spray of ivy strays with every line on every leaf painted in half the space of one of these letters, and on the stone a kingfisher is watching, whose feathers seem to glow with all the colours of the rainbow woven in and out in lovely interchange. To paint both these extremes with equal delicacy and power, there must have always been in Turner's mind, when he was at his best in work, absolute peace, joy, and unconsciousness of self.

As to the composition, the mill, as I said, is its centre. The rocks of the stream, though dispersed with apparent indifference, are yet subjected with the sternest temperance to the necessities of the composition. They are so arranged as to force the mind forward to dwell on the knitting together of the jaws of the gorge in fierce resistance to the torrent, and it is at this very point that they approach close enough to enable the mill to be set between them, and to take for its work the full force of the confined water.

It is this confinement of the water which motives its terrible power, and explains, when we realise it, the deep undercutting of the cliff beyond, as the undercutting itself impresses us with the long-enduring force of the torrent. Moreover, in the cleavage of the rocks below Turner tells us how, when the ditch was cut above by the water through the solid rock, it was cut in that oblique, rather than in a vertical fashion.

But, returning to the composition, stability is given to the frail structure of the mill by a trick of art which Turner often uses for that purpose. He underlies the triangle made by the roof of the mill with a reversed triangle made by the bridge and the two rocks which lean towards one another underneath it. The mill is connected with the cliff above by the curve of the line of the water falling from its wheel which continues the curve inwards of the cliff, and lifts it higher into the air. The skill of the arrangement of the stems of the trees in the foreground is easily detected, and the arrangement is repeated as much as possible by the trees behind on the ridge of rock. The two midmost trees in this ridge close up the vista between the two first trees among the rocks, and, in closing it, bring near to the eye the steepness of the mountain slope behind them. On the other hand, the repetition of the two vertical and lofty lines of the cliff and of the tree by the vertical supports of the bridge deepens and throws back the gorge.

#### CANAL LOCK AND WINDMILL. No. 27.

The sentiment of the mill, set on the hill against the lighted sky, has been so penetrated by Mr. Ruskin that no more can be said of it, and nothing half so well. But the same kind of sentiment is continued in the rest of the drawing. It is not an ideal sentiment, as in the *Hindoo Devotions*, but the sentiment of real life among the hard-working English poor; not sympathy with the wayside worshipper whom half in careless scorn Turner makes into a Hindoo, but with the difficult drudgery of men who snatch their supper by the wayside, whose rest is taken among their tools and toils, and whose beasts of burden only cease labour for a moment on the wayside. This is England all over, but the artist's heart is in it. All things are reposing with the sinking of the sun. An hour is given to quiet, and the slow sluggish life of the canal, and its dreary labour, is contrasted in Turner's half pathetic, half bitter way, by the swift rushing of the sun to its rest, and by the splendour of its kingly pavilion. But even here in the sky, the ordered continuity of the clouds, their systematic arrangement and repetition, impress the mind with the peacefulness of the time, and a number of repetitions of objects all along the course of the canal, to which it is needless to draw attention, are used to create the same feeling. Nor is the mill itself,

unmoved by the wind, and resting in the lofty sky, less the teller of repose than the heavy boat that sleeps far below in the dark water, and its companion whose firelight, rising from the chimney, illuminates the lock. There is only one touch of active work in the whole drawing, that of the two men who heave round the lever of the lock gates, and it is there to deepen by one sharp contrast the quiet of the whole. The distant landscape of trees and bridge (the upward curve of the bridge being used to lift the ground to the eye) has its sleepy charm in the golden mist, and tells of the character of the country side; and Turner has put on the left of the mill the tops of a few trees to inform us that behind the hill the landscape has the same still monotony.

The lock gate on the left, rising steeply, sends the mill high into the air; the door, which hangs aside from the mill, adds to that aerialness of it which is finally asserted by the switching sweep of its upper sail into the very zenith. The two millstones in light seem to make the mill alive, their circles round off its pedestal to the eye, and through contrast insist on its vertical and horizontal lines. The slope of the cart and of the staircase modifies the rigidity of these lines, and does for the lower part of the mill what the sloping sails do for its upper part. Look too at the force and boldness with which the pivot of the sails looks forth like a horn with eyes into the sunset. It also makes the mill alive. Out of it looks the spirit of the building.

Lastly the sky. The upper clouds in reality are in oblique parallel lines, sloping down from the right-hand upper corner; and this series meets lower down, as in *Hindoo Devotions*, another series of horizontal bars of cloud. The effect of the setting sun on such a sky is to throw the clouds into apparent curves, the highest point of the curves being immediately above the sun, so that the king of day seems to go to sleep under a triumphal arch. This is really caused not by any actual change in the arrangement of the clouds, but by their being apparently destroyed in the path of the intensest light. And Turner, who never fails to tell truth, has taken pains to indicate the real lines of the clouds underneath the light, and to tell us all this story.

NORHAM CASTLE, ON THE TWEED. No. 57.

This is not one of the best, but it is one of the simplest in sentiment, and most direct in composition, of all the *Liber Studiorum*. It is worth while to compare it with the same subject in the *Rivers of England*. Turner had seen Norham once, and then the sailboat, the cows in the water, the boats drawn on the shore and by the beach, were all there, lit up by the setting sun. He never forgot them, and often as he painted the scene they always reappear. But he never painted quite the same sentiment. He changed the aspect of Nature

and the disposition of the things remembered. In the engraving from the *Rivers* the sun has not gone so far to its setting as in the *Liber* print; it is directly behind the castle, and its rays break through the upper windows. More of 'sparkle' falls on river and rock and hill; the clouds roll back there from the sun and curl up from the tops of the hills, nor are there those solemn cirrus clouds which, their under edge touched with light, seem in our subject to brood over the castle with pity and blessing. And as the sun in the plate of the *Rivers* has not sunk so low as in the *Norham* of the *Liber*, so there is more life, more humanity, more movement in the *Norham* of the *Rivers*; the very river is rippled strongly with the wind, and the reflections are more profoundly broken. But the plate is worried with too much business, too much sparkle. It is commonplace in comparison with this grave and dignified composition, more grave in this early proof even than in the first state where the sky behind the castle is lit up with the diverging rays of the sunset.

Very likely Turner had Scott's lines in his mind when he drew his sketch, and remembered the splendour of that time with pity and regret. For the castle rules proudly over the whole picture, filling the eye and the imagination. It has become bound up with the very roots of the rock. Tweed herself is subject to it,—nay, one sees that it rules over the Cheviots in the distance. The very sun is its friend, and illuminates it like a mountain peak. But it is all in vain. The sadness of the ruin, and the ruin of the labour and of the glory of men is deeper in Turner's mind than the dignity and splendour of the past, and, as if to insist on this, Turner places on the left hand a cabin which in its outline echoes the greater part of the castle, and in itself, were it not for this pathos of analogy, is one of the ugliest things he ever put into a landscape. Nor are the stranded boat and the figure of the boy less awkward. The only use of the boy, as he stands there like a recruit at drill, is to continue the line of the wall of the hut, and with his reflection to lift the hut into some height. The same thing is done for the castle by the upright sail of the boat, and by its reflection. Nor can any one mistake the effect of peace produced by the repetition of the horizontal line of the castle wall in the back of the cow underneath it, nor the harmony into which the whole composition is bound up by a similar repetition—that of the curve of the rock on the right hand in the lines of the cows on the hill side.

Lastly, Tweed herself, in the shallow reach, seems calm, but a light wind ruffles its surface, and all the reflections are lengthened. The sail of the boat is brought down almost to the bottom of the plate, the reflection being taken up again and again by every ripple. Over the whole space of water there is a ceaseless play and interchange of reflections and shadows, which it would be too long to discuss here.

There is scarcely an inch of the engraving of the water which would not yield to our study additional knowledge of the differences between shadow and reflection, and of how they each play their parts together. Underneath the sailboat, underneath the cows, they mingle but are not confused. Those who care to know how to study this sheet of water had better read the chapters on the subject of Reflection in the first volume of *Modern Painters*. Over the whole broods peace, and time and feeling and evening move with the slow wafting of the boat upon the stream.

SUNSET. Picture in the possession of Sir John Mildmay.

No. 40.

This is a cold autumnal sunset. The sun is half veiled by thin vapour, but enough light remains to sparkle on the crests of the near waves as they break on the beach. But most of this light in the foreground is due to the reflections from the clouds, and from the pure space of sky above. The sun—a frequent effect in Nature—has thrown back and aside the heavier clouds, and its rays from behind the straight mass of vapour strike on their under and upper edges and on the wavelike and lighter clouds above, as they strike on the sails and waves below. "This suggestion of the sun throwing open the gates of heaven as he sinks to rest, is common with Turner. The composition of the sky is a sort of reversed repetition of the composition of the lines of sea and shore, of boats and waves below. It is this which, while it creates an impression of peace, introduces an element of wildness, even of something weird, into the sentiment of the picture. There is quiet, but storm is coming; and the thought of the stormy night at hand deepens the human feeling of the picture. It is the sentiment we feel at evening of all things coming home to rest. The sun drops into his ocean bed. The very wave is tumbling in to finish its life. The seamen drive their fishing boats to shore. Wife and child run to receive them, and the baby in the mother's arms sees its father. Others have beached their boat, and lay it by, and rest. The fisherman with the net is going home. The fishing boat yet out on the darkening sea deepens this impression, through contrast, by its loneliness and unquietude.

This is one of the few of the *Liber Studiorum* which is full of gentle, not tragic, sympathy with simple and happy humanity. The note is low and quiet like the evening, but it is none the less tender. And perhaps Turner used his anchor to show that all life is anchored best in labour which returns to a love of home.

Much might be said of the splendid drawing of the wave on whose crest the boat is being beached. Those who have seen the thing will know its truth. The sails and masts of the lugger seem to spring forward to the shore, and Turner has exaggerated their

ake forward on purpose. Throughout the composition repetition and contrast reign, for peace and movement have both to be suggested. The mother and the running boy are intended to repeat the lugger and her forward rush, and to harmonise with them; but the sharp curve of the anchor towards the right meets in contrast the curve of the boat's stern to the left, and its fixity increases the swiftness of the boat. The same contrasts and repetitions, much disguised, may be seen in the beached boat and the massed casks and timbers set in opposed curves on the shore; but on that side of the picture all is rest, as on the other all is movement. The tall, thin mast, like the figures on the shore, gives distance to the three divisions of the sea, and the two horizontal pieces of wood with the stones on the beach are to bind the two divisions of the composition together. There are few of the *Liber Studiorum* in which Turner has made Nature more fully in sympathy with man.

#### CALM. No. 44.

The sun is rising through mist in this engraving, a subject similar to that of the picture in the National Gallery. The light strikes upwards through the vapour on the clear heaven above, and touches the drifting cirri of the upper sky. The slight dip in the curtain of mist behind the sail of the hayboat shows where the sun below is just breaking from the horizon, and this story is still further told by the light which creeps from beneath the mist and shimmers on the water down to the bottom of the plate.

Along with the haze there is profound calm. But there has been storm twenty-four hours before, or there would not be so many gulls close in shore; and after the heavy rain the fishing boats that have sought shelter are drying their sails. It would be unlike Turner not thus to suggest contrast, nor indeed is peace ever profound which does not speak of storm. Calm as the sea is on the surface—an 'oily calm'—there is a wide low ripple running in, such as is left long after the passage of a gale, which ripple breaks up all the reflections, as we see in the reflection of the oar, and continues them from ripple to ripple; and this continuity, this repetition, deepens the calm. There are faint puffs of wind, enough to fill the sail of the hay barge, and to flap the flag of one of the boats. But the calm seems all the deeper for this faint movement. The sails slumber, there is no work doing, the men in boats and barge rest and chat idly, the ship in the offing rides to her anchor in the mist that seems to sleep. The only things that move swiftly are the birds, and they are rejoicing in peaceful air; while the upper clouds are of the type that belongs to windless spaces of sky. As usual, and as Ruskin long ago pointed out with regard to the Scarborough, Turner makes 'echoes' to increase the impression of peace. The bows of the two central boats answer to one another,

and so do the two oars aslant in the water. On each side of the central mass of sails, the eye is detained by two white sails, and then by two dark ones; the ships also in the distance echo the sails of the boats on the shore, where two men with nets, and two posts with their two reflections, are also seen.

The great mast in the centre wants no lifting, but the mast of the hay barge which is to carry the eye upwards to the loftier air and clouds would not do this work sufficiently were it not sent upwards to the eye by the buoy, the bird, the line of the rudder, and the men upon the hay. Nothing can be more clever than the distance given to the brig by the white fishing sail beside it and its reflection, nor than the way in which the curve of the large fishing boat's stern is continued by the anchor and the man who is looking round the fore-sail, so as to break what would otherwise be the too abrupt and sharp lines of the sail.

The plate is attractive, but it is not one of the nobler subjects, nor is it very successful as a piece of engraving. Turner engraved it as well as etched it himself, and he never seemed to get it quite right. He etched it in different ways; any one can detect the changes and patching of the etching underneath the present work. There are unaccountable things in it. The boat in the foreground and its shadow have been re-bitten and re-engraved so often that the copper was quite dug into before the plate was issued, and it soon became rotten in this place. The sky is in confusion over the sails, and was botched in the plate, so that birds had to be put in over the worn places. As to the finer work on the distant sails of the brig, on the hay in the barge, and in the sky—as usual, it vanished almost immediately. It is characteristic both of Turner's engraving and of his cleverness, that when the sky got all into patches and out of harmony with the sea and ships, he recreated the whole plate and turned it from an effect of sunrise into that of a golden summer afternoon. This, which is sometimes called the fifth state, is a very luminous and lovely plate, but too thinned-out to be satisfactory.

#### PROCRIUS AND CEPHALUS. No. 41.

Of all the woodland studies of the *Liber Studiorum* this is the simplest and the finest, and it is mingled up by Turner with fateful love and the passion of death, over which, as if in pity, the trees depend. It is an apse of wood in which Procris lies dying. From side to side the trees slope upwards to interlace their branches nearer and nearer together, till the arched roof closes upon a little rising of the glade, where two tree-stems shut up the woodland chapel that becomes, as if in prophecy of death, darker and darker to the end. But on the dying of Procris Nature pours through the stems of the grove on the hill the evening light, which fades as fades the life of

Procris,—in satire or in sympathy, who can tell? At least if this is sympathy, the freshest and brightest foliage of the whole work, the young abundant life of Nature, seems on the left, above the dogs, to mock with its radiant boughs the human sorrow.

It is not quite a solitary forest place, but on the outskirts of the forest, where the ruts made by the cart of the woodcutter may be seen in the foreground; but it is still enough unfrequented to allow the ground to keep its ridge and flow, and beautifully and with exquisite skill and complication is it broken. It seems, and is, Nature's work. Yet there is not a line of it which is not of value to the composition, and which does not 'motive' the growth and disposition of the trunks of the trees.\* And that disposition is varied so skilfully that it is as it were an abstract of Nature's variety. Not a tree grows in the same way, yet every modification is accounted for by the lie of the ground and by the mutual yielding of the trees to one another. Nor anywhere in the whole *Liber Studiorum* has Turner better represented that in which he excelled—the mystery of interwoven foliage with dark and subtle shifting reflections,—while the eyes of light which look in from without on the tragedy below, illuminate the whole arch of foliage and serve to tell how thin its texture is.

The slope upwards of the trees on the right of the glade is—lest it should be monotonous, or the 'trick' of the arch be too soon felt—opposed by several trees whose trunks lean the opposite way, and by branches which dart away to the other side, especially in the nearest tree but one on the right. This is more remarkable in the nearest of all the trees, whose stem, as it were in violent opposition, stretches away at a sharp angle to the right. Its absence would spoil the composition, and the angle it forms with its companion throws into distance the grassy hill behind, as the double angle of the second tree makes the eye feel how far the sky retreats.

The composition of the figures and dogs is repeated by the outline of the bank above them, and indeed by the general outline of the whole composition of the woodland, even to the arrow in the breast of Procris, which slopes to the right with the same intention as the tree. The dogs again repeat, with sufficient change, the lines of the composition of the figures, and the shadow that stretches behind them binds them into one with the figures, and lies around them like the shadow of death. Turner has made the dogs here wholly without sympathy with their master's sorrow. They seem only to be used as material for composition. But he was not incapable of feeling the sympathy of the animals with man. Here there is none, but again and again in his work the dog mourns for or with his master, or plays and rejoices with him.

I need not dwell on the solitary charm of the place. It has all



the mystery of Nature and some of its silent mockery of our desire to understand her secret; and the sky—with those bars of clouds of which Tintoret was so fond when he painted death or sorrow on the earth below—adds to the impression. There are places into which when we break at certain hours of the sky and air, we feel as if we had broken in on the celebration of mysteries by the Nature deities, and were in danger of death for the violation. It may be that Turner meant to convey this truth, and in his unconscious way felt for it in this drawing. It is at least that impression which it makes on me.

## JASON. No. 6.

There is nothing Greek in this composition; but it does not belong to the nineteenth century. It might be a picture out of an old Norse Saga, placed in the midst of English scenery. The cave is such a cave as we find in the story of Sigurd or Beowulf, and the dragon is not the Greek dragon, but a great worm like Fafnir, guarding a treasure in the cave. Nor is it a serpent only, but the serpent and the fire-drake together who tears the flesh from the bones. No skeleton would have been left by a true serpent. The cave and the scenery around it are English, but England of the ancient times when all beyond the village and the town was 'forest' and haunted by the fierce creatures of the imagination. There is the true terror of superstition in the dragon jaws that Turner has given to the ruined trees. As to Jason, who has disposed his garment so beautifully on the tree trunk, he has got himself in the very worst position he possibly could get, half entangled among the fallen trees, to resist a sudden flash forth of the dragon's head and rattling rings. He must know that the dragon sleeps.

The solitude of the place is wonderful: only one touch shows that man has ever been there, and I am not sure that Turner meant it. It is the end of the trunk of the tree on which Jason kneels, which has been lopped smooth or sawn away. It may be that Turner only used this sharp semicircle to contrast downwards with the upward sweep of the dragon's coil, and to oppose a clear-cut arc to the wild extravagance of the boughs and stems. For this artistic purpose it is of great use. It makes all the natural forms more interesting, and, standing thus alone among them, gives them greater value. But Turner, whose imagination is rarely careless, may have intended more by this than a mere fulfilment of the law of contrast. This touch of human work gives to the reasoning imagination the clue as to the length of time in which the place has been dwelt in by the dragon. Since men hewed down the tree, the frost and rain of years have worn and split the smooth-sawn surface. Since then, the broken tree trunks that have fallen into the pool have pushed forth a rough growth like a hedge all along their ridges. Its thick

and tangled branches are drawn with the closest accuracy and ease, and are especially true to nature in the clumped way in which they coil themselves forth from the knots of the trunk. In this manner Turner has fixed the length of time; but there is a point, unless the dragon be winged, where his imagination has been neglectful. One asks,—Where is the dragon's path when he comes forth from the cave?—where the crushed branches?—where the slot of Fafnir?

The deadly pool with its fierce etching increases the weird impression; yet Turner, with his love of a little peace, of Nature's secret quiet in midst of her most desolate horrors, drops into the pool one of the lilies that grow in the moat of Raglan, untouched here by dragon or decay.

The etching of the tree trunks and of the sandstone cliff is scarcely more masterly than the subtle delicacy of their engraving, which Turner must have watched and worked with day by day. Note all the work on the trunk by Jason's hand and on every part of the rock-face, and how the shadows of the trees, varying from point to point, reveal the broken surface of the rock.

The composition is full of repetitions such as in not too marked a manner, by insistence on a certain symmetry, knit it together. The broken trunk in the pool with its extended arms, taken along with the slope of the iron reeds, repeats the lines of the two main trunks and of Jason's figure. The same thing is done by the naked roots in the sandstone above the cave on the left, and again in the grove above. Look, too, at the riven bough the end of which has fallen to the ground on the right of Jason: see how much it does towards the unity of the composition by repeating the heavy, tumbled boughs on the left above the pool.

Pale, quiet, undisturbed by all of earth, through the break in the pretty copsewood which Turner loved to etch, the sky looks in upon the savage horror down below. Neither the wrath and woe of the dragon, nor the victory of the hero, win the sympathy of Nature.

STOFFORD A. BROOKE.

## ANTI-VACCINATION.

I HAIL with satisfaction Dr. Carpenter's remonstrance against my Bill for the abolition of compulsory vaccination as a powerful aid towards its success. I say this in no disparagement whatever of my learned opponent's powers of argument, and if on this question they appear to me weak, inconsistent, and illogical, I attribute this entirely to the weakness of the cause he champions. Be this as it may, Dr. Carpenter's attack, made as it is by one who is universally recognised as the leading representative of vaccination, affords that opportunity for free and open discussion the lack of which has been, in my opinion, the only cause of the continued national faith in what I believe to be an exploded fallacy and a baseless superstition. Besides, it appears to me that the very basis of Dr. Carpenter's thesis involves a remarkable recognition of failure, and that its very statement is sufficient to shake the faith of the stoutest believer in vaccination; for it amounts to this, that Dr. Carpenter has to put forth an explanation as to the causes of the enormous mortality from small-pox which, to use his own words, 'doubtless furnishes a strong *prima facie* case against the protective power of vaccination;' and this after three-quarters of a century of the practice of Jenner's nostrum, a practice continually extending, until in this country, and in several of the European States, it has reached a height so great that a mere fraction of the population escape its infliction. Lest I should be thought to exaggerate, I will quote Dr. Carpenter's own words in his letter to the *Spectator*. He says, referring to the Metropolitan area, 'If the proportion of the vaccinated population to the unvaccinated residuum be 300 to 1, and this may be safely asserted to be rather within than beyond the mark,' &c. &c. &c.

If Jenner could ever have imagined such favourable conditions for the 'protective' system, he would clearly have held with fervour that the perfect stamping out of the small-pox was about to become an accomplished fact, and yet the acknowledged champion of the system now appears in the field, not to rejoice in the extinction of small-pox but to explain the reason why in an almost universally

protected Europe there has occurred an epidemic of small-pox thus referred to by Dr. Carpenter :—

The United States have been traversed (in the years 1874-6) by an epidemic of small-pox which will be long remembered there for its peculiar virulence and the widespread mortality it occasioned. This epidemic was clearly the same as that which had prevailed with somewhat of the same severity not only in this country, but also over the greater part of Europe two years previously, and hence there can be little doubt that the high rate of mortality by which it was everywhere characterised must have been due to general rather than to local causes.

And what an explanation it is when we get it ! Dr. Carpenter gravely informs us that the reason why so many people died from small-pox in the epidemic of 1871-2 was the unusually malignant type of the epidemic. But we used to be assured that one great excellence in vaccination consisted in greatly diminishing the virulence of the attack in those whom it could not wholly save. In a letter I have lately received from the venerable Dr. Buchanan of Glasgow, as ardent an advocate of the system as Dr. Carpenter himself, he says, 'The great glory of the immortal Jenner does not consist in his having extirpated small-pox, which is as rife as ever, but in his having converted the most loathsome and fatal affection with which God in His wrath ever afflicted the human race into a trifling and mild disease.' Under which King, Bezonian ?

Now if Dr. Carpenter is correct, and vaccination is only effective against the milder forms of *variola*, *cadit quæstio* ; it is clearly not worth while to undergo the now recognised risks and dangers of vaccination for the sake of protection against so harmless a disease as that known as 'discrete,' to which of course the famous Sydenham referred when he declared, 'If no mischief be done, either by physician or nurse, small-pox is the most slight and safe of all diseases.'

It is altogether an illusion that small-pox became a mild disease consequent on the introduction of vaccination. It was a mild and a severe disease a century ago and two centuries ago, as it is at this day. Dr. Wagstaffe, physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, stated the fact accurately in 1722, when he wrote, 'There is scarcely, I believe, so great a difference between any two distempers in the world as between the best and the worst sort of small-pox in respect to the dangers which attend them. So true is that common observation that there is one sort in which a nurse cannot kill, and another which even a physician cannot cure.'

Dr. Carpenter, having thus explained (!) why tens of thousands of 'protected' persons were carried off in the late epidemic, explains further that so far from vaccination having failed to contend with this epidemic, 'its protective power . . . has never been so conspicuously manifested.' Surely this is an illustration of the *petitio principii* in its most aggravated form. Dr. Carpenter's argument amounts to

this: (1) We know that vaccination is a very great, if not a perfect, protection against small-pox, and that where it does not wholly protect it greatly modifies its severity; (2) therefore, however frightful the virulence, and however great the rate of mortality of the late epidemic, its ravages must have been much greater had not Europe been protected by an almost universal vaccination.

Dr. Carpenter puts the ground on which I base my Bill on too narrow a basis, viz. 'the failure of vaccination to prevent or contend with the present small-pox epidemic.' I propose to abolish compulsory vaccination, because I hold compulsion to be utterly indefensible, and of course the more indefensible because I hold vaccination itself to be wholly a delusion. Now it is somewhat remarkable that in Dr. Carpenter's article there is not a word about compulsion as apart from the question of the advantage of vaccination. As a defence of the existing system this is, I think, a serious omission. The two questions are quite distinct—that is, it is quite possible to believe in the excellence of vaccination, and yet to hold that compulsion is both unjust and impolitic. The reasons for this are obvious. There is nothing new in the principle that systems of medical treatment are not properly a subject for the intervention of State rule; the reverse principle, in fact, that majorities should be all-powerful in matters which have been hitherto left to the exercise of the right of private judgment, is new, and in many of its illustrations most unfortunate (as I think) in its results. Upon this question of vaccination Sir Robert Peel declared that he would be no party to compulsion. George Canning said in the House of Commons, in 1808, that he 'could not figure any circumstance whatever that could induce him to follow up the most favourable report of its infallibility which might be brought forward with any measure of a compulsory nature,' while Sir Francis Burdett declared that 'Government in this free country cannot compel people to submit to the prescriptions of physicians or the operations of surgeons,' and that fine old country gentleman and Tory, the late Mr. J. W. Henley, declared it as his opinion that 'priestly despotism is bad, but medical despotism is intolerable.' This certainly was the view which I ventured to take when I sat upon the Select Committee on Vaccination in 1871. At that time I put absolute faith in the tradition of the excellence of vaccination, as do now, I fear, equally without study of the question, the great majority of English men and women. But I was not the less impressed with the wrong of compulsion, in regard both to its injustice and impolicy, and I proposed a clause which should exempt from the necessity of vaccinating their children all who should sign a declaration that they objected on principle to vaccination; such declaration to be made valid by a stamp for a small amount, not by way of punishment, but as a security that vaccination should not be neglected on no better grounds than ignorance or apathy. Holding to that opinion, I have

naturally and gradually been led to study the statistics of the question, and have thus been brought to the conclusion, much to my own surprise, that the whole theory is absolutely overthrown by the statistics accumulated since its introduction.

It is clear that the only ground upon which the intervention of the State can be justified is that of protection to society, just as nobody is permitted to create in his own house a nuisance dangerous to the health of his neighbours. But this is not a principle that can be applied to vaccination as a protection from small-pox, because it is obvious that the sounder the theory upon which Government intervention is called for, *i.e.* the certainty of the protection afforded by vaccination against small-pox, the more evident is it that the danger involved in neglect is not a danger to society, but only to those who deliberately prefer the alleged risk of infection to what they consider the evils of vaccination. To speak of the unvaccinated residuum as forming centres of infection to a protected population is simply ridiculous. It would be, moreover, extremely impolitic. There is no surer way of exciting opposition than by legal enforcement in a matter where every one feels that he has a right to decide for himself. As Lord Redesdale said in the House of Lords in 1814, 'If vaccination deserved to be established, it would establish itself by its own merits, and all attempts to force it on the people would only tend to create opposition to the practice.'

The compulsory law, moreover, acts as a piece of class legislation in its worst form. It is the comparatively poor who fall under its persecution. No government would dare to propose absolute compulsory vaccination. All that is done is to fine those who refuse to submit. This has made thousands who abhor the practice submit, while in very many cases it has involved braver men and women in absolute ruin to their homes; while the fine, even were it levied on the wealthy, would be a matter of the smallest consideration to them. But practically, as every one will understand, even this slight inconvenience does not attach to the wealthier classes of the community. Doctors do not betray, and guardians do not prosecute, persons whose position in society renders their heresy in regard to vaccination an excusable eccentricity. Did the Holy Inquisition ever invent a more infernal torture than that inflicted upon the father or mother who, having seen their elder children sacrificed in health or life on the altar of vaccination, are driven to the alternative of seeing their younger children subjected to the same risk or to their own utter pecuniary ruin? For, be it remembered, there have been cases in which persons have been subjected to repeated prosecutions, to the number of twenty, thirty, and even forty times.

But far beyond and above even all these considerations stands in my mind this: that from the moment when it was recognised, as it now is, that any taint in the blood of a person from whom the lymph

is taken is communicable to the person into whose system the diseased matter is conveyed, from that moment compulsion became an execrable tyranny. On this part of the matter I shall have more to say presently. It is, surely, significant enough that Dr. Carpenter, in his defence of vaccination, passes over without observation this most grave and terrible portion of the subject.

I published last year a letter to Dr. Carpenter in answer to one by him in the *Spectator*, which I have good reason to believe has not been without effect upon many persons under whose notice it has come.<sup>1</sup> I remember being much struck by an observation reported to me of some one who had taken the trouble to read the pamphlet. 'But are Mr. Taylor's figures correct? Because, if so, we have all been in a dream for three-quarters of a century.' The *Story of a Great Delusion*<sup>2</sup> forms a curious study—an examination as to the manner in which a baseless superstition established itself, with some difficulty, it is true, and from the moment of its establishment grew and flourished in public estimation more and more, until any one who should venture to express a doubt of its absolute truth became the mark for contempt and ridicule, while year by year was added up the unmistakable evidence of its failure by the invincible logic of facts and figures. Such an inquiry, I say, affords more satisfactory provend for the cynic than the philanthropist.

It is worth, perhaps, a little space to look at vaccination in this view. The strength of the opinion in favour of vaccination lies (1) in the universal tradition of its success, and (2) in the belief that the almost universal medical opinion of the world testifies to this success. Now the history of vaccination is in fact one of continuous failure rather than success. By this I mean that there are abundant and continuous evidences of failure; i.e. that numbers of persons who had been vaccinated died of small-pox. This proves, indeed, that Jenner's promise of perfect immunity was altogether falsified. It does *not*, of course, prove the fallacy of the present fashionable theory that vaccination, though not a perfect, is a certain, or rather uncertain, safeguard; and those who believe in its virtues as almost a sacred creed have it, of course, open to them to say that but for vaccination many more would have died. Still, I think, to candid minds the chain of continuous evidence will not be without its effect.

Mr. Birch, surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, says in 1804, 'Every post brings me accounts of the failures of vaccination.' He adds that Jenner, to avoid the perplexing appeals that were made to him daily and the messages that were perpetually sent requiring him to visit untoward cases (that is, of small-pox patients who had been

<sup>1</sup> *Current Fallacies about Vaccination*. E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

<sup>2</sup> The title of a work now in the press, by a gentleman who has deeply studied the subject of vaccination.

vaccinated), retired from London. In 1807 Lord Henry Petty stated in the House of Commons, 'It appeared by the Report of the Royal College of Physicians that the deaths by the small-pox had increased since the discovery of vaccine inoculation.' And again, in 1809, the same noble Lord observed that 'unless he (Dr. Jenner) was completely blinded by conceit, he must have recognised that the general faith in vaccination exhibited in 1801 had been much shaken by the experience of the succeeding seven years.' 1807 seems to have been a bad year for vaccination; Jenner's biographer says, 'The eruptions which attended many of the early cases of vaccination in London were unfortunately propagated in different parts of the country.' In 1808 I find Sir Francis Burdett protesting against any help being given to what 'appeared to be a failing experiment.' I have an interesting work before me, dated 1809 and written by Thomas Brown, surgeon, Musselburgh, upon the subject of vaccination. In his dedication to Alexander Monro, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, F.C.P. and F.R.S., he writes, 'It is with extreme regret that, after nearly nine years' experience in the practice of vaccination, I am under the painful necessity of confessing I have almost arrived at that point which your superior information in the laws of the animal economy, your acuteness of perception, and your accurate observation enabled you to attain at the commencement of the practice.' In the body of the work he explains what this view is in the following *naïve* confession: 'I am now perfectly satisfied, from my mind being under the influence of prejudice and blind to the expression of the fairest evidence, that the last time the small-pox was prevalent I rejected and explained away many cases which were entitled to the most serious attention, and showed myself as *violent and unreasonable* a partisan as any of my brethren in propagating a practice which I have now but little doubt we must ere long surrender at discretion.' Nor was his experience a slight one, for he says, 'I have no hesitation in confessing that I became an early convert and advocate for the new practice, and it is now eight years and a half since I have uniformly advised and practised vaccination; in which period I may safely say I have vaccinated upwards of twelve hundred.'

Baron (Jenner's biographer) says, 'In 1818 there were numerous complaints of the bad quality of the lymph and the prevalence of small-pox after vaccination.'

In the *Monthly Gazette of Health* (1820), edited by Dr. Reece and other eminent medical men, is an acknowledgment (p. 439) that 'cases of small-pox after cow-pox are become so common as no longer to excite any interest.' Finally, coming down to a later period, I find Mr. Ernest Hart, in his Report to the Parliamentary Bills Committee of the British Medical Association on Vaccination Penalties, saying, 'So fatal and prevalent was small-pox in the early part of the present



reign that a Committee had been appointed in 1838 to inquire into the present state of vaccination in England;’ while in 1853 the *Lancet* (May 21) observes, ‘In the public mind extensively, and to a more limited extent in the profession itself, doubts are known to exist as to the efficacy and eligibility of vaccination.’

This kind of testimony might be quoted *ad infinitum*. I do not offer it, of course, as conclusive testimony, but it may serve to open the minds of candid inquirers who have hitherto placed implicit faith in the tradition of the success of vaccination historically considered.

Let us now see how far these individual witnesses to the failure of vaccination are confirmed by the statistics since 1837, when the distinctive registration of deaths came into operation in England and Wales. It would appear that at that time vaccination was not growing in public favour, and about the year 1852 it was resolved by certain medical experts and scientists to make a vigorous attempt to obtain that which they had so long desired, viz. an Act for compulsory vaccination. A statement was addressed by Dr. Seaton to the Epidemiological Society and ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, May 3, 1853, stating (as was quite true) the extent to which vaccination was then neglected, and asserting what was not true, viz. the great increase of small-pox, and pleading for legislative enforcement of vaccination. The Act was easily passed; there was little discussion or interest on the subject; very likely not above a hundred persons really studied the effect of such a measure; and in this negligent sort of manner we became saddled with a law which has, in my opinion, been productive of a vast amount of individual suffering as well as of great injury to the public health. And with what practical result? Let the following figures show:—

*London Small-pox Deaths.*

1851-60 . . . . .	7,150
1861-70 . . . . .	8,347
1871-80 . . . . .	15,543

Or, to put it in another form, take the following extract from a paper read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society (*Proceedings*, vol. xvi. No. 9) by Joseph Baxendell, F.R.A.S.:—

As the best test of the value of vaccination, I have discussed the small-pox statistics of London—the best vaccinated city in the kingdom—and compared the results for the five years 1849-53, before vaccination was made compulsory, with those for the five years 1869-73, when compulsory vaccination had been twenty years in operation. In the former five years, when vaccination was voluntary, and the number of vaccinated persons probably did not amount to 10 per cent. of the total population, the death rate from small-pox in London was 202; but in the latter five years, when vaccination had been strictly carried out for twenty years, and the number of vaccinated persons was 95 per cent. of the population, the rate was 679 (of the total mortality), thus showing the extraordinary increase of 132·5 per cent.

Or take the deaths in England and Wales:—

Deaths from small-pox in the first ten years after the enforcement of vaccination—1854-63 . . . . .	33,515
In the second ten years—1864-73 . . . . .	70,458

But these figures pass like the 'idle wind, producing no effect whatever upon the mind of the enthusiastic advocate of vaccination; and this for the obvious reason that he bases his proof of the efficacy of his system upon the bare assertion of his foregone conclusion. Under this system all facts are equally useful to them. If small-pox is not prevalent, what a glorious illustration of the protection afforded by vaccination! While if an epidemic is upon us, carrying off its thousands, they equally congratulate us upon having been saved from a still greater mortality by the universal application of their (*ex hypothesi*) all but perfect prophylactic!

Thus it is taken as the strongest evidence in their favour, that in the first years of the practice of vaccination there was a great decrease in small-pox mortality, although at that time so few persons were vaccinated—probably not 2 per cent.—that no perceptible effect could have been produced, and also while other conditions were in action sufficient to account for the diminution in the mortality without reference to vaccination. Dr. Farr says, 'Small-pox attained its maximum after inoculation was introduced: this disease began to grow less fatal before vaccination was discovered; indicating, together with the diminution in fever, the general improvement in health then taking place.'

Now compare this credulity as regards the effect produced by vaccination in the years 1800-1810 with their incredulity as to its failure, when by compulsion they have raised the ratio of vaccination from, say, 50 per cent. in 1850 to 90 or 95 per cent. at the present time, or, according to Dr. Carpenter (in London), to 99 $\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. (300 to 1); and this contemporaneously with the tremendous outbreak of 1871-2, in regard to which Dr. Carpenter has undertaken the not very easy task of explaining the figures without damaging vaccination.

In further illustration of this strangely illogical and unscientific state of mind, which is enabled to turn all facts, however inconsistent with the protective powers of vaccination, into arguments in its favour, Dr. Carpenter attributes unhesitatingly to vaccination 'the almost complete extinction within the last two years of small-pox in the nineteen great towns whose aggregate population (about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  millions) equals that of the metropolis.'

What sort of reasoning is this?

In London, where the unvaccinated are declared to be only one in 300, there has been in these very two years a serious epidemic. Therefore vaccination is a protection. In the nineteen other large

towns, where the amount of vaccination is certainly much less than this proportion, there has been 'almost complete exemption' from small-pox; and again, how excellent a protection is vaccination! All roads lead Dr. Carpenter to the same happy conclusion.

Again, when Dr. Carpenter is reminded that in Leicester (one of the nineteen towns), where vaccination has been greatly neglected, the exemption from small-pox has been as complete as in the other (thoroughly vaccinated) towns, while in smaller places, such as Keighley, Dewsbury, and other places, where, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, 'the anti-vaccination feeling has been for some years so strong that a considerable percentage of the present juvenile population (perhaps even amounting in some places to one-third) is now unvaccinated,' a like exemption from small-pox has prevailed, he can only treat with lofty scorn the folly that can see in such facts any cause for doubt as to the efficacy of vaccination. Where the unvaccinated do *not* die, Dr. Carpenter's confidence in his theory seems but the more confirmed; and when, as in 1871, thousands of vaccinated persons died of small-pox in London, Dr. Carpenter is driven to the conclusion that the protective power of vaccination 'has never been so conspicuously manifested,' and that the lesson taught by that experience is the necessity for the 'more thorough and satisfactory enforcement of the compulsory clauses of the Vaccination Acts.'

Surely nothing like this reasoning has been heard since the days of Dr. Sangrado, who, when Gil Blas represented that all his patients died, 'as if they took a pleasure in dying merely to bring our practice into discredit,' replied, 'Why, truly, child, if I was not so sure as I am of the principles on which I proceed, I should think my remedies were pernicious in almost all the cases that come under my care;' and, further, when Gil Blas suggested a change of method, the excellent Doctor observed, 'I would willingly, but I have published a book in which I have extolled the use of'—Vaccination?

We are further informed that Gil Blas at once recognised the force of this answer, and rejoined, 'Certainly; you must not give your enemies such a triumph over you; perish rather the nobility, clergy, and people, and let us continue in our old path.'

The loose habit of Dr. Carpenter's mind is vividly illustrated in his treatment of Scotland. He writes:—

The great and continued fatality of small-pox in its principal towns during the four years 1871–4 may be fairly attributed in part to the very unsanitary condition of large parts of them, and in part to the existence of a much larger proportion of the unvaccinated residuum than survived in England, the compulsory clauses which took effect in England in 1854 not having been introduced into Scotland until 1865.

Here we have the prevalence of small-pox in 1871–4 attributed to two causes—first, to the unsanitary condition of large parts of the Scotch towns; and secondly, to the existence of an unvaccinated

residuum. The first cause is a permanent factor of zymotic disease, sometimes yielding small-pox and sometimes other forms of fever, but the second cause, the unvaccinated residuum, is a figment of Dr. Carpenter's imagination. Compulsion as applied to vaccination was a superfluity in Scotland, the 'long-headed people,' as Dr. Cameron styles them, having, in common with the Irish, consented to the practice almost without exception. Thus we read in Dr. Seaton's *Handbook of Vaccination*:—

The Registrar-General for Scotland was able to report to Parliament that of 221,980 children born in that country between the day the Act came into operation (January 1, 1864) and December 31, 1865, there were only 5,382 respecting whom the entries required by the Vaccination Act had not been made in his registers; a result which he justly regarded as for all practical purposes complete.

If, therefore, the vaccination of Scotland was complete in 1865, and, as the returns prove, was maintained complete, how did an unvaccinated residuum come into being in the severe epidemic of 1871-4? Having assumed the defence of vaccination, Dr. Carpenter appears to consider it his duty to find facts where facts are not. Small-pox having fallen off in Scotland since 1874, he unhesitatingly ascribes the decline to vaccination; but if vaccination is preventive, why was it not equally operative, when equally existent, prior to 1874? He forgets the common phenomenon that after a severe outbreak of any fever there usually follows a quiescence of that form of fever, a fever of another fashion taking its place. 'There have not been,' says Dr. Carpenter, 'more than two small-pox deaths a year, either in Glasgow or Edinburgh, since 1877, though other fevers have been rife.' Just so. Other fevers have been rife, having taken the place of small-pox; and where is the gain? As Mr. Edwin Chadwick has taught us, we should fix our attention firmly on the general zymotic death-rate; and if that be not reduced, of what consequence is the special form of mortality?

But Dr. Carpenter is indeed a bold man, to refer to Scotland at all. Prior to 1871 there had been an absence of epidemic small-pox for several years, and the aggregate mortality for the six years 1865-70 was but 876. Dr. Lyon Playfair (July 1870) triumphantly declared in the House that 'there could not be the slightest doubt that compulsory laws, when properly applied, as in Scotland and Ireland, were perfectly equal to stamp out small-pox in a country.'

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast.

In 1871 epidemic small-pox reappeared, and in the next four years, 1871-4, the deaths by small-pox amounted to 7,260! Since then there has been no return of epidemic, and Dr. Carpenter can once more point blandly to Scotland as a crowning testimony of the triumphs of vaccination. That vaccination can only subdue small-pox when absent derogates not a little from its usefulness. It is said

that in certain Indian tribes the medicine men used, on occasion of an eclipse, to gain a temporary credit by boasting that they had stamped out the sun, but they naturally lost credit when it was found that the sun invariably reappeared on the ensuing day.

It is no easy task to grasp and answer a style of argument such as I have quoted. It is so flimsy that to cut through it is as hard a task as Richard found it to sever a scarf of lace. It is, nevertheless, a great improvement upon the ordinary *tactique* of the pro-vaccinationist, which is simply to assert the fact which he is bound to prove. That in this I speak without exaggeration the following extract from that high medical authority the *Lancet* will show. In its issue of June 18, 1881, it says, in relation to a statement put forth by Dr. Buchanan, Medical Officer of the Local Government Board:—

These facts, after full allowance for all errors in the estimates used for the calculations, afford grounds for the strongest special pleading in favour of vaccination. We doubt, however, the expediency of any such special pleading. *It is beyond dispute that efficient infant vaccination followed by efficient revaccination at adolescence practically confer immunity from fatal small-pox.* It is wiser, we think, for the Department having the control of vaccination simply to take its stand upon this ground, and to accept the recent small-pox epidemic in London, so far as regards the deaths of children, as evidence of a failure of the vaccination system as at present carried out.

The *Lancet* is, indeed, wise in its generation. By this *petitio principii* it renders the sacred cause of vaccination absolutely secure from any argument however crushing, from any facts however overwhelming. Does any vaccinated person die of small-pox, it only proves that, if an infant, the vaccination, if an adult, the revaccination, was not 'efficient.' When Doctor Sangrado's patients died, that excellent prototype of the vaccination experts of the present day employed the like irrefutable argument—the bleeding and hot-water treatment had stopped short of the point when it would have been 'efficient.'

And now let us consider for a moment whether the general statistics of small-pox mortality for the last hundred years afford any testimony whatever in favour of the efficacy of vaccination.

Prior to the year 1837, as I have said, there was no discriminative register of the mortality in England and Wales. Prior therefore to that time our pro-vaccination friends have full scope for recording such enormous small-pox mortalities in the ante-vaccination times as tradition may have handed down, or the requirements of their theory render desirable. Thus Dr. Carpenter, with, I am sure, the most perfect good faith, killed off by vaccination in Iceland more souls than there were to die; and in regard to the metropolitan area (to which I am about to refer, because registration records were kept in the last century and were known as the bills of mortality) Dr. Carpenter made in his letter to the *Spectator* the following astounding statement:—

None but those who have studied the medical history of the last century have the least idea of the ravages then committed by small-pox. The 'esteemed contributor' to the *Modern Review* obviously considers the death of 44,000 persons from small-pox in England during the three years 1870-2 (at the rate of 14,666 per annum), 'in spite of compulsory vaccination,' a conclusive disproof of its efficacy. But he is clearly ignorant of the fact that a hundred years ago the small-pox mortality of London alone (with its then population of *under a million*) was often greater in six months' epidemic than that of the *twenty millions* of England and Wales is now in any whole year.

Probably so astounding a misstatement, on a simple question of figures, was never before put forth by a man of scientific reputation and of the highest personal character; and I can only account for it in this case by the inordinate appetite shown by the advocates of vaccination for statistics however erroneous, for arguments however illogical, and for *canards* however incredible, which seem to tell in favour of their pet fanaticism. It is enough to say in evidence of this, that the highest mortality in any one year in London in the last century was 3,992, whereas the deaths in London in 1871 were 7,912, and the deaths in England and Wales in the epidemic 1870-2 were 44,840.

The average annual small-pox mortality within the bills of mortality during the last century is estimated to have been between two and three thousand per million living, while in these days, when everybody is protected by vaccination, the most prudent amongst us, let us hope, with five wounds in each arm, and the operation repeated every third year, and with almost boundless improvements in sanitary and hygienic regulations, what do we find?

In 1871 the deaths from small-pox were, per million living:—

Newcastle . . . . .	5,351	Liverpool . . . . .	3,900
Durham . . . . .	4,773	Wolverhampton . . . . .	4,140
Sunderland . . . . .	8,283	Leicester . . . . .	3,150
London . . . . .	2,430	Portsmouth . . . . .	4,390
Norwich . . . . .	3,040		

Or, looking abroad to places in most of which vaccination has been carried to the highest extent, the result is still less reassuring:—

Berlin . . . . .	6,310	Paris . . . . .	5,720
Breslau . . . . .	3,710	Prague . . . . .	3,980
Buda-Pesth . . . . .	3,280	Rome . . . . .	3,090
Cologne . . . . .	3,360	Rotterdam . . . . .	14,280
Hague . . . . .	14,100	Trieste . . . . .	6,980
Hamburg . . . . .	15,440	Vienna . . . . .	5,170
Liège . . . . .	3,410		

I have not unfrequently been told by friends interested in the question, 'We are puzzled by the variety of the statistics presented to us. Dr. Carpenter gives us certain figures, and they have a plausible and reasonable air, and then you give us a number of statistics

which appear overwhelming on the other side ; and not having studied the matter for ourselves, we find it difficult to make the two agree. The next time you write, do not only give us your own statistics, but take those given by Dr. Carpenter, and show their fallacy or unfairness.' There is much sense in this, and let us now see if we can detect the mode in which Dr. Carpenter, while doubtless quoting correctly his figures, yet so selects or adapts them as to seem for a moment to throw some doubt upon the tremendous results indicated by my figures—not mine, by the way, for they are official, and, as far as I know, neither selected nor adapted.

Here is a table (which, unlike Dr. Carpenter's, includes the exceptional) exhibiting at a glance the mean annual death-rate from small-pox per million living in England and Wales from 1838 to 1879 :—

Five years—1838-42	. . . . .	571
1843-46	. . . . .	No returns published
Three years—1847-49	. . . . .	303
Five years—1850-54	. . . . .	279
Five years—1855-59	. . . . .	199
Five years—1860-64	. . . . .	190
Five years—1865-69	. . . . .	147
Five years—1870-74	. . . . .	433
Five years—1875-79	. . . . .	344

Dr. Carpenter's figures are placed in different form, but I think he would fully admit the correctness of the above figures. It is not in dispute, therefore, between us that there has been for about a century a continuous decline in small-pox mortality ; but while he attributes this wholly to the results of vaccination, I maintain, on the contrary, that there is no evidence whatever that vaccination has had anything to do with it. The decline commenced before vaccination was practised, and, as will be seen by the above figures, it bears no character of relation to the gradual increase in the practice of vaccination, which, commencing about 1800, with perhaps 1 per cent., has continued to the present time, when it is said to have reached 90 or 95 per cent. And the broad fact remains that having reached a completeness of vaccination which Jenner evidently would have considered sufficient to stamp out the disease, we have to encounter, in the eightieth year of the triumph of vaccination, an epidemic acknowledged by Dr. Carpenter to be one characterised by 'peculiar virulence' and 'widespread mortality.'

Considering the enormous advances that the last century has seen in our sanitary arrangements, there seems nothing more natural than to attribute to this improvement the diminution of the small-pox mortality, to which indeed it seems fully adequate. Probably the hygienic conditions of the worst slums of London now are no worse than were those of all London when in the last century 4,000 persons

perished in one year. But to this Dr. Carpenter opposes the observation that 'those who attribute the whole of this beneficial change to sanitation have to account for the fact that no *corresponding* decrease has taken place in the mortality from other diseases of the same class.' Now Dr. Carpenter has alluded to Dr. Farr as an unrivalled authority on this subject, and this is what Dr. Farr says on the matter: 'Small-pox attained its maximum after inoculation was introduced; this disease began to grow less fatal before vaccination was discovered, indicating, together with the diminution in fever, the general improvement of health then taking place.' And again, 'Fever has proportionally declined since 1771. Fever has declined in nearly the same ratio as small-pox.' It is clear that Dr. Carpenter has little faith in sanitation as affecting small-pox. He says, 'To maintain that this disease is to be extinguished by any sanitation that is practically possible shows an enthusiastic credulity,' &c. &c. &c. This is certainly opposed to the views of many distinguished men. Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., in his opening address to the Health Congress lately held at Brighton, said

that cases of small-pox, of typhus, and of others of the ordinary epidemics occur in the greatest proportion, on common conditions of foul air, from stagnant putrefactions, from bad house drainage, from sewers of deposit, from excrement-sodden sites, from filthy street surfaces, from impure water, and from overcrowding in foul houses; that the entire removal of such conditions by complete sanitation and by improved dwellings is the effectual preventive of diseases of those species, and of ordinary as well as of extraordinary visitations, &c.

Dr. Carpenter, on the other hand, apparently believes that 'the healthiest subjects, living under the most favourable conditions,' are equally liable with others less favourably conditioned to be infected with small-pox. In his letter to the *Spectator* he asserts that 'every unvaccinated person retains his full congenital liability not merely to take the disease himself and to have it in its severest form, but to become the focus of infection to others.' A focus of infection to the protected! Dr. Carpenter does not explain what he means by 'full liability,' but of course the implication is that few persons would escape in an unvaccinated community in a period of epidemic; and I observed lately in one of our leading medical journals a statement showing that there are really persons to endorse so extravagant an opinion—how extravagant a single illustration will prove. The statement to which I refer was (I really think it must have been written by Dr. Carpenter himself) that 'about 90 per cent. of persons in an unvaccinated community exposed to small-pox will catch it. From a third to a half would die, and the rest would be marked for life.'<sup>3</sup> Now, as I have already said, the heaviest mortality from small-pox registered during last century in unprotected London in any one year was under 4,000. All concurrent testimony places the ratio of deaths to cases at a little under 20 per cent. We have,

<sup>3</sup> *Lancet*, February 11, 1882.



therefore, about 20,000 cases and no more ; that is to say, that the 'full congenital liability' resulted—assuming the population to have been three-quarters of a million—in the fact that 20,000 persons did take small-pox and 730,000 people did not. The panic which it would appear the object of the advocates of vaccination to produce by such statements as the foregoing might be further alleviated by the well-known fact that the years distinguished by large small-pox mortality are by no means those of the largest *general* mortality. Thus, take the forty years 1841-80, and we find the following curious result :—

London		Small-pox deaths	General death rate per thousand
Three lowest years . . .	{ 1841	1,053	24.2
	{ 1851	1,062	23.4
	{ 1855	1,039	24.3
Average . . .		1,051	23.9
Three highest years . . .	{ 1863	1,996	24.5
	{ 1871	7,912	24.6
	{ 1877	2,551	21.0
Average . . .		4,153	23.6

Or, to give another not less striking illustration, the deaths by small-pox in London in 1796 (the highest of that decade) were 3,548, and the whole number of deaths was 19,288. In 1792 the small-pox deaths were 1,568, and the total mortality 20,213.

Dr. Carpenter endeavours to increase alarm by quoting a number of illustrious personages who were struck down by small-pox in the last century as proving that no favourable conditions of life can protect from small-pox, but he should remember that we have had recent evidence that palaces may be very dangerous residences, and that it is probable the palaces of last century were not, to say the least of it, more sanitary than those of the present.

I have already quoted statistics showing the diminution of small-pox mortality during the present century, but there is this peculiarity about them well worth noting, viz. that the average decline arises from the small mortality in the non-epidemic years—of course by far the larger number—while as regards the periods of epidemic each one has shown an increase on the previous one: thus, vaccination was made compulsory in 1853; an additional Act was passed in 1867, and a still more stringent one in 1871; since 1853 we have had three epidemics :—

Epidemic	Deaths from small-pox in England and Wales
1857-8-9 . . . . .	14,244
1863-4-5 . . . . .	20,059
1870-1-2 . . . . .	44,840



'While the death-rate of vaccinated *children* was only 6·5 per cent., that of the unvaccinated reached the terrible figure of 47·8 per cent., or *more than seven times as great.*'

If we take the most general survey of the statistics for small-pox mortality, the absolute incredibility of this statement must strike every one but those impervious to reason through the force of a foregone conclusion. The recognised average mortality in small-pox cases is about 18 per cent. This is accepted on the best authorities we have, as being true of 'unprotected' England in the last century, and the same sort of average is maintained in the present century. I have a long list of hospital reports before me, both at home and abroad, and although there are naturally considerable variations, the general average mortality is maintained with quite a singular exactitude. Medical men will not, I think, deny this statement, although they certainly do not press it before the public, and the result of my observation upon the matter is that the public are quite astonished when the fact is brought before them. It may, however, be well that I should add distinct medical testimony to the fact.

I find the following in Dr. Seaton's *Handbook of Vaccination*, 1868, p. 191 :—

Dr. Jurin writing early in the last century laid it down as the result of his investigations that of persons of all ages taken ill of natural small-pox, there will die of that distemper one in five or six. . . . From returns made to the Epidemiological Society in 1852, by 156 medical practitioners in various parts of England who had kept numerical records of their small-pox experience, it appeared that the proportion of deaths to cases which they had met with in the natural form of the disease was 19·7 per cent., or as nearly as possible one in five.

Now what is it we are asked to believe, as the result of this pretended subdivision of small-pox mortality at the present time into the vaccinated and unvaccinated? Why, that the mortality in the last century in 'unprotected' London was 18 per cent., whereas now, in what you consider as 'unprotected' England—that is to say, the unvaccinated portion of it—the mortality is 44 per cent., or almost treble! Nay, I have seen statements by even more courageous disputants, that the mortality of the 'unprotected' now amounts to 60 or even 80 per cent.! And it must be remembered, in comparing the present with the last century, that our general sanitary and hygienic conditions have been immensely improved, and that the hideous medical maltreatment of small-pox in the last century has been altogether relinquished for a more natural system.

But when we descend to the practical details of this pretended subdivision of small-pox mortality, we have to deal with something worse than want of logic, and to which I hardly know how to give a milder name than *positive bad faith*. To decide whether persons who have died of small-pox have or have not been vaccinated, with any degree of scientific accuracy, is an impossibility, as is acknow-

ledged and recognised by those who have had sufficient means of observation, and who have no foregone conclusion to uphold. The *Lancet* long ago deprecated this piece of quackery. The permanence of the vaccine marks is known to be quite uncertain. As an illustration I may quote an observation of the Earl of Morley in a debate in the House of Lords in June last, when it was proposed to prevent fraudulent re-enlistment in the army by an extension of the practice of vaccination. He said, 'But would the practice be efficacious? He feared not. . . . It appeared that out of 100 recruits who were vaccinated, only 38 were marked.' And this failure, be it remembered, was within the probably short period between vaccination and re-enlistment.

Again, it is notorious that in the case of persons dying of confluent small-pox it is quite impossible to detect the vaccination marks. And, moreover, the whole statement is tainted with suspicion from the commencement. Admission has in some cases been made by medical men themselves that their fear of damaging the cause of vaccination has been too strong for the accuracy of their returns. It is, in fact, quite in harmony with those who avow a foregone belief such as requires no proof and declines all argument, that they should take for granted that a child who dies of small-pox has not been vaccinated, even when the parent vouches for the fact, and, as a matter of fact, numerous instances have been found on critical inquiry, in which the same child has been registered as 'successfully vaccinated,' and in the death register as died of small-pox 'unvaccinated.' The following medical notes speak volumes as to the mode in which this division into vaccinated and unvaccinated is carried into practice. In the case of the Birkenhead epidemic I cannot for a moment doubt that an enormous proportion of the 292 registered as 'unvaccinated' and 'unknown,' had duly undergone the operation in infancy as by law enforced:—

*Notes on the Small-pox Epidemic at Birkenhead, 1877 (p. 9).*

*By Fras. Vacher, M.D.*

	Vaccinated	Unvaccinated	Unknown
	223	72	220
Died . . . .	12	53	28

As regards the patients admitted to the fever hospital or treated at home, those entered as vaccinated displayed undoubted cicatrices, as attested by competent medical witnesses, and those entered as not vaccinated were admitted unvaccinated, or without the faintest mark. The mere assertions of patients (!) or their friends that they were vaccinated counted for nothing, as about 80 per cent. of the patients entered on the third column of the table were reported as having been vaccinated in infancy.

*Dr. Russell's Glasgow Report, 1871-2.*

P. 25. Sometimes persons were said to be vaccinated, but no marks could be seen, very frequently because of the abundance of the eruption. In some cases of those which recovered, an inspection before dismissal discovered vaccine marks sometimes 'very good.'



## Fulham Hospital Report, 1878, gives :—

One mark . . . . .	140
Two marks . . . . .	163
Three and more . . . . .	202

## Metropolitan Hospital Report, 1870-2, gives :—

One mark . . . . .	1,124
Two marks . . . . .	1,722
Three and more . . . . .	1,677

Such figures as these would really seem to show that the vaccination authorities boldly make whatever assertions fit in with their theories, relying upon the probability that the public will not trouble itself with hospital reports.

Dr. Carpenter in his article quotes other statistics, furnished by Dr. Gayton, giving quite different results from the figures above. Perhaps Dr. Carpenter will say that his figures may be taken as at least neutralising mine, but this would not be fair, for the obvious reason that, if *his* view were correct, it could not be contradicted—although, of course, the proportions might differ—by any correct statistics, while, if *my* view be correct, namely, that the number of marks is no factor in the question, we should expect to find, according to the doctrine of probabilities, the greater mortality would sometimes be found on the side of the few marks, and sometimes of the many. I have neither time nor opportunity to test Dr. Carpenter's new figures upon the subject, but I frankly confess that, without impugning anyone's desire to be accurate, I am not able to put full faith in the scientific accuracy of Dr. Gayton's returns.<sup>4</sup>

While I am putting pen to paper, I receive a report of a speech delivered within the last few days at Eastbourne, by Mr. W. J. Collins, M.B., B.S., B.Sc., &c., containing the following passage; and I stop to ask myself whether the statistics quoted do not as definitely settle the question of compulsory vaccination, as I could do were I permitted to occupy an entire number of this Review.

The report of the Highgate Small-pox Hospital for 1877 says: 'Of the 950 cases of small-pox, 870, or 91·5 per cent. of the whole cases, had been vaccinated,' while that for the last year informs us there were 491 cases and of these only 21 were not vaccinated. In Bromley last summer there actually occurred an epidemic of small-pox in which everybody attacked had been previously protected. Dr. Nicholson, writing to the *Lancet*, observes: 'There were 43 cases treated in the Bromley Hospital between April 25 and June 29. Of confluent small-pox

<sup>4</sup> In justification of a moderate amount of scepticism I may say that I have been favoured with a communication from Mr. M. D. Makuna, late Medical Superintendent of the Fulham Small-pox Hospital, in which he informs me that the information supplied to Dr. Carpenter for his article in this review in respect to the nurses at that hospital is wholly incorrect. Mr. Makuna adds: 'I must say that as long as indefinite statements are made simply to bewilder the public, these questions must remain a public nuisance.'

there were 16 cases; of discrete, 14; of modified, 13. All the cases had been vaccinated—3 re-vaccinated.' (F. Nicholson, L.R.O.P. *Lancet*, August 27, 1881.)

So much for the first point, on which, as I have said, the general faith in vaccination for the most part depends, viz. the tradition of its historical success. I come now to the second point, viz. the supposed universal belief of the medical profession in the efficacy of vaccination. This, I am convinced, is one of the chief causes of the blind faith in vaccination amongst the middle and upper classes, who naturally accept the opinion of their medical advisers upon what they consider a purely medical question. Upon this point I am warned by the length to which my paper has already run that I must content myself with asserting what I could prove on indisputable testimony, viz. that the unanimity of the medical profession in regard to vaccination is very far indeed from being as complete as is generally supposed. For lack of space I must likewise omit to recapitulate the overwhelming evidence as to the other dangers attending vaccination, which very strangely Dr. Carpenter altogether passes by.

Dr. Carpenter concludes his article by kindly providing me with a Report to the House, to be drawn up by me as imaginary chairman of a supposititious Select Committee, after the unanimous testimony of the medical witnesses has proved the fallacy of all my views upon the subject. Dr. Carpenter would certainly not expect that I should so ostentatiously 'write me down an ass' as to follow his suggestion, and I only notice it to add the hope that, so far as *compulsion*, at least, is concerned, we shall not have the question referred to a Select Committee. On every sound principle upon which, at any rate in the long run, English legislation is based, compulsory vaccination stands condemned, and should suffer summary execution without further reprieve.

P. A. TAYLOR.

## *THE DUTY OF MODERATE LIBERALS.*

THERE are many reasons whereby a man may justify his adherence to one or other particular party in the State. Some men inherit their politics as they do their estates, and are Liberals or Tories because their fathers were so before them. Some there are who set up one particular leader as a demigod, and are content to submit their reason to his, and to follow his opinions—because they *are* his—upon every political question that may arise. But there are also men who regard party in its true sense—namely, a combination of individuals to advance and support certain principles, and, who have with more or less deliberation joined a particular party for the sake of the principles in the support of which it professed to be established. These men have surely the right, and will probably feel it to be their duty to review from time to time the position of their party, and to assure themselves that those who lead and guide it are working upon the same lines and advancing the same principles which at first led to its establishment. If ever there was an occasion upon which such a review might be justified, it is not too much to say that it exists at the present moment. The ‘Liberal’ Government has been just two years in office. It may therefore be fairly presumed that its policy, in principle if not in all its details, has been clearly indicated, although not fully accomplished, and that a comparison with the policy of past Liberal Governments may be justly instituted. There is good reason for this, indeed, besides and beyond the natural speculation of the inquiring politician. It cannot be denied that great discontent exists among the ranks of the Liberal party. It is hardly possible to converse consecutively with half-a-dozen men of any class without finding this to be the case. Some of this discontent arises, no doubt, from causes for which the Government cannot reasonably be held responsible. They have no power to control the bad seasons which have added to the depression of the agricultural community, and although it may be imputed to them that their legislative promises have as yet been but scantily fulfilled, it must in justice be admitted that they have had to contend with circumstances very adverse to rapidity in legislation. But the main cause of discontent among Liberals will, when



closely and carefully investigated, be found in the fact that the great principles upon and for which the Liberal party has so long existed are not the principles upon which Mr. Gladstone's Government can appeal to the public for support. The assertion may seem a bold one, but it is one which it will nevertheless be found difficult to refute.

I take the first good dictionary which comes to hand, and I find a definition of the word Liberal which is amply sufficient for my purpose, without quoting, as I might easily do, the words of many great statesmen and writers in support of its correctness. A 'Liberal' is defined to be 'one who advocates greater freedom from restraint, especially in political institutions.' Let any impartial person compare this definition with the action, legislative and otherwise, of the present Government, and decide for himself how far the latter has been consistent with the conduct of men who deserve the former. No one can deny that, up to the present moment, the legislation of the Government has been in a direction the very reverse of 'greater freedom from restraint' in the ordinary business of life, whilst anything approximating to free or independent thought and action on the part of individual members of their party in political matters has been and is regarded as a heresy too horrible to be endured, and the iron heel of the Caucus has been employed, wherever such a course was possible, to crush it out. No wonder, then, that men who have been 'Liberals' for the sake of principles and not to support individuals, groan within them when they see those principles thrown aside and disregarded, and find themselves exposed to the anger, misrepresentation, and abuse of those who, having submissively fastened themselves to the chariot-wheels of an individual leader, are content to be dragged hither and thither according to the guidance, not of political principle, but of the party expediency of the moment. To show that this is no exaggerated statement, and that Liberals who venture to think for themselves have a right to complain of the present state of things, it will be well to refer to the causes which have led to this result.

The general election of 1880 was fought, as regards the Liberal party, under circumstances and conditions of no ordinary character. After his defeat in 1874, Mr. Gladstone, after leaving his supporters in difficulty and doubt for a year, had formally abdicated the leadership, and had left to Lord Hartington the task of collecting and uniting the fragments of the party which had been dislocated and confounded by the hasty dissolution which had destroyed the Gladstone Government. No man ever performed a task with greater ability and success. Each year brought additional credit to Lord Hartington and confirmed him in the good opinion of those whom he led with equal courage and discretion. His position was difficult, indeed, and it was not rendered more easy or agreeable by the occasional and sudden

appearance of his old leader in the Parliamentary arena, in a manner and with action scarcely calculated to facilitate the execution of the difficult duty which had to be discharged. But the result of Lord Hartington's leadership was apparent at the last general election, when the 'moderate' Liberals rallied to their party throughout the country in a manner which they had not done since the days of Palmerston and Russell. True, the unanimity of the Nonconformist element against Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and the adherence for the first time of the great body of Wesleyans to the Liberal party, greatly influenced the result of the elections. True, also, the wonderful activity and extraordinary eloquence of Mr. Gladstone contributed largely to the defeat of the Conservatives, especially in the northern part of the kingdom. But the fact remains that it was Lord Hartington's leading from 1875 to 1880 which had brought into action on behalf of his party that floating mass of public opinion which, ever inclined to real Liberalism, had been frightened from the support of Mr. Gladstone's last Government by causes not far to seek, but which had again been attracted to the party of its inclination by the high character, common-sense, and moderation which were conspicuous in Lord Hartington. Moreover, Mr. Gladstone had so often declared his disinclination to resume office that moderate Liberals might be excused for believing that they were working heart and soul for a party which was to be led in the future by Lords Granville and Hartington, and in which the spirit and policy of the latter would be as potent when in Government as in opposition.

This belief, however, was doomed to be rudely destroyed, when, after a Liberal majority had been secured, the Radical section of the press and of the party began to declare that no one but Mr. Gladstone could be the Liberal Prime Minister, whilst among men who were conversant with the construction of Governments and the management of parties it was commonly whispered that this eminent statesman was pretty certain to destroy ere long any Liberal ministry of which he was not the chief. This, be it observed, was an opinion by no means indicating hostility to Mr. Gladstone on the part of those who held it; but expressed their belief that had he consented to serve in any position save that of Prime Minister, the restless energy of his character, the zealous ardour with which he seizes upon new ideas, and the conscientious steadfastness with which he presses them, would infallibly have resulted in his early severance from his colleagues upon some occasion upon which he might have been overruled, and a consequent disaster to the Government thus deprived of his assistance and support.

Whatever may have been the reason, however, the result of the delay which took place after the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield was the formation of a Government under the leader who had left the party in the hour of their disaster in 1874. Still, 'moderate'

Liberals hoped rather than feared. True, the admission of Mr. Chamberlain to the Cabinet showed signs of a desire to propitiate ultra-politicians, which was anything but reassuring to those who had sympathised with Lord Hartington in his efforts to restrain the latter within due bounds. Such men could not but recollect the insult offered to their favourite leader by the junior member for Birmingham, only as recently as the 7th of July, 1879, when he tauntingly referred to him as lately the leader of the Liberal party, but now only of a 'section,' because, forsooth, Lord Hartington had ventured to give an opinion different from that of this statesman of three years' Parliamentary experience! But, although, in addition to this disqualification, Mr. Chamberlain's political antecedents were not such as to command the confidence of moderate Liberals, yet the necessity of conciliating the 'advanced' section of the party was cheerfully recognised, and as the vastly superior abilities of Sir Charles Dilke were to be confined to the exercise of an under-secretary's duties, men were disposed to hope that Mr. Chamberlain, like a wild elephant surrounded by tamer specimens of his species, might answer the purpose without doing any great mischief in the Cabinet. It was hoped, moreover, that the lesson of 1874 might not have been thrown away, that the party as a whole might be taken into the confidence of its leaders more than had been the case during Mr. Gladstone's last administration, and that the errors of that administration might be avoided. Alas! for the disappointment of these too sanguine hopes! Until it became necessary to seek to re-unite their divided ranks by an utterly unnecessary attack upon the House of Lords during the present session, the faithful followers of the Prime Minister have never been called together, nor has any attempt been made to ascertain their views and opinions upon the various matters which have come before Parliament; they have been treated as pawns upon the chess-board, to be moved by the hand of the Minister, and if any pawn has shown doubt or hesitation about his move, the wire-pullers have been put in communication with his constituents, and the promptest steps taken to smother his rebellious independence. What is more foreign to real Liberal principles—what more opposed to the independent action of individual constituencies—what more destructive of the freedom of which Englishmen have always been so proud, than this system of dictation and coercion from headquarters? Nor are the complaints upon this head those of one individual, whose motives might be impeached and his judgment distrusted. They come from various quarters—wherever, indeed, the old spirit of independence, which once seemed the twin brother of 'Liberalism,' is still to be found. What says Mr. Auberon Herbert in his excellent letter to the *Times* of the 18th of February?

At the present day, whoever wishes to be a good and faithful Liberal member, must hear with Mr. Gladstone's ears, see with Mr. Gladstone's eyes, and what is still

more difficult, follow in mental obedience with the conflicting and disorderly impulses of his mind—it does not matter how complex the question may be—*how rude may be the interruption of old Liberal traditions*—he must say ‘wow’ to Mr. Gladstone’s ‘bow.’

Mr. Herbert justly points out how that ‘questions are now never placed before people in constituencies for their honest consideration and true judgment,’ but that whenever the Cabinet has arrived at a decision, a circular to the various Radical associations in the constituencies, containing a stereotyped resolution of approval of such decision, goes forth from headquarters, and an obedient response from the ‘organisation’ throughout the country ‘puts the screw’ upon Liberal members of the House of Commons and obtains for the Government the apparent support of a public opinion which has never really been consulted. So, again, Mr. Peter Taylor, the honesty of whose Radicalism has never been doubted, writing in the *Times* the very next day, complains that with respect to one particular question which has been manipulated in this way, ‘not a few Radicals are acting under the strongest pressure from without and in the teeth of their own convictions,’ and, with respect to the general departure from Liberal principles in legislation, tells us that ‘there is now no detail of individual social life too minute or too sacred for the intervention of the State.’

Indeed, it is not only in the altered system of party management that the Government has shown how little it has at heart the old principles of the Liberal party. From these principles they have departed in their legislative measures as clearly and as certainly as they have thrown overboard the principles of that Free Trade of which more than one of them has posed before the world as the apostle and champion. What is the fundamental principle of Free Trade? Surely, that the intercourse between nation and nation—and as a natural accompaniment between individual and individual—should be as free, unembarrassed, and unrestricted as possible, and that in the relations between capital and labour, between purchaser and seller, between employer and employed, legislative interference should be deprecated and avoided. Yet it would be difficult to name any important legislative measure of the present Government in which this principle has not been entirely neglected or flagrantly violated. In their ‘Employers’ Liability’ Bill, their ‘Hares and Rabbits’ Bill, and above all, in their ‘Irish Land’ measures, this contempt of Liberal and Free Trade principles has been abundantly conspicuous.

The first rude shock given to all that was moderate in the Liberal party was that ‘Compensation for Disturbance’ Bill, the rejection of which by the House of Lords gave such dire offence to the Government, and was declared by Mr. Chamberlain to have been the most ‘unwise and unpatriotic’ act ever performed by the assembly which

he holds in such abhorrence. But what was that Bill? It was one suddenly created from out of a proposed amendment to a clause in a bill of a totally different character, and did not therefore bear the impress of the matured judgment of the Cabinet. It was a bill which roughly and rudely affected the rights of the owners of one particular kind of property, and interfered with the Irish Land settlement of 1870 at the very time when a commission was actually sitting to inquire into the working of that settlement. It was a palpable sop to an agitation which was just becoming formidable, and it was so unpopular in the House of Commons that its second reading was only carried by a majority of 65, although the Government had a majority of 174 in that House when, as 'in this case, supported' by the Home Rulers, of whom more than forty, besides some thirty members of the Government, voted for that stage of the Bill, which would otherwise have been defeated. In fact, if the truth could be proved, it would appear that to the House of Commons rather than to the House of Lords should blame be attributed with respect to this measure. It was impossible to go amongst Liberal members during the discussions upon it without becoming aware that loyalty to Mr. Gladstone and his Government was strained to the very utmost in order to secure any majority at all, and the remark was not unfrequent among men who were about to support their party against their opinions—'after all, it won't signify—the Lords will never pass such a bill.' The House of Lords had—the House of Commons had not—the courage of its convictions, and the assertion that the action of the former had anything to do with the continuance and increase of Irish agitation is simply preposterous. An agitation which was based upon a wish to 'abolish landlordism,' and to sever the tie which binds Ireland to England, was little likely to be affected by a bill which only pretended to defend tenants from 'capricious evictions,' and the introduction of such a bill in the manner and under the circumstances in which it was introduced, was absurd on the face of it, when considered as an intended operation against men who were not appealing to 'capriciously evicted' tenants alone, but to the whole body of rent-paying occupiers in Ireland. But whatever the merits or demerits of the bill in question, I must pass on to that Irish Land Bill which has actually become law.

It is the custom of some of those who defend the Irish policy of the present Government to speak of the Land Act of 1881 as if it were the natural corollary of the Land Act of 1870, and therefore that men who supported the passing of the one are inconsistent and unreasonable in condemning the other. It will not be difficult to show that those who use such an argument are themselves both unreasonable and unfair. The introduction of the Land Bill of 1870 was awaited with anxiety and apprehension by English as well as Irish landlords. It was introduced upon the 15th of February of that

year, in a marvellously able and comprehensive speech by the then and present Prime Minister. That speech—and the subsequent explanations of the Government—induced Parliament to accept the Bill, but Parliament would never have done so save upon two main considerations: first, that the measure was held out as a final settlement of the Irish land question upon a fair and moderate, and therefore likely to be a durable, basis; secondly, that the encroachments upon the rights of property and the concessions demanded from landlords in the Bill were such as could be justified by the exceptional circumstances of Ireland, but by those circumstances alone, and that no precedent would thereby be afforded for English legislation upon the same subject. At the present moment, when not only have fresh encroachments been made and further concessions required, but when the extraordinary change made in the position of Irish tenants has caused the utterance in England, and with regard to English land tenure, of sentiments and propositions hitherto unknown to our fair-dealing and contract-keeping people, it may be as well to quote the actual words of Mr. Gladstone upon these points, and to compare them with his speeches and legislative proposals of more recent date. Upon the 15th of February aforesaid, the Prime Minister told the House of Commons that he hoped they would ‘resolve in mind and heart by a manful effort to CLOSE AND SEAL UP FOR EVER, if it may be, this great question, which so intimately concerns the welfare and happiness of the people of Ireland.’ ‘For,’ said he, ‘we see from unquestionable signs that men are prepared—I think most men—I hope all men—for a *settlement* of this question.’ This was undoubtedly the truth. Men were not only prepared, but anxious for a settlement of the Irish land question; and it was in consequence of their belief in the statements of Mr. Gladstone, and their hope of a settlement which would bring quiet to the land, that the Irish landlords agreed to the concessions which were demanded of them, and men of all political parties combined in agreement to a measure which would certainly have been scrutinised far more closely, and accepted, if at all, with far greater difficulty but for the solemn assurances of the Prime Minister as to its probable permanence.

This, however, was not all. Mr. Gladstone’s statements of his own views, and those of his colleagues, upon the all-important subject before them were of no doubtful character. He stoutly combated the notion of ‘perpetuity of tenure’ and of ‘valuation of rents,’ and asked the House of Commons in eloquent language: ‘Is it for the public good that the landlords of Ireland, in a body, should be reduced by an Act of Parliament to the condition practically of fund-holders, entitled to apply on a certain day from year to year for a certain sum of money, but entitled to nothing more? Are you prepared to denude them of their interest in the land—and, what is

more, are you prepared to absolve them from their duties with regard to the land? I, for one, confess that I am not; nor is that the sentiment of my colleagues.' Furthermore, Mr. Gladstone pointed out that the tenantry of Ireland were not the whole people of Ireland, and that 'it would be difficult to show why, in favour of these particular persons, being occupiers, the *whole essence of proprietary right* should be carried over from the class which now possesses it to that which, though infinitely larger, is still a class—is not the whole people of the country.' In a subsequent speech (March 11), after invoking Mr. Bright as one whom he had always heard say 'with most scrupulous care, that any measure he would propose in reference to the land in Ireland' would be based on the principle of the most sacred respect for the rights of property,' Mr. Gladstone went on to condemn the idea of the valuation of rents, declaring that he and his colleagues were 'not ready to accede to a principle of legislation by which the State shall take into its own hands the valuation of rents throughout Ireland.' The reasons, indeed, by which this decision were justified were so clearly and cogently put by the speaker that the whole speech which contains them will amply repay perusal, and those may be excused who, having deemed them sound and valid when so put, are still of the same opinion. 'It is impossible, in my opinion,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'to get the prices of produce so as to found the rent upon them by a public authority; and if you could get them, it would be absolutely impossible to apply a standard according to the varying circumstances of each particular holding, and its capacity to produce this or that kind of produce.' And, summing up his objections to perpetuity of tenure subject to a valued rent, Mr. Gladstone thus continued: 'Sir, we have a social system established in this country under which two persons have a vital interest in the land. One of them is the landlord, who regards the estate as a whole, and who is very largely concerned in the development of its general prosperity; the other is the tenant, whose position it is desirable to simplify as much as possible, in order that he may be able to devote the whole of his resources and his capital, if he thinks fit, to the prosecution of his trade. *But if you once adopt this principle to which I am referring, you cannot retain these two classes on the land; the man who becomes a mere annuitant loses all general interest in its prosperity.* They have now both of them abundant reason to be there. Under the system which is contemplated one of them may have abundant reason to be there, but the other has not. We are called upon, therefore, to begin this rectification of land tenures in Ireland with a plan which, *if it be good at all, is good, not for Ireland only, but for the whole of the three kingdoms, and which certainly amounts to perhaps a peaceful, but yet a very searching and complete social revolution.*'

The Bill, then, which Mr. Gladstone introduced and passed into law in 1870 was a Bill avowedly framed, *not* upon principles which were 'good for the whole of the three kingdoms,' but upon such as were justified only by the exceptional circumstances of Ireland; and it was a measure to which the assent of Parliament, and specially of the Irish landlords, was obtained by a declaration on the part of the Prime Minister that the concessions to be made by the latter would bring them to safe standing-ground, upon and from which resistance to unreasonable demands could and would be made. 'For,' said Mr. Gladstone, on the occasion of the third reading of his Bill on the 30th of May, 'in framing this measure *we have deliberately and advisedly declined to meet the popular demands in Ireland.*' Then, after pointing out that those demands had included 'the recognition of the Ulster custom as the universal law of Ireland—fixity of tenure and valuation of rents,' he declared that 'the settlement of questions of this kind should be governed by a studious moderation,' that this was 'essential in a country which is distinguished for its attachment to the stability of property as much as its attachment to the principles of law and order,' and stated his belief that his 'honourable friends who represented the popular party in Ireland had for that reason so often, even with cheerfulness, acquiesced in our declining to accede to *what we felt to be extreme demands—demands which they knew the people of Great Britain would never have agreed to.*'

These, then, having been the opinions of Mr. Gladstone in 1870, when he was passing a Bill of which he said that 'it would be fatal to the character of his Government' and 'injurious to the reputation of Parliament' if he had attempted 'to induce Parliament to pass an ineffectual measure,' it is fair to ask the question to-day whether the measure of 1881 was or was not in accordance with those opinions, and, if not, are those to be blamed who were entirely taken by surprise by the latter measure, and who, still adhering to the opinions of 1870, refuse to follow views essentially the reverse and opposite?

Let us for one moment consider what it is that the Act of 1881 has done. It has established practical perpetuity of tenure and the valuation of rents. It has made the landlord 'an annuitant upon the land,' and has, moreover, in many instances so reduced the annuity as to render him utterly unable to meet the charges imposed upon his estate under a different system. It has, in fact, *done everything so eloquently denounced by Mr. Gladstone in 1870 as wrong, unwise, and unfair to be done,* and yet it is Mr. Gladstone and his Government to whom we owe it!

It is not enough, however, to prove that the action of Mr. Gladstone in 1881 was inconsistent with his speeches and legislation eleven years before. The progress of events, at any given period of history, so changes the condition under which statesmen have to consider and project legislation that such inconsistency in action



may sometimes be not only justifiable but necessary. An inconsistency, however, which sins against a principle, and that a principle which has been always accepted as true and vital by a political party, is one which the members of that party can hardly be expected to regard with complacency, and upon which their judgment may be freely exercised. I have already pointed out that if there is one principle more than another the importance and vitality of which has been upheld by the 'Liberal' party, it is the principle of free action and unrestricted intercourse between men in the ordinary transactions of life. It is, indeed, the basis upon which rests the whole fabric of Free Trade. It has been defended by 'Liberal' orators upon a thousand platforms, and the interference of the State between individuals condemned and denounced as unworthy of a free people. Yet this interference has been established by the 'Liberal' Government of Ireland, and established in a manner most cruel and oppressive to one of the parties concerned in that ordinary making of contracts with which the interference has taken place. These expressions can hardly be considered too strong, when it is remembered that the landlords of Ireland, not only without warning, but in the teeth of the declarations so emphatically and deliberately made by the Prime Minister in 1870, have been singled out as the one class which is no longer to be permitted to make the best price of the commodity of which it has to dispose, in open market or by private arrangement, but is to have the element of fair competition withdrawn from its transactions with those to whom it disposes of that commodity, and that without any allegation or pretence that it had hitherto, as a class, abused the right which, in common with the other inhabitants of this free country, it had possessed. On the contrary, in his speech on the introduction of the Bill of 1881, Mr. Gladstone expressly quoted the words of the Bessborough Commission, that 'the greatest credit is due to the Irish landlords for not exacting all that they by law are entitled to exact,' and further that 'it was unusual in Ireland to exact what in England would have been considered a full or fair commercial rent'—'this' (non-exaction) 'is to the present day rather the rule than the exception in Ireland.'

Moreover, this deprivation of rights does more than violate the principle of the 'Liberal' party to which we have already alluded, inasmuch as it offends against another cardinal point of the 'Liberal' creed, namely, that it is altogether wrong to attempt by interference of the State to regulate the natural working of the law of demand and supply, and that the attempt can only end in failure. How stands the case in this respect? The interference is put in force against the Irish landlord when you oblige him to submit to a fixed rent imposed by a tribunal which is controlled by no legislative direction with regard to the principles upon which it is to base its decision as to the amount of such rent, and which may and does

entirely ignore the element of competition which would ordinarily come into play when the demand for land is greater than the supply. But is it put in force also against the tenant? From the nature of the transaction it is impossible that it should be so. If the tribunal decides—as has commonly been the case since its institution—that the landlord's rent shall be reduced 25 per cent., what is the certain result? The present tenant doubtless gains something, because he pays, say, 75*l.* instead of 100*l.* per annum for his holding. But is it not absolutely certain that the next tenant will pay the 25 per cent. in the shape of the increased value of tenant-right, a payment which no legislation can reach? And inasmuch as he will pay this in a lump sum, part or all of which he generally has to obtain from the money-lender at a high rate of interest, the probability is that he will come into the farm more burdened than was his predecessor at the old rent. It would have been difficult to believe that the Government intended that, whilst the landlord should be studiously debarred from the advantages of competition in letting his land, the tenant should enjoy those advantages to the full in disposing of his tenant-right, if it were not for their own words and declarations to that effect. 'This is a Bill,' said Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, on the 7th of June, 1881, 'which provides, in the first place, for an impartial tribunal (!!!) to which every small tenant in Ireland can go in order to fix a fair rent between himself and his landlord if they should happen to disagree. This Bill permits every small tenant to sell his goodwill or tenant-right for the best price he can get for it, if he wishes to exchange or leave his holding.' So that not only has most unequal justice been meted out as between landlord and tenant in this respect, but the palpable result follows, that although individuals of a large, but limited, class will have been benefited, the confiscation of the landlord's property and the abstraction of his rights will not, in the long run, benefit even that class as a whole, and the sacrifice of justice and of good faith to the landlord class will have been made in vain.

It may well be asked, what considerations could have induced the Government to consent to and to initiate such legislation?

It is indignantly denied that the existence of the Land League and the agitation which it has set on foot have had anything to do with it. Do the people of Ireland believe this? Will any fair-minded man, be he English or Irish, maintain that without this agitation any such legislation would have been proposed? Even at the present stage of affairs, the Prime Minister has recently told us, in a speech addressed to the House of Commons on the 28th of February, that when the proceedings of the Land Act were about practically to commence, 'we were called upon to witness a powerful and menacing development of the great conspiracy against law and order and property in Ireland. . . . at that time we well knew that

*there were in Ireland but two living powers—one was the Land League, the other was the Land Act.* If, then, as Mr. Gladstone says, the Land Act was the only weapon that we possessed with which to fight the Land League, it is fair to ask whether it was by accident or design that the Government had manufactured the weapon, and if, as in justice to their foresight and ability we must suppose, it was a weapon purposely framed to encounter the 'development of this great conspiracy,' how is it possible to deny that it was the existence of the latter—that is, of the Land League and the accompanying agitation—which caused its production? Indeed, it is idle to debate the matter. The abandonment of the fundamental principles of the Liberal party has been 'brought' within 'the range of practical politics' by an agitation which, having been thus encouraged, will bear its natural results in the renewal of similar movements, but which, had it been boldly confronted at an earlier period, would have never attained to its present proportions or have caused the introduction of this unhappy legislation. To this proposition the usual reply on behalf of the Government is an accusation against their predecessors to the effect that it was their neglect in the earlier stages of the Land League which permitted and encouraged its growth. With this contention I have no further concern at the moment than to remind my readers that at the general election of 1880 one of the taunts directed against Lord Beaconsfield was that, in his famous letter to the Duke of Marlborough, he had endeavoured to work upon the fears of 'the people of England with regard to the condition of Ireland, which condition was but little referred to during the electioneering campaign, and was stated by Mr. Gladstone to be 'one of comfort and satisfaction.'

As if to discredit the foresight of his great rival, Mr. Gladstone now tells us that Lord Beaconsfield predicted a political and not a social revolution, and that Ireland is passing through the latter. Probably it would be nearer the truth to say that we are dealing with a semi-political combination which has excited and cleverly works by social agencies, but the distinction hardly affects the question. The fact remains that, if Lord Beaconsfield's prediction was dubious, Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the state of Ireland at the same time was either entirely wrong, or, if right, it follows that it must be since his own accession to office that the change has taken place from 'comfort and satisfaction' to something very much the reverse. In his speech in the House of Commons immediately before the Easter recess, Mr. Gladstone speaks of the Land League as if it had existed in its full power, or had at least developed its whole scheme, during the time of the late Government. But is this the case? The Beaconsfield Government resigned in April 1880. It was not until October 1880 that the 'Memorandum of Instructions to Organisers from Officers of the Land League,' containing the full statement of Mr. Parnell's

policy and intentions, was published by the executive of the Land League. It is clear, therefore, that the present Government did not find Ireland under the rule of the Land League, but under their administration that rule rapidly spread and became more firmly and widely established. Why was this? Let the truth be plainly and boldly told. The Government was as anxious as any Conservative Government could have been for the suppression of the mischievous doctrines which were fostered and propagated by those who, whether as Land Leaguers, Home Rulers, or Fenians, had for their inspiration an inborn hostility to England. But the Government was hampered by its engagements, and perhaps by the opinions of some of its own members. The *Times*, writing of Lord Hartington's position on the 12th March, 1880, had termed it 'one of no little embarrassment when it is his purpose to keep steadily in the path of moderation.' 'He cannot,' said the *Times*, 'afford to break with even the most untamable members of the Opposition. *Without the votes of English Radicals and Irish Home Rulers no Liberal majority is to be hoped for.*' This was so true that the Government felt obliged to conciliate both these sections of their followers by abandoning the Peace Preservation Act in the first instance, and afterwards by treating with forbearance and indulgence an organisation which required very different treatment.

Again and again has it been asked, Why did not the Government suppress the Land League in October 1880 instead of October 1881? If such had been their action, who can tell how many outrages would have been prevented—how much bloodshed spared! Alas! can we doubt the reason? In October 1881 Mr. Gladstone told the people of Leeds, 'Twelve months ago Mr. Parnell told the people of Ireland that they ought to pay, not the rents *they had covenanted to pay*, but the estimate of Griffith's valuation, *which is much below the real value*, and in by far the greater number of cases is framed for a different purpose.' Surely the illegality of the Land League's action consisted in their ordering tenants not to fulfil their legally-made contracts, and whether such non-fulfilment was to be carried out by only paying 'Griffith's valuation,' or by paying no rent at all, was only a question of degree which could not affect the legality or illegality of the order. There was, therefore, as much reason to stay the paralysing hand of the Land League in the autumn of 1880 as there was a year later, and the power of the Government to do so was greater in proportion to the yet undeveloped power of the League.

But the Government waited for the support of 'public opinion;' in other words, they could not at that time rely upon the support of their Radical followers, and instead of running the risk of dividing their party by the bold and prompt action which would have put down the authority of the Land League, they preferred to wait until

that authority, and the mischief following upon its exercise, had attained to such a magnitude that even the majority of their Radical adherents were prepared to support them. The delay was terribly injurious to Ireland, and scarcely improved the position or the reputation of the Government. It enabled them, indeed, to pass a so-called 'remedial' measure hand-in-hand with their first effort at 'coercion,' but it let slip a golden opportunity which may never return, and enabled the Land League to establish its mischievous doctrines far and wide. Simultaneously with the propagation of these doctrines, lawlessness and outrages have increased to a frightful extent, and this whilst, under the exceptional powers which they have obtained from Parliament, our Liberal Government has imprisoned some hundreds of 'suspects' without trial, in order, no doubt, to prevent even a worse state of things.

Thus, then, while 'moderate' Liberals cannot but feel that the true principles of their party have been abandoned by the Government in its Irish legislation, they are as yet unable to discern that improvement in Irish affairs which alone might have reconciled them to such an abandonment. How, indeed, can it be so? Was it the distress of Irish farmers which produced the Irish Land Act? Scarcely so, for, in that speech at Leeds to which I have already alluded, Mr. Gladstone pointed to the 'indication of the surplus wealth' of the farming class in Ireland afforded by their deposits in Irish banks, and announced that the amount of those deposits, which forty years ago was about five millions, and twenty-five years ago eleven or twelve millions, had now risen to *nearly thirty millions*. One would have imagined that this result could hardly have been achieved under a system of rack-renting and cruel evictions such as alone could have justified the deprivation of the Irish landlord of his rights, and the transfer of a large slice of his property from his pocket into that of the tenants. Be this, however, as it may, it was evidently not the distress of the tenant, but the agitation on his behalf, which procured the introduction of the Irish Land Act, and this being the case, Liberals may be pretty well assured that the abandonment of their principles has procured no final settlement of the Irish land question, nor given any security for the future peace and good government of Ireland. Indeed, if the present agitation should happily and unexpectedly subside, it is to be feared that the words spoken by the Prime Minister during the present session upon the subject of 'Home Rule' in Ireland would be found, though doubtless contrary to his desire or intention, to have given new life and encouragement to an agitation no less hostile to the tranquillity of that unhappy country.

But if Whigs and 'moderate Liberals' have been unable to regard with satisfaction that Irish Land Act which, up to the present moment, has been the only considerable legislative achieve-

ment of the Government, how much less can they have approved the action of the Prime Minister upon the same subject during the present session! In his address to the electors of Midlothian at the general election, Mr. Gladstone had claimed credit for a desire to 'bind together the three countries by the indissoluble ties of *liberal and equal laws*.' I will argue no more upon the application of the word 'liberal' to Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, but to equality it certainly can have no claim, whether we speak of equality between the two classes which it effects in Ireland, or equality between those classes in Ireland and the same in England and Scotland. But, apart from this point, the law had scarcely been put in operation when manifold and bitter complaints arose with regard to the method of its administration. Member after member of the Government had told Parliament, in authoritative tones, that the Irish landlords had little or nothing to fear; their rents would undergo, as a rule, little alteration, and the value of their property would not be reduced.

Five months have not elapsed since the commencement of the working of the Act, and the average reduction of rent has been 25 per cent.,<sup>1</sup> whilst landed property in Ireland is absolutely unsaleable, for the very intelligible reason that one person—the tenant—has been put in a position so favourable as to exclude any other possible competitor, and at the same time to make it more advantageous to him to enjoy that perpetuity of occupation which gives him the rights without the burdens of nominal ownership.

Again, Parliament had entrusted the valuation of rents in Ireland to three commissioners, specially appointed for the purpose, whose names were inserted in the Act, so that the Legislature might know that such an important duty would be entrusted to competent persons. The result has been that these three gentlemen have delegated their duties to thirty-six sub-commissioners, whose names have never been submitted to Parliament at all, and of whose qualifications and fitness the gravest doubts have been expressed. The allegations made concerning these officials are briefly these: that they have in some instances been appointed as the reward of political services rendered to Government candidates; that some occupy land, or are nearly connected with the occupiers of land, in the very districts in which they have to value the land; that the procedure of their court is such as is known in no other courts in Great Britain or Ireland, and that the grounds, legal or otherwise, of their decisions not being given in

<sup>1</sup> Upon the question of reduction of rents I commend to those who have had opportunities of knowing the truth, the following extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons on February 13:—'*Rents had not been arbitrarily reduced*. All that had been taken away from the landlords had been the right to exact unfair rents.' '*It was remarkable that only the worst cases had been brought into court*.' I can find no evidence whatever to justify the last statement, but much to the contrary

their judgments, the person against whom such judgment has been given has no materials for decision as to an appeal.

Proceedings in these courts are originated in a notice from the tenant that he demands a reduction in rent, but it is alleged that in this notice no grounds are ever stated for the demand, and the landlord is brought into court without the slightest knowledge of the case which he will have to meet—whether a claim will be set up for improvements, and, if so, their alleged extent, and the date of their execution; or, in short, what witnesses he will need, and to what points he will have to bring evidence. It cannot be denied that these allegations are of a character so serious as to endanger public confidence in the court, and to give rise to the impression that grave injustice will follow its decisions. Moreover, it is stated, and the statement is without contradiction, that the purchase and emigration clauses of the Land Act have, for some reason or another, been as yet practically inoperative, and that, if this is to continue, those (and there were many) who saw in these clauses the principal hope of success in the Land Act, either in the prospective creation of a peasant proprietary or the removal of surplus population, will be entirely disappointed.

An early inquiry into all these points seemed clearly desirable, so that, if possible, the reason of the apparent failure of the purchase and emigration clauses might be discovered and removed, and the truth of the allegations with respect to the sub-commissioners proved or disproved. Such an inquiry could hardly be otherwise than beneficial, since, if the charges so freely advanced could be disproved, confidence in the new Land Courts would be re-established and increased; whilst, should they be proved, it would surely be the desire of the Government to prevent the injustice of which complaint was made. An additional reason, indeed, was furnished by the fact that the appeals from the decisions of the sub-commissioners had been so numerous that great delay must necessarily ensue before they could be heard, and should any large proportion of them result in the reversal of judgments which had materially reduced rents, discontent would be widely felt among the tenants who had lost a boon which they had almost secured within their grasp. Great complaint had also arisen of the expense attending proceedings under the act, and it was with a full conviction of the necessity of an early inquiry into these matters that a Committee for the purpose was moved for and carried in the House of Lords. The Government, indeed, opposed it on the ground of its inconvenience, but their opposition did not appear to be of a very earnest or determined character. No sooner, however, had the House of Lords, in the exercise of its undoubted rights, agreed to appoint such a committee than the Prime Minister rushed to the House of Commons and gave notice of a motion in condemnation of the proceedings of the other

House. If Mr. Gladstone's object had been to provoke a collision between the two branches of the Legislature, or to create an angry feeling in the country against the House of Lords, his mode of action would be intelligible, though the object would hardly appear to be worthy of our approval. It is, however, impossible to attribute such an object to so eminent a statesman, and I prefer to believe that his only wish was to prevent the Irish people from thinking that the Government or Parliament intended to tamper with the Land Act. But was not that result already sufficiently secured? The Government had formally declared that none of them would serve upon the Lords' Committee, and had restrained all but the more independent of the 'Liberal' party in the Upper House from doing the same. They had done all in their power, wisely or unwisely, to discredit the committee, and a vote in the House of Commons, certain of course to be carried by an obedient majority, would not only fail to strengthen their position or the force of their protest, but would rather tend to do the reverse by exhibiting the utter futility of the proceeding. Radical clubs of course sent up letters and addresses to the Prime Minister approving his action, and denouncing that of the House of Lords. Conservative societies sent to the leaders of the Opposition documents of a precisely contrary character. And meanwhile the Committee of the House of Lords went quietly on as if nothing had happened, and the most practical result of the Prime Minister's impulsive action has been the waste of several days which could ill be spared in the House of Commons, and the further postponement of those rules of procedure which he had declared to be of the most urgent importance, and for the sake of which he had already delayed all the promised legislation of the session. That this is not a partial or unjust view cannot be better proved than by a quotation from the *Daily News* of the 13th of March. This journal, commonly considered the 'organ,' and certainly the faithful friend of the Government, remarks that:—

The situation created by the Lords was no doubt a grave one, but its effect might have been counteracted at a less cost to the House of Commons and to the country, than four evenings spent in stale recrimination, and in criticism which was necessarily futile, if only because it was altogether premature. A clear and decided statement from the Prime Minister of the view taken by the Government on the conduct of the Lords would have done all the good, and none of the harm which has resulted from a prolonged, and, in the circumstances, a mischievous controversy.

No impartial man will question the truth of these words, or deny that, whatever may be thought of the wisdom or unwisdom of the Lords in their appointment of a Committee, there was no necessity whatever for bringing the two Houses of Parliament into anything approximating to a collision. Meanwhile, if the course of the House of Lords required any justification, it was amply afforded within a



few days of the passing of Mr. Gladstone's impetuous condemnation of inquiry, when, in the debate upon Mr. Findlater's Bill to amend the Irish Land Act, the necessity of its amendment in some of the very particulars about to be investigated by the Lords' Committee was freely admitted on all sides, and Government simply pleaded for time in order to consider the nature and extent of the amendments which they should propose. How could previous inquiry be other than an assistance to them in such consideration?

Other questions there have been during the two years of the present Government's existence which have sorely tried—and some of which are still trying—the patience of the Liberal party. The melancholy mismanagement of affairs in South Africa has not yet borne its full fruits, but the abandonment to rebels of a country in which the Government had solemnly declared that 'the Queen's authority must be re-established'—the pharisaical assumption of the character of 'justice-loving' men, in giving up a territory to a race which for the most part had seized it from the natives, for whom 'justice' did not seem to exist—the submitting to the treacherous slaughter of the detachment of an English regiment without even a protest or expression of regret—these are things which, even if the results yet to come be less mischievous than may be anticipated, will not be forgotten by Englishmen, and which certainly cannot be defended as in accordance with either Liberal or Conservative traditions. Then come under review those two matters which have monopolised the greater part of the present session, namely, the Bradlaugh controversy and the proposed new rules of procedure in the House of Commons. A few words only need be said upon each. With respect to the former, it will be sufficient to ask, first, Did the Government afford to the House of Commons that sage guidance which the House had a right to expect? and, secondly, When the House had deliberately expressed its own opinion upon a case emphatically its own, was the action of the Prime Minister consistent with the position and dignity of the leader of the House of Commons? Mr. Bradlaugh had practically obliged the House of Commons to become aware that the oath to be taken expressed a belief in which he did not share. He could not fulfil the obligation the fulfilment of which was necessary to confer upon him the rights and privileges of a member of Parliament. Whether the imposition of such an obligation is wise and right is of course a totally different question. It was just one of those cases in which the calmness, judgment, and tactical skill of the late Sir Robert Peel would have been pre-eminently displayed, and in which those qualities on the part of the present leader of the House were unfortunately conspicuous by their absence. Sir Robert Peel would never have abdicated his position as leader of the House, or have suffered the leader of the Opposition to have gained a party advantage upon a question in which the character and position of the

House itself were concerned, and upon which it had a right to look to its leader for extrication from a difficult position.

With regard to procedure the question is one of a different order, and it is only fair to say that the Government have been compelled to make a choice between the restriction of the privileges of individual members and minorities, and the virtual abandonment of all attempts at legislation. Here again, however, is a matter upon which nothing could have been more natural and reasonable than to have taken their party into confidence, ascertained their general feeling, and allowed great latitude to members of a political combination which has always counted freedom of speech among the most precious of the privileges of Parliament. Instead of this, the Cabinet having agreed to certain restrictions, one of which at least is deemed highly objectionable by many of their supporters, the question is made one of 'confidence in the Government,' and the pressure of the Caucus again invoked to overawe any disagreeable display of independence. Such a display, indeed, having been made by Mr. Marriott, the member for Brighton, it would appear that a sort of private Star-Chamber has been improvised for his benefit among his constituents, and although that gentleman has had the courage and manliness to state that it is only face to face with his constituents, in fair public meeting, that he will explain his parliamentary conduct, and with admirable courage has since carried out his intention of so doing, it is to be feared that with more timid natures and in smaller constituencies, the orders of the Caucus authority have prevailed, and there is no doubt that the majority of 39 against Mr. Marriott's amendment was anything but a true representation of the real opinion of the Liberal party upon the question. Thus, then, I have endeavoured to express the alarm and dissatisfaction which Liberals, as distinct from Radicals, feel, and more or less openly avow, at the line of conduct pursued by the Government. Those who dare to express that dissatisfaction, as I have ventured to do, must expect to incur the heavy wrath of all who count allegiance to party leaders of more value than loyalty to party principles. To this we must submit with as much patience as we can; but, after all, the real question is not whether I, or any Moderate Liberal who takes the same view, deserve the abuse which we receive, but whether we are right or wrong in our allegation that the leaders for whom we fought up to and in 1880 have since that time trodden new paths and entered upon a course which justifies our protest. The wild principles, as alien from Liberal doctrines as from English justice, which have been adopted in the recent Irish legislation, have already found their echo upon this side of St. George's Channel, and a Scotch Land League has been followed by an English Farmers' Alliance, professing, indeed, disapproval of the proceedings of the Irish Land League, but moving slowly in the same direction. The danger may not be close at hand,

but it is looming in the future, for disregard of the rights of property and of a Parliamentary title cannot be practised, under the sanction of the law, on one side of the water without its influence being felt upon the other.

It is easy to say that whilst Lord Hartington and other men of supposed moderate views remain in the Government no great danger need be apprehended. Unhappily, if democratic Radicalism has the upper hand in a Cabinet which contains men of more moderate opinions, the result is that the influence of the latter is weakened in the country, whilst the support of their character and reputation is given to measures which they would never have willingly originated, and to which the exigencies of a strained loyalty to their colleagues alone obtain their reluctant assent. What is the position of the country at this moment? No one who observes the signs of the times can doubt that democracy is advancing with rapid strides, and that there is no single institution of the country which will long be secure from its assault. Already people whisper one to the other that land is not a desirable investment, for they know not what legislation regarding it may soon be afoot. No possessor of property feels safe, for to be possessed either of property or privilege in the present day is to be set up as a mark for those who respect neither one nor the other, and desire nothing more than a raid upon both. And instead of being able to regard our Government as one which, whilst marching forward upon that steady course of progressive improvement, within the lines of the constitution, which true Liberals ever desire to see, steadily resists attacks upon institutions which have served England well and which should command the respect and support of Englishmen, it is from the Government itself that such attacks are to be dreaded; and one cannot but tremble lest the principles they have abandoned in Ireland may be abandoned in England too, and the demon of the Radical Caucus be propitiated by another and yet another sacrifice to his insatiable appetite.

Some indeed there are who tell us that, so far from this being the case, it is Mr. Gladstone who calms and rules the spirit of democracy, and that his personal influence is our great safeguard against its more rapid advance. Moreover, we are jauntily told by Sir William Harcourt that 'the Whig party has always been treated to this sort of appeal to its former leaders against its existing chiefs,' and that such language only means 'we fear reform and we hate reformers.' No one doubts the influence of Mr. Gladstone over his followers, and no one who knows him doubts the honesty of purpose by which his career has always been guided. But no one can pretend that the principles of Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston are those which guide the Government of to-day; and those who take a calm retrospect of Mr. Gladstone's political life will find, first, that upon many occasions he himself has not been at one with the

Liberal leaders when they were 'existing chiefs;' and secondly, that it is rather as an evoker than a calmer of the spirit of democracy that he has of late years appeared before us. It is, moreover, among the masses that the chief popularity of Mr. Gladstone is to be found; it is among the masses that support for democratic measures is most likely to be obtained; and whenever a moment arrives when the position of the Government is such as to require a popular cry to sustain it, men of moderate views may well fear that the temptation would prove too strong for the impulsive temperament of the great statesman of whom I write, and that his extraordinary eloquence would be exerted not to stem but to expedite the progress of the democratic current. Nor is it just to tell us that we 'fear reform,' or that we 'hate' reformers. What we fear is the action of men who are led by a mistaken devotion to party ties to forget to weigh well the tendency of measures which seem calculated for the moment to win popular sympathy to the side of the party; and what we hate is not sensible and well-considered reform, but that which, under the specious disguise of reform, really leads to revolution.

But it will be asked, of what use to complain unless you have some definite course of action to recommend; what is it that you wish Moderate Liberals to do? The question is a fair one and should be answered, so far as an answer can be properly given. The traditional three courses are open to Moderate Liberals; for the fourth—to retire sullenly from the political conflict and take no part in the struggle—is one which does not befit those who really love their country. But between three things we may take our choice, and there is something to be said for each. We may decide that, after all, the best thing is to swallow our principles and our grievances together, bow our necks before the yoke of Birmingham Radicalism, and trust our consciences and opinions to the leaders who have so wounded the one and offended the other, but who are still, in the eyes of the public, the leaders of the 'Liberal' party. This, to some of us, would be the easiest course; at the present moment it is the duty of every loyal man to uphold the Executive Government in its endeavour to repress disorder in Ireland, and we might live in hope that some at least of the institutions of our country might probably be suffered to last our time. The second course is to form an independent party of our own, and 'to fight for our own hand.' But there is a bitter memory which deters us from such a step. The 'Cave of Adullam' was composed of men who honestly and sincerely believed that the Reform Bill of the Liberal Government was of too democratic a tendency, and in endeavouring to procure its modification they succeeded indeed in turning out the Government, but only to see the Reform question settled upon a broader and more democratic basis, twenty years before such a settlement need have been effected, if, by supporting the proposals of the Liberal Government, the 'Independent

Liberals' had allowed an interval to elapse before the establishment of household suffrage, so that a comprehensive measure of national education might have preceded instead of following the latter measure. The only other course left for Moderate Liberals is to throw their weight into the scale of the Conservative Opposition. Here, again, there is something to be said on both sides. On the one hand, it is difficult to join men against whom we have been constantly fighting during our political lives, and points of policy may yet arise upon which we may still find such an alliance surrounded with difficulty. On the other hand, we may fairly take into account that the Conservatism of the present day is not the Toryism of thirty years ago. Then, the party now upon the Opposition benches was opposed to free trade, to an extension of the franchise, to Jewish emancipation, the abolition of Church rates, the admission of Dissenters to the universities, and half a hundred other things which commended themselves to Liberal minds. Now these questions have all found their settlement, and the opinions of moderate men of both sides have practically come much nearer together. Thirty years ago moderate men might have hoped, by their action with the Liberal party, to temper and restrain Radicalism; to-day, it is a question whether they will not better serve their country by aiding to strengthen and consolidate true Conservatism. Moreover, though upon the Conservative side are still ranged the men who do not believe in progress, their number at the present day is really limited, and against them may be set on the other side the men who are for progress in a manner and in a direction very different from that which we desire, and who constitute a far more dangerous element in the party to which they belong. Such a step, however, as an alliance between Moderate Liberals and Conservatives is one not to be taken or entertained without the gravest and most careful consideration. As long as party government exists in England, the public does not understand or easily approve the coalition of men who have been generally in opposite camps. But if the violation and abandonment of party principles, and the general action of their leaders, drive men from the ranks in which they have hitherto fought—if the question ceases to be one of party, and becomes one of the preservation or destruction of institutions and principles identified with the well-being—if not the very existence—of the constitution, then surely it becomes the duty of men who place the interests of the country before all other considerations to speak and act boldly, to take whatever course seems best for the protection of those interests, and to rely upon the fair and impartial judgment of their countrymen. No immediate action may be necessary upon the part of the Moderate or Whig section of the Liberal party. But, if they desire to have their due weight in the country, they must be prepared to speak and vote in accordance with what they believe and say to each

other in private conversation. Men of moderate opinions, upon each side, are probably in the majority, but if they will not assert their power it might as well be non-existent. For the moment, possibly, clinging still to Liberal traditions and principles, and unwilling formally to leave the party which still professes to be the exponent of both, we may remain as we are, hoping against hope that things may mend; but action may at any moment be forced upon us, and when this is the case, so let us act that the stream of progress, so far as we can aid such a result, may be guided into safe and legitimate channels, and that we may be able to leave to our children a constitution as free and as secure as that which we inherited from our fathers.

**BRABOURNE.**

*TOWN AND COUNTRY POLITICS.*

THERE is at present a curiosity, which with some is a nervous anxiety, as to the exact state of political feeling, which is perfectly natural and intelligible. The conflict between the Government and the Land League has introduced so many new elements into political controversy that it is not surprising if ardent partisans, and especially the leaders on both sides, are desirous to ascertain what effect it has produced upon public opinion, and how far it has affected the balance of parties. In venturing to offer the contribution of an outside, though deeply interested, observer to the solution of the problem, I am conscious of an apparent presumption which needs some apology. That apology I must leave to the editor, to whose suggestion this paper is entirely due. It happens that, in the course of the last five or six months, it has been my duty, generally in conjunction with my friend Mr. Dale, to visit more than half the counties of England (including all those which exercise a formative influence on political opinion), and to address public meetings in most of the principal towns, from Newcastle in the north to Southampton in the south. It is true that those meetings, with one or two exceptions, were not of a political character, and that they were generally composed of Congregationalists, among whom Liberal opinions are well known to be in the ascendant. Still, there have been in the course of the speeches occasional allusions or illustrations which allowed the exhibition of political sentiment; and the manner in which even remote hints were caught up, and the kind of feeling which they elicited, have been extremely suggestive. These, however, form but a very small portion of the materials on which I have based the general opinion at which I have arrived. I have learned far more from private intercourse and from the provincial newspapers, which are, I venture to think, in many cases as ably conducted as those of the metropolis, and which certainly furnish a better index to the prevalent state of opinion in their own districts. I have thus had somewhat extended opportunities of diagnosis. It is true that my intercourse has necessarily been chiefly, though not exclusively, among Liberals, and that my own sympathies are too pronounced to allow of my laying claim to an absolutely impartial judgment. But

all that I shall even attempt is to give my own view as to the state of opinion among Liberals themselves. I will assume that the loss of Lord Beaconsfield and the elevation of Lord Salisbury to the Tory leadership has made no difference in the constitution and character of the party. What is even more difficult to believe, I will take for granted that the quiet, sober-minded, and honourable, if somewhat stolid, Conservatism, which has always been so powerful an element on the side of the present Opposition, has neither been disgusted by the rude insolence offered to Mr. Gladstone, nor so humiliated as to have been roused to indignation by the unnatural alliance between those who pride themselves on being *par excellence* English gentlemen, and the representatives of Irish discontent and sedition. I assume that those who were Tories in 1880 are Tories in 1882, and that all who were seduced into the camp of Lord Beaconsfield by the dazzling visions of Imperialism will remain there to give an indirect but substantial help to the designs of Messrs. Parnell and Healy. I must add still further that I speak only of the state of feeling in the provinces. It is taken for granted that in London, or rather those classes of metropolitan society which assume to represent London, there has been no abatement of the virulent hostility to Mr. Gladstone. Passing into the country, or indeed passing beyond the favoured regions of the metropolis, where men of light and leading are to be found, one is at once conscious of being in the midst of another political atmosphere. Liberalism is there not only more abundant, but it is more robust. The real question is, whether in it there has been any change. If the party who won the extraordinary victory of two years ago have not repented of the votes which they then gave, and by which they raised Mr. Gladstone to a height of power seldom enjoyed by any statesman, there is no reason for disquiet on the part of the Liberals. The forces which won the extraordinary triumph of 1880 can achieve another quite as remarkable, even though there should be added to their opponents the people for whom Liberalism has made such gallant efforts and such costly sacrifices.

The ablest of the London weeklies, whose political forecasts, however, are more remarkable for ingenuity than correctness, contends that there is an insuperable difficulty in arriving at any trustworthy estimate of the present state of political opinion, because *Demos* is silent until the time for action arrives, and then may, in all probability, take a course which falsifies the most confident predictions of the most sagacious prophets. The theory is an interesting one, but it is doubtful whether it is sustained by a sufficiently wide induction of facts. The last two general elections undoubtedly disappointed and surprised the most astute managers; but this is a very inadequate basis for a conclusion so wide and sweeping. There were some who did forecast with some approach to accuracy the



results of the election of 1880. I myself ventured a considerable time beforehand in this Review to predict a Liberal victory, and to adduce facts and figures which seemed to point in that direction. From that opinion I never varied, and as the struggle approached became more confident as to the actual issue. It was because Demos was not silent, but gave very significant indications of his opinions, that I had arrived at that opinion. Those who, like myself, differed from the common estimate of the probable issue of that election, would say that the mistake arose not out of the lack of material, but from the failure of the observers to make wise use of that which was at their command.

As to the election of 1874, there is less necessity to speak. The Liberal rout was more complete and disastrous than had been anticipated; but he must have been sanguine indeed who expected anything that could have been regarded as a victory. The party was divided and demoralised, some of the Ministers were personally unpopular, the organisation was defective, and there was none of that enthusiasm which atones for imperfect machinery, and in the absence of which the most perfect machinery will be useless. That discontent prevailed in the country, that the harassed interests were full of vindictiveness, and had power to gratify their spite, that powerful sections of the party had come to believe that it would not be the worse for the bracing air of the Opposition benches, were facts patent to every observer. The one doubtful point was the extent to which Mr. Gladstone's personal prestige might overbear the disaffection within the party itself, which had been produced by some of his colleagues. If the issue of Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the country was uncertain, it was not because Demos had been silent, but because a variety of influences so complicated the struggle, and the contending forces were so nearly equal, that it was difficult to predict to which side the balance might ultimately incline.

I find nothing in the story of these elections to justify the idea that Demos has a wanton pleasure in keeping his rulers ignorant of his actual views, and that, therefore, in the interval between two general elections we must go on blindly groping in the dark except for such incidental glimpses of light (themselves doubtful at best) which may be supplied by municipal or by occasional Parliamentary elections. The latter might seem to be the best index to the changes in public feeling, and so, if they be considered with due regard to all the circumstances, they probably are. It is the failure to take local conditions into account, or to intentionally ignore them for the purpose of creating or magnifying triumph, that has led to an undue depreciation of the evidences which bye-elections furnish as to the state of public feeling.

The most significant single elections of the last twelve months have perhaps been those of North Lincolnshire, North Durham, and

North Yorkshire. By a strange coincidence they all belong to the same district, and yet they present features of marked difference from each other. The first two reveal two of the most serious difficulties by which the Ministry is confronted; the third, on the contrary, suggests one of the most hopeful features of its future. That Tories were returned in all three cases is nothing surprising, but the narrowness of the majority in the third case, especially when viewed in connection with the relative costs of the candidates, is an encouraging augury.

The North Durham election was instructive as furnishing the first example of that paltering with Irish treason by which a certain section of Tories have dishonoured themselves. A victory was won, but the party which won it was disgraced. North Lincolnshire was unquestionably won by an appeal to the self-interest of the farmers, and an encouragement of the old hope, which has never died out among them, that the return to a Protectionist policy may bring back the old times of agricultural prosperity. The appeal was made at an exceptionally favourable time, and under extremely propitious conditions. Mr. James Lowther is a reckless politician, but he is a skilful electioneerer, whereas his opponent failed to rouse the zeal of his own friends, to say nothing of winning over those who were doubtful. With farmers mourning over the blighted prospects of another harvest, many of them trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, and all so depressed as to be ready to lean upon the feeblest reed which was offered for their support, the seductive promises of the 'Fair Trade' candidate were irresistible. Whether the encouragement of such an illusion was honourable, was statesman-like, was even politic, are points which, happily for myself, I need not stop to consider. I certainly give Mr. James Lowther credit for more sagacity than to suppose him capable of believing in the hopes which he fostered in the hearts of those desponding farmers, and yet it would be unfair to blame him over severely when we remember how his leader, himself a convinced Free Trader, which Mr. Lowther has never professed to be, has played with this shadowy creation of the brain as though it had had some reality.

Shadowy or not, it moved the North Lincolnshire farmers, and I am informed, on authority which it is impossible to question, that this visionary hope still exerts considerable influence among the farmers in those eastern counties, who have suffered most severely from the succession of unpropitious seasons. A friend in Cambridge-shire told me that this feeling is the great difficulty of the Liberal party in the region, and he cited the case of an intelligent and highly respected agriculturist, who at a farmers' meeting in one of these counties was hooted down, because he ventured to tell his friends and neighbours that the revival of Protection was impossible, and that they must seek for other remedies for the evil from which they were suffering. My friend did not believe that this 'Fair Trade' idea

had affected any Liberals and won them to the Tory ranks, but certainly that it had done very much in the way of arresting the conversion of those who were gradually inclining to more Liberal views.

So far as I could gather, the simple truth seemed to be that hopes had been raised very high as to what a Liberal Government might do for the farmers, and as these expectations have not been fulfilled, there has been considerable revulsion of feeling. Even the repeal of the Malt Tax, long and earnestly as it had been demanded, has produced little if any impression. Perhaps it is not wonderful, when we consider the severe pressure to which the farmers in the counties referred to have been subject for years past. Any incipient leanings towards Liberalism which they may have shown were for the most part due to the despairing conviction that any change was worth trying. In their view the experiment has not succeeded, and they return to their old allegiance. It may be that a favourable season and an abundant harvest would produce a change in the contrary direction. This, at least, was the opinion of my friend, who had had large and varied opportunities of observation, and who, though he did not take an optimist view of Liberal prospects, believed that the party was more likely to gain than to lose, even in these strongly Conservative districts.

Still we have here at best an uncertain element, which it would be wisest for Liberals in any of their calculations to reckon as hostile. But there are counties and counties, and it is not to be assumed that the revival of Liberalism in the counties, which was one of the most remarkable features of the general election, has exhausted all its energy. Cumberland, Cheshire, and, still more distinctly, North Yorkshire are witnesses to the contrary. It is true that in Cumberland only were the Liberals able to score a success; but the figures in both the other contests, and especially in the last, indicated an awakening of independence and an advance of intelligence on the part of tenant farmers which are full of encouragement and hope. The odds in the North Riding were so overwhelming as to make the contest apparently desperate. A Liberal tenant was fighting against a new combination of Whig and Tory landlords. Men whose names had been regarded as a tower of strength to Liberalism threw themselves zealously into the struggle against the Liberal candidate. Manifestoes were issued from Raby and from Howick, while the Earl of Zetland (whose title is itself a memorial of the service the Dundas family has rendered to the Liberal cause) made himself prominent in his support of the party which his family have for generations opposed, and was welcomed with effusiveness by his new friends, who rejoiced more over this one sinner who repented than over the ninety and nine righteous Tories who needed no repentance. In previous contests the Whigs, supported by these proud historic names and the vast territorial influence which they represented, had

not come within measurable distance of success in their endeavour to secure the second seat. In the late struggle of the tenant against the united force of feudalism, he all but defeated the phalanx of landlords of both parties, with the exception of the few gallant men who preferred their country to their class. The significance of this election has hardly been recognised. A majority of less than 400 under such circumstances was little better than a defeat for the Tory party. It was a Pyrrhic victory, which is easily explained by the lavish expenditure of the victor, and would in all probability have had a very different result had a few hundred pounds more been spent on organisation and on conveyances by the defeated party. But it was more. It was an evidence that the 'Fair Trade' cry had not affected the Yorkshire farmers, themselves typical of a large class; a sign that the old family and territorial influence was sensibly weakened; a significant suggestion to Liberal statesmen that the reform of the land laws is one of the first works that they ought to take in hand.

But for the Irish question, indeed, there would hardly be room for discussion as to the position of the Ministry. Apart from this, there is nothing which produces disquiet in the ranks of its supporters; nothing on which its critics could base even a plausible charge. Twelve months ago we used still to have references to the withdrawal from Candahar or to the surrender at Majuba, and attempts to persuade the people that the Government were careless of the honour of the country. But they have all ceased, and the Afghan and Transvaal questions are as dead as the Berlin Treaty and its secret agreements. Even the Tory leaders are beginning to understand that these were the very questions on which the constituencies pronounced in 1880, and that there is no reason to believe that they have any desire to reverse the decision. The conspicuous absence of these topics from the speeches at Liverpool is the tacit acknowledgment of this. But there was more even than silence. Lord Salisbury's plea on behalf of the action of the House of Lords is that a new situation has been created during the last two years, and that on the questions now at issue the electorate has not been consulted. 'This peculiar feature has marked the advent of the present Government to power, that no sooner were they there than the face of politics entirely changed, the subjects which chiefly interested the nation became entirely different.' In other words, Imperialism has ceased to interest the nation because the Ministry have effected one of the primary objects for which the great campaign of 1880 was waged, by putting an end to the policy which delighted the souls of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett and Sir Drummond Wolff, and won the plaudits of the excited companies who bawled Jingo songs in London music halls, but disgusted the common sense of rational Englishmen. Lord Sandon, with that Chauvinism characteristic of the Evangelical section of the late Cabinet, declaimed in the old style.

But his words awakened no approving echo, and their only effect was to satisfy commercial men, who did something to rid us of the incubus of Imperialism, that they had acted wisely, and to make them still more resolved not to risk the trade of the nation by trusting power to such reckless hands again.

If, having thus disposed of the complicated questions in foreign policy which they had received as a *damnosa hereditas* from their predecessors, the Government have not been able to proceed in equally vigorous fashion with their schemes of domestic legislation, the cause is to be found solely in the perplexing Irish problem which they have been unexpectedly called upon to solve. A more cruel necessity was never imposed upon a Liberal Administration than that which has forced them to adopt a policy of coercion in Ireland, as hateful to their instincts as it is contrary to the interests of their party. If I do not describe it as contrary to Liberal principles, it is because I refuse to believe that in the vocabulary of Liberalism liberty is synonymous with lawlessness, or the right of free discussion equivalent to a licence for sedition, harangue, or incentives to treason and violence. A Liberal Ministry has and ought to have the suppression of crime and the maintenance of order as much at heart as the most Tory Government that ever existed. It is even better for the nation that when there is an imperative necessity for measures of repression, the party in power should be identified with principles which will restrain them from excessive severity; but for the party itself it is singularly unfortunate. A Tory Ministry would be in little danger of divisions among its own friends as to coercive measures, and in all probability would provoke less resentment on the part of those against whom they were directed. Coercion is regarded as a natural product of Toryism, whereas in Liberals it is an abnormal and monstrous growth.

The Government, who have been driven to it, might not unreasonably have expected a considerable loss of popularity, and in all probability a serious schism in its own ranks. But as yet there are no signs of either one or the other. There are varieties of opinion, but my own experience is that much less is heard of them in the country than in London, among those who are eager to lay hold of any story, or, if there be not one at hand, to invent one for the purpose of discrediting the Ministry. To deny the existence of an uneasy feeling among Liberals, who chafe under the idea that they are responsible for invasions of personal liberty and constitutional right, which in their souls they abhor, would be absurd. I have found it everywhere, but never, except in the case of extreme men who regard Mr. Joseph Cowen as the type of true Radicalism, have I found it producing a distrust of the Ministry, still less a desire to substitute Mr. James Lowther for Mr. W. E. Forster. This much at least is certain, that where there is any doubt as to the Government action

among Liberals, it is as to the imprisonment of the 'suspects,' not to the treatment of the landlords. Lord Salisbury might as well prophesy to wild winds and mad waves as indulge in eloquent appeals for sympathy with the plundered landlords of Ireland. The people (and here I speak of 'Conservative working men as well as of Liberals) in their hearts believe that these gentlemen, on whom such high praises are continually lavished, are the root of all the difficulty. They accept the decisions of the Commission as being substantially just; they read with indignation the stories of evictions for non-payment of arrears of rent, which in many cases is now proved to be unjustly exacted, and though this does not cause them to sympathise with the brutality and violence by which the cause of the tenantry has been disgraced, it certainly gives a leniency to their judgments which would surprise if not shock those who share Lord Salisbury's views as to the mystic sanctity of the landlords' rights. The working classes, who have the preponderance in the great constituencies, believe the property of the tenant to be as sacred as that of the owner, and they can make some allowance for men whose sense of injury has maddened them to crime. But for all that Englishmen hate violence, and hate it all the more when it is perpetrated by those to whom the Government and Parliament have shown such anxiety to do justice. Everything I have seen or heard convinces me that the wild sympathy with Irish lawlessness, of which Mr. Joseph Cowen, posing in the character of the Radical Simon Pure, is the one exponent, has no power outside the circles over which his own influence extends.

That the coercion policy will cost the Liberals the loss of the Irish vote is tolerably certain, but it is not probable that the Irish deserters will find many English sympathisers. The extent of the loss which may be inflicted upon the party by the secession to the organisation of which Messrs. Biggar and Redmond have been devoting their Easter holidays, is the most uncertain factor in the problem with which we are dealing. It is only in a limited number of constituencies in which its influence will be felt, and even there it is not at all likely to assume the importance which loud talkers ascribe to it. At all events, the Ministry must blunder very grossly indeed before the English working men will be induced to place themselves by the side of these Irish malcontents, and it is more than possible that their accession to the Tory ranks will alienate many hitherto found in them.

At present, certainly, there is no sign of any disposition to withdraw the confidence hitherto placed in the Ministry, in the belief that it has information which cannot be given to the public, and that it is composed of men who would not be parties to any wanton oppression. The most unsatisfactory feature in the present state of things is that while political suspects are confined in gaol, the perpetrators of the

dastardly outrages, which have horrified the nation, go at large. The argument for the release of the former, or rather against their original arrest, may be very weak, for it is all but certain that their imprisonment has prevented an unknown amount of mischief; but the argument in favour of some effectual method of dealing with the latter is irresistible. Mr. Goldwin Smith may have shown too much of the Cromwellian temper, and he has made some proposals which are clearly inadmissible; but I believe that he expresses a feeling which is very deep in the hearts of the best of our artisans, as well as of other classes, that the honour of England is involved in the suppression of such brutal deeds as the murder of Mrs. Smythe and Mr. Herbert, to say nothing of the wanton barbarity to the helpless lambs of the latter. Fine platitudes about liberty and constitutional liberty are out of place here. We are in the midst of a social war, in which the Government has to contend for the primary rights of society. Even the advanced Liberals of the constituencies will support it in this difficult task, provided its policy be as free from passion as from weakness, show as much anxiety to guard against unnecessary invasion of liberty as to maintain order, and be as little open to the reproach of violence or obstinacy, on the one hand, as of vacillation on the other. It is pretty certain that there are differences of tendency, if not positively of opinion, in the Cabinet, though we may disbelieve the rumours of dissension which are periodically circulated in the clubs. It might seem at first sight, that this is an element of weakness, but in my judgment it is just the contrary, so long as loyal co-operation is maintained. Were the results to be division of counsels and constant oscillation, it would be an enormous evil. But if, on the contrary, the presence of these different elements at the one council board secures the careful examination of all sides of the question, and the decision once reached is firmly maintained, there must be a great accession of strength. Certain I am that on this point the present Cabinet commands the hearty support of the party, and that a breach in its unity would be a serious calamity, not only to Liberalism, but to the country.

Compared with the numerous complications of the Irish problem, the Bradlaugh difficulty is trivial and transient; but it has been a source of considerable irritation and annoyance to the Ministry, and, if we were to trust the opinion of the West End clubs, has materially damaged their position. This latter point I venture altogether to doubt. I have talked with numbers of individuals, of all shades of opinion, on the subject, but I have not met one who had any claim to be regarded as a Liberal whose attitude towards the Government has been affected by the incidents connected with this unhappy case; and it seems to be generally felt that, while every Liberal representative may fairly be expected to support an Affirmation Bill, the attitude

he ought to take in reference to Mr. Bradlaugh's admission may with equal propriety be regarded as an open question. The case of Mr. Samuel Morley is a typical one. He differs from Mr. Gladstone as to the right of the House of Commons to interfere; his Liberal friends differ from him. But Mr. Morley remains a loyal adherent to the Ministry, and his supporters at Bristol do not see that this difference of opinion should cause them to withdraw their confidence from so trusted a representative. This is one example of a state of things which is very prevalent. The Tories have done their utmost to use the member for Northampton as an instrument for injuring the Government; but even those Liberals whom they have been able to carry with them in their action against Mr. Bradlaugh have refused to accept the conclusion to which they desired to lead up against the Ministry.

It has, however, been very interesting to mark the kind of feeling which this Bradlaugh controversy has evoked. It is often assumed that it is from the more religious section of the Liberal party that the objection to the admission of an unbeliever into Parliament proceeds. There could be no greater mistake. I will say nothing of the great body of Congregational ministers who, having a full faith in justice derived from their faith in God and the Bible, feel themselves bound to maintain that the political status of a man shall not be affected by his belief or his unbelief. I prefer to quote the opinion rather of men leading a more quiet and retired life. I was talking recently with a gentleman, formerly a member of Parliament, and for a year a deacon of a Congregational church. He is now approaching eighty years of age, and, being a man of great religious simplicity, and one who was living in comparative seclusion, I quite expected to find him somewhat doubtful as to so extreme a development of religious liberty. But, on the contrary, his view was clear and decided. 'I began my political life,' he said, 'by writing and speaking for the abolition of the Test Acts. I then joined in the agitation for Roman Catholic Emancipation. When in Parliament I voted for the admission of the Jews to the Legislature. The very men whom I helped to place there now seek to exclude others. But I cannot be thus false to the principles of a lifetime.' In so speaking he only gave expression to the prevalent feeling of Nonconformist circles. There are exceptions, especially among those who have not been trained in the ideas and associations of the more advanced Dissent. But I hesitate not to say that, in the large majority of the Dissenters, there is too living and real a faith in God to allow of their fancying with Lord Salisbury that the authority of the supernatural needs to be placed under the sanction of the nation.

The workmen's view of Mr. Bradlaugh's position is a very different one. They look at his political as well as his religious opinions and they believe that the opposition to him is prompted as much by



hostility to the one as to the other. His opponents have converted him into a champion and a hero, and so have awakened an enthusiasm on his behalf which is hardly understood except by those who, like myself, have had opportunities of witnessing some of its manifestations. I was deeply impressed by a remarkable outburst of sympathy with him, called forth by some allusions made to his case in a crowded gathering in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. The feeling thus exhibited was intense, and certainly was not due, to any large extent, to agreement with his opinion. It was more even than a protest against injustice. It was the expression of a strong and indignant belief that class feeling has hidden itself behind the mask of religion, and that the chief offence of the obnoxious unbeliever is that he has menaced some of the pleasant doves of the aristocracy. The situation is a strange one altogether. The opponents of Mr. Bradlaugh have done all that was in their power to increase his notoriety and influence, and so have really helped his assault upon the religion of which they are the self-constituted champions. Mr. Bradlaugh, on the other hand, professing to vindicate the right of free thought and of Liberalism, has been one of the most effective hindrances to the success of the cause with which, unfortunately for it, he is identified. Happily the result on political life, beyond the temporary annoyance and obstruction, is not serious. In their desire to make the best of the card which circumstances have placed in their hands, the Tories have pushed their supposed advantage too far. It is a trifle too much to ask the electors to believe that Mr. Gladstone is the friend or abettor of Atheism. The people know better; and they know, also, that those who make the charge know better. The accusation becomes all the more absurd when it is coupled with another of Ultramontanism. The trick of riding two horses is one which the Opposition are practising with considerable diligence, but it is one that needs unusual adroitness, and in this case it has not been successful.

In reading the speeches at the Liverpool demonstration, it is difficult to understand what is the cry with which the Tory leaders hope to conjure. Their organs in the press boast of a great success, and so far as the gathering of numbers was concerned, their vauntings are justified. But there is nothing new or surprising in a Tory crowd at Liverpool. There never was a time when a bevy of Tory lords and M.P.'s, including the chief of the party, could not have attracted a multitude of enthusiastic admirers, in what the *Times* calls, 'the premier Conservative constituency in the country.' In order to real success it was necessary, not merely that crowds should be gathered, but that words should be spoken which, besides awakening the plaudits of Hengler's circus, would send a thrill through the constituencies of the country. Never, surely, must the far-seeing men

of the party have been more conscious of the enormous loss it has sustained in the death of Lord Beaconsfield than in reading these speeches. Mr. Disraeli created the Conservative working man by mastering his ideas and entering into his feelings. He did not talk to him in the tone of the aristocracy, or use the language of the club, assuming that artisans take as much interest in the preservation of class privileges as those by whom they are enjoyed ; but with his own inimitable art he succeeded in persuading them that Toryism was the true democracy. Lord Salisbury is not only destitute of the art, but he does not show any consciousness of the necessity for its exercise. One of his eulogists in the press compliments him on having 'ideas to suggest,' but the compliment is very seriously qualified, by the addition that 'they were probably not perfectly true, and were certainly not altogether new.' It remains only to supplement the observation by saying that what was new was not true, and what was true was not new, in order to make this graceful flattery complete. What most strikes a Liberal, desirous of ascertaining the effect likely to be produced on the country, is the remoteness from all popular sympathy which the speeches indicate. The electors who voted against the Tories in 1880, and large numbers of whom must be converted before any change of government can take place, care nothing about the points which Lord Salisbury makes of special importance.

The Caucus was, of course, one of the topics on which he dwelt. Organisation in the constituencies has secured for the Liberal majority its proper place in the Legislature, and, therefore, the Tories hate it. The feeling is perfectly natural. They were accustomed to profit by Liberal divisions, and they are not content to see the advantage snatched out of their hands. But they must not expect the people to share their own indignation, or hope that resentment of what Tories are pleased to call dictation will tempt Radicals into the opposite camp. The dictation is not felt. Such as it is, it is at all events their own, and if they do not like it they can terminate it at the next annual election of delegates from their wards. The dictation which they reprobate and would resist is that which Mr. W. H. Smith practised at Westminster, when Lord Algernon Percy was foisted on a great constituency, which received at the same time the notice of the vacancy, and a mandate as to how it was to be filled. The recent election at Preston afforded sufficient evidence of the indignation which that kind of dictation provokes, and to men smarting under the imposition of candidates, when they think themselves perfectly competent to choose for themselves, any talk against the Caucus was worse than wasted breath.

Working men may belong to different camps and fight under different flags, but, so far as I have observed them, there is a great deal of sentiment common to the entire democracy. Everywhere it has

a strong force of independence and desire for self-government, and it is to this that the Caucus, which is anything but a Caucus, has appealed. The fancy pictures which find favour in London society of a little clique sitting in Birmingham and manipulating the Liberal associations of the country, are only laughed at in the towns where the working of these bodies is known. Where these associations are in full and vigorous action, they are local Parliaments. The representative system is closely followed in the election of the members, and those members discuss with intense interest the various questions of the day. I can bear witness, from what has come under my own personal observation, of the spirit with which some of them are worked, and I have no reason to believe that there is anything exceptional about those of which I happened to obtain special knowledge. As to the idea that the associations in the great Lancashire and Yorkshire towns would pass resolutions at the order of Birmingham or any other centre, it would only be ventured by those who do not understand the people. Their representatives know that it is otherwise, and, therefore, they pay a deference to their protests which they certainly would not give to manufactured public opinion. But this is not the place to discuss the Caucus. All I wish to insist upon is that there is no feeling against it which can be employed to the injury of the Government. In truth, it required some audacity to speak of it at all, seeing that one object of the visit to Liverpool was to inaugurate a veritable Tory Caucus—that is, an organisation differing from the Birmingham plan at the very point in which that differs from the American Caucus, by providing for a number of non-representative members with whom will be the virtual control.

A House 'enslaved by the Caucus and muzzled by the Clôture' is a telling literary phrase, but it would be much more effective in an aristocratic than in a popular assembly. As to the 'Clôture,' if the real mind of the people could be reached, it would be found that they would not be very scrupulous about any measure which would stop the endless talk of Parliament. The loquacity offends their practical instincts. They know that in their own meetings obstructive talkers would have a very short shrift, and they would be hard to convince that the liberty of the nation depends upon Mr. Gorst and Mr. Biggar, Sir Drummond Wolff and Mr. Healy, Earl Percy and Mr. Redmond retaining the right to an unfettered license of useless speech.

When Sir Stafford Northcote so far forgot himself as to provoke the loud laughter of the meeting by a reference to the 'grand old man,' he made a greater mistake both in taste and policy even than his colleague had done. A statesman who has passed the period at which he might fairly have sought retirement, and who displays now an activity of mind, a versatility of power, an undaunted courage, and an untiring diligence which the youngest man in the House might envy, who by

unparalleled exertions and unrivalled eloquence created the powerful majority which he still holds together, who is now bearing the brunt not only of hard work but of malignant attack such as no other statesman ever had to face, and who stands unmoved and steadfast in the midst of all, is indeed a 'grand old man.' So the whole Liberal party in the country feels. The wretched carplings of the lobbies or the clubs, the muttered discontent of those who fancy that the Premier has not formed a just appreciation of their transcendent merits, the complaints of those who think that skill in dispensing beaming smiles or pleasant compliments is the highest art of statesmanship, do not affect the judgment of the people. Over them Mr. Gladstone has the same power as ever. Again and again of late 'have I seen the same enthusiasm kindled by the mere mention of his name at great public gatherings which was common during the contest of 1880. It was clear that the attacks on him had revived the old sentiments. Tory journalists or moderate Liberals may persuade themselves into the belief that his influence is waning. Let them make the experiment in any great Liberal meeting in the country, and they will learn that the calumnies with which he has been assailed have only roused a more passionate devotion, and that the party is still true to the 'grand old man.'

It is strange that London seems so unteachable on this subject. The lesson taught in the rude awakening of the last election might have been expected to have had more permanent influence. But the first impression soon passed away, leaving behind only an exasperation, tending ever to become more bitter and unreasonable. Men under the dominion of such passion seem unable to understand the teaching of events or to appreciate the effects of their own words and deeds. In their little cliques and coteries they talk over their common wrongs and nurse their common hates, until they come to believe in their angry accusations, and to fancy that the country believes them also. But nothing is less likely to move a high-spirited nation than this wretched personal spite. When the gravest and most dignified of Lord Chancellors excuses himself for not taking action against a Chairman of Quarter Sessions who had assailed a statesman of whom any country and any age might be proud with the violence of a ruder Thersites, on the ground that he had only improved upon the examples of his leaders, it is clear that vindictiveness has overshot its mark. So it is certainly felt in the country. I rejoiced to hear from an independent member of Parliament that the Prime Minister has as strong a hold upon his majority to-day as when he first took office. So far as I can judge, this is even more emphatically true of his followers in the country. Liberals resent the flippant impertinence of young lordlings and the more unpardonable violence of their chiefs, and, quietly

registering all these offences against good manners and good taste, wait for the opportunity of recording their verdict. Were it necessary, or did the occasion arise, there would be a display of public feeling on behalf of the Prime Minister even more remarkable than that of 1880, and one which might convince even the *Times* that the popularity of Mr. Gladstone is a great fact and one not to be altered.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

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*Erratum.*

The following note was omitted from Sir James Stephen's article on the Criminal Law, published in the last number of this Review.

[This article is adapted from a German version of it which appeared in the *Zeitschrift für die gesamte Strafrechtswissenschaft* for November 1881. In its German form it contained much which was intended for foreigners only. It was, however, suggested to me that the sketch which it contains of the whole system might be interesting to Englishmen. It is accordingly published, with some omissions and alterations, in the language in which it was written.]

THE  
NINETEENTH  
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*HOME RULE.*

I.

WHETHER it is more easy to assume the task of defending the existence of a time-honoured system or of advocating its change depends not only on the facility with which the conditions of the system may be either defended or attacked on their own merits, but also very largely on the prestige or antiquity of those institutions from which the system derives its origin. The inherited constraint on the reasoning power of ordinary minds which accustoms surroundings are wont to exercise often necessitates a very army of political martyrs to demonstrate conclusively to the nation the necessity of operating a crucial change in their social and political condition. The magnitude of existing facts is irresistible to many minds before the intangible realities of abstract conceptions, and the tenacity with which statesmen will cling to the mouldering remains of a decaying past promises a safer basis in political inaction than the fervent teaching of the ardent reformer. It is not strange then that the Irish Home Rule question should not have yet entered on that second stage of all controversies, viz. its being accepted as a theory for discussion; and we may fairly doubt whether to the minds of the great majority of politicians it is not still in its first condition, viz. of being a theory which is refused a hearing.

It is because we believe that this condition of the popular mind is an exaggerated and unwise one that an attempt is here made to open

up the discussion on a broad and unprejudiced basis. Any tendency on the part of political leaders in England to lend an ear to this long-sought dream of the Irish people has been up to the present treated in the light of treason to the Empire, and has been made a handle of by political opponents to vilify and blacken the reputation of a rival. The language used by Mr. Gladstone on this question of Home Rule has been travestied in every garb in the columns of the Tory journals of the country, and every species of distorted meaning has been attributed to his statements. It is not our business to attempt to interpret the full meaning of the general propositions on the subject which Mr. Gladstone has propounded, nor to attempt to fathom the convictions of his mind on this matter; the only important point to notice is the fact that he has been the one solitary instance among modern leading English statesmen of having ventured to answer reasonably the demands of the present Irish party and not simply close his ears and refuse all reply to their pretensions. Yet we must remember that this question of Home Rule is one of perennial interest. It has formed one of the leading questions of the day for Irish politicians for more than a hundred years. In one form or another we have heard this abstract claim of Ireland to self-government and political independence of England urged passionately by the Irish representatives in the popular Chamber both in England and in the disestablished Irish Parliament.

We are apt to forget in England that the legislative Act of Union of the two countries at the beginning of this century, which we find it comforting to our minds to cling to as a starting-point for discussing the merits of this Irish question, has no place in the veneration or rational belief of the Irish people. To them the Union was nothing better than a most gigantic fraud which it is astonishing to their intelligence that the English should not be heartily ashamed of rather than perpetually be insisting on, and they look upon the circumstances under which that Union was brought about and forced on the Irish people with as much detestation and abhorrence as the English people are taught to consider the mock legal character of the proceedings of the ancient Court of Star Chamber. To the Irishman there is no break in the continuity of his hereditary claim. He has sold his birthright for no mess of pottage, and the voices of Flood, Sheil, Grattan, and O'Connell are to him as much a real living force as if they were still to be heard to-day battling with untiring energy against the Saxon conquerors for the primary rights of a free people. A disquisition into the causes of this persistency on the part of the Irish people to demand political separation from England would lead us into many recondite corners of our past history, and they have been ably told and set forth by modern writers such as Mr. Lecky and others. The problem which we have to deal with to-day is the persistence and continuance of this demand and the absolute necessity we labour under

of sooner or later facing the question under our present conditions of popular government.

It is strange that among an imaginative and intelligent people like the Irish the modern leaders of public opinion have never attempted to draw up the details of their programme; they have never since the times of O'Connell attempted to delineate the constitution they demand. Self-government, Home Rule, independence of the English Parliament, and various other terms have been the abstract demand of the people, and their leaders have filled in the picture of the national imagination with all that ceaseless flow of declamation and rhetoric which marks the speeches and writings of Irishmen for the last century without any one of them having so far betrayed his tongue or his pen by attempting to draw up a 'paper constitution.' It was with justice that Mr. Gladstone complained of the Irish party in this respect, for they seem, from some inherent incapacity of their nature, to be still unable to put forward any concrete conception, any tangible programme of separate administration. If then there appears to be so much difficulty in the estimation of the Irish leaders themselves in formulating a precise demand, it is not wonderful that English statesmen should stand somewhat aloof from furnishing them with a selection of headings or draft constitutions for their country; and it may therefore be left to the irresponsible writer and critic to employ his wits in attempting to bring into some tangible form the hitherto vague yearnings of Irish patriots.

The drafting of political constitutions is a modern political science, no older than mechanical engineering and applied mathematics. Its most successful professors were undoubtedly the leading men who elaborated the American Republic and placed its foundations on a sure and permanent basis. They enjoyed, however, certain advantages. They had the model of popular government in their parent country to help them in their task; they were freed from all *a priori* considerations and the entanglement of past historical associations; and thirdly, they had to fortify them the indomitable will and energy of a free people filled with an earnest desire for national unity and independent manhood. Since that time the experiment has often been repeated in Europe, and nothing probably would be more interesting than a *catalogue raisonné* of all the different trees of liberty which have been planted and watered by political horticulturists since the time of that great cultivator of the soil of national aspirations, Napoleon. How many of these tender plants have flourished, and how many have perished, the historian alone could tell us. They have been planted in every land and under every variety of condition. The oak of the English Constitution has been generally taken as the type for successful imitation, owing to the fact that the English Constitution afforded the best example of being able to combine the ancient conception of aristocratic influence and kingly rule under the form of a



limited monarchy, together with a full development of popular representation and ministerial responsibility to an elective chamber. The consequence is that these various constitutions all exhibit an attempted compromise of two incompatibles in an ever-ascending ratio, so that in some countries the one heterogeneous element is paramount, as in Germany, where we find the Crown and an upper class dominating, while in another the second one predominates, as in France, the people possessing the power, but so unaccustomed to being able to transform their independent judgment into public action that they are for ever throwing themselves into the arms of one popular leader after another, spiritually seeking, as it were, their banished king and their discarded aristocracy. America shows us no counterpart of this problem. The constitution of that country exists not in the archives of its Supreme Court, but is born in the breast of every citizen on his entry into the world. He has inherited intuitively the conceptions of free government, and the Code is to him but its outward and visible exposition. Self-government in such a country as this is a simple problem. The citizen knows not only his right, but also the right of his fellow-citizen. The proper relation between the different powers of the State is therefore to him simply the corollary of the problem of which the demonstration is innate in his genius, and he grows up to appreciate and fulfil his duties as an American citizen with as perfect a mental preparation as all the doctors of the Sorbonne or the treatises on constitutional government could inspire him.

Of these mental rudiments the English people possess the active principle, contaminated, however, with the dross of many centuries of transmitted feudalism. The pure mountain air of intellectual European freedom is not to be found amidst the vitiated atmosphere of dynasties, and even in England, which has been considered as the home of free government, the plant does not grow, in a soil filled with the dead leaves of decayed superstitions as healthily and as lustily as it does in the virgin soil of the great Republic.

What, then, have we to say of Ireland and the prospects of her people? Is she capable of developing a form of government of her own independent, except in so far as Imperial matters are concerned, of English influences? No doubt her people are of another race, another political genius, and another religious faith to that of England. It need not have been so had the history of the relations of the two countries been different. The question we have to consider is whether the general conditions and dispositions of the two people exhibit a deep-seated and incurable incompatibility from the point of view of domestic government. To this question the English politician must some day or another nerve himself to give a decided answer; and we have no hesitation in saying that, whatever might have been the relations of the two peoples had we not been bequeathed by our political ancestors a 'legacy of hatred and

distrust,' the only eventual solution of the present relations between the two countries which is possible is a greater or less severance of the domestic policy and government of the two countries. It would be better that we should look upon the present political union as effected in 1800 rather in the light of a strenuous, if somewhat unworthy attempt to cut the knot of the difficulty, which has not succeeded in the manner it was expected. It is useless to fortify our views as to the paramount necessity of legislative union by simply referring to this union as being an accomplished fact, since that union in no way exists in the minds and hearts of the people. Neither is it of any use to refer to the existence of the so-called loyal portion of the Irish people, since out of the province of Ulster, the only loyal adherents of the Union are the Irish landlords and the native understrappers in Government employ. The Irishman need not be a rebel, and he may be even a peaceful and orderly individual; but it cannot be concealed that, if the feeling of the people were appealed to to-morrow, or a plebiscite of their votes recorded, the vote in favour of political separation would be what we might almost term unanimous on the part of the country. This is a serious admission for an Englishman to have to make, and some of us will not be very ready to admit its truth until the Home Rule party returns seventy strong at the next general election. The cause for this political phenomenon cannot be attributed to any one political party in England or any one particular social class, except it be the Protestant landlords of Ireland or the members of the Upper Chamber of Legislature in England in the past history of their Anglo-mania policy. For this they will have much to answer for in history. The king, the nobles, the commons, and even the people themselves, actuated by religious or class rancour, have each done their part in effectually estranging the national feeling of the Irish race towards their Anglo-Saxon brethren.

There is yet a point which it is well to consider, for in some ways it offers to us a mode of solution in the future, so soon as the English people are capable of understanding its full significance. We allude to the general tendency in the development of democratic government to decentralise the seats of political power. Under the old condition of things the king and the nobles could not be decentralised. Political power necessarily was derived from one source, and one source alone, and the figment is still kept up in the notion of the Royal prerogative; the reality, however, exists no more, and the only step which remains to establish in this country the existence of a republican form of government would be the substitution of an elected President for an hereditary chief of the State, together with disestablishment of a State Church and an hereditary Upper Chamber. The outward effects of changes such as these would not be so considerable as is supposed. An Upper Chamber might continue even though it lost its hereditary character and was reconstituted on an

elective system; the Church would not decay simply because it ceased to be connected politically with the State; and as regards the Crown there is no special advantage in departing from the hereditary character of its functions so long as it represents solely the outward and visible sign of national empire. The independence and power of the first minister are greater in England than in any other civilised state. His ultimate dependence on the constituencies guarantees the independence of the democracy, while his purely ceremonious position as regards the sovereign leaves him completely untrammelled for the purpose of efficient government. In this respect an hereditary presidency of the State offers even greater advantages than a pure republic, especially in a country so small as England, and requiring a constant rallying-point for uniting its colonial interest to the parent country. The tendency to decentralisation of political power is a question of vast interest, and the arguments of the present Prime Minister on this head provide a field for vast speculation. The form which political decentralisation is eventually to take depends on the importance which we attach to creating a homogeneity of interest between sections of the Empire which, through circumstances of race and geographical situation, are developing antagonistic interests to one another. This problem of decentralisation has not been unknown to other countries, and it is in studying the constitution of the American Republic that we shall find the most valuable example of successful effort to preserve the national feeling of a people while at the same time conceding to them the most extended form of local administration. In a vast country like America the burning problem has always been to preserve the national character of its people. The huge system of railway intercommunication, the general independence of separate States, the absolute control of its own affairs by each important popular unit of its geographical surface, these have been the means which have been successfully employed to develop the national character of the American people. No class interest either has been allowed to stand in the way of this development, and the slaveowning aristocracy of the South, which in this generation succeeded in fastening on the country a ruthless civil war, perished in its attempt to destroy American unity. Would that the Anglo-Irish landed class had suffered before now the same fate! The Empire would have been relieved of a dangerous canker which has been steadily eating into its vitals.

We have said that the Irish Protestant landlord class have been the chief efficient cause of bringing on the present political deadlock between the two countries. Any damage which may occur to their interest to-day is but a well-deserved and long-deferred punishment. Had they not sold their country for gold in 1800, and resisted all attempts at reform and admission of their brother countrymen, the

Roman Catholic gentry, into Parliament, that Parliament would never have been swept away. Had they not taken an active part in the horrors of eviction in the time of the great famine, and attempted to starve the people into emigration, they would not have been handed down to perpetual obloquy in the hearts of the people. Had they not in the past been absentees and the purloiners of their tenants' capital, they would not to-day be threatened by a 'no rent' manifesto.

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

And if it be permitted to us to prophesy, the class which will perform the part of *Judas* to the union of these two countries will be these same Protestant landlords and their Tory coadjutors in England. We cannot deny that the policy of the Liberal party has as yet not been successful in pacifying Ireland. The Government have been too Utopian, and the country has been too impatient. They are carrying on a scientific experiment in the midst of a revolution; they are governing according to the principles of Louis the Fourteenth, and at the same time proclaiming their adhesion to the doctrine of 'the right of man.' To what complications this may lead it is impossible to say. A revolution in political feeling might take place in the country, and Ireland may again prove itself to be the stumbling-block of a political party. The Tories might be brought back to power with a smoke and gunpowder policy; to them would be entrusted the bag, and we may feel confident they would help themselves freely to its contents. The Irish party (and small blame to them) would look on with equanimity and consent; they would in no ways object to the English taxpayer being sweated in order to buy out the Irish landowning monopolists. We may expect to hear the Tories descanting on the noble legislation of Stein and Hardenberg in Germany, and the examples which we should draw therefrom. The Tory party are playing a despicable game. They would take to themselves, as accomplices in robbing the public till, the Irish Home Rule party, and when they find that the inevitable consequence of having established a large Irish proprietary has increased the demand for Home Rule, they will skedaddle from office, and defy the Liberal party to perform the part of political detective. Let the English, Scotch, and Welsh constituencies have a care to it. They have been set running after many hares of late besides fair trade, yet the rest are as nothing to the potential value of this purchase-cry. To have the ultimate settlement of this land question devolve to them, together with the power of fingering the public money, and the slow poisoning of the Land Act, would indeed be a prize for the Tory party. For these reasons it is well that the constituencies should be fully on the alert. If the Land Act is waterlogged at starting, the fault must not be laid to the doors of the

Liberal party, and the purchase question must sooner or later be manfully taken in hand. Here, however, lies the difficulty: the purchase problem is the *pons asinorum* of the whole land question, and its corollary is Home Rule.

It must be evident, however, that the present Land Court have a great function to perform before any question of purchase can be considered. No other means exist of ascertaining the value of the land of Ireland; the only one method known to political economists of determining value has been of necessity abandoned. The country is practically in Chancery. There can be therefore no question of an open market. The only one possible or wished-for purchaser is the tenant; there can be no transfer of interest elsewhere. The Land Court must therefore act like a jury of expropriation between the cultivator and the landowner, and if either the State or the Irish Exchequer is to be the eventual guarantor of the purchase-money we cannot allow either party interested in the sale to fix the price of the article. The Land Act, therefore, if properly considered, is really a great measure. It provides in a most complete manner for tiding over a period of transition of values of a colossal character, and it will be seen in the sequence of events that no other means but this Land Act could have been devised which would so effectually prevent either robbery to the public purse or the wholesale depreciation of the property of a weakly situated body of monopolists.

There is another point, though of first importance. If it be contended that the purchase question must be settled over the head of the Land Act—that is to say, that the principle of State purchase must be conceded, however great may be the reluctance of Mr. Gladstone to pledge the public credit; the Home Rule members, and notably Mr. Parnell, have always urged that if legislative independence were accorded to Ireland, she would take it upon herself as a first charge on her public debt to pay off the landlord class at a sufficient number of years' purchase of Griffith's valuation of their estates, and that the new Irish Parliament—the Parliament by whose cradle Grattan stood and whose hearse he followed to its grave—this Parliament, if raised from the dead, would relieve the English taxpayer of the disagreeable function of honouring the State land bonds which will have to be given sooner or later to these Irish landowners. It is too often the habit to refuse all countenance to Irish proposals as being the offers of a pledged enemy, and we are even now excusing ourselves by laying to the door of the Land League the responsibility for all the agrarian crime in Ireland, although the sad fact remains that the question of the arrears is the one inciting cause at the present time which contributes to keep the country in a state of criminal agitation.

The solution of the purchase question is, in truth, intimately connected with the still greater question of Home Rule. By whatever

means the cultivators are put in possession of the soil, the consequences will be the same as regards the national movement ; and it is but thrusting off the evil day not to recognise the enormous indirect force which this movement will receive under the altered conditions of land tenure in that country. Is it, then, not better seriously to consider this question? The direct concession of an Irish Parliament offers an impossible problem in the future relations of the two countries. To attempt to devise a constitution which should give equal rights to an Irish as well as to an English Parliament would land the United Kingdom in Imperial difficulties of as grave a character as those which perpetually beset the Austro-Hungarian or Norway-Sweden kingdoms. We need not go further into this question here ; the practical is what we have to consider, not the possible. Yet there is no questioning the fact that, if the Liberal party were overthrown in their endeavours to deal with the Irish question, the Tory party would, in the course of a very few years of public plunder, infallibly place the country in this deplorable contingency. These are grave issues for Liberals to consider : ‘ You must either be ready to go back to-day in some measure on the policy of Castlereagh and the policy of Pitt and the form of the Union, or you must be prepared sooner or later to sacrifice the legislative connection between the two countries, and submit to what will be tantamount to a weakening of the Empire.’ Self-government *versus* separation : this is the problem which it behoves thoughtful politicians to consider, and it is to be profoundly hoped that those pregnant utterances of the Prime Minister on this question of Home Rule may be interpreted in the sense of a preparation of public opinion in this country to contemplate a vast system of decentralisation of government in Ireland as being a vital necessity in the not distant future.

The great scheme for creating a system of local government in English and Scotch counties, which there is now no prospect of the country obtaining this year, might form the programme for the entire labour of another year, and together with this measure we might expect that the Government would undertake to prepare a still more extended plan for dealing with Ireland.

Considering the great difference of interest and contrast in national character of the people, we might expect to see local self-government take the form of independent State Legislatures or Conseils Généraux, one such institution for each of the four great provinces of Ireland. These State legislatures might be empowered to deal in an extended way with all local and domestic questions affecting Ireland, as to local taxation, commerce, police, &c. Many sources of revenue are available for State taxation which Ireland is at present free from, but which in England are levied for the use of the Imperial exchequer. Others might also be hereafter conceded if found advisable. The army, the

Imperial taxes, and the appointment to the judiciary would naturally be reserved for the Imperial Parliament, together with all questions affecting foreign affairs. The different character of the four provinces of Ireland would be best consulted by the establishment of such a system of State legislatures. These legislatures would moreover be able to offer substantial guarantees for carrying out the purchasing of the property of landowners by the use of Irish instead of English credit, and the establishment of a national Irish land bank would be a consequence of such proceedings.

It may be objected, that these State land bonds would not command the confidence of the money-market, and would be sold only at a discount. This would not necessarily be the case as time went on and the dividends were regularly paid, and under any circumstances the landowner who was ready to sell, and felt that he had lost all personal interest in his property under the statutory clauses of the present Land Act, would have far less trouble and risk as the holder of State scrip, of which he received the half-yearly payment, than he does at present as the owner of a property of which the Land Courts have deprived him of his former control, and of which he still has all the expenses of agency and all the uncertainty of collecting the multitudinous small rents. The elections to State legislatures, such as we have pictured forth, would be by a ratepayers' suffrage, and the number of members would be proportionate to the inhabitants. The Boards of Guardians would be under the immediate control of the State legislatures, and would have delegated to them the full authority for collecting the land revenues. The power to convene and dissolve these legislatures should be placed in the hands of the Irish Secretary of State, the legislatures being, however, entitled to be called together every year for a certain minimum period. To obtain legislative advantages such as these, the Irish people would willingly accept the decrees of the Land Court as to the selling price of those estates whose owners were willing to sell. Payment would be made by the legislatures in the form of State bonds, which the receivers would convert or not at pleasure into other securities. It will be argued that the collection of even this form of rent would lead to evictions and agrarian crimes, but this is to be doubted. One of the great difficulties in dealing with this class of crime in Ireland has been the ingrained feeling of the people that they were being ruled by an alien race and government, which it was their born duty perpetually to levy war against on all occasions. This would cease to be the case under the operation of a State legislature. Agrarian crimes would then be put down by public opinion, and evidence would not only be forthcoming, but juries would be found to convict, and the 'village ruffian' would have to seek more honest employment. The whole credit of the people to be able to administer their own affairs would be concerned in their being able to pay their

national engagements with at least an equal punctuality with a semi-civilised country like Egypt.

We might fairly expect that a complete change would come over the relations of the people to the Imperial Government. The Irish constituencies would continue to send their representatives to the Imperial Parliament, and that tangled mass of local administrative details, with which the Irish members are for ever hopelessly obstructing the course of parliamentary business, would be, so to speak, boiled down into large and comprehensive questions in the local legislatures before they came up for consideration in Parliament. A different feeling would also, it is to be hoped, grow up among the Irish representatives themselves, and the desire for the existence of a national tie which should bind Ireland to the United Kingdom would then be able to reassert itself. This feeling was not absent from the minds of the earlier Irish patriots, and it would not be absent from the Irish leaders of to-day were they not blinded by their irritation at finding that their many exhibitions of political passion have led them to be regarded in England as a parcel of irreconcilables and malcontents, whose sole aim is to make a profession out of political agitation, and to whom all credit for patriotic and national feeling must of necessity be denied.

This Home Rule difficulty is, as we have said, intimately connected with the eventual solution of the purchase question. Both subjects offer problems of inextricable difficulty unless they are dealt with simultaneously. The rash plunge which the Tory leaders have allowed themselves to take into the doctrines of the Radical school is an instance of the utter want of political foresight of the Tory party. A rapid and extended system of transfer of title from the landlord to the cultivator can only be done peacefully on one of two methods: either the English Exchequer must be prepared to produce the necessary '*cash*,' as it is engaged to do at present to the extent of three-quarters of the total amount, or we must have recourse to a system of paper money on a huge scale to the extent of at least two hundred millions sterling forced on the market in the course of a very few years. It is difficult to see what position mortgagees would be placed in under such a financial venture. You could not force them to accept this paper money, which would soon become inconvertible, except at a serious loss, if it were attempted to place a large quantity on the market. The capital sum would be so large that the entire credit of this country would be upset by incurring so large a liability, equal in fact to the French war indemnity. Is this what the Tory party are going to force upon us in order that these few thousands of Anglo-Irish landowners may cut themselves free from their difficulties? By the sober Liberal statesman these Tory methods would certainly not be accepted. It is impossible to effect this transfer of interest except by slow yet sure degrees. The owners of



property in Ireland must accept the difficulties of joint ownership under which they are labouring, and they must recognise in the terms of the Land Act the one instrument and charter which shall secure to them, both now and hereafter, a just recognition of their true rights. When they have done talking about spoliation and robbery—which does not seem to be the case at present—when they, as well as the Irish tenantry, have accepted to the full the spirit of that measure, it will be well to consider how far the principle of State purchase might not be assisted by conceding a substantial form of self-government in that country.

It is often overlooked by political partisans on one side or the other that the long and arduous methods by which, in the present age of liberty of thought and speech, we struggle onwards towards the solution of political questions are of a very different order from former and more simple methods. In early times the fire and the sword were the political solvent universally adopted, and its operation was often so effectual that the conqueror found it to the advantage of his peace of mind to exterminate with Judaic severity the whole body of his enemies and replant the country with another race. Famine and warfare were his constant coadjutors, and for those who survived slavery in one form or another effectually succeeded in eliminating the last trace of popular feeling. A modified form of this process took place in Ireland during the Elizabethan and Cromwellian settlement of that country. The land was seized, institutions were ruthlessly destroyed, and an alien religion was forced on the people, yet the people were allowed to survive if they could. It is useless to speculate upon what would be the present condition of Ireland if the Cromwellian settlement had been applied as thoroughly in the south as well as in the north of that country. It is greatly to be doubted if the effect would have been as complete as some persons believe it would have been. Short of absolute extirpation of the people and a complete destruction of their forms of religious worship, nothing would have succeeded in wresting from them their peculiar national character. The function of a common religious faith is of the character of a national language. In itself it has little or no meaning, but it serves the purpose better than any other of exercising a sustaining force in preserving a national instinct against every effort of an oppressing race. Its transcendental features as a religious creed are peculiarly adapted to supply the element of patriotism, and it appeals vividly to the sentiments of a simple agricultural people persecuted by a race alien in habit and inveterately intolerant to religious opposition.

There is no one particular epoch in the history of the connection of Great Britain and Ireland on which we could lay our finger and take, as it were, as a starting-point from which to discuss this national question. At no moment in history has Ireland and

its people ever been homogeneous in instinct with their Saxon conqueror. Like the influence of ancient Rome over her Eastern empire, it required but the breath of revolution to sweep away the imperial traditions which she had so successfully established in Western Europe. From time immemorial Ireland has always been an English dependency, and the treatment to which she has been subjected by her rulers has, down to very late times, partaken of a conquering character and a total disregard for national traditions. Had the spirit of the people been completely subdued, it is still a question whether, with its watery isolation from England, there would not have developed among its people a strong desire for separate political life. In Scotland the problem was always a pressing one; the vicinity of the two thrones of Scotland and England always produced a rivalry of interest which was bound to reach a solution even under the condition of feudal requirements. The union, therefore, of the two crowns of Scotland and England did not destroy the peculiar institutions of the Scotch people, but it prepared the way for that later fusion of interest which has now arrived at such perfect development, notwithstanding a complete dissimilarity of race and diversity of national genius. With the Irish, on the other hand, the contrast has remained acute, and has simply developed a total and complete jar of national disposition between the two races, which in these latter times has culminated into an educated and intelligent hatred of the most implacable character.

The old unreasoning feuds of former ages were as nothing to the intellectual antipathies of modern civilised people, and no amount of political repression will subdue a desire for national revenge; thus it is that, without our being aware of it, every act of necessary repression, every curb to national desire, only succeeds in implanting still more firmly in the hearts of the Irish people a loathing and detestation of their alien rulers. The feeling of the people rebels at the idea that the native-born Irishman is virtually debarred from all real share in the administration of government, and that the Anglo-Irish landowning class and their numberless kinsmen are the only representatives of the central authority. No Irishman, therefore, can hope to have any influence or power with the popular party in the country who is in any way identified with the English Dublin administration. The nation is cut off from all sympathy or respect for the machinery of an alien government, and stands aloof ready on every favourable opportunity to trip up and impede the first and primary functions of all administration. There is no civil or national life possible for a race so situated, and, like the advanced party in Russia, the Irish Home Ruler stands by scowling at a body of foreign bureaucrats. Can a country prosper under conditions such as these, and will the boon of representation in the English Parliament be ever looked upon otherwise than as a

means of manifesting their national antipathy, unless we are prepared to reconsider from an Irish point of view the local desires and aspirations of its people?

We are brought face to face with the fact that we cannot, under the conditions of modern civilisation, deal with our political opponents in Ireland as Moses did with his Canaanite enemies, and we have further to consider that the conditions of a national contest into which intellectual antipathies of race have been allowed to enter offer to us the prospect of an undying and unquenchable hatred. There is a considerable body of politicians who will stoutly refuse to admit the truth of these facts, or else they believe that by 'pegging away,' so to speak, with that utterly discredited Act of Union at their back, they can eventually subdue these race antipathies. Yet there is nothing more remarkable in the present day than the tendency of the human race both collectively and individually to resist the hard and fast fetters of government which our ancestors were content to be bound by. Nations, like individuals, as they advance in intellectual growth, rebel against the restraints which were imposed upon them by the authority of a former age under the sanction of law. Law itself no longer represents to their minds more than the general expression of a particular opinion; and when they feel that the law no longer expresses the desires and aspirations of the people, they are prepared to pitch it out of the window. Herein lies the crucial difference between the Tory and Liberal statesman. In former times the law was surrounded with a majesty of its own, and a sanctity not inferior to religion itself. Authority was paramount. Neither the Liberal politician nor the sociologist of to-day would admit this plea. The feudal antecedents of our laws, as well as the aristocratic genesis of our social institutions, taint its inspiration, and we stand on the brink of a very remarkable era of intellectual and political change in this country.

This reasoning applies with particular force to the Home Rule question in Ireland. In the times of the Irish Parliament in the last century there was no possibility of maintaining a national feeling in the country. The real mass of the people were excluded from political life, and the method of representation in this assembly was purely in the hands of a small body of large landowners. The people were ground down by the action of penal laws and completely cowed, though they bequeathed from father to son the legacy of an hereditary revenge. This Irish Parliament was simply a board of directors of the 'Anglo-Irish landowning garrison, who were eventually bought out by English gold like a body of dishonest hirelings. Their conduct was beneath contempt, and their political end was an appropriate one. They had no thought but for the safety of their feudal privileges, and they sold the political rights of a people who would be justified to-day in condemning them as a class to national

exile. They quenched the possibility of national life in Ireland; they raised no protest that the revenues of the country should form the exchequer from which the king pensioned his mistresses and endowed his favourites of every description; and the terms on which they accepted the financial fusion of the interests of the two countries were marked by a last act of national robbery by quartering on their country a share of England's national debt.

The efforts of Flood and Grattan had failed to vivify this corrupt assembly; but when O'Connell and, later on, the Young Ireland party arose, the country had made a vast intellectual stride. Catholic emancipation had been gained, and the Church, the university, and the land question formed the nursery of the Home Rule movement. Ever since that period the public journals of Ireland, from the *Nation* downwards, have steadily fed and educated this anti-English movement.

That the political party in this country which is particularly identified with these three great interests should have been the specially ordained means of preserving for this generation a social revolution in that country, is a strange instance of the irony of fate. Neither they nor that Upper Chamber either, with which their forces are so persistently allied, have been able to realise this fact, as we have ample evidence of from the testimony of Lord Salisbury and other leaders.

Were it not for the existence of a few thousand landowners, Ireland would be as peaceful and contented to-day as any other part of the United Kingdom, and it is inconceivable that the constituencies would ever be so blind as to hand over to the management of these monopolists, whose minds are biassed by every species of headstrong prejudice, the ultimate settlement of difficulties of which they, and they alone, have been the originating cause. That landowning Irish brotherhood is an affiliated member of the English Tory caucus, and every diminution of their former power and fortunes, every injury and passionate blow which they receive in their contest with the foe whom they have for generations been exasperating, produces a sympathetic thrill in the heart of every English Tory.

To resume, then, the leading features of the Irish national question, the Union has never been recognised by the Irish people as a basis of settlement of political differences; and the demand for legislative independence is, 'under the developing action of an educated antipathy,' assuming a menacing form to the Imperial relations of the two countries, so much so, that if a premature and sudden development be given to the purchasing out of the present class of landowners, an immense and irresistible stimulus will be given to force on complete legislative separation. Such a separation as this could but inflict a deadly blow to the Imperial interests of this country, and must be resisted

at all hazards. Yet, if the Tory party be allowed to come to power with a commission to carry out that purchase on a scale-commensurate with their ideas, they will infallibly land us in this difficulty ; and we should suffer a national dismemberment as serious as that which affects the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and thereby prepare the way for a gradual disintegration of that basis of our Imperial power—our vast colonial influence and the attachment of these offshoots of the English race to their parent State. Such a danger as this America realised during the period of her civil war with the South, when her slave-owning aristocracy was destroyed in its attempt to break up the integrity of the Union. The landed class in Ireland have been from time immemorial the bane of the country, and have shown themselves incapable of identifying themselves in any way with the Irish people. In religion, in interest, and in national feeling, they have lived at complete variance with their Irish fellow-countrymen, and they are only clamouring to-day to be paid off *en bloc* to be able to return to that England where all their sympathies and interests are to be found.

The Home Rule question, and the vast scheme for State purchase of the landed interest, are mutually dependent on one another ; and, in order to give free development to the purchasing clauses of the Land Act, it is necessary, in the first place, that a basis of valuation should be arrived at, and, in the second, that Ireland should be given a far more extended system of local government than England in the form of State legislatures, which legislatures would undertake to employ Irish instead of English credit in order to buy out eventually the present landlord class. This operation can, in the nature of things, only be a slow process, on account of the immensity of the capital that is involved, and the danger to public credit of overstocking the market with State obligations. Pending purchase of their interest, the landlords would do well to consider the present Land Act as the charter of their liberties, instead of characterising it as an act of spoliation.

It is an ungracious task for the present Prime Minister to fulfil, to be called upon at a critical juncture in his country's history to attack the existence and prestige of long-established abuses and the position of a powerful class. However pure his motives, however disinterested his actions, however virtuous his judgment, he is certain to be made a figure-head for hurling every species of abuse which the disordered minds of his political antagonists can manufacture out of their own imagination. Hereafter it may be recognised that he was treated with scanty justice (as it has been tardily conceded to such a man as Sir Robert Peel) ; but it is too late, when the voice is quelled and the mind no longer guides the people's destinies, to recognise the merits of a departed statesman. He individually will derive no comfort from the verdict of history. Yet there is no reason why a simple singleness of purpose and a spirit of unflinching rectitude should not be the guiding genius of a party leader. The associations of a life-

time spent in the public service develop an instinctive desire to continue the benefit of that toil for the advantage of succeeding generations. The man who plants a sapling oak does not expect ever to sit under its shade; yet he tends it, and cultivates it, and protects it from the wild blasts of heaven and the noisome mischief of wild beasts, in order that some day hereafter it shall cast its grateful shade on his descendants. His very name may be forgotten, and there may thus be no place even for gratitude; yet in his mind's ken he sees beyond his own immediate span of life into a future which is not his own, and he works on with a venerated feeling for the future happiness of others, in thankful gratitude for those benefits which others also have conferred upon him. Could we only divest ourselves of political passion and judge calmly of the merits of such a vast question as the national union of this great Empire and the duty which devolves on us of handing it on undiminished to our descendants, we should approach this Irish national demand, if not with an ear of sympathy, at least with a serene judicial mind, ready to sink our party differences for the benefit of our English home.

BLANDFORD.

## II.

THE Editor of this Review was kind enough to favour me with a sight of Lord Blandford's article on 'Home Rule' before its appearance in these pages. Naturally the subject is one of special interest to me; and I found Lord Blandford's article timely and bold, having sense and spirit in it. It is quite true, as he says, that 'any tendency on the part of political leaders in England to lend an ear to the long-sought dream of the Irish people has been up to the present treated in the light of treason to the Empire, and has been made a handle of by political opponents to vilify and blacken the reputation of a rival.' When Mr. Gladstone, not many weeks since, made what his political opponents and unfriendly critics regarded as a sort of concession to the feelings of the Home Rule party, there was almost as shrill an outcry raised against him as if he had talked of surrendering England's influence in Egypt to the French, or allowing the Russians to march unopposed to India. Yet all that Mr. Gladstone said was, that until Parliament knew exactly what Irish members meant by Home Rule, Parliament could not pronounce a judgment as to whether Home Rule might or might not be admissible as a political system for Ireland. His critics shrieked at Mr. Gladstone, it would seem, for not saying to Ireland—'I don't know what you mean by Home Rule; but I tell you bluntly that, whatever it may be, you shall never get it; go and be silent.' This is the idea of statesmanship entertained by a large number of more or less influential persons in this country; and it is their deliberate idea. More than two years ago I wrote in this Review on this subject of Home Rule, and I then dwelt as emphatically as I could on the perilous absurdity of attempting to deal with any public question on such a principle. Nothing but exasperation can come from that way of treating the national demand of a people. If men were eager to devise some means for forcing Ireland into absolute disaffection, for turning to disloyalty those classes that still remain loyal, they could not hit on any plan more ingenious than that of saying to the representatives of the Irish people, 'We do not care what you mean by Home Rule, we do not care whether it would be for Ireland's good or not, we do not care to hear any argument by which you think you could persuade

us that it would be for the good of England as well as for the good of Ireland—all we have to say is that we will not listen to you; that you shall never have what you ask for; that we will never allow you even to state your case, and that we will tolerate no minister who goes so far in your direction as to admit that you might possibly have a case worthy of being stated.'

Yet despite all this sort of talk, every rational person must know that in the end the case will not only be stated, but if it have soundness in it will gain its purpose. All the hectoring of speakers and writers two or three years ago has not kept the Home Rule question from making its way into people's minds even during the interval, now of considerable length, when it seemed to be almost of set purpose withdrawn from public consideration. 'Self-government *versus* separation,' says Lord Blandford, 'is the problem which it behoves thoughtful politicians to consider.' Thoughtful politicians are considering that problem to-day, and will probably not be long before making up their minds. I welcome Lord Blandford's article as an important contribution towards the formation of a healthy and intelligent public opinion on this momentous subject. In a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone this session, and to which so many references of all kinds have since been made, the Prime Minister said to the Irish members :

I wish to point out to those honourable gentlemen that neither they, nor so far as I know Mr. Butt before them, nor so far as I know O'Connell before him, ever distinctly explained in an intelligent and practical form the manner in which the real knot of this question was to be untied. The principle on which they profess to proceed is that purely Irish matters are to be dealt with by a purely Irish authority, Imperial matters to be left to the Imperial authority of a chamber in which Ireland is to be represented. But they have not told us by what authority it is to be determined which matters, taken one by one, are Irish, and which matters are Imperial. Until they lay before the House a plan in which they go to the very bottom of the question, and give us to understand in what way that division is to be accomplished, the practical consideration of this subject cannot really be arrived at, and I know not how any effective judgment upon it can be pronounced.

Now I think Mr. Gladstone in thus putting the case is a little unfair to the advocates of Home Rule. At least, if not unfair to them, he is a little hard upon them. A group of men demand a reform the beginning of which must be a work of deconstruction, if I may use such a word. Why say that their proposals are not to be listened to until they can produce a perfected scheme of reconstruction? It would surely be reasonable to contend, for example, that a certain narrow, decayed, and disease-haunted street should be pulled down, and even to demand a public order that it should be pulled down, although the men who made the demand were not prepared with a complete scheme of works of reconstruction which were to be raised upon the site of the clearance. In no case is it easy for men not in



office to produce a cut and dry complete scheme of legislation. To me it seems that the more reasonable course for Home Rulers to adopt would be to endeavour in the first instance to induce Parliament and the public to admit the principle that the present arrangements for the discharge of Irish business in Westminster have been a failure, and that England and Ireland ought to have distinct and separate systems of local legislation. When the principle is once admitted it will surely not be much of a tax on our statesmanship to find out the best means of converting it into practice. But if Englishmen are to begin by saying 'We will never listen to any of your proposals for Home Rule; we say you are traitors for talking of such a thing, and any English minister would be a traitor as bad as you if he listened to it'—if Englishmen are to speak in this way, what manner of use could there be in our formulating a scheme of Home Rule? It is not this or that scheme of Home Rule you object to, but the principle of Home Rule in itself.

Still I admit that this is not Mr. Gladstone's position. The words which I have already quoted are ample evidence of the fact that Mr. Gladstone's mind is open to a consideration of the question. He would not have invited the Home Rulers to lay before the House a plan which shall 'go to the very bottom of the question,' and give the public to understand in what way the proposed reform is to be accomplished, if he were already determined never to entertain any plan of Home Rule. What Mr. Gladstone wants to know is how a scheme of Home Rule can be devised which shall not in the slightest degree impair 'the one paramount centre of authority necessary for holding together in perfect unanimity and compactness this great empire.' Neither this Parliament, he is convinced, nor any other, will ever assent to any measure which does not fulfil this condition. 'Who is to say,' Mr. Gladstone asks, 'what purposes are Imperial? Who is to determine the circumscription within which Irish authority is to have a final voice?' Very reasonable questions surely. Mr. Butt anticipated and answered them in his own way long ago. Mr. Gladstone does not seem to have read Mr. Butt's little volume, *Home Government for Ireland*, but of course he heard Mr. Butt's speeches on the subject in the House of Commons. The speeches do not seem to me to have been as clear and satisfactory as the little book; their purposes were marred by attempts at impossible compromise. In any case a good many things have happened since Mr. Butt wrote and spoke, and Mr. Gladstone's demand for an answer to these questions is natural and timely now.

I shall be rash enough to endeavour to answer them. I well understand to what perils in the way of criticism I am laying myself open. I am, however, merely making a stroke off my own bat, as Lord Palmerston used to say, and if my scheme is shown to be unsatisfactory or impracticable, no one is discredited but myself, and any one who has

a better scheme is free to produce it, just as though I never had written. Who is to determine the circumscription within which the Irish authority is to have a final voice? It seems to me that nature and geography have clearly determined the limits of that circumscription; at all events nature and geography give us a broad hint as to the basis which we shall do well to adopt in trying to define them. I should say then that over all purely Irish affairs, affairs not in common between England and Ireland, but proper to Ireland only, the authority of the Irish domestic Parliament should be final. England and Ireland have naturally many common interests. The interest of Ireland is not necessarily divided from that of England in the matter of Imperial taxation, or of postal arrangements, or of colonial and foreign policy, or even of tariffs and commercial treaties. I do not mean to suggest that a policy might not be adopted in foreign affairs or in tariffs and commercial matters which might be acceptable to the English people and displeasing or injurious to the Irish, and *vice versa*. The foreign policy adopted by a particular minister here is often odious to the large mass of the English people. The commercial treaty which procures an English statesman the applause of his own party often makes him an object of utter dislike to his English opponents. All this, however, does not in the least degree tend to affirm that the English people have not a common interest in the making of treaties and in the conduct of foreign policy. It is only extending the same obvious principle a little further to say that the English and the Irish people have a common interest in striving to get a sound foreign and economical policy. But there are affairs which the English people and no one else can manage well for the English people, and so there are affairs which the Irish people and no one else can manage satisfactorily for the Irish people. I should propose then to divide Imperial from national or local purposes by assigning to the central legislature the charge of what I may call the monarchical establishment, the maintenance of the army, the navy, and the post-office, and the conduct of foreign and colonial policy, and the imposition and collection of such taxation as would be needed for these objects. To Ireland I would give the management of all Irish affairs which do not come under any of the headings I have just mentioned. The Irish people should be free to have their own Parliament for Irish business, their own form of franchise, their own systems of education, their own arrangements for what we call county business, their own municipal systems. Ireland should continue to send, exactly as she is now sending, a number of members to represent her in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. I do not see the necessity for any change whatever in this respect. My plan therefore would at all events have this advantage to start with, that it would give no occasion for any disturbance of our present parliamentary arrangements in England. Mr. Butt, of course, based his scheme of Home Rule on this federal

principle. In his little book he too said that there seemed to be 'no necessity for any change in the constitution of the Imperial Parliament. . . . I propose,' he said, 'to leave the Imperial Parliament exactly as it is.' He too proposed that peace and war, colonial and foreign policy, the army and navy, should be left just as now to the control of the central Parliament. Mr. Butt, however, attempted in the House of Commons to devise some plan by virtue of which Ireland should make a certain proportion of contribution to the taxation of the Empire, and he also projected a sort of compromise for the arrangement of English and of Irish business in the Imperial Parliament which exposed him to a good deal of ridicule. His idea was that Irish members should be summoned to the Imperial Parliament whenever any business of common interest was going on, and that when measures of legislation applying only to England or Scotland were under discussion, the Irish members should be allowed to stay at home. Mr. Disraeli diverted the House by his description of distracted members scurrying from one capital to another, and frantically trying with the assistance of letters and telegrams to combine their duties as members of the Parliament in Westminster with their duties as members of the Parliament in College Green. Mr. Lowe, if I remember rightly, settled the whole question for ever in the estimation of many of those who heard him by picturing the absurd position of an Irish member of the Imperial Parliament, who, happening to be in Westminster at the time when English business was going on, would have to ask some English colleague for an order to the Strangers' Gallery. All this might be, as Mr. Dousterswivel, the German quack in Scott's *Antiquary*, puts it, 'very witty and comedy,' but it has not much to do with the reality of the question. According to the plan which I propose, no such conflict of duties, no such derogation of the Irish member's dignity, would be necessary. The same men would not necessarily or probably be elected to the local Parliament and to the Imperial Parliament as representatives for Ireland. Men who would make excellent representatives of the public opinion of Ireland where Imperial affairs are concerned might be found much less useful for the business of a local Irish Parliament; and the Irish people would soon find out what classes of men were best suited by residence, by intimate knowledge of the country, by practical acquaintance with its commerce, its agriculture, and all its various local interests, to make themselves useful in such a Parliament. I should myself be inclined to think that very few of the members sent to the Irish Parliament would care to accept the work, the trouble, and the very barren dignity of a seat in Westminster. But I admit that Mr. Butt's plan was cumbrous and unsatisfactory in these and other points. Mr. Butt was met at that time by a difficulty to which he seems to have attached too much importance—the difficulty, that is to say, of finding some scheme which should not have the semblance

of giving to Irish members some control over the affairs of England, while taking from English members any control over the affairs of Ireland. Again and again, during the debates in the Parliament of 1874, this objection was started from Liberal and Conservative benches, and it always succeeded in bringing down the House. 'How can you,' it was asked, 'expect us to allow you Irish members to come here and meddle in our English business, while all your Irish business is to be withdrawn from our control and managed according to your own will and pleasure in Dublin?' To try to get rid of that objection Mr. Butt devised the somewhat too ingenious arrangement which I have noticed. My plan would be one which should at least be the beginning of a system of federation applicable to the three countries. I feel convinced that some time, or other England and Scotland, and very possibly Wales, will insist on managing their local business for themselves; and, according as each country made up her mind for this change, she would only have to apply to herself the system already in operation in Ireland. For the present, no doubt, Irish members elected to the Imperial Parliament would be free to interfere with English and Scotch business, while English and Scotch members in that Parliament would have no control over the affairs of Ireland. There would be a little lack of symmetry about such a condition of things, but I cannot see the slightest ground for serious alarm or complaint in it. The same man may be a member of the House of Commons and also of the Metropolitan Board of Works. In the House of Commons he has a full right to interfere as much as he pleases with Irish and Scotch business, and yet an Irish or Scotch member may not interfere with all that part of the business of London which comes under the management of the Board of Works. I do not see any particular inconvenience or cause for alarm in this. If, however, English and Scotch members of the House of Commons felt it to be a serious grievance that Irish members might talk about English and Scotch business, while English and Scotch members could not interfere in the local affairs of Ireland, that might perhaps be one other inducement for England and Scotland to demand the institution of domestic Parliaments for themselves.

This plan of Home Rule for Ireland would establish between Ireland and the Imperial Parliament the same relations in principle that exist between a State of the American Union and the Federal Government, or between any State of the Dominion of Canada and that central Canadian Parliament which meets in Ottawa. I would leave to Ireland the making of her domestic laws, exactly as an American or Canadian local legislature has that power now. While speaking of that subject I must refer with approval to a sentence or two in Lord Blandford's article. 'One of the great difficulties,' he says, 'in dealing with that class of crime' (the agrarian, that is to say) 'has been the ingrained feeling of the people that they were being ruled

by an alien race and Government which it was their born duty perpetually to levy war against on all occasions. This,' he goes on to say, 'would cease to be the case under the operation of a State Legislature. Agrarian crimes would then be put down by public opinion, and evidence would not only be forthcoming, but juries would be found to convict, and the village ruffian would have to seek more honest employment.' This I believe to be an entirely just and reasonable anticipation. An Irish national Parliament would need no Coercion Bills. It would be able to govern the country by the ordinary laws of the country. The Irish people would accept and obey those laws, knowing them to be their own laws. The magistrates would be their own magistrates, the police would be their own police. If severity were ever needed on any exceptional occasion, the Irish people would take severe measures from a Parliament of their own, would acknowledge their justice, and would put up with them so long as they were needed, because they came from a Parliament of their own, and were part of a strictly national policy. Has it ever happened to any of my English readers to notice the manner in which some thoroughly popular Irishman at home manages to control the people who depend upon him or who look up to him? I have known many such men, some of them even in the landlord class—men who are the born rulers of their little spheres; who are consulted by everybody; looked up to by everybody; in whom every poor man around beholds his recognised protector and his friend. I have noticed that some of the most popular and most beloved of this village Hampden class are often sterner in their language and their actions towards their humbler neighbours when they believe them to be doing wrong than perhaps even the hated resident magistrate himself would be. I have heard such men expose and denounce idleness and laziness and beggary and petty shams among some of their people in language that one might have thought would have turned some hearts away from them and made them less popular. I have seen such men prevent violence by very violent means. I have seen refractory neighbours—village ruffians, as Mr. Forster would say—summarily knocked down by one of these uncrowned local kings in the midst of a noisy crowd that at first seemed disposed to take part with the disturber. But the village Hampden never lost any of his popularity, nor forfeited the affection of any of his neighbours. The very man whom he had thus roughly admonished was convinced that he had been so admonished only for his good; and he knew that the rebuke, rough as it was, came from one who loved the country and the people. In the same spirit, I feel perfectly convinced, would the Irish populations accept severe measures, should such ever be necessary, at the hands of an Irish Parliament elected by the free voices of Irish constituencies, and sitting in the capital of Ireland.

I do not believe that the plan which Lord Blandford recom-

mends, and which has often been suggested before, that of 'independent state legislatures or conseils-généraux, one such institution for each of the four great provinces of Ireland,' would satisfy the demand of Ireland. It would not touch the sentiment of the people, it would not respond to the just ambition of the country; it is not what we want at all. Besides, what Irishmen desire is to bring classes and provinces together in Ireland, and not to keep them asunder. 'Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear can only wake our wonder,' Thomas Davis wrote long ago; and certainly Ulster and Munster have been drawing together very closely in later years. An Irish national Parliament would bring Ulster and Munster into genuine companionship and sympathy; provincial assemblies would but perpetuate provincial estrangements.

I would have therefore a Parliament constituted in Ireland for the management of Irish affairs under the limitations I have already described. But then we come back to the question asked by Mr. Gladstone before—Who is to determine what questions are or are not purely Irish? Is it to be settled, Mr. Gladstone asks, by a reference to the personal authority of the sovereign? Is it to be determined by responsible ministers, and if so are they to be the responsible ministers of Great Britain or the responsible ministers of Ireland? I would not have the distinction laid down by either sovereign or ministers; I would have the definition clearly drawn in the Act of Parliament which accorded Home Rule to the Irish people. I am assuming now the existence of an Imperial Parliament willing to concede Home Rule, and only therefore anxious to co-operate with the representatives of Ireland in constructing a satisfactory scheme. An Act of the Imperial Parliament constructed the Dominion of Canada, and the system thus formed has worked with almost unbroken success. One or two difficulties have arisen, but not difficulties a whit more serious than those which often arise in our own system from some conflict of authority or supposed authority between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Why could not the same Parliament pass an Act for the introduction of a Home Rule system into Ireland defining with the full consent and assistance of the Irish people the distinctions, obvious enough surely most of them, between purely Irish business and business of common interest to the three kingdoms? I cannot see how any conflict of authority could afterwards arise which would not be easily settled by argument, by conference, by gradual experience. Assuming such an Act to be somewhere near the eve of its introduction, I think it would be not inconvenient to have the Irish House of Commons elected by the present constituencies of Ireland, and leave the new Irish Parliament to deal with the Irish franchise of the future when and in what way it thought fit. I would leave the vice-royalty question to be dealt with also by the Irish Parliament. It may be

that the Irish people would then prefer to retain the viceroy. His position, it will at once be seen, would be completely changed. He would no longer be the more or less arbitrary minister of an alien power; he would be simply the head of the executive whose movements would all be directed by the Irish Parliament. Some chief of the executive would have to be appointed, and I would leave it to the Irish people to say whether they preferred to retain the present vice-regal system or not. I assume that there would be two chambers in the Irish Parliament, and I think I may assume that the second chamber would not be one corresponding in character with the English House of Lords. It would probably be a Senate like that which exists in each state of the American Union. I do not suppose that a life senate of Crown nominees like that of Canada would be thought of or tolerated in Ireland. The Irish Senate would probably be elected for a definite number of years on some principle different from that which regulated the election of the representative chamber. The representative chamber, I presume, would be composed of a certain number of members returned for each county and borough, just as the members are returned for the Imperial Parliament.

The Senate might, perhaps, be composed of men representing the counties altogether; that is to say, two senators for each county with its included boroughs and towns, and without reference to population, just as in the American Union. The Senate might be elected on some principle which would call into action the whole of the varied representative power and expression of each county commonwealth. It would be necessary, for example, that a comprehensive system of county boards should be formed; each Irish county should have its board of this kind. The central Parliament in Dublin could no more undertake to manage all the local affairs out of its own head, as the children say, to see to the making of roads and the building of bridges in Cork, and in Longford, and in Antrim, than the English Parliament can look after the affairs of Ireland. Each local board might, under the authority of the central Parliament, take charge of all the local business; it might, of course, initiate schemes of local improvement, and it would be advantageous to have the county boards brought into something like a direct connection with the scheme of government. There would probably be but one form of suffrage throughout the country, for election to county boards, to municipal corporations, and to the House of Commons in Dublin. But when there came to be question of a second chamber, it might be a matter for consideration whether election to that chamber should not be put in the hands of the representative bodies of the counties and boroughs. The county boards and the municipal corporations, town commissioners, and other local governing and representative bodies might perhaps be well entrusted with the election of the senators. I do not mean that all these bodies in combination should elect all the

senators in a group, but that the local bodies existing within the limits of each county should come together to elect the senators for that county. I have before me the official report of the speech delivered in the Canadian House of Commons on April 20 by Mr. Edward Blake, the leader of the liberal party in Canada. It was a speech on the Irish question, and in support of a motion for an address to the Queen in favour of Home Rule:—

We can speak (said Mr. Blake) with authority on this subject. We are Federalists ourselves; we are experienced in the benefits of Home Rule; we know what it means; we know that it is our most precious possession; we know that there is nothing that we would part with with greater reluctance or more difficulty than our portion of Home Rule; we know that there is nothing that we would sacrifice more to retain than our portion of Home Rule, whether you revert to that portion which the Dominion has in relation to the Empire, or that portion which the Provinces have in relation to the Dominion.

That latter portion of the Home Rule system is one on which I should lay great stress in dealing with the Irish question. Hardly less important for the reorganisation and regeneration of Ireland than the Home Rule relationship between Ireland and the central government, would be the relationship between Irish local representative bodies and the Parliament in Dublin.

I must quote on the general subject this other sentence from Mr. Blake's interesting speech:—

In reference to the important Federation which exists between Canada and the United Kingdom, or the more perfect form of Federation which exists between the Dominion and the Provinces, if any people in the wide world can speak of the difficulties engendered from the want of Home Rule, and the benefits to be secured by the grant of Home Rule, it is the people in whose name and for whose interests we sit and deliberate in this hall to-night.

Yes, Mr. Blake might well put the case in that way; he might well invite the attention of the wide world to the manner in which the magical influence of self-government has converted Canada within less than half a century from the distracted home of conflicting and disaffected populations, torn by religious animosities and political hatreds amongst themselves, and only approaching to a common feeling in their animosity to the English Government—has converted it from that miserable, and as it then seemed, almost hopeless condition, into one of the best ordered, most prosperous, most rising, and most united countries on the earth. What Ireland wants at present, I mean in the councils of England, is a statesman endowed with something like the genius, the courage, the force of character which belonged to Lord Durham, and which enabled him to see the manner in which the real knot of the Canadian question was to be untied.

I have already quoted Lord Blandford's remark that 'self-government *versus* separation' is the problem which it behoves



thoughtful politicians to consider. I do not shrink from dealing with this question of separation. So far, there is not what I should call any serious demand for separation in Ireland. There are indeed many Irishmen who would gladly see Ireland separated from England if it were possible; who would be glad if they could see the island, as Mr. Bright once put it, 'unmoored from its fastenings in the deep, and moved at least 2,000 miles to the west.' They would be glad if this could be, as they would be glad if Ireland could have a sunnier climate and less weeping skies. There is a great deal to be said in favour of small states. It would seem as if man's character came to better development in small independent commonwealths than in vast imperial agglomerations of territory. But small states do not belong to our time; they are out of the question; the course of empire is setting quite the other way. For that very reason the federal system becomes not merely important but indispensable, if national individuality with its quickening impulses and generous affections is to exist at all. But while many men therefore would rather see Ireland, if they could, an independent nation, there are few men capable of bestowing a serious thought on the subject who regard such aspirations as coming within the sphere of practical politics. I do not know that I have lately met any practical politician in Ireland, any really responsible politician, whatever his class in life, who looked to separation as something to be distinctly agitated for with hope of success. Men who believed in such a scheme, and who even rushed into hopeless rebellion to carry it out, did this when, like Mr. Davitt, they were young; as they grow older and gain experience they turn to other counsels and to other measures. But I am speaking of my experience thus far. I am not going to say what might not happen if for a few years longer the public opinion of this country were to set itself obstinately against the demand for Home Rule. I am not going to say whether this island or the other could stand for long such a strain upon the existing relations between the two as we have seen for the last few years. A few more sessions of such common confusion, such mutual misunderstanding, such bitterness, might well make men on both sides of St. George's Channel despair of keeping the two islands under any common system of government, and welcome separation as the only relief to England and to Ireland alike. I freely admit that there are in Ireland, and still more in America, men with whom this very prospect would be an argument against Home Rule. I present it with none the less confidence as an argument which ought to have some influence the other way with the English public.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

## PEEL AND COBDEN.

IN Mr. Morley's *Life of Cobden*, which will surely rank among the best and most memorable of political biographies, the figures of Peel and Cobden are brought together, first in antagonism, then in a reconciliation which revealed their real relations to each other. To each figure, and to the two conjoined, something of special interest attaches at the present moment.

Cobden I had the happiness of knowing well, and I can bear witness to the truth of Mr. Morley's portrait of him. A man more transparently honest, more single-minded, more truthful, more entirely devoid of selfish ambition and of selfishness of every kind, more absolutely devoted to the service of his country and of humanity, never, I should think, appeared in public life. The persuasiveness of his eloquence was simply the result of his character. His kindness of heart, his charity, his candour, had remained unimpaired by all his battles. Wrong and oppression he hated with all his soul: but he had no enmities, any more than he had rivalries. His nature was entirely sweet and sound.

He was no bagman, though his enemies called him so, and he freely called himself so in jest. He had not received a good education at school, but he had educated—and not only educated, but cultivated—his intellect in gratifying his boundless love of knowledge. He had explored and studied Europe, economical, social, and political, with a curious eye and a comprehensive mind. He was acute and exact in observing the connection of the different influences which form national character with each other, and was a true social philosopher, though without a formal system. His insight into political character and tendency was very keen. In 1849 he foresaw the Tory Suffrage Bill of 1867. 'May I predict that, if we should succeed to the extent above named, there would not be wanting shrewd members of the Tory aristocracy who would be found advocating universal suffrage to take their chance in an appeal to the ignorance and vice of the country against the opinions of the teetotallers, Nonconformists, and rational Radicals, who would constitute nine-tenths of our phalanx of forty-shilling freeholders.' Nor was he without literary or even without classical interests, notwithstanding

his rather economical sayings about the scanty waters of the Ilyssus, and the territorial insignificance of the scenes of Greek history. He would talk, and talk well, about Greek oratory and the Greek drama, which he had explored as well as he could through translations. He was apparently a little disappointed by the absence of passionate rhetoric in Demosthenes. Mr. Morley justly praises Cobden's style, which he might have done, perhaps, without disparaging the classical models. Cobden's style is excellent for its purpose, which is that of the pamphleteer; the styles of Bacon, Hooker, Milton, Swift, Addison, Hume, Burke, are also excellent for their several purposes. The lesson which an intelligent reader learns from the classics is, I submit, precisely that which Mr. Morley seems to think they do not teach—attention to things, not to words. A really classic writer is as free from all ornamental encumbrance as a Greek statue.<sup>1</sup> Cobden's favourite poet was Cowper, who touched him morally. For poetry of the deeper and more philosophic kind he probably did not much care. But he had an eye and a heart for nature. Mr. Morley has not got quite correctly the reply to a friend who had asked whether it was worth while to take a long journey for the purpose of seeing Niagara. The words were, 'There are two sublimities in nature—one of rest, the other of motion: the sublimity of rest is a distant view of the Alps; the sublimity of motion is Niagara.' On the whole it may pretty safely be said, that among all those who affected to scorn Cobden's vulgarity and narrowness, there would not have been found so rich or so comprehensive a mind.

In a striking passage quoted by Mr. Morley, Cobden says emphatically that the basis of his own character was religious, that his sympathies were with religious men, and that it was his 'reverence' that sustained him through the labours and struggles of his public life. I have no doubt that he speaks the truth. He was not in the least sectarian; he was a devout believer in phrenology, the crude precursor of scientific rationalism; but he certainly was religious, and always felt that in bravely doing his duty, in upholding righteousness, in labouring for the good of his kind, he was in the hand of God.

This man was not an un-Englishman, but, on the contrary, the truest and heartiest of patriots. National swagger he hated as well as national injustice; but the pages of his life show that he was as proud as any swaggerer of the high qualities and the great achievements of his countrymen, while he had a large-minded and generous appreciation of the special excellences and advantages of other nations.

<sup>1</sup> I should also venture to demur to Mr. Morley's apparently low estimate of England's scholarship. Germany has, perhaps, more men eminent for recondite erudition, though she has never produced such an Athenian as Porson; but England has probably a far greater number of scholars who thoroughly understand and enjoy the classics. It may seem a paradox, but I fancy that one reason why we have had comparatively so few editors and commentators is that we have had so many readers.

England, as represented by him, was a gentleman, and not a bully. He desired for his country the leadership of international morality, and he believed that her real interest was bound up with the interest of humanity; but he did not disregard her interest: on the contrary, he always looked to it first, and never without distinct reference to it proposed any plan of cosmopolitan improvement. If he advocated and encouraged a friend to advocate colonial emancipation, it was not because either of them wished to deprive their country of anything that could bring her wealth or strength, but because both of them were convinced that these distant dependencies brought neither wealth nor strength, but, on the contrary, loss of money and weakness; that, in a military point of view, they entailed a forfeiture of the advantages of an insular position; and that the only bond which could permanently and usefully unite England to free colonies was the bond of the heart. He certainly looked forward to the ultimate junction of Canada with the United States, and the union of the whole English-speaking race on the American continent; but he expected this to take place with the consent of the mother country, and believed that it would be greatly to her advantage. In questioning, as his friend questioned, the expediency of retaining Gibraltar, he was actuated by no indifference to English honour, or wish that England should make Quixotic sacrifices, but by the conviction that since the introduction of steam and other changes the naval and military importance of the rock had been greatly diminished; while, as it often had thrown, so it would be sure again to throw, insulted Spain into the ranks of our enemies. I have no doubt that while he fully appreciated the genius for war and government which Englishmen had shown, in the conquest and administration of India, he would gladly have resigned that glittering appanage had it been possible to retire without leaving anarchy behind; but here again he would have been actuated not by the craven motives which Jingoism imputed to him, but by a profound conviction that on the whole the Indian empire was materially a bane to us, and that there was great danger of its becoming a moral and political bane also. Some strong men agree with him on that point. His opinions on the subject of imperialism might have been confirmed, as those of his friend are, by seeing England, with all these distant objects of far-reaching ambition on her hands, unable to cope with a rebellion of Land Leaguers at home, and beginning to doubt whether she will be able to maintain her union with Ireland.

These volumes show that Cobden had no sympathy with Repeal. His policy for Ireland was the abolition of the feudal land law, which fosters great estates and, in the case of Ireland, absenteeism. The feudal law ought indeed to have been abolished, by the abrogation of primogeniture and entail, before entering on a course of more violent and equivocal legislation. But Cobden had not fathomed the Irish abyss. He did not see that if Ireland were given to the Irish, and

all of them were collected in their native land, not a third of them could live.

Cobden, I repeat, was not an un-Englishman. Nor was he a Quaker. He disliked all armaments which were capable of being used for purposes of aggression, and he had a belief, well founded, at all events, as the army was then constituted, that militarism was the great pillar of aristocracy; but he emphatically declared that he was ready to incur any expense that might be necessary for the purpose of maintaining the supremacy of England on the sea. He meant what he said, too, when he told the House of Commons that, though opposed to a war which he deemed unjust, he would in a just war serve in the hospital if he could not serve in the field. He certainly erred in pronouncing against the volunteer movement, in which he saw another reinforcement of aristocracy, but failed to see a great antidote to panic. Nor can it be truly said that he never laid himself open to misconstruction. Mr. Kinglake says that Cobden and his great associate had no chance of getting a hearing when they strove to keep the peace with Russia, because, as they had declared against war in general, it was impossible that they should command attention when they spoke against any particular war. Mr. Morley replies with truth that Cobden had not declared against war in general. But he had attended Peace Conferences, the object of which was to denounce all war. A demonstration for or against a definite measure or course of policy, such as the repeal of the Corn Laws or the support of the Ottoman dominion, is often useful; but a demonstration in favour of a general principle always seems to commit, and usually does in fact commit, those who take part in it to an indiscriminate application. Cobden's authority on questions of peace and war was undoubtedly weakened in this way.

Hardly any mind can escape the bias of its history; Cobden's had no doubt contracted a bias, and a serious one, from the Free Trade struggle. Absolutely free from any sordid sentiment, from any disposition to believe that man lives by bread alone, from any conscious preference of material over moral and political considerations, he yet was inclined to overrate the beneficent power of commercial influences, and consequently the value of commercial objects. This was seen at the beginning of the war between the free and slave States in America, when, though his heart was as thoroughly on the side of political and industrial freedom as that of any human being could be, he was for a time prevented from raising his voice for the right, if not held in a wavering state of mind, by his strong feeling in favour of the Southerners as Free Traders, though he could hardly have helped knowing that with them, as with the Turks, Free Trade was not an enlightened principle, but the barbarous necessity of a community incapable of manufacturing anything for itself, as appears more clearly than ever now that, slavery being abolished, manufactures have been introduced into the South, and have brought Protectionist

tendencies with them. The same thing was seen again in the case of the French Treaty. Mr. Morley is mistaken in thinking that anybody objected to negotiating with the French Government on account of its character and origin: we were all ready to do business with Nero; though certainly, if there was a hand which Liberals might be excused for not wishing to take even in the course of business, it was that of Louis Napoleon. The objection which some of us felt was to abetting the Emperor in an arbitrary use of his treaty-making power for the purpose of overriding on a question of domestic policy the well-known sentiments of his Legislature and his people. We thus, for a commercial object, became accomplices in absolutist encroachment. There could be no mistake about the matter. The Emperor assured Cobden that the Legislative Body was irreconcilably hostile to every manner of Free Trade, and Cobden himself says that it would be impossible to assemble five hundred persons in France by any process of selection, and not find nine-tenths of them at least in favour of the restrictive system. An apprehension, which events have too well justified, was felt that Free Trade itself would be tainted in the mind of the French people by association with the violence done by a high-handed stretch of power to national opinion. It must be admitted also that, as in the case of the arbitrary monarchy of Prussia, on which he bestows praises rather unwelcome to the Liberal ear, so in the case of the French Empire, Cobden's political toleration of all forms of government which were or seemed to be economically beneficent carried him somewhat too far. Nor could I at the time, nor can I now, share the contempt with which he treated all suspicion of the French Emperor's designs, and every suggestion that necessity might at last impel the conspirators of the *coup d'état* to an attack on England, from which, if so compelled, they would no more have shrunk than they shrank from the perfidies and massacres by which they raised themselves to power. Alarm always takes forms more or less irrational and ridiculous; but all Cobden's expressions of scorn for English panic would have been nearly as applicable to the nervousness of Austria and Germany, upon each of which the French bandit sprang without notice, and without any cause of war except his personal necessities and those of his dynasty. That Free Trade and peace are closely connected in fact as well as in the motto of the Cobden Club is very certain, but the relation is not simply that of cause and effect; it is reciprocal, and Free Trade depends fully as much on peace as peace does upon Free Trade: if there are large armaments there must be import duties to maintain them, and it is vain to suppose that the policy of the English tariff will be allowed to regulate the tariffs of other countries, or that there can be any absolute rule for them all. Nor is it by any means true in all cases, perhaps it is not true even in the majority of cases, that the passions of nations are controlled by their commercial interests. If they were,

no matter what the fiscal system might be, there could hardly ever be a war.

That the good effects even of commercial prosperity were neither unlimited nor unmixed, Cobden himself had reason to observe. Writing about the rejection of Mr. Bright at Manchester, he ascribes 'this display of snobbishness and ingratitude' to the great prosperity which Lancashire enjoys mainly through the efforts of Mr. Bright; and predicts that those vices and the political apostasy connected with them will go on in the north of England 'so long as the exports continue to increase at the same rate.' In another letter he says 'the great prosperity of the country made Tories of us all;' and accuses the middle class, which it was hoped could be independent, of having sunk into the most abject servility from the same cause. 'I have never known a manufacturing representative put into a cocked hat and breeches and ruffles, with a sword by his side, to make a speech for the Government, without having his head turned by the feathers and frippery: generally they give way to a paroxysm of snobbery, and go down on their bellies and throw dust on their heads, and fling dirt at the prominent men of their own order.' Aristocracy here conspired with the vast growth of wealth which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws; but it cannot be said that the vast growth of wealth had a purely elevating influence in itself. Another fact might be cited in support of the same moral, though Cobden was himself unconscious of its import. The letter of the French Emperor declaring for Free Trade appeared upon a Sunday, and on the Tuesday following, as Mr. Morley—following, we presume, the account given by Cobden—tells us, at the great market at Manchester, which used to draw men from all parts of that thriving district, the French Emperor was everywhere hailed as the best man in Europe. He who had not only destroyed the liberties which he was set to guard, but had literally revelled in perjury and rioted in innocent blood, who was not only the greatest enemy of freedom, but the greatest felon in Europe, and who a few years before had been denounced by the universal voice of British morality, had in a moment, to the bribed understandings and consciences of all these respectable and religious traders, become the best man in Europe because he had promised to add something to their gains!

It is due, however, to Cobden always to mark that he was a Free Trader indeed: his heart was with those who proposed absolutely to abolish all import duties, and supply their place, so far as was necessary, by direct taxation. His desire and his hope were to make one commercial community of the whole human race. Thoroughly embracing the principle, he was entitled to reckon on the full effects of its application. In this he differed essentially from those who, calling themselves Free Traders, are in fact nothing of the kind, but merely advocates of a particular tariff, very wisely framed no doubt

with reference to British industries and interests, but not necessarily suited to those of all the countries in the world.

In one respect, perhaps, Cobden may be hereafter a more important figure in political history than his biographer thinks. If the transition from hereditary to elective government should ever be completed, and England should become a commonwealth, he may be hailed as one of the fathers of Republicanism. All Radicals are Republicans in grain; some of them are in private avowedly republicans; but as a body they have deemed it wise to put off the great question to an indefinite future, to stand aloof from the Republican party in Europe, and for the practical purposes of public life to take offices and titles under the monarchy and aristocracy. Cobden never took office or title. Nor did he ever cross the threshold of a court. Though he negotiated with the French Emperor, he declined an invitation to Compiègne. True, it was Palmerston's hand that proffered him office, and it is possible that his decision might have been different had the proffer come from the hand of Gladstone. But, as a matter of fact, he remained Richard Cobden and an illustrious servant of the people; and his motives, though not distinctly professed, were such that Republicans may fairly claim him as their own.

Peel I did not know; but I have lived much with those who knew him well. I have also had access to information of a documentary kind which helps to explain some of the doubtful passages of his long and vexed career. When he fell from power I was still at college, and, in common with most of the young Liberals of the day, I looked up with ardent sympathy to the great statesman who, trying to rise above party and govern in the interest of the nation, was struck down by the blind resentment of a selfish faction and by the dagger of the political bravo. It is to be hoped that the publication of his papers will not be much longer delayed, for his memory daily suffers wrong. Mr. Morley, for instance, speaks of the days preceding Canning's premiership as 'a season of odious intrigue'; and he is only saying what is generally believed. Yet it will probably prove that injustice has been done to Wellington, Peel, and the rest of those against whom the imputation is levelled. The Liverpool Cabinet was made up of two sections, to one of which belonged Wellington and Peel, to the other Canning. These sections differed from each other not only about Catholic Emancipation, which had been made an open question in the Cabinet, but about foreign policy and in their general tendencies. The Prime Minister was their only bond of union, and on his departure they inevitably fell asunder. Falling asunder is not a very amicable operation, nor is it easy to state with perfect frankness your general want of sympathy with the political character and principles of a man with whom you have just been acting, however natural, in the eyes of all the world, that want



of sympathy may be. That there was also a rivalry between Peel and Canning need not be questioned; under the party system and between heads of opposing sections such things must be. but rivalry is not conspiracy or cabal. The letters of resignation sent by the seceders seem to me perfectly spontaneous and independent. If there was anything like intrigue, I suspect it was on the part of Canning, who was a man of eager, not to say inordinate, ambition, as he showed in his conduct to Addington and afterwards to Percival. The conversion of the Anti-Jacobin to Liberalism seems glorious now; but it was natural that it should not seem so glorious to the Tories then. There is no reason for supposing that Peel instigated the attacks which Dawson and other Tories made on Canning, and which after all were no more than the counterpart of those which Canning himself had made upon Addington and others who had come in his way. To say that Peel killed Canning is preposterous. Canning had been in very bad health before he became Premier, and his febrile temperament succumbed to the cares and vexations of a difficult and equivocal position. If any bolt went to his heart, it was that of Grey. Canning's son assuredly did not regard Peel as his father's murderer. In Stapleton's first work on Canning, published in 1839, the charge against Peel of behaving dishonourably to Canning does not appear. It appears in the work published in 1859. Between those dates it had been brought forward in the House of Commons among other rabid personalities by Lord George Bentinck in a specific form, and in that form it had been met and repelled by Peel. The author of the *Life of Lord George Bentinck* is compelled to admit that the charge cannot be sustained, while he artfully labours to leave the impression that it is true. With a somewhat suspicious anxiety he fixes the responsibility of it on the memory of his friend, protesting that 'the statement was made from Bentinck's personal experience and memory, and was the tradition of the circle in which he lived and the conviction of his heart.' How came it to pass, then, that a man of Bentinck's temper, and devoted as he was to the memory of Canning, whose private secretary he had been, and with whom he was connected by marriage, not only remained for so many years a steady follower of Peel, but when Disraeli began to attack Peel ascribed the attacks, as Disraeli says he did, to personal motives? Is it not more likely that this, among other things which Bentinck said and did was really the infusion of 'a friend'?

Mr. Morley also is somewhat in error, as I venture to think, in saying that, with the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power in 1827, all the worst impulses of the privileged classes acquired new confidence and intensity. The Duke was never averse, and Peel was always most favourable, to measures of administrative reform. Even in 1827 exclusionists and jobbers saw that it was not their game that was being played, and this became still more clear to them in 1834,

when a foreign statesman said of Peel that he had proved himself the most liberal of Conservatives, the most conservative of Liberals, and the most capable man of all in both parties; while bigoted Tories not only withheld praise, but broke out into denunciation, and accused the Minister of preparing the final ruin of the Church.<sup>2</sup> A European Conservative Wellington was in the highest degree; he had monarchical views of English government, and was strongly opposed to organic change: a bigot or a corruptionist he never was. Canning, it must be remembered, was to the last an opponent of Parliamentary reform.

Peel has been called the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived. A sneer perhaps lurks in the compliment; but, apart from the sneer, the compliment belongs rather to Pym or to one of the Pitts. It may more truly be said of Peel that he was about the best public servant whom England ever had. No other Minister ever was so thoroughly conversant with all the interests and master of all the business of the State. This it was that lent such weight to his speeches, and gave him his immense power over the House of Commons. Lord Russell said that, of all the speakers whom he had ever heard, the most eloquent was Plunket, the most charming was Canning, the weightiest was Peel. That, so far as the evil system of party—for the establishment of which he was not responsible—would let him, Peel was a true patriot, and served his country to the utmost of his power and with all his heart, never sparing himself, but giving the most conscientious attention to all the details of the public business, must be the conviction of every one who really knows his history. His great qualities were rather those of an administrator than those of a legislator, and were liable to be rated lower than they deserved under the party system, which counts only legislative triumphs. In legislation he was not an originator, at least upon the greatest questions; but, as one who gave practical effect to the conclusions of the time, his record on the Statute Book is immense. When once he put his hand to the work he was bold, and never stopped at half-measures. His bills were framed with the greatest care, so as to pass with the least possible amendment. For his memorable Budgets, his financial experiments, the creation of the fiscal system under which England has prospered, he had the assistance of first-rate coadjutors, official and non-official; yet the measures may fairly be said to have been his own. Irrespectively of the party ties by which in his very boyhood he had been tightly and almost inextricably bound, he was by nature a Conservative—ready for any practical reform, but averse from organic change. Such is apt to be the temperament of great administrators, who are satisfied with their tools as they are; and it is a better temperament, at all events, than that of politicians who seek power through great convulsions and use it

<sup>2</sup> See Mr. Spencer Walpole's *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 302.

for small jobs. The weak points of Peel's career are his conversions on Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws, of which nobody denies either the sincerity or the necessity, but which involved an appearance of infidelity to party; while the desperate awkwardness of the position in which, during the process of conversion, a leader is placed, between the impossibility of keeping silence as a private man whose mind was wavering would do, and the danger of prematurely avowing conclusions which may shake the State, has furnished malice with materials for imputations of deceitfulness of which unsparing use has been made. To these imputations Peel was too nervously susceptible; but we have tried effrontery, and can tell which has the best effect on public character. That the intellect of the man who was chiefly responsible for the welfare of the people should not upon such a question as the Corn Laws have been allowed to act freely for the public good, and that the country should have been compelled to deprive itself of the services of its great administrator because there had been a change in national opinion upon an economical question, have always seemed to me heavy counts in the indictment against the party system, and that constitutional rule which requires that, whenever a new light breaks upon the mind of the legislative body, the executive Government shall be overturned.

Factional things must, in the course of nature, be done by every leader of opposition; but no leader of opposition ever did fewer of them than Peel. He never weakened or degraded Government. He played no jockey tricks. He never descended to the tactics familiar to those who supplanted him, of coalescing with the extreme section of the other party for the purpose of upsetting the Ministry. He would have spurned such a suggestion as the utter betrayal of all the objects for which his party existed, as the depth at once of folly and dishonour. Never did he give his followers the signal to turn round and vote against the second reading of a bill when they had voted in favour of the first reading because it appeared that advantage might be taken of a division in the ranks of the Government. Never did he on a great question belie his recorded convictions and trifle with the political life of the nation for the purpose of 'dishing' his rivals. He avoided rather than sought faction fights; held back his followers as much as he could from premature attacks; never attempted to filch office, but waited till his time was fully come, and, instead of climbing over the wall, he could enter by the great gate. In time of public peril he knew that party feeling and personal ambition must be restrained. The country has bitter reason to wish that he was the leader of the Opposition now.

A man of genius Peel cannot be called. He was not imaginative or creative; even in appreciation his mind, open as it was, moved slowly. It moved slowly in all things; and, like Burleigh, he used his pen a good deal in the process of deliberation. Nor did he always

see the limits of a principle ; if he had, perhaps he would have perceived more clearly and maintained more firmly that the principle of free competition, however sound as applied to commerce in general, was hardly sound when applied to national works like railways. Still, in the construction of the Conservative party, and in placing it exactly on the right basis after the revolution of 1832, his practical sagacity did the work of genius. He was greatly helped in this by his commercial origin and his affinity to the middle class. The same influences were always drawing him towards alliance with such a man as Cobden, wide as the gulf between them might appear.

In one respect he stands almost by himself. It would be difficult at least to name any leader who had left the country such a bequest of statesmen. In drawing young men to him he had to get over the difficulties of his extreme shyness, and of a manner at first icy, though Lord Aberdeen said of him that when he did open himself he was the most confiding of mankind. He had also to get over a certain formality of judgment and want of sympathy with anything eccentric or sentimental, natural to him, no doubt, but confirmed by the habits of a life spent in business of State, with little time for reading, intellectual intercourse, or speculation of any kind. From the personal jealousy which sometimes narrows the choice of associates he was free, as he showed by the eagerness with which he welcomed to his side Stanley, in whose unquiet ambition and aristocratic arrogance his sagacity could hardly fail to see the probable source of trouble to himself. The shade of Peel may proudly ask what those who charged him with want of sympathy with genius have left to eclipse his staff. In one instance he has been accused—and will, no doubt, be accused again—of a fatal oversight. But the accusers must remember that the Disraeli of 1841 was not the Lord Beaconsfield of a later time. The Disraeli of 1841 had announced himself under the name of Vivian Grey as an unscrupulous adventurer, bent on gratifying his ambition, not by the qualities which Peel valued in a public servant, but by skill in intrigue ; he had verified that announcement by seeking election to Parliament first as a Radical, and immediately afterwards as a Tory ; and he had been denounced for so doing by public men whose confidence and whose names he had, as they thought, abused. He had signified the intention which, in the case of Lord Derby, he, with incomparable skill and knowledge of character, carried into effect, of using his political leader as a Marquis of Carabas. He had presented himself to the House of Commons in raiment which, though symbolical by its gorgeousness of a dazzling policy, was not likely to fascinate an unimaginative man of sense. He had approached his leader, both in public and in private, with fulsome flattery ; and fulsome flattery, however successful it might be in other quarters, was not likely to succeed with Peel. Nor was anything to be gained

by disparaging the Duke of Wellington, in whom Peel did not see a rival, and whom, though little guided by his counsels, he always treated with the tenderest respect. After all, there is a tradition that Peel—always tolerant, though not appreciative, of the vagaries of talent, and ever anxious to enlist it for the party—wished to give Disraeli place, but was prevented by the opposition of Lord Stanley. When his papers are published it will be found, I suspect, that he afterwards treated Disraeli with a magnanimity which may be thought by some to have been rather becoming in him than clearly consistent with the public good.

To do right in the question between Cobden and Peel while they were in collision, we must remember that Cobden was leading an agitation in the interest of a particular class. The class was large, and its interest on this occasion coincided with that of the community, otherwise it could not have had Cobden and Bright for spokesmen; but still it was a class. With Cobden and Bright the repeal of the Corn Law was part of a general policy of Free Trade, and Free Trade itself was but a part of a still more general policy of peace and good-will among nations, economy, and government in the interest of the people. But the object of most of the manufacturers who were members of the League was simply the repeal of a noxious impost, which specially pressed on their own industry. They were not universal philanthropists; they were hardly even Free Traders in the full sense of the term. Their subscriptions to the League Fund were what Cobden himself called them, investments, which they expected to be repaid to them, and which were in fact repaid to them a hundredfold. Had the same men been landowners, they would probably have been Protectionists. To the general policy of Bright and Cobden their attachment was very equivocal, as the sequel showed, and as Cobden himself has told us:—

I am of opinion that we have not the same elements in Lancashire for a Democratic Reform movement as we had for Free Trade. To me the most discouraging fact in our political state is the condition of the Lancashire boroughs, where, with the exception of Manchester, nearly all the municipalities are in the hands of the stupidest Tories in England, and where we can hardly see our way for an equal half-share of Liberal representation. We have the labour of Hercules in hand to abate the power of the aristocracy, and their allies the snobs of the towns.

You hint at the possibility of Manchester taking me in case of poor Potter's death. I don't think the offer will ever be made, but I am quite sure that there is no demonstration of the kind that could induce me (apart from my determination not at present to stand for any place) to put myself in the hands of the people who, without more cause than than now, struck down men whose politics are identically my own. To confess my honest belief, I regard the Manchester constituency, now that their gross pocket question is settled, as a very unsound, and to us a very unsafe body.

The manufacturers of Yorkshire and Lancashire look upon India and China as a field of enterprise, which can only be kept open to them by force; and, indeed, they are willing apparently to be at all the cost of holding open the door of the whole of Asia for the rest of the world to trade on the same terms as themselves. How

few of those who fought for the repeal of the Corn Law really understand the full meaning of Free Trade principles !

Men may be named, besides Cobden and Bright, who did thoroughly understand the meaning of the principle, and its connection with principles larger still ; but with the rank and file of the movement Free Trade meant nothing but an alteration of the tariff in their own favour.

Peel, on the other hand, was the ruler of the whole nation, and was bound to consider not one class or interest alone, but all. He was also bound to consider political as well as economical consequences. The aristocracy personally he loved little, and had little cause to love : it accepted his services without ever forgetting that he was by origin a cotton-spinner ; and that he stood aloof from it in heart was shown by his testamentary injunction to his son. But he believed it to be an essential part of the constitution, and he saw plainly that its basis was territorial, or, in plain English, that its influence depended on its rents. It was very well for the League to say that the landowners would not suffer by repeal ; the League cared little whether the landowners suffered or not : and the truth is that though the reduction of rents was suspended for a time by the enormous extension of the English market for agricultural produce which followed the growth of manufactures, it has evidently come at last, and seems likely to bring its political consequences with it. The prediction of evil to the landed interest which events appeared to have belied, has been apparently fulfilled after all ; for some time past at least, the extent of English land under the plough has been rapidly decreasing. There was some force also in the military argument against dependence on the foreigner for food ; it seemed that the Island Fortress would lose its impregnability ; and Peel could not accept, and would have been entirely misled if he had accepted, as infallibly true the Leaguers' assurance that Free Trade would be followed by universal peace. Economical fallacies, which experience has now taught us to deride, then fettered strong minds ; nor would a statesman, when he began to meditate the great change, have felt that he had any great force of independent opinion on his side. The sudden conversion of the Whigs was, as Mr. Morley truly says, nothing more than the device of a foundering faction. So long as they had a secure tenure of power, and were able to control legislation, they declared that to meddle with the Corn Law would be madness. They even, after the failure of their attempt ' to set fire to the house which they were leaving,' showed rather faint attachment to their new opinions, and their chiefs declined to vote for Mr. Villiers's annual motion in 1844. Peel had, however, avowed in the most distinct terms that unless the Corn Law was shown to be good for the whole people, it could not stand ; and his freedom in

dealing with it had already driven extreme Protectionists, such as the Duke of Buckingham, from his side. The general tendency of his financial policy was also distinctly in the direction of Free Trade. For a man in his position, and under the party system, the process of change, as has been already said, was desperately difficult, and the utmost allowance ought to be made for anything ambiguous in his utterances or in his conduct. He was the object not only of cruel misconstruction, but of calumnious invention on the part of enemies who certainly could not like him to be accused of lacking imagination. It was most circumstantially stated and widely believed, that when he found himself no longer able to defend the Corn Law he had contrived to shirk a debate, and to put forward his young lieutenant, Sidney Herbert, to defend the Corn Law in his place. He was of all men the least capable of such an act of treachery to a friend. Mr. Morley gives what is probably the grain of truth in the story, if there is any grain of truth in it at all. He says that after a powerful speech from Cobden, Peel was overheard to say to Sidney Herbert, 'You must answer that, for I cannot.' Whatever construction may be put upon the incident, it clearly involves nothing dishonourable on the part of Peel.

When a class in possession of power, as the landlord class was in the Parliament of those days, refuses justice to the community, agitation is the only remedy, and it is better than civil war. But it entails some of the moral evils of civil war. What says Cobden himself?—

You must not judge me by what I say at these tumultuous public meetings. I constantly regret the necessity of violating good taste and kind feeling in my public harangues. I say advisedly *necessity*; for I defy anybody to keep the ear of the public for seven years upon any one question without striving to amuse as well as instruct. People do not attend public meetings to be taught, but to be excited, flattered, and pleased. If they are simply lectured, they may sit out the lesson for once, but they will not come again; and as I have required them again and again I have been obliged to amuse them, not by standing on my head or eating fire, but by kindred feats of jugglery, such as appeals to their self-esteem, their combativeness, or their humour. You know how easily in touching their feelings one degenerates into flattery, vindictiveness, or grossness.

It would be a relief to him, he says, to know that he should never again have to attend a public meeting. If this was true of Cobden, how much more must it have been true of common agitators! The passions of those whose interest was threatened were of course inflamed to fury by the wordy cannonade, and the difficulty of Peel's task in bringing them round was increased tenfold. After all, as Cobden admits, the agitation would have failed had it not been for the Irish famine.

It was perhaps inevitable that the leaders of the League should be unjust to Peel, as well as wanting in that consideration for his position which wisdom bade them show if they wished to win him

to their side. Unjust, however, they were. They refused to recognise what he had done and was doing for the gradual promotion of the general policy of Free Trade; they treated with contempt his great budget of 1842, though as a step in economical progress it was second in importance only to the repeal of the Corn Law itself; and they persisted in fixing on him, who least of all men in power deserved it, the entire responsibility and odium of maintaining a system which was paralysing trade and spreading distress among the people. Hence arose a personal quarrel between him and Cobden, of which it would be painful to speak if it had not been closed by a noble reconciliation. On the fifth night of a fierce debate in the House of Commons, when party passions were at fever heat, Cobden made a very bitter attack on Peel, accusing him of 'folly or ignorance' as a financier, treating his fiscal legislation with the most cutting contempt, and pointing to him, with emphatic and passionate reiteration, as 'individually responsible' for the lamentable and dangerous state of the country. The recent murder of Peel's secretary and friend, Mr. Drummond, by a bullet, which was supposed to have been intended for Peel himself, was in everybody's mind; and when Peel in his reply pounced angrily on the expression 'individually responsible,' Protectionist hatred of the great Leaguer burst forth in a fierce shout of denunciation, and a tornado followed in which Peel's anger mounted still higher, all moral bearings were lost, and all attempts at explanation became fruitless. Peel afterwards positively disclaimed the atrocious meaning which had been fixed, in the fury of the moment, on his words; and he surely might be pardoned, especially when heated by debate, for fiercely resenting an attempt to hold him up individually to a people exasperated by suffering as the author of their misery. Cobden himself avows that he meant to frighten Peel; he had made up his mind that 'when Peel bolted or betrayed the Protectionists the game would be up.' 'It was this conviction,' he says, 'which induced me after some deliberation to throw the responsibility upon Peel; and he is not only alarmed at it, but indiscreet enough to let everybody know that he is so.' Surely this goes far to justify anything that Peel really said.

Mr. Morley quotes, as the best judgment that can be passed on the affair, a letter written immediately after it by Cobden, in which Peel is accused of hypocritically feigning emotion, and said to have incurred ridicule as a coward. '*Ah! vous gâtez le Soyons amis,*' cried somebody from the pit, when Augustus in *Cinna* was recounting the vices and crimes of the man whose hand he was about to take. For the charge of simulating emotion Mr. Morley is of course able to cite the authority of Disraeli. Yet nobody who knows Peel's history can doubt that, like other members of his family, he had a hot temper, though it was usually under strict control. It is impossible to suppose that he was 'acting the part of the choleric



gentleman' in the tempestuous scene which occurred when Parliament was dissolved upon the rejection of the Reform Bill. As little was he open to the imputation of cowardice: he was sensitive to pain; all men of fine organisation are; and there are traces in his correspondence of his having been rather nervous, or of somebody having been nervous for him, about plots: but I believe I am right in saying that, besides his affair with O'Connell, whom he desperately strove to drag into the field, he on three other occasions displayed his anachronistic propensity to fight duels. I know that it was with the utmost difficulty that, by an appeal to his feeling for the Queen, he was dissuaded from sending a challenge to Lord George Bentinck, who had touched his honour on a point on which it was particularly sensitive, by traducing the integrity of his relations with his friends. It may be surmised that his equivocal position in the society of those days as a cotton-spinner among aristocrats, made him rather more peppery in resenting insult than he would otherwise have been. What is certain is that, if readiness to look on the muzzle of a pistol is a proof of courage, Peel cannot have been a coward.

All soon came right between him and Cobden. The two soldiers of the same cause, under opposite standards and in hostile uniforms, recognised each other and clasped hands. Cobden wrote Peel, whose defeat by the coalition of Whigs and Protectionists on the Coercion Bill was then impending, a confidential letter promising him hearty support, conjuring him to dissolve Parliament, and assuring him if he would of an immense victory. He desired Peel to burn the letter. Peel kept it, and, as Mr. Morley says, a question may be raised by those who occupy themselves about minor morals. But Peel in his answer says, 'I need not give you the assurance that I shall regard your letter as a communication more purely confidential than if it had been written to me by some person united to me by the closest bonds of private friendship.' That is to say, 'I have not burned the letter, but I will keep it a dead secret;' and in this Cobden tacitly acquiesced. Peel must have known very well that the letter would be eminently honourable to the memory of both of them, and especially to that of the writer, who thus buried in a moment all past enmities, forgot all selfish rivalries, and threw himself into the arms of the statesman who had brought in the repeal of the Corn Law.

Had Peel taken Cobden's advice and dissolved, no doubt Cobden's prediction would have been fulfilled. There would have been a total rout of the Protectionists, and among others, the member for Shrewsbury would have lost his seat. But Peel could not, without a scandalous disregard of old ties, have appealed to the country against his own party. Nor could he have vaulted at once from the leadership of the Conservatives to the leadership of the Liberals, which was what Cobden in effect proposed. It is, in short, difficult to see how he could have done anything but what he did. Those who, like the

author of the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, accuse him of 'astuteness,' and of manœuvring for the retention of his place, are met by the fact that, on finding his Cabinet divided, he resigned, and that Lord John Russell was prevented from forming a Government only by an objection among his own friends to the appointment of Palmerston as Foreign Minister, which no astuteness in Peel could have foreseen, much less have contrived.<sup>2</sup> It has been plausibly urged, and the writer of this paper used to think, that Peel ought to have held a meeting of his party: if he was prevented from taking that course in any degree by want of frankness and moral courage, or even by a punctilious tenacity of his own authority as Minister, to that extent he did wrong; but it was certain that there would be a disagreement at the meeting, probable that there would be a scene of great violence. What Stanley, Disraeli, and their section wanted above all things was to produce a split; and the consequence would have been that the quarrel in the House would only have been made more desperate and scandalous. The result, however, was inevitable, nor was it otherwise than welcome to Peel, who was careworn, exhausted, ill in body, and deeply wounded by the quarrel with old friends. He fell from office, but not from power: he remained the leading man in England; and had not his life been accidentally cut short, the voice of the nation would almost certainly have recalled him to the helm. On that point the author of *Latter-Day Pamphlets* was quite right.

Peel's failure to make his party turn round with him in 1846 has been contrasted with the success of the Tory leaders in 1867. But Mr. Morley aptly replies that the second was a case of political principle, while the first was a case of pocket. Besides this, in 1867 expedients were used which were quite unknown to Peel; the Tories were not so much persuaded as decoyed: a Minister put up to say that the House of Commons would never grant household suffrage, and the pitfall in which that revolutionary measure lurked was carefully covered with Personal Payment of Rates. What is still more important, between 1846 and 1867 the party had undergone a most effective process of education.

Still, there is a moral to be drawn. The one man in whom the nation trusted, and had reason to trust, was driven from power because he had carried a measure which was urgently needed to give the people bread, and which was soon to be ratified by universal approbation, even those who had most rancorously assailed its author at the time acquiescing as soon as acquiescence became necessary to them as a passport to place. The coalition against the Coercion Bill, by which this was brought about, consisted of three elements: Conservatives who had themselves supported the Coercion Bill in its earlier

<sup>2</sup> The author of the *Life of Lord George Bentinck* calls this an intrigue. Everybody was an intriguer but he. The objector was about the most inflexibly upright and thoroughly straightforward of public men.

stage; Whigs to whom coercion was familiar, and who, as soon as they had tripped up Peel, resorted to it again; and Radicals who were then, as they are now, unused to government, hardly conscious of its necessities, unready to avow Republicanism, but ready to make unlimited concessions to all who demanded them, and let Irish insurgents or any one who would tear to pieces the heritage of the commonwealth. The one great gainer by the transaction was a man whose motives were purely personal, as he used afterwards very frankly to avow; who, on a question affecting not a mere political theory, but the subsistence of the people who were starving round him, was taking a course contrary to his often recorded convictions, and traducing with laborious virulence the character and career of a statesman whom he knew to be doing right, on whom a little time before he had been lavishing his adulation, and to whom he had been a suitor for place. The progressive domination of such characters is the inherent tendency of the party system.

In spite of their conflicts Peel and Cobden were really united in their political lives, and it may be said that in death they were not divided. Neither of them was buried in Westminster Abbey. Peel lies among his family and neighbours, Cobden lies in a country churchyard. A man who has worked for fame will like to rest in a pantheon; a man who has worked for duty and for the approbation of the power of duty will perhaps prefer to rest by the side of honest labour, and among those whom he has loved.

Free Trade still stands pretty much where it stood on the morrow of the reconciliation of Cobden with Peel. Their visions—Cobden's visions at least—have not been fulfilled. The reason has been already given. England, while she preaches Free Trade, and thinks all the world demented because it will not listen to her preaching, is herself not a Free Trade nation. She raises twenty millions by import duties which, though admirably well adjusted to her special circumstances, are not the less interferences with freedom of trade. Every nation has its tariff, every nation will continue to have its tariff so long as money for establishments and armaments is required: and for tariffs, as was said before, there is no absolute rule; each country must be allowed to frame its own. Cobden assumed that the world was a single community; he could not bring the human race to that far-off goal of philanthropy, though he did something to help it on its way.

It seems at the present moment as if the same thing might be said with too much truth about the Irish Question. It was upon a Coercion Bill that the Peel Government fell, Cobden voting against the Bill, though apparently more because this was the regular line of his political section than in obedience to any strong opinion of his own. His biographer's hostility to such measures is more decided. 'The Ministry,' he says, 'resorted for the eighteenth time since the

Union to the stale device of a Coercion Bill, that stereotyped avowal—and always made, strange to say, without shame or contrition—of the secular neglect and incompetency of the English government of Ireland.' Sir Robert Peel was not incompetent, nor had he neglected the Irish Question; on the contrary, he had studied it for thirty years with all the advantages which a successive tenure of the Irish Secretaryship, the Home Secretaryship, and the Premiership could afford, and with an anxiety proportioned to his consciousness that, as he said, Ireland was the difficulty of his administration. We must therefore be permitted to believe that the temporary reinforcement of public justice in Ireland during outbreaks of murderous anarchy caused by agitation or distress, and when the ordinary law has become evidently insufficient, though it may not be the highest pinnacle of statesmanship, is not the lowest depth of ignorance, carelessness, or folly. That force, while necessarily used to restrain disorder, is no remedy for an economical malady, is a truth as certain and as fruitful as that the strait waistcoat necessarily used to control madness in its paroxysms is no remedy for a disease of the lungs.

Mr. Morley's own policy for Ireland is not stated in these volumes, but we may divine that he would like to govern Ireland through leaders of Irish opinion. So should we all if it were possible: unfortunately it is even less possible now than it was when Peel's Coercion Bill was brought in. O'Connell was not strong on the side of truth or honour; nor was he the offspring of a high political civilisation. Cobden says of him, that though they were on friendly terms he never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity; and that as for trusting him on any public question where his vanity or his passions might interpose, he should as soon have thought of an alliance with an Ashantee chief. Still O'Connell was a real power; through the priesthood, which was devoted to him, he commanded all Ireland, the division which now exists between the priest party and the Fenians or Nationalists, not having commenced in his time; if he made terms he was able to keep them; he had comparatively little need of further agitation to sustain his popularity, nor did any competitor threaten his demagogic throne. His successors are men who are at the most leaders of a section with another section against them; not one of them has or ever has had a tithe either of his ability or of his power; every one of them subsists solely by agitation, and can, therefore, never afford to bring it to a close; if he did, a more dynamitic rival would immediately pluck him down. Government can only degrade itself by these alliances; degradation was about the only fruit of alliance even with O'Connell. In truth, if compliance with the demands of Irish demagogism is to be the principle of imperial policy, it would be better at once to spare ourselves a tedious and humiliating haggle which can end only in one way, for the last demand of Irish demagogism must and will be the dissolution

of the Union. Mr. Morley has perhaps hardly taken in the fact that among the Irish on both sides of the Atlantic political incendiarism is a trade.

To talk of English government and misgovernment of Ireland is misleading in fact, though indispensable to the theory that Ireland has no faults of her own—a theory not easily accepted by those who on the other side of the Atlantic have seen the Irish unanimously supporting slavery, and forming, under the vile leaders whom they invariably choose, the regular rank and file of American corruption. When England won elective government for herself, that is in 1832, she won it for Ireland also. Ireland has a much larger number of representatives in the House of Commons than Scotland, and for a long time she held the balance between the parties. But Mr. Morley has to record Cobden's verdict on the character and conduct of Irishmen at Westminster. 'The most discouraging thing to an English member of Parliament who wishes to do well to Ireland is the quality of the men sent to represent it in the House of Commons; hardly a man of business among them; and not three who are prepared cordially to co-operate together for any one common object.' 'Would it mend matters,' asks Cobden, 'if such men were sitting in Dublin instead of London?' For the Galway contract Irish members were only too ready to co-operate; to that job for more than one session all worthier objects were sacrificed, and for the sake of it all natural and honourable connections were disregarded. Let it be shown that in one instance, during its long tenure of power, the Liberal party has refused to entertain any reasonable proposal for the benefit of Ireland supported by the body of Irish members. Unless this can be done, we are entitled to say that Ireland through the representatives of her choice has misgoverned England fully as much as England has misgoverned Ireland, to say nothing of the entirely evil and ever-increasing influence of the Irish vote over the city constituencies on this side of St. George's Channel.

There is a sense, indeed, in which Ireland may be said to be misgoverned by England, but in which England also misgoverns herself. Were it not so, a power which has coped with the world in arms would not be showing mistrust of itself, and almost quailing before the menaces of the Irish Land League and its American confederates. Two difficulties at this crisis are pressing on the nation. One is an economical difficulty peculiar to Ireland, and consisting mainly in the multiplication of an unprosperous peasantry on an unproductive country under the influence of a Church which does not teach prudence, and in its own interest discourages emigration. The other is a political difficulty, extending to the affairs of the whole kingdom, and felt especially in moments of national peril, or where, as in dealing with the Irish Question, forecast and a steady course of systematic and resolute action are required. It consists in the weakness

of a supreme government vested in a body far too large for united council, and distracted in itself by faction, established and consecrated under the name of party. The inability of the House of Commons, as at present elected and organised, to govern the country, has been pressed upon the attention of the nation by these calamitous and humiliating events not less forcibly than by anything immediately connected with the Irish question. Even this hideous struggle of civilisation with murderous anarchy may in the end bring more good than evil to the nation if the proper moral be drawn.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THOUGHT-READING.<sup>1</sup>

Among the 'petits jeux innocents' of modern drawing-rooms, a form of pastime known as the *willing game* has enjoyed of late considerable popularity. The game admits of many variations, but is usually played somewhat as follows. One of the party, generally a lady, leaves the room, and the rest determine on something which she is to do on her return—as to take a flower from some specified vase, or to strike some specified note on the piano. She is then recalled, and one or more of the 'willers' place their hands lightly on her shoulders. Sometimes nothing happens; sometimes she strays vaguely about; sometimes she moves to the right part of the room and does the thing, or something like the thing, which she has been willed to do. Nothing could at first sight look less like a promising starting-point for a new branch of scientific inquiry. It is pretty obvious that the *will* of the players is generally most efficacious when it expresses itself in a gentle *push*. And even when the utmost care is used to maintain the light contact without giving any impulse whatever, it is impossible to lay down the limits of any given subject's sensibility to slight muscular impressions. The experiments of Drs. Carpenter and Beard, and other unpublished ones on which we can rely, have convinced us that the difference between one person and another in this respect is very great; and that with some organisations a variation of pressure so slight that the supposed 'willer' may be quite unaware of exercising it, but which he applies according as the movements are on the right track or not, may afford a kind of *Yes* or *No* indication quite sufficient for a clue.

A remarkable case of this tactile sensibility came under our notice some years ago. A young lady could write words, or even rudely copy sketches, which had been shown to her mother and not to herself, the mother sitting behind her and placing a finger on the girl's bare arm, even above the flexed elbow. Careful experiment by all three of us convinced us that in this case the probably unconscious and certainly indiscernible movements of the touching finger served to convey a sufficient guidance to the girl's delicate skin and

<sup>1</sup> The facts recorded in this paper are extracted from a fuller Report presented to the Council of the Society for Psychical Research.

quick intelligence. To persons familiar with cases of this kind, the protestations of the drawing-room—'You can see that I did not push!' 'The idea flashed into my mind without my feeling the least pushing!' and so forth—will naturally sound anything but convincing.

There is another thing which, though of little positive importance, does as much perhaps to predispose scientific persons against such experiments as even the facilities they offer for unconscious self-deception; namely, the obviously unbalanced and chaotic state of mind in which the subject is sure to be approached in any casual social gathering, and the ludicrous jargon of scientific terms with which it gets involved. The courage of ignorance is nowhere more strikingly displayed. The ease and suddenness with which the female mind especially will leap from the surmise that it is 'cheating' to the certainty that it is 'electricity' is surprising, till one remembers that the fair leaper is probably guiltless of any sort of personal acquaintance with either form of energy. Similarly, 'It is magnetism,' seems a perfectly sufficient explanation of the matter to many who for a thousand pounds could not write down a single true sentence on the ascertained laws of magnetic attraction. If one ventures euphemistically to suggest this, they usually take refuge in 'animal magnetism'—a phrase so obviously ordained by Providence as a secure retreat that it would be brutal to drive them to bay on it. But, after all, a certain amount of such vapouring, even were it unavoidable, might for a sufficient object be as stoically borne as the physical atmosphere of a chemical laboratory.

But, it will be asked, is there even a *primâ facie* case, in performances of the sort described, for any obscurer cause than mere muscular susceptibility? Scattered instances, pointing to an affirmative answer, will, we think, be encountered from time to time by those interested in the search. Thus, on one occasion a young Peruvian lady, sitting with a large pile of ivory letters before her, selected from among them, with great rapidity, the letters which formed certain words chosen by one of us, and known to no one else, he standing behind her with his fingers lightly touching her shoulders. He certainly could not by any *intentional* effort in such a position have succeeded in guiding the girl's fingers in their rapid fumbling motion among the chaos of letters heaped confusedly together. On another occasion one of us witnessed the successful performance by a lady—the daughter of an eminent *savant*—of extremely varied and complicated operations silently fixed upon by him in her absence. For instance, he decided that she should pick up a little agate ornament standing amid some twenty other small objects on a shelf, should put it inside a certain covered jar in another part of the room, re-open the jar, remove the ornament, and hand it to a certain friend who was present. This was done not only correctly to the smallest



detail, but so rapidly that the hypothesis of unconscious muscular action on the part of the 'willer,' who lightly touched the lady's shoulders, seemed, to say the least, a violent one. Still more was this the case when selected notes on the piano were four times in succession correctly struck, and particular books, fixed upon at random, were taken from a full bookcase on six consecutive trials. Finally the hands, though placed near, were not allowed to touch the person of the guesser: the effect of this was to render the performance slower and more hesitating, but nevertheless even now the number of the successes exceeded that of the failures; while of course the odds against success remained on each occasion enormous. In these experiments it was very noticeable that a much larger percentage of successful results (in fact, almost unbroken success if the tips of the fingers of the willer touched the guesser) occurred when a near relative of the guesser was the 'willer.' This sort of circumstance is very common, and must naturally excite suspicion; for clearly no one in such a case can call on Science to accept as strict evidence any private conviction of his own, based on knowledge of the family, that deception was out of the question.

Instances like these, in fact, need the utmost caution before they can be accepted in evidence at all. Even apart from the doubts incident to physical contact, many other sources of conscious or unconscious delusion remain to be guarded against. Indications may be given, not only by a preconcerted code,<sup>2</sup> but by the most transitory direction of the glance, or the slightest shade of facial expression. An equally obvious danger lies in low whispering, or even soundless movement of the lips; and the faintest accent of approval or disapproval in question or comment may give a hint as to whether the effort is tending in the right direction, and thus guide to the mark by successive approximations. Any exhibition of the kind before a promiscuous company is nearly sure to be vitiated by one or other of these sources of error.\* For instance, Mr. Bishop and Mr. Stuart Cumberland—whose results, though very uncertain and apparently never obtained without contact or proximity almost amounting to contact, still seem in some cases sufficiently unlike mere 'muscle-reading' to warrant further inquiry—have obtained their reputation under precisely the conditions which we think it essential to avoid.<sup>3</sup> And we have found it impossible, in spite of exceptional pains, adequately to test the so-called *clairvoyance*, or thought-reading, of Louie Heriot, as exhibited at the Westminster Aquarium and elsewhere. It is obvious, in fact, that precision can only be attained by repeated experimentation in a limited circle of

\* For elaborate codes of this kind see *Scribner's Magazine* for November 1880, and Mr. Irving Bishop's book *Second-Sight Explained*.

<sup>2</sup> For the report of a somewhat hurried scientific inquiry into Mr. Bishop's powers, see *Nature* for June 23, 1881. A fortnight later the same journal published a preliminary report by one of the present writers on the subject of this paper.

persons known to each other, and amenable to scientific control. An experience extending over several years, while warning us against paid or public exhibitions, has taught us that to procure in private life a suitable subject, with the opportunity of frequent and stringent inquiry, is no easy matter. But by a fortunate accident, after long waiting, one of us heard of a family in which the attempt to obtain phenomena of the kind in question, regarded purely as an evening's amusement, had been attended with singular success.

Our informant was Mr. C——, a clergyman of unblemished character, and whose integrity indeed has, it so happens, been exceptionally tested. He has six children, five girls and one boy, ranging now between the ages of ten and seventeen, all thoroughly healthy, as free as possible from morbid or hysterical symptoms, and in manner perfectly simple and childlike. The father stated that any one of these children (except the youngest), as well as a young servant-girl who had lived with the family for two years, was frequently able to designate correctly, without contact or sign, a card or other object fixed on in the child's absence. During the year which has elapsed since we first heard of this family, seven visits, mostly of several days' duration, have been paid to the town where they live, by ourselves and several scientific friends, and on these occasions daily experiments have been made.<sup>4</sup> Before proceeding, however, to an account of the precise results obtained on the last visit by the present writers, it will be convenient to give a general sketch of the character and method of the inquiry.

This has taken place partly in Mr. C——'s house, and partly in lodgings or in a private room of an hotel, occupied by some of our number. Having selected at random one child, whom we desired to leave the room and wait at some distance, we would choose a card from a pack, or write on paper a number or a name which occurred to us at the moment. Generally, but not always, this was shown to the members of the family present in the room; but no one member was always present, and we were sometimes entirely alone. We then recalled the child, one of us always assuring himself that, when the door was suddenly opened, she was at a considerable distance, (in their own house at the further end of a passage,) though this was usually a superfluity of caution, as our habit was to avoid all utterance of what was chosen. Before leaving the room the child had been informed of the general nature of the test we intended to select, as 'this will be a card,' or 'this will be a name.' On re-entering she stood—sometimes turned by us with her face to the wall, oftener with her eyes directed towards the ground, and usually close to us and remote from her family—for a period of

<sup>4</sup> Two of the children also spent a few days in London in January last; but a hurried, and to them an exciting, visit was necessarily prejudicial to a class of experiments in which, if genuine, the mental condition must obviously be all-important.

silence varying from a few seconds to a minute, till she called out to us some number, card, or whatever it might be. If this was incorrect, we usually allowed a second trial, and occasionally a third. At short intervals another child was chosen or a different test applied. To give an example: the following results were obtained on the evening of April 12, in the presence of two of our number and the family. The first attempt of one of the children was to state (without searching) the hiding-place of some small object, the place having been chosen by ourselves, with the full range of the house, and then communicated to the other members of the family. This was effected in one case only out of four. The next attempt was to give the name of some familiar object agreed on in the child's absence, as 'sponge,' 'pepper-castor,' &c. This was successful on a first trial in six cases out of fourteen. We then chose a card from a full pack in the child's absence, and called upon her to name it on her return. This was successful at once in six cases out of thirteen. We then tried holding small objects in the hand, as a 'latch-key,' a 'half-sovereign,' a 'green ball'—which were at once rightly named in five cases out of six. A harder trial was now introduced. The maid-servant having left the room, one of us wrote down the name 'Michael Davitt,' showed it round, and then put the paper in his pocket. The door was now opened and the girl recalled from the end of the passage. She stood close to the door amid absolute silence, and with her eyes on the ground—all of us meanwhile fixing our attention on the appointed name—and gave after a few seconds the name 'Michael,' and then almost immediately 'Davitt.' To avoid any association of ideas, we then chose imaginary names, made up by ourselves at the moment, as 'Samuel Morris,' 'John Thomas Parker,' 'Phæbe Wilson.' The names were given correctly *in toto* at the first trial in five cases out of ten. Three cases were complete failures, and in two the names given bore a strong resemblance to those selected by us, 'Jacob Williams' being given as 'Jacob Wild,' and 'Emily Walker' as 'Enry Walker.' It was now getting late, and both we and the younger children were very tired; and four concluding attempts to guess the name of a town in England were all failures, though one of us had previously obtained remarkable success with this very experiment.<sup>5</sup>

This sitting may serve as an example of those conducted in the presence of the family; but it will be well to give also a group of

\* Less ordinary names than those above given were correctly guessed by the children on later occasions, as Isaac Harding, Esther Ogle, Arthur Higgins, Alfred Henderson. Names which begin with a vowel or H are preferable to those which begin with some pronounced consonant, as minimising the chance of suggestion by conscious or unconscious whispering or movement of the lips. It is worth mentioning that experiments on naming towns, hiding-places, and objects held in the hand, as being less decisive, or at any rate less striking, than the others, were almost entirely abandoned after this first evening.

results obtained when no member of the family was aware of the selected object. On the 13th of April two ladies from a distance, absolute strangers to the family, visited the house along with two of ourselves. Eleven times running we chose a card at random, and on six of these occasions one of the children named the selected card (giving both suit and pips, or fully designating the court card) correctly at the first trial; twice the card was named correctly on the second trial; and three cases were failures. On none of these occasions was it even remotely possible for the child to obtain by any ordinary means a knowledge of the card selected. Our own facial expression was the only index open to her; and even if we had not purposely looked as neutral as possible, it is difficult to imagine how we could have unconsciously carried, say, the two of diamonds written on our foreheads.

The outline of results during the present investigation, which extended over six days, stands as follows:—Altogether 382 trials were made. In the case of letters of the alphabet, of cards, and of numbers of two figures, the chances against success on a first trial would naturally be 25 to 1, 51 to 1, and 89 to 1, respectively; in the case of surnames they would of course be indefinitely greater. Cards were far most frequently employed, and the odds in their case may be taken as a fair medium sample; according to which, out of the whole series of 382 trials, the average number of successes at the first attempt by an ordinary guesser would be  $7\frac{1}{2}$ . Of our trials, 127 were successes on the first attempt, 56 on the second, 19 on the third, making 202 in all. On most of the occasions of failure, 180 in number, second trials were made; but in some cases the guesser professed inability, and declined to make more than one, and in others we allowed three; no trial beyond the third was ever allowed. During the last day or two of trial, after it had occurred to us to notice the point, we found that of the failures to guess a card at the first trial, those wrong both in suit and number were a small minority. Our most striking piece of success, when the thing selected was divulged to none of the family, was five cards running named correctly on a first trial; the odds against this happening once in our series were considerably over a million to 1. We had altogether a good many similar batches, the two longest runs being 8 consecutive successes, once with cards and once with names; where the adverse odds in the former case were over 142 millions to 1, and in the latter something incalculably greater. If we add to these results others obtained on previous visits, it seems not too much to say that the hypothesis of mere *coincidence* is practically excluded. But common sense demands that every mode of explanation known to us should be exhausted before the possibility of an unknown mode is considered; and we may now inquire whether any other recognised cause will sufficiently account for the results.

We need not dwell long on the general objection that a morbid

state of mind, or craving for notoriety, may have furnished the children with exceptional powers of deluding us. Such diseased conditions have, no doubt, again and again prompted to extraordinary feats of deception. But whatever the impulse to deceive, yet all recognised means of gratifying it having (as we hold) been excluded where our own party alone knew the things selected to be done, the attribution of the power of doing them to the children's mental condition would be rather a restatement than an explanation of the problem. Of more special explanations, collusion is the most obvious. This, again, seems completely guarded against by exclusion of all members of the family, either from the room or from participation in the requisite knowledge; and a group of results like that mentioned above, obtained under these conditions, and reaching or even exceeding the average success of the whole series, goes far to negative the hypothesis of collusion at the times when members of the family were in the secret. The indirect argument from vexatious runs of failure on just the occasions when the children seemed most anxious for success, may be further suggested for what it is worth. We are aware that the exceptional nature of this inquiry goes far to invalidate arguments founded on character and demeanour; and on this head, therefore, will only state our conviction that any candid critic, present during the whole course of the experiments, would have carried away a far more vivid impression of their genuineness than the bare printed record can possibly convey. Of more real importance is the hypothesis of exalted sensibility of the ordinary sense organs. We could discover no indication of this in any of its known forms; but by way of precaution, as has been already stated, we commonly avoided even whispering any word, number, or name that we had selected; and the position of the excluded child, when the door was opened, would in every case have satisfied the most exacting critic. The explanation which might be sought in unconscious indications given by the sitters, and especially in the movement of the lips, has been already adverted to. Coming as we did to this investigation with considerable previous experience of the same kind, we were throughout strictly on our guard against giving such indications ourselves; the possibility of their being given by the family was of course excluded where the family were ignorant of the selected word or thing; and on the remaining occasions our perpetual vigilant watch never detected a trace of anything of the kind. The absolute docility of the children—both the guesser and the others—in taking any position in the room that we indicated, was naturally an assistance to our precautions. It may be further mentioned that, on a previous visit made by one of us, the child called the required name through the shut door or from an adjoining room, having thus been completely isolated from the very beginning to the very end of the experiment.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Among the friends above referred to as having taken part in these inquiries are Professor Balfour Stewart and Professor A. Hopkinson of Owens College. A commu-

It must be remembered that our great preoccupation throughout was to guard against delusion. Had the phenomena been sufficiently established to allow of a systematic search for their underlying laws, we might have preferred a more unvarying method of experimentation; but in this preliminary stage it seemed desirable to meet *primâ facie* possibilities of deception by frequent and unexpected changes of the various conditions. At the same time we endeavoured to gather such indications as we could of the way in which the impression flashed on the mind of the child. The first question concerns the respective parts in the phenomena played by mental *eye* and mental *ear*. Among the experiments which we have counted as *failures* were very many where the number or card selected was guessed, as it were, piecemeal. For instance, the number 35 was selected, and the guesses were 45 and 43. So 57 was attempted as 47 and 45. So with cards: the seven of diamonds being chosen, the guesses were six of diamonds and seven of hearts; the three of spades being chosen, the guesses were queen of spades and three of diamonds. These cases seem somewhat in favour of mental eye, the similarity in *sound* between three and thirty in 43 and 35, or between five and fifty in 45 and 57, not being extremely strong; while the *picture* of the 3 or the 5 is identical in either pair. A stronger argument on the same side is the frequent guessing of king for knave, and *vice versâ*. On the other hand, names of approximate sound (also reckoned as failures) were often given instead of the true ones; as 'Chester' for Leicester, 'Biggis' for Billings. Frogmore was guessed first as 'Freemore'; Snelgrove was given as 'Singrore,' the last part of the name was soon given as 'grover,' and the attempt was then abandoned; the child remarking afterwards that she thought of 'Snail' as the first syllable, but it had seemed to her too ridiculous. One of us has, moreover, successfully obtained from the maid-servant a German word of which she could have formed no visual image.\* The children's own account is usually to the effect that they 'seem to see' the thing; but this, perhaps, does not come to much, as a known object, however suggested, is sure to be instantly visualised. • Another question would be as to the effect of greater or less distance between the sitters and the guesser, and of the intervention of obstacles. It will have been seen that, in the experiments conducted by one of us on a former occasion, the intervention of a door or wall seemed to make no difference. It would be interesting, again, to discover whether

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 nication lately received by us from them, embodying the results of their visits, and written without any knowledge of the contents of this paper, states facts and contains criticisms as to the possible (or impossible) relation to those facts of *coincidences, collusion, sight and hearing*, precisely similar to those we have given. Their experience was that 'in about half the cases the first guess was right, and in most cases of mistake there was some marked point of similarity between the object proposed and the thing guessed.'

numerical increase in the observers increases the effect, and how far the presence of special persons is influential. In our experience the presence of the father—though by no means essential, and very often dispensed with—seemed decidedly to increase the percentage of successes. A still more interesting and important question concerns such conditions of success and failure as may lie in the circumstances, disposition, general capacity, and mood of the subject, including such points as consanguinity and familiarity with members of the circle, and also in the temper and manner of the latter. We are dealing, not with chemical substances, but with childish minds, liable to be reduced to shyness and confusion by anything in the aspect or demeanour of visitors which inspires distaste or alarm. The importance of ‘a childly way with children,’ and the slightness of the differences of manner which will either paralyse them into stupidity or evoke unexpected intelligence and power, are commonplaces to anyone whose duties have lain among them; and attention to such points may be as prime a factor of success in these delicate experiments as any other. The delicacy of the conditions was illustrated in our own inquiry partly by the inexplicable fluctuations of success and failure affecting the whole household, partly by the wide difference observed in the capacities of particular members of it from day to day. The common notion that simplicity, and even comparative blankness of mind, are important conditions, seems somewhat doubtfully borne out by our experience; but of the favourable effect of freedom from constraint, and of a spice of pleasurable excitement, we can speak with entire assurance. The particular ill-success of a sitting which we held one close afternoon was attributed by the children themselves—and it seemed to us correctly—to inertness after their early dinner. We could find no resemblances between these phenomena and those known as *mesmeric*; inasmuch as a perfectly normal state on the part of the subject seemed our first prerequisite. Nor did we find any evidence that ‘strength of will’ has any particular effect, except so far as both subject and circle may exercise it in patient attention. On one or two occasions it seemed of advantage to obtain vivid simultaneous realisation of the desired word on the part of all the sitters; which is most easily effected if some one slowly and gently claps time, and all mentally summon up the word with the beats.

Many further lines of the investigation suggest themselves; for instance, a great step would be made if a more complex idea, and one not habitually expressed by one definite sound or set of sounds, could be transmitted. An immense number of accurately-recorded experiments will be necessary for the establishment of such special points; and possibly the present instalment may serve in some degree to stimulate and concentrate various inquiries in the same direction, which, though widely spread, seem so far to have been for the most

part of a lax and fitful sort. The material for such inquiries, as may be surmised from the present record, must be in large proportion children, who are fortunately not rare, and who may be congratulated on so grand an opportunity for combining utility with amusement. It need scarcely be added that the primary aim in all cases must be to get the results *without physical contact* or anything approaching it, a stage to which some practice with contact may be a necessary preliminary. In no other way can the hypothesis of 'muscle-reading' be with certainty eliminated; while, *en revanche*, the phenomena without contact, if once established, will afford solid ground for questioning the sufficiency of that hypothesis to account for all cases in which contact occurs.

The phenomena here described are so unlike any which have been brought within the sphere of recognised science, as to subject the mind to two opposite dangers. Wild hypotheses as to how they happen are confronted with equally wild assertions that they cannot happen at all. Of the two, the assumption of *à priori* impossibility is, perhaps, in the present state of our knowledge of Nature, the most to be deprecated; though it cannot be considered in any way surprising. We have referred to the legitimate grounds of suspicion, open to all who have only chanced to encounter the alleged phenomena in their vulgarest or most dubious aspects. Even apart from this, it is inevitable that, as the area of the known increases by perpetual additions to its recognised departments and by perpetual multiplication of their connections, a disinclination should arise to break loose from association, and to admit a quite new department on its own independent evidence. And it cannot be denied that the department of research towards which the foregoing experiments form a slight contribution presents as little apparent connection with any ascertained facts of mental as of material science. Psychological treatises may be searched in vain for any account of transmission of mental images otherwise than by ordinary sensory channels. At the same time it may serve to disarm purely *à priori* criticism if we point out that the word 'thought-reading' is merely used as a popular and provisional description, and is in no way intended to exclude an explanation resting on a physical basis. It is quite open to surmise some sort of analogy to the familiar phenomena of the transmission and reception of vibratory energy. A swinging pendulum suspended from a solid support will throw into synchronous vibration another pendulum attached to the same support if the period of oscillation of the two be the same; the medium of transmission here being the solid material of the support. One tuning-fork or string in unison with another will communicate its impulses through the medium of the air. Glowing particles of a gas, acting through the medium of the luminiferous ether, can throw into sympathetic vibration cool molecules of the same substance at a distance. A permanent magnet



brought into a room will throw any surrounding iron into a condition similar to its own; and here the medium of communication is unknown, though the fact is undisputed. Similarly, we may conceive, if we please, that the vibration of molecules of brain-stuff may be communicated to an intervening medium, and so pass under certain circumstances from one brain to another, with a corresponding simultaneity of impressions.<sup>7</sup> No more than in the case of the magnetic phenomena is any investigator bound to determine the *medium* before inquiring into the *fact* of transit. On the other hand, the possibility must not be overlooked that further advances along the lines of research here indicated may necessitate a modification of that general view of the relation of mind to matter to which modern science has long been gravitating.

W. F. BARRETT.

EDMUND GURNEY.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

#### <sup>7</sup> 'BRAIN-WAVES.'

[The following extracts from a paper written by the Editor of this Review, in the 'Spectator' of January 30, 1869, under the title of 'Brain-Waves; a Theory,' may be quoted here as showing that the same explanation of similar phenomena had occurred to another observer of them many years ago.]

'Let it be granted that whensoever any action takes place in the brain, a chemical change of its substance takes place also; or, in other words, an atomic movement occurs. . . .

'Let it be also granted that there is, diffused throughout all known space, and permeating the interspaces of all bodies—solid, fluid, or gaseous—an universal, impalpable elastic "ether," or material medium of surpassing and inconceivable tenuity. . . .

'But if these two assumptions be granted, and the present condition of discovery seems to warrant them, should it not follow that no brain action can take place without creating a wave or undulation in the ether? for the movement of any solid particle submerged in any such medium must create a wave.

'If so, we should have as one result of brain action an undulation or wave in the circumambient, all-embracing ether—we should have what I will call Brain-Waves proceeding from every brain when in action.

'Each acting, thinking brain, then, would become a centre of undulations transmitted from it in all directions through space. . . . Why might not such undulations, when meeting with and falling upon duly sensitive substances, as if upon the sensitised paper of the

photographer, produce impressions, dim portraits of thoughts, as undulations of light produce portraits of objects?

‘The sound-wave passes on through myriads of bodies, and among a million makes but one thing sound or shake to it; a sympathy of structure makes it sensitive, and it alone. A voice or tone may pass unnoticed by ten thousand ears, but strike and vibrate one into a madness of recollection. In the same way the brain-wave of Damon, passing through space, producing no perceptible effect, meets somewhere with the sensitised and sympathetic brain of Pythias, falls upon it, and fills it with a familiar movement. The brain of Pythias is affected as by a tone, a perfume, a colour with which he has been used to associate his friend; he knows not how or why, but Damon comes into his thoughts, and the things concerning him by association live again. If the last brain-waves of life be frequently intensest—convulsive in their energy, as the firefly’s dying flash is its brightest, and as oftentimes the “lightening before death” would seem to show—we may perhaps seem to see how it is that apparitions at the hour of death are far more numerous and clear than any other ghost stories.

‘Such oblique methods of communicating between brain and brain (if such there be) would probably but rarely take effect. The influences would be too minute and subtle to tell upon any brain already preoccupied by action of its own, or on any but brains of extreme, perhaps morbid susceptibility. But if, indeed, there be radiating from living brains any such streams of vibratory movements (as, surely, there must be), these may well have an effect even without speech, and be perhaps the *modus operandi* of “the little flash, the mystic hint” of the poet—of that dark and strange sphere of half-experiences which the world has never been without. . . .

‘No doubt atomic movements, causing waves in space, must start from other parts of the body as well as from the brain. . . . But the question here is simply limited to how *brains* are affected by the movements of other brains; just as the question of how one pendulum will make other pendulums swing with it is a fair mechanical inquiry by itself, though doubtless other questions would remain as to how the movement of the pendulum would affect all other material bodies, as well as pendulums, in the same room with it.’—ED. *Nineteenth Century*.

*THE TOWER OF LONDON.*

THE question of the restoration of our ancient buildings has of late years been the cause of a war, which has raged furiously, and of which our great cathedral cities have been the chief theatre. On the one side are ranged the architects, and the majority of the bishops, deans, chapters and clergy. These are the restorationists. On the other side are the purists, represented by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, who would allow nothing to be touched. Great is the eagerness, great the enthusiasm, in both armies. The purists indeed are weak in numbers and they lack the heavy artillery of the restorationists. But against these disadvantages they have as a set-off the heroism and the courage of fanaticism; and if occasionally they run a tilt at a windmill, it is impossible not to admire their chivalry and their simple devotion to their cause.

The outside public will probably think that, as in most quarrels, so in this, there is something to be said on both sides. It cannot be denied that many of our national monuments have suffered some wrong at the hands of their restorers, and that in this respect some of the greatest architects have been the greatest sinners. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. A fragment of a wall is to an antiquarian architect what a single fossil bone is to the comparative anatomist. From it he will reason out and reproduce a whole; there being between the processes respectively followed by the architect and the professor, the difference which exists between the immutable laws of nature and the whims of the imagination of man. The most learned arguments of the artist are after all subject to the wayward caprice of the man whose work he is endeavouring to retrace. The professor, on the other hand, is following up his work with a conviction which is born of necessity. Now it is the knowledge of the uncertainty which at best must surround him, which tempts the architect to stray from the strict lines of restoration pure and simple and to begin improving. Here is his danger, and the more fertile his power of invention the greater will that danger be. On the other hand, what numberless beauties that had lain hidden for ages have been revealed by judicious restoration! Can it be said to be an act of vandalism to peel off the plaster which

hides the mural painting of the old monks, or to relieve a Norman clerestory of the bricks which block it up? It is all very well to say that even the uglinesses with which a fine old building has been loaded by the ignorance of a bygone time mark an epoch in its history, and have an interest of their own. The cases are rare indeed, and must have some historic association of special gravity, where the world at large will not prefer to see such blemishes removed, and the original beauty of the building given back.

The aim of this paper, however, is not to take up the cudgels either on the one side or on the other, in this dispute; but to explain the object of certain works of restoration which have been carried on for some years past about the Tower of London, and which it is hoped will shortly be brought to a good end. It must be shown that the works yet remaining to be done are expedient and necessary, and that they will be faithfully and honestly executed, neither inventing nor designing new plans, but following strictly in the old lines, which have happily been preserved in ancient drawings and engravings.

It may almost be said that the history of the Tower of London is the history of England. For eight hundred years as fortress, palace, and prison it has been continuously inhabited. Recent discoveries have shown that Roman buildings of considerable importance stood upon the same site. Tradition and the poets had gone so far as to attribute the existing tower to Julius Cæsar;<sup>1</sup> we know that it was erected by William the Conqueror, but it adds to the interest by which the spot is surrounded when we reflect that it was a Roman stronghold for a thousand years or more before the Norman King caused one stone of the great White Tower to be laid upon another.

It was not until eighteen years after the Conquest that William turned his attention to fortifying the river approach to London. He summoned as his architect Gundulf, the weeping monk of Bec in Normandy, a Benedictine of considerable acquirements, whom travel had made familiar not only with the best specimens of architecture in his own country, but even with the more ornate school of the East. He is said to have been a pupil of Lanfranc and the friend of Anselm, and it is evident that he had acquired considerable fame as an artist before he was called away from his cloister to become the chief builder to King William. 'But,' says Hepworth Dixon, 'he was chiefly known in the convent as a weeper. No monk at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep with those who wept; nay, he could weep with those who sported; for his tears rolled forth from what seemed to be an unfailing source.' This melancholy man was made Bishop of Rochester, the cathedral and castle of which city

<sup>1</sup> This is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower.—*Shakespeare*, Richard II., Act v. sc. 1.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
By many a foul and midnight murder fed.—*Gray*.

were designed and built by him; and it is in a 'fair Register Book of the Acts of the Bishop of Rochester, set down by Edmond of Hadenham,' that Stow finds it recorded that 'William I., surnamed the Conqueror, builded the Tower of London, to wit, the great white and square tower there, about the year of Christ 1078, appointing Gundulf, the Bishop of Rochester, to be principal surveyor and overseer of that work, who was from that time lodged in the house of Edmere, a burghess of London.'

So Gundulf wept and built, and Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, found the money, little wotting that he was taxing and robbing the people to erect a prison for himself. Probably the earliest description of the Tower of London is that quoted by Stow of Fitzstephen, who lived in the twelfth century: 'The city of London hath in the east a very great and most strong palatine tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts.' Perhaps Gundulf pounded up the old red tiles and bricks of the Romans to mix his mortar, and the people, only too ready to surround with new glamour the great threatening tower that was springing up in their midst, accounted for the colour in this way.

Gundulf is said to have lived to the age of eighty, and to have seen the completion of the works which he designed about the Tower, including a church dedicated to St. Peter, which stood on the site of the present chapel of St. Peter 'ad Vincula.'

William Rufus actively pushed on the work which had been begun under the auspices of his father: 'He challenged the investiture of prelates; he pillaged and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the Great Hall at Westminster.' There is considerable doubt as to what were the actual additions made to the Tower of London during the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. Stow says: 'They also caused a castle to be builded under the said tower, to wit, on the south side toward the Thames, and also incastellated the same round about.' This castle on the south side toward the Thames has by some been thought to be St. Thomas's Tower; but that cannot be, for St. Thomas's Tower was not built until the reign of Henry III., when the land was reclaimed from the river. More probably this castle was the Hall, or, as it is now called, the Wakefield Tower, in which the Crown jewels are kept, and which in its lower masonry shows traces of great antiquity.

Upon the death of Rufus the citizens of London seized Ralph Flambard, whom they hated for his extortions, and Henry, who had reasons enough for conciliating the Commons in the face of the impending struggle for the kingdom with his brother Robert, sent the ex-treasurer to be imprisoned in the Tower, the first of a long roll of political captives. But he led an easy life there, well lodged and well fed, with liberty to buy what luxuries he might wish for over and

above what could be procured for the two shillings a day assigned for his maintenance out of the royal exchequer. One fine day, using a trick as old as the time of Ulysses, he sent for a number of kegs of wine, and gave a great feast to his gaolers, who got helplessly drunk. In one of the kegs was concealed a rope, by which the burly Bishop let himself down out of window, and although the rope was too short, and he had an awkward drop to brave, Flambard, fat as he was, took no hurt, and made good his escape to France. This happened in the month of February 1101. Poor Griffin, Prince of Wales, who tried the same adventure in Henry III.'s reign, did not fare so well. He too was a portly man, and he broke his neck.

The first four Constables of the Tower were Othowerus, Acolinillus, Otto, and Geoffrey Magnaville Earl of Essex—men of rapacious character and strong grasp, for they took East Smithfield, which belonged to the priory of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate, and held it as a vineyard. No wonder the people looked with terror and dislike upon the frowning walls which harboured knights so bold that even the Church was not safe from their depredations! In the second year of King Stephen the monks came to their own again, but, as will be seen presently, the Tower of London was but an uncomfortable neighbour to the Church of the Holy Trinity for many a long year.

For a century and a half little or nothing appears to have been done to the Tower; until in the year 1155 'Thomas Becket, being Chancellor to Henry the Second, caused the Flemmings to be banished out of England, their castles lately builded to be pulled down, and the Tower of London to be repaired.'

Forty years later, about the year 1190, when John was in rebellion against his brother Richard the First, William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of England, 'enclosed the Tower and Castle of London with an outward wall of stone, embattelled; and also caused a deep ditch to be cast about the same, thinking to have invironed it with the river of Thames.' This ditch was a new blow to the prior and monks of the Holy Trinity, for by the digging of it the church lost half a mark rent by the year, and the poor brethren of St. Katharine lost their mill, which stood 'where now is the iron gate of the Tower.' Moreover, the garden, which the King had hired of the brethren for six marks a year, 'for the most part was wasted and marred by the ditch. Recompense was often promised but never performed, till King Edward, coming after, gave to the brethren five marks and a half for that part which the ditch had devoured; and the other part thereof without he yielded them again, which they hold; and of the said rent of five marks and a half they have a deed, by virtue whereof they are well paid to this day.' If the church suffered loss by the encroachments of the new fortifications, so also did the city, for an equal quantity of land was taken from Tower Hill, besides breaking down the city wall from White Tower to the first gate of

the city, called the Postern Gate. 'Yet,' says Stow, from whom we have been quoting, 'I have not read of any quarrel made by the citizens, or recompense demanded by them for that matter; because all was done for good of the cities defence thereby, and to their good likings.'

Not so patient were the citizens when Henry the Third began his great works at the Tower: 'In the year 1239,' writes Matthew Paris, 'King Henry the Third fortified the Tower to another end; wherefore the citizens, fearing lest that were done to their detriment, complained; and the King answered that he had not done it to their hurt; but (saith he) I will from henceforth do as my brother doth in building and fortifying castles, who beareth the name to be wiser than I am.'

And he kept his promise, for if he was a weak king he was a mighty builder. Corbie, Conway, Beaumaris, 'and many other fine poems in stone,' are his work.

But the chief fame of King Henry the Third should rest upon his having been the first deviser of an embankment of the Thames. For to him, and to his master mason, Adam de Lamburn, belongs the honour of having constructed the great wharf reclaimed from the Thames on the south side of the Tower. This was no mean piece of engineering, when the force of the tide at this point is considered, nor was the embankment made good without the exercise of much patience and perseverance. On the night of the festival of St. George 1240 the tide rolled in heavily, undermining the earthworks, and the watergate and the river wall fell in. The King set to work again, and for a whole year nothing occurred to hinder him, until, on the very anniversary of the former disaster, the surging tide once more swept away gate and wall. That very night a certain priest, a holy and a prudent man, dreamt a dream, in which it was revealed to him that an archbishop, clad in his pontifical robes and carrying a cross in his hand, came to the walls which the King had at that time built near the Tower of London, and surveying them with an angry countenance, struck them sharply and violently with the cross which he carried in his right hand, saying, 'Why do ye rebuild these?' and immediately the newly-built walls fell in ruins as though they had been caused to fall by an earthquake. Terrified at the vision, the priest asked of a certain clerk who appeared to be following the archbishop, 'Who is this archbishop?' Said he, 'The blessed Thomas the Martyr, a Londoner by birth, who considering that these walls have been made to the shame and prejudice of the Londoners, has thrown them in ruins, so that they may never be restored.' Then said the priest, 'Oh, what expense and what labour of craftsmen has he destroyed!' To him answered the clerk, 'If poor craftsmen, gaping for pay and being in sore need, have earned victuals for themselves thereby, it may be borne. But since these walls have been built, not for

the defence of the kingdom, but for the woe of guiltless citizens, if the blessed Thomas had not cast them down, Saint Edward the Confessor and his successor would have destroyed them to the foundation yet more cruelly.' Then the priest awoke, and rose and told his vision to all those who were in the house; and in the morning the news spread all over London, that the walls built about the Tower, upon the building of which the King had spent more than twelve thousand marks, had fallen down, and were beyond repair. For the which disaster the citizens of London were but little grieved, for the walls were to them as a thorn in their eye.

This story, which has been preserved by Matthew Paris, and embroidered upon by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his struggles to be picturesque rather than accurate, serves at any rate to show the great unpopularity of Henry's fortifications. The King, however, was not to be permanently daunted either by expense or by ghostly warnings. He and Adam de Lamburn must have been sorely mortified at the second collapse of their embankment, and for some years nothing more was done to it; but they set bravely to work again, and this time they built so strongly that their masonry has withstood storms and tides and ghosts to this day.

Many other works did Henry the Third about the Tower of London. He restored and strengthened the garper or storehouse and the great White Tower. He built the Water Gate, which was called St. Thomas's Tower, and in which a chapel was dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor, probably to commemorate the priest's dream and to deprecate the further wrath of the saints. He built and fortified the inner ballium with the Lanthorn Tower, which he fitted up for his own habitation, causing his privy chamber to be painted with the story of Antiochus. Nor while directing his chief attention to the fortification of the Tower as a place of arms and safety for the king's person, did Henry neglect the sacred buildings within it. He repaired and beautified the Chapel of St. John inside the White Tower, giving orders for three glass windows, the one towards the north 'with a little Mary holding her Child,' and two others toward the south representing the Holy Trinity and St. John the Evangelist. The cross and rood were also to be repainted in good colours, and two fair images were to be made and painted 'where it could be best and most properly done in the said chapel;' one of them of St. Edward holding a ring and giving it to St. John the Evangelist. Minute instructions were also issued for the restoration of the Church of St. Peter; the royal stalls were to be painted, and the 'little Mary,' with her shrine, and the figures of St. Peter, St. Nicholas, and St. Katharine newly coloured; a new image of the Blessed Virgin was to be made, and one of St. Peter in the robes of an archbishop; there was also to be made and painted, 'where it could be better and more decently done,' an image of St. Christopher carrying Jesus, two fair tables of



the best colours were to be painted with the legends of St. Nicholas and St. Katharine, and 'two fair cherubims with hilarious and joyous countenances' were to be placed on the right hand and on the left of the great cross; a carved marble font with marble columns was also to be provided.

Wonderfully minute in details and very curious are the instructions issued by King Henry to the 'custodes operationis Turris Londinensis.' Among others there is one in which he commands to make 'all the leaden gutters of the great Tower, by which the rain water should fall from the top of the said Tower, be continued down to the ground, so that the newly-whitened wall of the said Tower may in no wise perish nor easily give way owing to the water trickling down it:' sound building principles, which were conveyed to his clerks in the doggiest of Latin.

Louder and louder grew the discontent of the good citizens of London as they saw more work being spent upon the Tower. In every addition to its strength they saw a fresh menace directed against their liberties. Moreover, the king's love of bricks and mortar and works of art was an expensive taste, and it was their money that was being swallowed up in the great fortress. The queen, Elinor of Provence, shared her lord's unpopularity, and it was against her that it found a vent. In the year 1263 there were great riots in London, during which the houses of the Jews and the Lombard bankers were attacked and pillaged. Henry was away, but the queen was at the Tower, and was so frightened by the outrages that were taking place in the city that she sought to go to Windsor by boat. As she drew near London Bridge the people cried out, 'Drown the witch! Drown the witch!' Not content with abusing her in the most indecent language, they pelted her with rotten eggs and dirt, and had prepared large stones to sink her boat should she attempt to shoot the bridge; so that she was terrified and returned to the Tower.

At the close of Henry the Third's reign the Tower was a complete and, for the engines of war of those times, impregnable stronghold, presenting a perfect picture of the feudal system.

It was divided into two wards, the inner ward and the outer: the former reserved for the king, the latter open to the people. In the inner ward were the king's palace (Henry, as we have seen, occupied the Lanthorn Tower), the dungeon keep for his prisoners, the treasury, garner, and chapels. In this inner sanctum sat the Court of King's Bench. The outer ward, in which sat the Court of Common Pleas, was nominally in the custody of the citizens, who on stated occasions enforced their rights of access to the king and the courts of law. At such times they met in Barking Church on Tower Hill, whence they sent 'six sage men' as a deputation to beg the king, according to custom, to forbid his guards either to close the gates or to keep watch over them while the citizens were coming and going,

for that no one should guard the gates of the Tower save only such persons as they might appoint. The king, as a matter of course, granted this request, and for the nonce the citizen guard, newly shaved and sprucely clad in their best, took possession of the gates.

There is one institution which dates from Henry's time to which we may allude. In the year 1235 the Emperor Frederick sent to the king, who was his brother-in-law, three leopards, as an emblem of the royal coat of arms of England; and from that time forth until the year 1826, when the wild beasts were removed to the Regent's Park, the menagerie, which was kept in the Lion's Tower, formed a part of the royal appanage of the Tower of London. So the three leopards of King Henry the Third were the foundation of the Royal Zoological Society.

None of Henry's successors emulated the active and artistic interest which he showed in the Tower of London. To him must be ascribed the credit of having finished it as it stood until the close of the last century. Some details, indeed, were afterwards altered; the present church of St. Peter was built by Edward the First on the site of the older church; about four centuries later Sir Christopher Wren added a large storehouse on the north side, which was burnt down in 1841 and replaced by the present barracks. But although kings and queens held their court here, no changes of importance in the structure took place. The great fortress remained as the third Henry had left it. How it became the scene of many a royal murder—how Henry the Sixth was killed in the little oratory in the Wakefield Tower—how Richard brought about the death of his nephews—how Henry the Eighth beheaded his wives—how his daughter signed warrants for the burning of heretics and the imprisonment of her sister—how many a captive lingered through a living death within those terrible walls, or perished in the torture chamber—all these stories, and many others of which the Tower was the scene, are thrice-told tales familiar to every child. In a mere sketch of the history of the stones and mortar they have no place. Sir Christopher Wren is the next prominent figure with which we have to deal. Besides the great storehouse, of which mention has been made, he did much work of restoration about the Tower. But unfortunately he did not enter into the spirit of the place, and the masonry which he introduced, notably in the White Tower, is quite out of harmony with the Norman character of the building.

But it was at the end of the last century that the Tower, long neglected, suffered an irreparable loss by the destruction of the Lanthorn Tower, which was burnt down in the year 1786. This tower, which, as part of the royal habitation, would have been of the greatest interest to the curious in antiquities, was a large round structure surmounted by a small turret. It stood to the west of the Salt Tower, from which it was separated by a gallery dividing the privy gardens, and

that the disaster might be the more complete, its very ruins were carted away, and in its place was reared the huge unsightly warehouse which now masks the Tower from the river. During the Crimean war this warehouse was heightened by a storey, and a crueller blot on a grand old pile of buildings it is difficult to imagine.

The Georgian epoch was fatal to many of our finest antiquities throughout the country. The prevailing dearth of taste is shown by the ruthless way in which picturesque old manor-houses of the Tudor and even earlier times were swept away by the score to make room for Grecian temples or Italian villas. It was a period in which the people cared no more for the monuments of their country, as old Weever said of his own contemporaries in a previous century, 'than for the parynges of their nayles.' What wonder if in such an age the glories of the Tower were suffered to decay. It had long ceased to be a royal palace, and even the old custom of holding a court there before the coronation of the king, who was wont to pass in solemn procession through the City to Westminster, was observed for the last time by King Charles the Second. The genius of ugliness was allowed to do its worst; indignity after indignity was committed, and the finest monumental fabric in Europe was hidden and screened from the waterway as if it had been something to be ashamed of. Had matters gone on thus it is difficult to say what would have been the end: the place would have been at the mercy of storekeepers and paperkeepers, and all considerations of artistic beauty and historic interest would have given way before the urgent necessity for stowing away a few more soldiers' blankets or a packet of dusty old files from some public office.

Happily there were better times to come, and at a critical moment the Tower fell into good hands. The late Lord de Ros, during his official connection with it, showed a warm and discriminating interest in the place, and to him are due in a great measure the thanks of the country for having started a new order of ideas in regard to it. The Prince Consort also vigorously took up the subject, and under his auspices and fostering care much good work was done in the direction of sound restoration. The authorities showed wisdom in choosing as their adviser Mr. Salvin, who had made a special study of castellated buildings. Under his counsel the chapel of St. John in the White Tower was restored, and is now perhaps the finest specimen of Norman architecture in the kingdom: there was not much needed here beyond removing the plaster under which the solid old masonry was hidden; no attempt was made at decoration of any sort; only the existing tiles were supplemented by others made to the same pattern, and an altar table of the simplest construction has recently been added to mark the sacred character of the place. The whole beauty of the chapel consists in its wonderful proportion and stern solidity. Various other works of minor im-

portance were undertaken, and the tumble-down buildings and out-houses in which the warders were lodged were replaced by suitable dwellings in the early Tudor style. It is obvious that, for various reasons, operations of this nature can hardly be continuously carried on over a great number of years. For some time there was a lull, during which little was undertaken beyond what would come under the head of maintenance and repair; but even this little was done in a totally different spirit from that which had hitherto prevailed: the plasterer and whitewasher were called in to make good, not to obliterate; while the functions of the mason and joiner were confined within the strictest limits.

In the year 1876 the work of restoration on a larger scale was of necessity actively renewed. The church of St. Peter ad Vincula had fallen into decay; a sinking of the pavement by the altar was becoming more and more serious, and it appeared urgent that steps should be taken to prevent that part of the fabric from crumbling away. Here, however, was a case where the mere preservation of the existing order of things would have been indecent. The old church of Edward the First had, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, been choked with tall unsightly pews and a mean gallery of grained wood. The walls and pillars were covered with tablets and votive monuments recording the virtues and excellences of departed nobodies; while of the illustrious dead whose dust lay beneath the flagstones not a record of any kind was to be seen. 'I cannot refrain from expressing my disgust,' said Lord Macaulay, 'at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town.' Mr. Salvin was again consulted. The pews and the gallery were swept away and replaced by oaken seats; the memorials of the nobodies found an appropriate oblivion in the crypt; while in the chancel, where, owing to the necessary disturbance of the pavement, discoveries of the highest historic interest were made, brass plates were laid, engraved with the armorial bearings of the mighty dead whose bones were carefully gathered into caskets and re-buried there. Of the finding of Queen Anne Boleyn's remains, and of all that took place in regard to these operations, a most interesting account has been written by Mr. Doyne C. Bell in his exhaustive monograph 'The Chapel in the Tower.'

This plainly was an undertaking not of mere restoration in the sense of keeping together the existing state of things, but also of alteration. The character of the place underwent a complete change. The work of 'barbarous stupidity' had to be cleared away, and when nothing but the old shell remained, grave questions arose as to how the interior should be finished; gravest of all, the question of what record, if any, should be left of the dead whom the chapel contained. The fact that no memorial stone or tablet remained of them was a

matter of design. All of them victims of the axe and block, their bodies had been hidden away, hardly receiving the honours of Christian burial; the chief care of their persecutors being that they should be forgotten. In the case of Queen Anne Boleyn the remains were huddled into an old elm box that had been used for holding arrow-heads, and buried with as much haste as might be. Was the studied dishonour with which these remains had been treated an historical fact to be perpetuated to all time? or, on the other hand, was it not desirable that a lasting record of the identifications that had been made should be placed on the spot at the very time when the discoveries took place? The balance inclined in favour of the latter view, and it may be surmised that few persons will regret that the church no longer tallies with the melancholy description in which Macaulay sums up its degradation, 'In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery.'

The next work of importance which was undertaken was the restoration of the outer line of fortifications on the southern or river side. This involved the repair, or rather the rebuilding, of the Well and Cradle Towers, both of which were in a pitiable condition. The Well Tower, at the eastern end of the outer wall, was surmounted by a crazy upper storey of brick, which upon two sides rested upon projecting wooden beams; the Cradle Tower, so far as its upper portion was concerned, had disappeared entirely, the structure having been cut down flush with the wall and asphalted over. What remained of the headless trunk was used as a powder store. There could be no question as to the propriety of replacing the two towers where they stood. In the existing state of things there was neither picturesque beauty nor interesting association; whereas by what was done, Mr. Salvin as before being the chief adviser, several features of interest were revealed.

Inside the walls the chief and most necessary business has been to pull down. In all directions buildings of the most heterogeneous character had been crowded into every available space, hiding and marring the noble old fortress. Even the White Tower had been defaced by plastering ugly nondescript annexes against it. On the south side of it is the hideous horse armoury, while on the east until lately there stood a calamitous outgrowth, with several grey doors marked with letters of the alphabet, which was occupied in some way as a storehouse. Heavy settlements and cracks showed that this structure must be removed for safety's sake; and so, fortunately, it has disappeared, and on this side at least Gundulf's great tower may be seen in all its grandeur. It was during the sweeping away of this store that the Roman remains to which allusion has been made in the beginning of this paper were discovered. Scarcely less necessary was the destruction of the so-called Irish Barracks, a nest of dirty alums which occupied the space between the inner and outer fortifi-

cations on the eastern side. These also are now an evil of the past, and the Salt and Broad Arrow Towers stand out in all their beauty.

But no work at the Tower can be considered to be satisfactory so long as the great warehouse which succeeded the fire of 1788 continues to mask the Tower on the river side. It is so monstrous that it may be doubted whether any civilised country would at this present time suffer such a deformity to remain. But strange things are tolerated even in these days of artistic revival, and it is more reassuring to know that the building has been condemned as unsafe to such a degree that it would cost more to keep it together than to pull it down and replace it by the inner ballium and Lanthorn Tower on the site of which it stands. Alas! the Lanthorn Tower will be but a reproduction, and will make us regret all the more the loss of Henry the Third's apartments, with the paintings of the story of Antiochus! The purists too will cry aloud, saying that the new tower and ballium will be an unreality and a sham, and that it is an anachronism to build castles and walls in these days. All of which will be in a measure true. It is impossible to give back the stones which would have prated of the Wars of the Roses. And no one will pretend that as a work of protection the inner ballium is now a necessity. But is it not defensible on the highest grounds, seeing that the most complete authorities for the restoration are extant, to set up a correct presentment or model of the old fortress as it stood? The warehouse is doomed and must disappear. A building of some sort must take its place, for a portion of the accommodation will be wanted. From an artistic point of view it is clear that it must be such a structure as will give scale to the White Tower without hiding it. It seems that to put anything else in this place but a true representation of what stood there of old would be an act of stupidity and vandalism.

But we are told that the true vandals are the restorers. So say the anti-restorationists. Here, in the Tower of London is a question for them to debate. Sir Christopher Wren restored the White Tower. In so doing he removed the old Norman windows and substituted for them his own heavy windows with great keystones to the arches. Here was clearly an act of vandalism. Two centuries later, Mr. Salvin, as we have seen, restored St. John's Chapel. In so doing he obliterated in that part of the building Sir Christopher's windows and restored those of Bishop Gundulf. Was Salvin wrong? If so, let us sin with Salvin.

In these days all men have their opinions on matters of art, and most are ready to express them. No workman can hope to escape criticism. But in this work, which will shortly be taken in hand, there is some ground for the expectation that when the veil shall be lifted and the great fortress given back to the river in all its

majesty, even the most pedantic of critics will be compelled to admit the beauty of the transformation. The Tower will never again be a royal palace, but its glory is not altogether departed; public interest in the old monuments of the country increases year by year, and there is little danger that these grim grey walls will ever again be allowed to fall into ruin or blotted out by stores and warehouses.

A. B. MITFORD.

## *SHAKESPEARIAN CRITICISM.*

THERE is a story of two rude little boys who were taken to see a certain play of Shakespeare's, which was not eminently calculated to appeal to the minds of rude little boys, by their tutor, or guardian, or patron,—a kind of Mr. Barlow as it may be imagined. They sat through the performance with seeming attention and decorum because they were obliged to; but perhaps their real feelings were only intensified by the fact that they could find no vent at the time. As they left the theatre, the Mr. Barlow of the occasion stopped them in the vestibule, and, pointing to a bust of Shakespeare, said, 'There, that is the great poet to whose words you have listened to-night. Mark him well.' At the time when this happened, it also happened that there was a conductor of an orchestra in a London theatre who bore a strong personal resemblance to Shakespeare. To the theatre where he conducted these two rude little boys soon after went. The conductor at some moment happened to turn round, and one of the little boys seeing his face said to the other, 'There's that beast Shakespeare. Let us mark him well.' And they proceeded to do so with nuts used as missiles. This story is perhaps not an inapt illustration of the attitude assumed by some Shakespearian commentators and critics both of the past and of the present time. The difference in many cases is only in the intention. The two little boys meant to hurt 'that beast Shakespeare' if they could, though commentators mean to glorify him or themselves; but the result has been in some cases not essentially different. It would of course be absurd, even outrageous, not to fully recognise the admirable work done by many commentators past and present, and in connexion with the latter the name of Mr. Aldis Wright will doubtless occur to many of us. But too many of the genus may be described as wasting a vast amount of pains in driving a comma into a toil, or going about to recover the wind of a full stop. It would be instructive to learn how much time has been devoted to one particular theory—namely, that Shakespeare was not the author of Shakespeare—with its many branches of sub-theory; one of the latest of which is, that Shakespeare kept not a poet but several poets, and that, to quote the ingenious commentator's own words, 'because they were not his own, explains sufficiently the mystery of Shakespeare's carelessness about these plays for after-time.' Yet



according to this critic, Shakespeare himself did occasionally put in a passage of real poetry amid what he calls 'the blood and thunder, the vulgar intellectual scream, the blast, the bathos, the bombast,' with which the so-called plays of Shakespeare are for the most part filled. This is a pleasing enough variation upon the theme that nobody called Shakespeare could have written the plays which bear Shakespeare's name, and is perhaps fresher and more ingenious than the contention that Shakespeare must have been written by Bacon, because two such clever men as Lord Verulam and the author of Shakespeare could not possibly be alive at the same time. It is a little strange that as yet no serious attempt has been made to establish the reverse of this theory. Every argument urged to show that Bacon wrote Shakespeare will tell at least as strongly in favour of the supposition that Shakespeare wrote Bacon; and an additional one may be drawn from the extent of Bacon's occupation in affairs of state, which it may be contended could not possibly leave him time or energy for so much literary work as bears his name.

As to contentions about the poet's career, calling, and character, of these there seemed at one time likely to be no end; but fortunately all difficulties in this regard were disposed of finally a few years ago by a certain American critic. This writer began by giving a brief summary of the dramatist's life, in which he informed the world that 'Shakespeare commenced life as a deer-stealer and drunkard, that there were some shady circumstances connected with his marriage, and that he lived in London during the whole of his theatrical career without his wife.' He went on to say: 'He was so mean as to sue one man for a debt of 6*l.*, and another for 1*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*, when he had an income of 1,000*l.* a year, and died at the age of fifty-two from the effect of too much drink at dinner.' Yet other facts concerning the poet are made known to us by this writer, among them that he was undoubtedly a Roman Catholic, and that 'the theory that Bacon was ashamed to acknowledge himself the author of the Shakespearian plays has a sort of support in the gross immorality and the vile language of the *Second Part of King Henry IV.*'

This point of view may seem surprising enough now, but it is not essentially different from the estimation of persons of authority and judgment in former generations. Every one knows the famous opinion delivered by Voltaire, that Hamlet was the dream of a drunken savage with some flashes of beautiful thought; and equally surprising judgments have been recorded by great English men of letters. Probably there was at the time no very general dissent from the following strange criticism of Hume's:—

If Shakespeare be considered as a man born in a rude age and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction from books or from the world, he may be regarded as a prodigy. If represented as a poet capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this

eulogy. A striking peculiarity of sentiment adapted to a single character he frequently hits as it were by inspiration, but a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold. Nervous and picturesque expressions, as well as descriptions, abound in him, but it is in vain we look for purity or simplicity of diction.

Again, there are the two references to Shakespeare in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, one of which occurs when Dr. Primrose, meeting with a strolling player, asks him who are the dramatists most in vogue at the day.

'Who are the modern Otways and Drydens?' 'I fancy, sir,' cried the player, 'few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared with the writers you mention. Dryden's and Rowe's manner are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century. Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakespeare are the only ones that go down.' 'How,' I cried, 'is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?' 'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dialect or humour or character, for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakespeare's name.' 'So, then, I suppose,' cried I, 'that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of *Shakespeare* than of *Nature*!'

—a piece of contrast which, it will be admitted, is somewhat curious. The other reference is the well-known one in which Shakespeare is ranked by one of Goldsmith's characters, with no protest from himself, together with taste and the musical glasses.

The two ladies (the passage runs) threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.'

Nothing is perhaps more curious than the varying estimation in which, from his own time down to the present, Shakespeare has been held.

For two hundred and fifty years (wrote Gervinus) have men toiled over this poet; they have not grown weary, digging in his works as in a mine, to bring to light all the noble metal they contain; and those who have been most active have been humble enough at last to declare that scarcely a single passage of this rich mine has been yet exhausted. And almost two centuries of this period had passed away before the men appeared who first recognised Shakespeare's entire merit and capacity, and divested his pure noble form of the confusion of prejudices which had veiled and disfigured it. How was it (he goes on to ask) that this poet should so long remain an enigma to the whole literary world and history; that so extraordinary a man should be so tardily appreciated, and even now should be by many so imperfectly understood; and this, too, a poet who was in no wise indistinct concerning himself, and whom, indeed, many of his contemporaries seem to have fully valued?

The learned critic finds two answers to this question, one of which is that it is only the ordinary which is comprehended quickly, only the commonplace that is free from misconception. The other

answer lies in history. In spite of the success of Shakespeare, and of the high estimation in which the discerning held him—

The favour which the poet enjoyed in his life could have been in no wise universal, because his art itself was a condemned profession. . . . His plays were only written for representation; those who did not see them never knew them; it was with the dramatist as with the actor, whose sad lot it is that his art cannot be made permanent, as it passes away with the moment. . . . Only the half of Shakespeare's dramas were printed during his life, and not a single one under his superintendence and revision. Not till seven years after his death did his works, collected by his fellow-actors, appear in a folio edition (1623) of uncertain and unwarranted value; the older quarto editions of single plays (inveighed against, it is true) appeared in this, with all their senseless faults, by the side of the newly-added and equally carelessly-revised pieces. This edition was republished in 1682. At that time the plays of the poet were still held in popular honour, but already a Fletcher had surpassed the master in the favour of the over-excited stage public; and with the characteristic lack at that period of all criticism in English literature, there were no reviewers who might have discerned the pre-eminence of Shakespeare's works, and might have demonstrated the grounds of their superiority. Not long afterwards the whole stage was swept away by the altered current of the national life.

From 1642 onwards till the Revolution, Gervinus goes on to say, the remembrance of Shakespeare's literary epoch was almost effaced.

When, at the Restoration under Charles the Second and James the Second, with the court diversions and a gayer life the stage was also revived, the characters of the Shakespearian pieces became, it is true, again the test of theatrical skill; and the taste of the Saxon people returned even now with a predilection for their favourite which seemed to the learned of the day as blameworthy as it was inexplicable; but the strong riotous interest in the stage that had existed in Shakespeare's time seized the multitude no more; the theatre was formed after the frivolous and light taste of the court, and was no longer susceptible of those great and earnest works.

There is perhaps in this passage a certain confusion of expression, but, to see fully enough the difference of taste between the two eras referred to, one need only turn to Pepys's Diary. In this, as Pepys was an indefatigable playgoer, there are pretty frequent references to Shakespeare's works, some of which are in their way both entertaining and instructive. On the 11th of October 1660 he writes:—

Then in the Park we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpit to see the 'Moor of Venice,' which was well done. Burt acted the Moor; by the same token a very pretty lady that sat by me called out to see Desdemona smothered.

On the 1st of March of the next year he has an entry which completely bears out Mr. H. J. Byron's contention, put forward not long ago, that it is undesirable to found criticism on the first night's performance of a play:—

Saw *Romeo and Juliet* the first time it was ever acted;  
that is, of course, at the particular theatre where he saw it.

I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.

In 1662, on the 29th of September,

to the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

In the next year,

So to the Duke's House, and there saw *Hamlett* done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid, but neither spoke, danced, nor sung, which I was sorry for.

In 1664,

to the Duke's House to see *Macbeth*—a pretty good play, but admirably acted.

The 20th of August 1666 was a somewhat remarkable day. On that date Pepys went

to Debtford by water, reading *Othello Moor of Venice*, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read *The Adventures of Five Houres* it seems a mean thing.

Later on in the same year he was pleased, in spite of some difficulties, with *Henry V*.

After all staying above an hour for the players (the King and all waiting, which was absurd) saw *Henry the Fifth* well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habit, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine.

On the afternoon of the same day he had gone to see *Macbeth*, which he found 'a most excellent play for variety.' A few days afterwards he again saw *Macbeth*—

which, though I saw it but lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy, which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable.

The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he writes later on, 'did not please me at all in no part of it,' while the *Tempest* 'has no great wit, yet good above ordinary plays.' The 'divertisement' which delighted Pepys so much in *Macbeth*, and which he found so proper and suitable, was probably due to Davenant's improvements upon Shakespeare.

Davenant and Dryden between them did yet stranger things with another play of Shakespeare, the *Tempest*. The play, Dryden wrote in his preface, 'was originally Shakespeare's, a poet for whom he (Davenant) had particularly a high veneration.' He goes on to speak of the use made of Shakespeare's plot by Fletcher and Suckling, and continues that

Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of a quick and piercing imagination,

soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespeare, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought. He put the last hand to it; he designed the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess that from the very first moment it so pleased me that I never writ anything with more delight.

The result of the excellent contrivance is that Miranda has added to her a sister who has never seen a man, named Dorinda, while, to complete the tale, we have also a young man, described as 'Hippolito,' one that never saw a woman, right heir to the Dukedom of Mantua.' The comedy which arises from the excellent contrivance is of a curiously coarse nature. The style of the writing may be instanced by some words put into Prospero's mouth as he questions Dorinda after her first meeting with Hippolito: 'And on your duty tell me true, what passed betwixt you and that horrid creature?'

Otway again laid sacrilegious hands on *Romeo and Juliet*, of which, to use his own expression, he rifled half for his tragedy of *Caius Marius*, the intention of which was as much political as anything else. Mr. Thornton, who edited Otway in 1813, observed of this play that 'the diction of Shakespeare had been polished and improved without losing the spirit of his meaning.' It may be not uninteresting to take a specimen or two of this polishing and improving process. Romeo in Otway's hands becomes the younger Marius, while Juliet is transformed into Lavinia. Marius—entering Lavinia's garden, exclaims—

He laughs at wounds that never felt their smart—

which is, of course, an obvious enough improvement on

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Lavinia presently in her reply exclaims—

Deny thy family, renounce thy name,  
Or if thou wilt not be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer call Metellus parent—

which is perhaps an even more striking illustration of the art of sinking. So again, instead of the end of Juliet's speech when she drinks the poison—

O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee—

instead of this we have Lavinia exclaiming—

What? Sylla? Get thee gone, thou meagre lover!  
My sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my draught:  
'Tis to my lord.

While on the subject of *Romeo and Juliet* it may be worth while

to mention that even so great a poet as Goethe was not entirely above the notion of improving upon Shakespeare, since for the theatre at Weimar he proposed an amended version of this same play. Whole scenes were changed or omitted, and for the quarrel between the followers of the Capulets and of the Montagues which opens the piece he substituted a chorus sung by servants, and beginning with the words :—

Zündet die Lampen an,  
Windet auch Kränze dran,  
Hell sei das Haus!

A closer parallel to Otway's treatment of *Romeo and Juliet* may be found in the Duke of Buckingham's production of *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* altered with a Prologue. The first lines of the prologue are,

Hope to mend Shakespeare or to match his style,  
'Tis such a jest would make a stoic smile.

In spite of this seemingly humble start, the author thought to mend the first line of Mark Antony's speech by altering it to

Friends, countrymen, and Romans, hear me gently.

No doubt the metaphor of 'lend me your ears' was too violent and barbarous to please his nice taste.

At a later date Nicholas Rowe, in his preface to his play of *Jane Shore*, announced an intended imitation of Shakespeare, and at the same time apologised for it if in consequence 'the verse should not charm the ear.' For the Shakespearian verse which he thought not calculated to charm the ear he substituted such lines as these, which are spoken by Lord Guildford—

I have a thought; but wherefore said I one;  
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms,  
Like populous towns disturbed at dead of night,  
That raised in darkness, bustle to and fro  
As if their business were to make confusion—

and was then satisfied that he had written like Shakespeare, only rather better; in which he resembled a certain foreign author who announced his intention of writing, not a translation of Shakespeare, but a work of the same kind.

Gervinus's account of the growth of critical appreciation of Shakespeare from the period of utter darkness as to his genius is, though expressed with admirable terseness, too long to quote in full, but some points in it may be touched upon.

Up to the time of Steevens and Malone all the criticisms and prefaces were written under the tyranny of the French taste, which was ruled by Voltaire, whose notorious sentence about Hamlet has been already quoted.

In Warburton (writes Gervinus), in Johnson, and in Steevens (the most intelligent of all), there are excellent explanations of certain passages, traits, and characters, which burst forth amid prejudices and false judgment, as proofs of how the greatness of the poet prevailed more and more even over the narrow minds of these critics. . . . In accordance with this partial investigation and with these passing flashes of perception alternating with greater darkness was the treatment of Shakespeare on the stage both in Germany and England. The jubilee two hundred years after Shakespeare's birth, celebrated in Stratford in 1764, denotes about the time when the poet's works were revived by Garrick on the English stage.

It may be well to remember, what Gervinus merely alludes to at this point, that Garrick's representations were very far from being—apart from his own acting—what would satisfy any critical audiences now-a-days. The alterations to which Gervinus presently refers were often of a most distressing kind, notably in the case of the complete excision of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*. It is a minor point that Garrick played Shakespeare's characters in the costume of his own (Garrick's) time, according to the then universal custom. The German critic goes on to assert, and it might be difficult to quarrel with the assertion, that

the man who first valued Shakespeare according to his full desert was indisputably Lessing. . . . With all the force of a true taste he pointed to Wieland's translation of the English dramatist when scarcely any one in Germany knew him.

Lessing, it will be remembered, was born in 1729 and died in 1781, and it can hardly be doubted that, as Gervinus says, his influence in Germany caused a reaction in England until, 'when Nathan Drake, in 1817, published his ample work upon Shakespeare and his times, the idolatry of the poet had passed already to his native land.'

To come from general to particular considerations, it may be well to select one out of Shakespeare's many plays to illustrate varying forms of comment, criticism, and interpretation, and it may be also well to make the selection rest upon what is probably the best known, as it is on the stage the 'most popular, of the plays, *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*.

In the first place, it may be not amiss to see what certain eminent critics already referred to had to say about it. Steevens wrote of it:—

I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey (the antagonist of Nash), who in his own handwriting has set down the play as a performance with which he was well acquainted in the year 1598. His words are these: 'The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*; but his *Lucrece* and his tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark* have it in them to please the wiser sort.'

The collocation of the two pieces may seem an odd one, but the judgment of the more important of the two is confirmed by another hand writing at about the same time. There had, in fact, been a first edition of *Hamlet* in 1603, and a second appeared in 1604. In

that year Anthony Scoloker, in the dedication to his poem *Diophantus*, wrote that his 'epistle should be like friendly Shakespeare's tragedies, where the comedian rides when the tragedian stands on tiptoe. Faith, it should please all like *Prince Hamlet*.' This may be taken as an allusion to the artful mingling of comedy with tragedy in the play, to which what now seems an odder allusion is made by Johnson.

If the dramas (wrote the great Doctor) of Shakspeare were to be characterised each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity: with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror to the fop in the last that exposes affectation to just contempt.

It may be convenient here to leave the Doctor for a moment and turn to the consideration of a passage in the scene between Hamlet and Osric which has puzzled the wits of many commentators, and given occasion for the invention of an infinity of strange explanations. The actual words of Hamlet which have caused so much stir are these, spoken in answer to Osric's fantastical extolling of Laertes: 'Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.'

It might be idle and tedious to rehearse anything like all the variations and amendments which have been proposed by people who have found these words, taken by themselves, unintelligible. Possibly the explanation of their hard comprehension may lie in the fact that they have chosen to take them by themselves without due reference to the context. Let us see what the Cambridge editors, Mr. Aldis Wright and the late Mr. W. G. Clark, have to say about them. This is their note upon the passage:—

If this passage stands as Shakespeare wrote it, any meaning it may have had has defied the penetration of commentators to detect. 'Yaw' is the reading of the quarto of 1604 only. The others have 'raw.' Warburton suggested 'slow,' Tschischwitz 'row.' Dyce reads 'it' for 'yet.' Staunton suggested 'wit.' 'To yaw' is a nautical phrase, used of a ship which moves unsteadily and does not answer her helm. The word occurs as a substantive in Massinger's *Very Woman*, iii. 5:—

'Tis good strong wine; O the yaws that she will make!'

If 'yet' is a mistake for 'it' we should require some such word as 'let' or 'make' to precede. The sense would then be 'to attempt to catalogue his perfections would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and make it stagger as it were in pursuit of his swift-sailing ship.' The two metaphors are a little difficult to separate.



That is the note, which I may at once say appears to me to solve satisfactorily whatever difficulty there is in the passage. What seems odd—but, adapting a phrase from Prospero, we may say 'tis a good oddness—is that the editors, having arrived at this solution, should still express a certain diffidence as to their explanation. 'The two metaphors,' they end by saying, 'are a little difficult to separate.' No doubt they are, but is not this free, not to say licentious, treatment of metaphors a striking characteristic of Shakespeare? Who but he, to take one familiar instance from this very play, could safely dare to talk of taking arms against a sea of troubles? The metaphors are certainly mixed, and the language of the whole speech somewhat confused and confusing, but in the very confusion there may possibly be found a simple enough purpose, if one considers the situation and the context. The scene, the second of the fifth act, follows directly upon that in which Hamlet, according to the stage direction, leaps into the grave of Ophelia, grapples with Laertes, gives way to various wild imaginings and speeches, and finally flings off the stage, crying,

Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

The interval between the two scenes may be supposed to be of the briefest, and it must be noted that considerations of time make it impossible to present upon the modern stage more than a fragment of the scene between Hamlet and Horatio which precedes Osric's entrance. As set down in the Cambridge edition, the matter runs thus. After Hamlet's exit in the grave scene, the King turns to Laertes with the speech—

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;  
We'll put the matter to the present push.  
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.  
This grave shall have a living monument.  
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;  
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

The last night's speech referred to is the conversation in which the vile plot against Hamlet's life is arranged between the King and Laertes, and I have quoted the King's speech in order to show that the scene with Horatio and afterwards with Osric may be thought to follow immediately upon the scene in the churchyard. The second scene is headed

*A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

Hamlet proceeds to explain to Horatio in detail how he escaped on his voyage to England from the king's first design for his death.

In this scene we have a singularly excitable person, who, according to his own account, had just come out of a towering passion, and who

proceeds to give an account to his most intimate friend of an escape which his own ingenuity has found for him from an ignominious death. This is a sufficiently exciting theme, and is superadded to an active scene of even greater excitement. Now, assuming that Hamlet was a person of eminently excitable temperament, or, in other words, a person of eminently variable moods, what is more likely than that, at the entrance of another person as different as possible from Horatio, his mood should change entirely? It had changed once already, after the line 'And a man's life no more than to say one.' Hamlet was evidently tired of discoursing about his own disastrous adventures, and he diverts to a something more than passing regret for the passion he has displayed in the scene just preceding. Then enters Osric. Hamlet's natural excitability has been increased by his at first half-deliberate half-hysterical assumption of an unhinged frame of mind, which again partly grows upon him just as the dyer's hand grows to that it works in. He is at this point weary for the moment of everything—of himself and his adventures above all. He has a keen sense of humour, which saves his mind, as it has saved other sensitive minds, from constant despondency. Osric, a creature made to be the object of such satire as will be veiled from its victim and fully apparent only to its employer—the kind of satire which Hamlet employs throughout the play—Osric comes plump upon the prince's changed mood, and Hamlet proceeds to answer him in his own coin. That is, while his answers to Osric have coherence enough when they are looked carefully into, he purposely, out of a waggishness, wraps them up in affectations which outdo and puzzle the affected Osric. In other words, while the explanation of Messrs. Clark and Wright seems to me as clear as possible as regards the meaning of the passage, they may perhaps have been wanting in self-confidence to account for its strange form.

Those who cannot accept this explanation may perhaps be content with a yet simpler one, which lies in the fact that if there is one thing which may be safely assumed about Shakespeare's writing, it is that he sometimes wrote with extreme carelessness. He wrote, as far as he knew, for the stage and for the stage only. As the learned Gervinus has it :

The plays were not designed for reading; their appearance in print was for the most part fraudulently obtained, and was regarded as an injury to the stage, which was the proprietor of the manuscript, and moreover as prejudicial to the renown of the poet, who not rarely invented his scenes (as Marston says of his own) 'only to be spoken, and not to be read.'

This fact will at need suffice to clear off a good many difficulties which have arisen from the preconceived idea of commentators that every line, every word of Shakespeare must be treated as if Shakespeare had written with the foreknowledge that he would in the present day be put as a holiday task to Eton boys.

Consideration of this passage has, however, led us away from Johnson's remarks upon *Hamlet*, which are in many ways curious and interesting.

The conduct of the play is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty. Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has by the stratagem of the play convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

Here one may pause for a moment to observe the strange narrowness of the judgment displayed. If every play must needs be written according to a pedantic formal rule such as was adopted by men like Hill and Havard, then the stricture would be no more than just. But it does seem a little strange that it should have escaped such a man as Johnson that the king's death, 'being effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing,' was a fine conclusion to the whole conception of the unlucky prince's character and career.

The catastrophe (Johnson goes on to say) is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger and Laertes with the bowl. The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it, and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a plunderer is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

There are in this some curious passages, not the least curious among which is the dissatisfaction expressed at the ghost's 'revenge' only being obtained by the death of him that was required to take it. Here is the same inaptness that has before been noted to seize the real idea of the play, or, in other words, the same incapacity or the same unwillingness to admit the possibility of subordinating incident to character in a tragedy worthy of the name, as it was then conceived. 'The action,' Johnson says, 'is for the most part in continual progression,' but he would evidently have liked to have it unretarded by any peculiarity of the hero's organisation. When once Hamlet had been told by his father's ghost to slay Claudius, he should have gone and done it, and it was Shakespeare's mistake to put any fine-drawn complications in his way.

A more reasonable objection of Johnson's to what he calls the

conduct of the play may be, not perhaps answered, but at least explained away by going back to first causes.

The first cause of Hamlet is, as is well known, to be found in the history of Saxo Grammaticus, as to whom Steevens writes :—

The original story on which this play is built may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564 and continued to publish through succeeding years.

An examination of the original story of Saxo Grammaticus may possibly throw some light on one or two points which have puzzled Johnson and other learned commentators. The story of Hamlet as told by Saxo Grammaticus is briefly this. The king whom Shakespeare calls Claudius here appears as *Fengo*, and the first striking difference between the history of Amlethus and the play of Hamlet is that Fengo made no kind of secret of his brother's murder accomplished by himself. On the contrary, according to his historian, he concealed the deed with so bold a cunning that he contrived to give the crime the appearance of a good deed. This he did by asserting that Gerutha (the Gertrude of the play) was a lady of the most amiable character, who had suffered many things from the violent hatred of her husband. Out of sheer good humour, then, Fengo killed Gerutha's husband, 'because it seemed a monstrous thing that a woman of the kindest and most open heart should continue to endure the weight of her husband's contempt. And,' the historian adds with a pleasing naïveté, 'this perversion of the facts was not put forth in vain.' Amlethus, however, the son of the murdered king, had a quick eye to see. After his father's death he adopted the plan of Brutus, and assumed a character of stupid imbecility. His favourite occupation was to fashion sharp stakes of wood, which he hardened in the fire, and, when asked why he did so, he replied that he was preparing means to avenge his father's death. This was at first sight hardly wise on his part, inasmuch as it not unnaturally aroused the suspicions of Fengo, who at once caused a spy to be set upon the actions of his nephew. This spy was a woman of light reputation. By the help of a friend, however, and of the spy herself, who had a certain affection for him, Amlethus escaped this snare, but yet did not succeed in lulling the suspicions of Fengo. Fengo being in a perturbed state about Amlethus, a councillor of his (the Corambis or Polonius of *Hamlet*) suggested that Amlethus should have a private interview with his mother. At this interview the councillor would be present in concealment, and would report to the king if, as was probable, the prince should drop his mask of madness. The astute Amlethus, however, divined at once for what reason the interview was arranged. Accordingly he entered his mother's room in his character of an idiot, crowing like a cock, flapping his arms up and down, and jumping

along the wall. By an adroit use of these crafty means he stumbled upon the hidden spy, whom he instantly slew, after which he threw his body to the pigs. Upon this ensues a dialogue between Amlethus and his mother, which is the origin of the famous closet scene in *Hamlet*. After this, as in the play, Amlethus is sent to England with two companions, bearing secret instructions for his death. Before he goes he gives two curious directions to his mother. The one is to have the great hall of the palace hung with light curtains. The other is to celebrate his obsequies when he has been away for a year.

The adventures of the prince in England are curious for the resemblance which they bear to those Northern and German tales in which Jack or Dummling surprises every one by the wit and shrewdness of his answers to difficult questions. Speaking of German tales tempts one to diverge for a brief space in order to mention a ludicrous early German version of *Hamlet*. In this, the escape of Hamlet from impending death by his uncle's minions is accomplished in a fashion which strangely illustrates the mixture of childishness with profundity in some aspects of the German character. Two sailors, armed with blunderbusses, are charged to kill Hamlet. Hamlet accepts his fate with resignation, but resorts to the device, often adopted by persons imperilled in German fairy tales, of asking for time to say his prayers. To this request the assassins accede, when Hamlet, bidding them hold their guns ready pointed, kneels down between them, and tells them that at a given signal he will jump up and they shall shoot him through the head. Accordingly he gives the signal, but does not jump up, the result being that the guards shoot each other. To return, however, to the Amlethus of Saxo Grammaticus. This wily person, having substituted for the orders commanding his own death others requesting that his companions should be killed, and the King of England's daughter given to him in marriage, proceeded to 'distinguish himself by his behaviour at a feast given by the King of England in honour of his guests. Here he refused to touch any of the things provided, saying that the bread was blood-stained, that the drink tasted of iron, and that the meat had a death-like savour. He moreover announced that both the King and Queen were of servile extraction. The King was so struck with these speeches, which the companions of Amlethus set down as the babble of an idiot, that he caused particular inquiry to be made. On this he found that the bread was made from corn which grew on a battle-field, that the water was impregnated with the rust of old swords lying in the stream's bed, and that the animals killed for the banquet had feasted on a thief's body. He also discovered, much to his annoyance, that the hints of Amlethus as to his own and his wife's birth were only too well founded. Upon this he was so overcome by the wisdom of the Danish prince that he im-

mediately married him to his daughter, and had his two companions killed, thinking thereby to please the wandering prince. The cunning Amlethus, however, made a great outcry at this, and demanded and obtained a large sum of money as compensation for the murder. This money he melted down and poured into two hollow sticks. After this he lived merrily in England until he had been absent from Denmark a year, when he returned to Denmark, assuming again, upon his arrival, his meanwhile cast-off disguise of imbecility. The courtiers of Fengo, who had just been attending his obsequies, were somewhat surprised at seeing him return alive, and asked him what had become of his two companions, in answer to which Amlethus produced his two hollow sticks. Then, with the craft which always characterised him, he began to dance in an idiotic manner, and, that his robes might not impede him, he tied a sword-belt and sword round his waist. As the point of this sword projected in an awkward way through the scabbard, the courtiers fastened it tight up, so that it could not be drawn. After this Amlethus set to work to make them all so drunk that presently the whole court lay helpless about the great hall of the palace. And now we see what a deep and malignant purpose was in the prince's apparently simple request to his mother to have curtains hung about the hall. These curtains he tore down, and having enveloped with them the inert bodies of the courtiers, he fastened them so ingeniously to the floor with the sharp wood stakes which he had prepared long ago, that the more the revellers attempted, on waking, to free themselves from the toils, the more involved they became. Having got them into this mess, Amlethus gravely set the curtains alight, and by this means burnt up the whole court. He then went to the chamber of his uncle Fengo, whom he found asleep, with a sword lying on his bed. This sword Amlethus took away, and put in its place his own sword, which was useless from its having been tied up in the scabbard by the now drunk and suffocated courtiers. He then waked up and killed Fengo, who had been thus rendered defenceless.

Between this story of Hamlet and Shakespeare's play there are many noteworthy points of resemblance and differences; and a reference to some of these may, as has been suggested, throw some light upon matters which might otherwise seem obscure or inconsistent. Critics have observed, and with good reason, that the easy consent given by Ophelia to the project of her playing the spy upon the man whom she loves, is out of harmony with the simple graciousness of her character. It is perhaps safe to put aside the strange theory of Goethe, which would account fully enough for this, but which would at the same time rob Ophelia's character of more than half the attraction it possesses for students who do not accept the German poet's idea. In the original story there is no Ophelia, but there is a woman who plays the spy upon Hamlet, and who from her antecedents would probably

offer little objection to such an employment. Is it not possible that this circumstance may account for the difficulty? The poet's inspiration created Ophelia, but it seemed to him necessary for the action of the play that the original incident of the spy should be retained, and the dramatist neglected the perfect reconciliation of his character with his plot. Other similarities between the story and the play are remarkable as showing how the merest hints were worked by Shakespeare into the form of beauty which he alone could compass. Thus, from the reply of Hamlet to the King, when asked to account for the disappearance of the murdered councillor, is evolved the dialogue between Claudius and Hamlet in Act IV. Scene 3 of the play. This scene is generally omitted on the stage from regard to the exigencies of time. It is a pity that this has been necessary, for there are few specimens of Hamlet's bitter hysterical humour to be found in the play. His speech here, 'A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm,' as also the fanciful speculations in the graveyard scene upon the transmutations of flesh, may be without overstraining referred to the riddle proposed and solved by the Hamlet of the story at the King of England's banquet, where the bread which he pronounced blood-stained was made from corn grown upon a battle-field. Again, the exchange of foils in the fencing scene has always appeared an awkward device, no matter how well it may be managed by the actors concerned. Would it be too curious to trace this to the exchange made by Hamlet of his own useless sword for that of his uncle in the story?

Whatever the origin of *Hamlet*, the facts remain that it has been, and is, the play of Shakespeare's which is at once the most popular with the public, and the most favourite object for the remarks, intelligent or otherwise, of the commentators. It is a well-known saying that Hamlet is the one part in which no actor of any intelligence can make an absolute failure, and what might seem at first sight a paradox is readily explained by the reflection that there is hardly a note in the gamut of human passion which is not struck, and struck often, in the part of the unhappy prince. Again, the play is, according to a well-known anecdote, delightfully full of quotations. There are few people who pretend to do any reading at all, who are not or do not suppose themselves to be familiar with the great speech, 'To be or not to be,' to the generally accepted version of which there are some who would have us believe that the version of the first quarto is, for acting purposes, to be preferred. This is the version of the first quarto:—

To be or not to be? I, there's the point,  
To die, to sleepe, is that all? I, all:  
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I, mary, there it goes,  
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,  
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,  
From whence no passenger euer return'd,

The undiscover'd country, at whose sight  
 The happy smile and the accurs'd damn'd.  
 But for this, the joyfull hope of this,  
 Whol'd bear the scornes and flattery of the world,  
 Scorn'd by the right rich, the rich curs'd of the poore?  
 The widow being oppress'd, the orphan wrong'd,  
 The taste of hunger or a tirant's raigne,  
 And thousand more calamities besides,  
 To grunt and sweate vnder this wea'ry life.  
 When that he may his full *Quietus* make,  
 With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,  
 But for a hope of something after death?  
 Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sense,  
 Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,  
 Than flie to others that we know not of.  
 I, that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,  
 Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembered.

Without entering into any controversy as to the origin of the outrageously mutilated version from which this speech is culled, it may be enough to call attention to the utter want of metre, and to the intolerable deal of particle and nominative assigned to the small halfpennyworth of verb.

*Hamlet* has fared at least as oddly abroad as it has at home, though it would take long enough to give an exhaustive account of the quips and cranks to which it has been subjected in its native country. Voltaire's famous criticism on it has been already referred to, but there is a more detailed criticism of his which is perhaps yet more curious.

This criticism was written concerning the version of *Hamlet* by Ducis, which was produced in 1769, when the great actor Molé played the Prince. In this version Ducis was afraid to show the ghost of buried Denmark actually upon the stage. He showed instead Hamlet rushing on, full of a dream in which he has seen his father recount the story of his death. Even this touch of the supernatural waked the wrath of Voltaire, who wrote of it, 'Les ombres vont devenir à la mode—nous allons tomber dans l'outré et le gigantesque. Adieu les sentiments du cœur!' Yet there can be little doubt that it was this timid attempt on the part of Ducis which emboldened Voltaire himself to employ supernatural machinery for stage purposes. In Ducis's version, the scene of the play within a play is feebly enough replaced by a narrative of the King of England's murder told by Hamlet to Claudius in order to discover if his dreams and suspicions point to the truth or no. Either in consequence of the poverty of this device, or from a natural hardness of heart, Claudius exhibits no kind of emotion at Hamlet's recital. Then Hamlet is reduced to extorting a confession from the Queen by suddenly throwing his father's funeral urn into her hands. After this there is a combat between Hamlet's followers and the King's, which leads to



the death of Claudius and the installation of Hamlet on the throne. The play ends with the Queen's killing herself in a fit of remorse, and with Hamlet's making a very proper and elegant speech which concludes with

Privé de tous les miens, dans ce palais funeste,  
Mes malheurs sont tombés—mais—ma vertu me reste!

Ducis's rearrangement of the plot is not much more interesting than is the tag which he judiciously provided for Hamlet. The marriage of Gertrude with King Hamlet is, according to Ducis, a merely political arrangement. The man whom Gertrude really loves is Claudius, who is not Hamlet's brother, but is first prince of the blood. The Queen is happy enough in her marriage for some time, but when she again falls in with Claudius her old love revives. Claudius, who is by this time a widower with one daughter, Ophelia, is by no means loth to requite her love, and then comes about the murder of King Hamlet. Gertrude, however, attempts at the last moment, when it is too late, to prevent the murder, and the inevitable confidante of the French classical drama is later on dragged in to hear her confession. In spite of the gross defects of Ducis's version, Talma so grasped the spirit of the play, that in his rushing on the stage to tell Norceste of the dream in which his father had appeared to him, nothing, according to competent witnesses, was lost of the awe and terror which naturally belong to the true Hamlet's meeting with the ghost. The Italian acting versions of the play are familiar enough from Signor Salvini's and Signor Rossi's performances. Both versions are in many respects curiously defaced. The German acting version is closer than any other modern one to the original text. It is, I believe, the general custom in Germany to retain among other things the final appearance of Fortinbras, and no one who has seen this given on the German stage can fail to remember the striking effect produced by the noble and martial ending thus given to the play.

A Spanish version by Moratin is remarkable for a curious note to the effect that, used as people are to ridiculous things being attributed by poets to the Almighty, it is rather too bad to find the Deity spoken of as discharging artillery at offenders. The explanation of this lies in the fact that Moratin in his rendering of the passage, 'or that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter,' translated 'canon' by 'cañon.' I have heard, but have not been able to verify the statement, that later editors have substituted 'fusil.'

The only modern version of the play which has obtained any real success on the stage in France was the one written by the great Dumas, who had a keen appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare, and who indeed was first fired to write for the stage by seeing Shakespeare's plays represented in Paris by an English company in English. Until the arrival of this company,

I had never read (he writes in a passage which I have quoted on a former occasion, but which will, I think, bear quoting again) one play of the foreign drama. They put up *Hamlet*. I knew only the *Hamlet* of Ducis. I went to see the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare. This it was that I had longed for; this it was that I had ever felt the want of. It was these players forgetting the traditions of the stage; it was this imaginary life that art made real; it was this presentment by actors of human beings, not of stilted heroes with the unfeeling and conventional declamation of the stage. I saw *Romeo*, *Virginus*, *William Tell*, *Shylock*, *Othello*; I saw Macready, Kean, and Young. Then I read—I devoured—the library of the foreign stage, and I saw that in the world of the drama all springs from Shakespeare, as in the greater world all springs from the sun. I saw that no writer could be compared with him. He was as dramatic as Corneille, as comic as Molière, as daring as Calderon, as thoughtful as Goethe, as passionate as Schiller. I saw indeed that for creative power Shakespeare came next to God.

The vast quantity of admirable work which Dumas produced in consequence of his train of thought being fired by a spark from Shakespeare is so well known that I need hardly refer to it. Those who wish to know how true and keen an appreciation of Shakespeare he had, may look at his remarks upon *Othello* in the *Souvenirs Dramatiques*.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

## THE FRIENDS OF THE FARMER.

WE may safely assert that no genuine grievance affecting any large or influential class in the community can in these days remain long unknown to the public; for many persons of great ability and position in this country make it their business to search out with admirable industry and self-devotion the smallest wrong capable of supporting a plausible agitation. That every agitation thus blown up imports a grievance is perhaps doubtful, but the failure of such disinterested efforts to 'exploiter' the woes of others is unquestionably the best of arguments for leaving well alone. We may therefore regard the collapse of certain recent attempts to 'create a public opinion' upon the land question in England, after the fashion so happily pursued in Ireland, with satisfaction as well as amusement. No pains have been spared. Mr. Arthur Arnold and the late Mr. Kay, the First Commissioner of Works, and the Warden of Merton College, have written books and delivered lectures: Mr. Bright has composed a preface, and talked wildly of his hat; and the Premier has dangled a bait before the eyes of the farmers in an artless phrase,<sup>1</sup> which may hereafter signify just everything or nothing. But alas! the oracle is dumb; nay worse, he seems well inclined to 'raise a hideous hum,' on the *wrong* side, and declare that he is chiefly aggrieved by the inequitable pressure of taxation on land, as compared with other industries.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'It is of capital and immediate importance for the farmer to see that effectual and not abortive measures are taken to secure the whole interest of the tenants—not a part of that interest, but the whole interest in his improvements, and his interest as the law may define it in his tenure.'

<sup>2</sup> We are told by statesmen eminent in finance, that any remission of local taxation would in the end benefit the landlords only. This, no doubt, would be strictly true if we applied, 'in all their unmitigated authority, the principles of abstract political economy to the people and circumstances of England.' On the same principles, the 'unearned increment' must all go ultimately to the landlords. But what are the facts? 'The additional price on the home produce,' due to 'the general prosperity and growing trade and wealth of the country,' during the last thirty years, 'was all profit to the landed interests of this country, and is now being shared among them, partly in rise of rent, partly in increase of profit, and chiefly in rise of wages and expenses and local rates' (Caird, *The Landed Interest and the Supply of Food*, p. 29, 4th ed.). And in comparing the distribution of the gross produce of the soil of

Upon one point all reasonable men must agree with the 'reformers.' The law of primogeniture, as opposed to and distinguished from the custom of primogeniture by act of parties, is, upon the face of it, intolerably foolish, oppressive, and unjust. It is an injustice, too, which presses with peculiar severity upon the poor, for in these countries intestacy is rare amongst those who have any considerable property to leave. If Liberals of all shades would only 'keep pegging away' at this real and crying evil, its speedy fall would be assured. But there is nothing 'dramatic' about a practical little measure of the kind, and Radical genius is perhaps too vast to deal with petty details. The premature reform, too, of acknowledged wrongs would necessarily destroy the best pretext for the abuse of existing institutions. So the Radicals will probably refuse all relief against the law of primogeniture, for fear of weakening their attack upon the custom. I shall now take the indictment against the latter from one of its most distinguished accusers.

## I.

'What,' asks Mr. Shaw-Lefevre,<sup>3</sup> 'is the . . . law, struggling against the worn-out system, which has . . . signally failed to meet the demands of the country, and the claims of the land for the outlay of capital? It is freedom of sale, the alienability of land, the free commerce of land; the principle that land shall be owned by those who can give full title for it, and who can either borrow for improvements, or sell what they cannot improve; the principle that land shall belong to the present generation, and not to an unborn generation; that landowners shall be full masters of their own property, and not be obliged to obtain the consent of the unborn for improvement or sale, through the medium of Courts of Law and Government Offices.'

There is, of course, a good deal of generous exaggeration in all this, but the charge is in the main true. Limited ownership undoubtedly tends to keep the landlord's capital away from the land, and so to diminish the home-grown supply of food; upon this nearly all writers are agreed. Mr. Caird, who is a staunch supporter of large farms, condemns life-ownership as emphatically as Mr. Arnold or Mr. Kay.

A dispassionate inquiry will, however show that, in spite of this very serious hindrance to the due employment of capital, British agriculture has indeed attained 'pre-eminence.'<sup>4</sup> This, of course, is

England and Scotland, M. de Lavergne observes that '*les impôts étant en Ecosse infiniment moins élevés, la part des fermiers profite de la différence presque entière* (*Essai sur l'Economie rurale de l'Angleterre*, &c., 2<sup>ème</sup> éd. Paris, 1855, p. 333). After all, we are not 'proposing to legislate for the inhabitants of Saturn or Jupiter.'

<sup>3</sup> *English and Irish Land Questions*, 1881, p. 63.

<sup>4</sup> Caird, *The British Land Question*, November, 1881, p. 14.

not the opinion of the Manchester school, but the 'sweet reasonableness' so essential to coolness and accuracy of judgment is not usually reckoned amongst the distinguishing qualities of that virtuous band. 'The result,' says the late Mr. Kay, 'of a general study of all the best authorities, is to show that there is a unanimity of opinion in favour of the French system on moral grounds. . . . There is scarcely less agreement on the economical views expressed by M. Passy that "small properties, after deducting the cost of production, yield from a given surface, and on equal conditions, the greatest net produce."'<sup>5</sup>

I have no special knowledge of agriculture. I have not, like Mr. Arnold, 'myself seen something of the peasantry of every state in Europe.'<sup>6</sup> I cannot pretend to have made 'a general study of all the best authorities.' I have not the leisure, nor it may be the industry, for so great a task; I do not even know who 'the best authorities' are. I have assumed, it may be rashly, that they are the writers generally cited by the advocates of reform. I have accordingly confined my researches to the most eminent of these, and I shall restrict my quotations to books and papers chosen by the Radicals themselves. I shall indeed more than once have occasion to call attention to passages on the very pages they refer to, which have somewhat unaccountably escaped their observation. It may well be that the full strength of their case is yet to be stated, and that when 'the best authorities' are indeed quoted, opposition will be silenced. My object meanwhile is to raise two simple issues—1. Do the books and documents hitherto produced by the reformers establish their social and economic doctrines? and, 2. Have these gentlemen conducted their argument with fairness and candour? These are perfectly plain questions, upon which every person of average intelligence is quite competent to form a judgment. Before attempting to examine them, I wish to state that I do not in any wise doubt or deny the excellencies and advantages of a peasant proprietary. I think however, that those advantages are chiefly political, and that while the importance of peasant-ownership as a ballasting and conservative force in the State cannot well be exaggerated, the acquisition of that force may be too dearly purchased by the economic and social losses it involves. Our English tenure is in every way best so long as the concentration of the most valuable and palpable kind of property, in the hands of the few, does not become a standing temptation to the honesty and self-restraint of the many. Whether that point has yet been reached in this island is a matter of practical politics upon which I do not venture to express an opinion. When it is reached, as it has too clearly been in Ireland, the argument for peasant ownership becomes irresistible.

<sup>5</sup> *Free Trade in Land*, by Joseph Kay, 6th ed. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), 1881, p. 108.

<sup>6</sup> *Free Land*, by Arthur Arnold, 2nd ed. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), 1880, p. 114.

There is strong evidence<sup>7</sup> to show that in the richest parts of Western Europe, in the valleys of the Rhine, the Loire, and the Garonne, peasant ownership produces a greater gross produce 'than the same extent of surface on the best farms in England or Scotland.' But, (1) The net produce is less; (2) very fertile soil, and (3) easy markets are necessary for any real success; (4) even with these advantages, over-population and pauperism are common.

M. de Lavergne speaks with enthusiasm of the peasant farming of French Flanders. He notes the extraordinary fertility of the soil, the exquisite skill and finish of the tillage, and the amazing richness of the harvests. 'Unhappily,' he continues, 'this system, profitable though it is, has a radical defect which re-establishes the balance in favour of the English system—the excess of the rural population. In spite of the growth of commerce and manufactures, those who live by agriculture are almost half the population, or a hundred souls to a hundred hectares; more than in any country in the world, except perhaps China. Such a superabundance of hands is not a necessary consequence of *petite culture*, but it is its natural tendency. If Flanders produces more than England in proportion to its surface, it produces only half as much in proportion to its rural population. Nowhere are there so many paupers as in this rich and opulent country. The town of Lille is a sad exception to all known facts on the subject; a *third* of the inhabitants are officially entered (*inscrit*) as paupers.'<sup>8</sup> Round Paris both *grande* and *petite culture* flourish, and the latter gives even more wonderful results than the former.<sup>9</sup> 'Son unique défaut est, comme partout, d'exiger trop de bras, et de donner, avec un produit brut plus élevé, un moindre produit net.'<sup>10</sup> In the rich Rhine provinces the state of things is precisely similar. 'L'Alsace,' says the same writer,<sup>11</sup> 'c'est l'Allemagne rhénane avec son agriculture jardinière, son active industrie, son commerce florissant, et malheureusement aussi sa population exubérante.' So terrible indeed does the evil appear to residents in the province, that a distinguished local writer has asserted the condition of the farmers to be less prosperous than it was in 1789.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>7</sup> But the testimony is not unanimous. 'It is worthy of observation,' wrote the Belgian Minister of the Interior in 1850, 'that in general those provinces in which the cultivators of the soil exhibit the greatest tendency to become proprietors, are those in which agriculture is the least advanced and makes the slowest progress.' (*Parliamentary Papers*, 1870, C. 66; *Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives respecting the Tenure of Land in the several Countries of Europe*, 1869, Part I. p. 156.)

'The land in the Flanders, the most highly cultivated provinces in Belgium,' says Mr. Wyndham, 'is almost entirely worked by tenants, not by peasant-owners.' (*Ibid.* 128.)

<sup>8</sup> Lavergne, *Économie rurale de la France*, 4<sup>ème</sup> éd. pp. 77-78.

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Kay, who, as Mr. Bright testifies (Preface, p. vi.), 'is always just,' gives (p. 21) a literal translation of the French up to the word 'results,' and omits the next sentence, which I now print in the original.

<sup>10</sup> Lavergne, *France*, p. 107.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.* p. 154.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* p. 157.

These evils are to be found where peasant-proprietorship exists under favourable conditions. They are intensified when any of those conditions are wanting. Lavergne's account of the Department of La Creuse is a good example of the system under adverse circumstances.

The climate and the soil resemble those of England,<sup>13</sup> and in this happy land 'on est bien près de l'idéal des philosophes égauxitaires.' There are 550,000 hectares in the Department. Three hundred thousand belong to peasant proprietors in farms of five or six hectares. One hundred thousand belong to the same persons as common land. The remaining hundred and fifty thousand are owned by 'bourgeois,' and farmed by 'métayers' in holdings of thirty hectares. The result is 'une indigence universelle.' The roads are foundrous and impassable, the thatched roofs touch; the walls are low and badly built (*gros-siers*). All the beds are piled together in rooms without light or air. House and stables are one, and every door has its dung-heap. It is hard to understand how human beings can live in such hovels.<sup>14</sup> 'Le reste du régime est à l'avenant.'<sup>15</sup>

The beauty of the Continental peasant's home is a topic upon which reformers love to dwell. None of them mention this passage, nor do they in any way refer to M. de Lavergne's charming description of English interiors.<sup>16</sup> Mr. Kay, however (who is 'always just'), gives us a pleasing picture of a French cottage, by the same hand.<sup>17</sup>

A system (says Mr. Caird) is best tested by its fruits. Compared with all other countries our threefold plan of landlord, farmer, and labourer appears to yield larger returns with fewer labourers, and from an equal extent of land. Our average produce of wheat is twenty-eight bushels an acre, as against sixteen in France, sixteen in Germany, thirteen in Russia, and twelve in the United States. We show a similar advantage in live stock, both in quantity and quality. We have far more horses, cattle, and sheep, in proportion to acreage, than any other country, and in all these kinds there is a general superiority.<sup>18</sup>

M. de Lavergne's testimony is to the same effect. France, as he points out, is immeasurably superior to this country in natural fer-

<sup>13</sup> Lavergne, *France*, p. 377.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 378-79.

<sup>15</sup> Mr. Shaw-Lefevre constantly refers to this work. Yet he asserts that in France, 'pauperism is almost unknown in rural districts.' (*English and Irish Land Questions*, p. 21). So, too, Mr. Kay (p. 155) quotes M. de Laveleye to the effect 'that in normal years there is no pauperism in the rural districts of Flanders.' I turn to Mr. Wyndham's report (which Mr. Kay, we are told, 'had carefully studied' (p. 103), and I find that: 'In rural communes where people are industrious, in the Pays de Waes, there is little or no poverty. This is not the case, however, in the rich and manufacturing town of St. Nicholas, the chief town of the district, containing 25,000 inhabitants (many of whom are landed proprietors). This town literally swarms with beggars; in winter, 18,000 I am told are dependent upon charity. Other towns in the districts have probably as many poor in proportion to their population; for throughout the whole year numbers of beggars rove through the country districts insulting, and even threatening the farmers.' . . . (*Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives*, &c. p. 128).

<sup>16</sup> *Economie rurale de l'Angleterre*, 2<sup>me</sup> éd. 1855, pp. 91 and 94-5.

<sup>17</sup> *Free Trade in Land*, p. 115.

<sup>18</sup> *Landed Interest*, p. 69.

tility, yet acre for acre the soil of England yields double the produce.<sup>19</sup> When he describes the richest and fairest province of his own land, where 'grandes fortunes' are common, and pauperism is least felt, he compares it to England.<sup>20</sup> When he comments on the sterility of one of the poorest, he expresses a hope that 'the agricultural system which has transformed the wolds of Lincoln, and the moors of Yorkshire,' may one day make fruitful the barren plains of Lorraine.<sup>21</sup> And Mr. Brodrick (who no doubt has studied 'all the best authorities'), admits that, 'notwithstanding the extraordinary advantages of France in soil and climate, the superiority of the English agricultural system is fully acknowledged by French economists.'<sup>22</sup>

## II.

Not only is this superiority undeniable on a general comparison of the two countries, but there is much to show that in England itself those districts are least prosperous which most nearly approach the Continental model.

M. de Lavergne states, in 'a celebrated work' which all the reformers have read, that when he visited this country agriculture was most backward, and pauperism most prevalent, in the counties where small owners abounded; in Kent, with its custom of gavelkind and yeomen owners; in Gloucester, with its small estates and small farms; and in Essex, where 'there has been a greater subdivision of property and cultivation than in three-fourths of England,' the farms averaging from 50 to 100 acres, and many being 'tilled by their owners.'<sup>23</sup>

Improved methods of cultivation are naturally adopted in the first instance by the large scientific farmers, and filter down from them to the smaller men, whether yeomen or tenants. Thus in Devonshire, small farms of from 12½ to 50 acres abound, 'but it is not to these poor farmers that the rapid progress of agriculture is due. It is on the large farms of from 500 to 625 acres that the improvements which have changed the face of the country have been undertaken and successfully carried out. The small farmers, then, profit by the example given them.'<sup>24</sup> And in the district of Badoux in Belgium, Mr. Wyndham was informed that 'where the small proprietor or small tenant had no good example he farmed very badly.'<sup>25</sup> It may, on the

<sup>19</sup> *Angleterre*, pp. 6 and 78.

<sup>20</sup> *France*, p. 97.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.* p. 153.

<sup>22</sup> *English Land and English Landlords*, by George C. Brodrick, 1881, p. 368. 'Non seulement le progrès général de la richesse et de la population a été plus rapide en Angleterre qu'en France depuis 1789, mais il s'est mieux réparti' (Lavergne, *France*, 415). The Prime Minister has laid down the direct contradictory to the first of these propositions (Caird, *Landed Interest*, 171). But that was in Midlothian. We must take our choice.

<sup>23</sup> *Angleterre*, pp. 220, 234, 253.

<sup>24</sup> Lavergne, *Angleterre*, p. 220.

<sup>25</sup> *Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives*, &c., Part I. p. 117.



other hand, be plausibly maintained that in France agriculture is most successful where the system most closely resembles our own. That country may, for agricultural purposes, be divided into two great regions—north and south. In the north, we have ‘le droit féodal et la grande propriété, le travail par les chevaux, le bail à ferme, l’assolement triennal;’ in the south, ‘avec la petite propriété, et le droit romain, le travail par les bœufs, le métayage, l’assolement biennal. . . .’<sup>26</sup> And in the north the ‘capital d’exploitation’ averages 200 francs per hectare, while in the south it is barely 100 francs.<sup>27</sup>

The north-west, again, is wealthier than the north-east, and M. de Lavergne observes that in the north-west it was the middle classes (*triers état*) who at the Revolution got possession of the soil, while the north-east was seized by the peasants. ‘De ces deux effets,’ he continues, ‘le premier paraît le plus fécond, puisque les progrès du nord-ouest ont été les plus grands; mais il faut tenir compte de plusieurs autres causes. . . .’<sup>28</sup>

The greatest agricultural progress of the Middle Ages was in Flanders, ‘the birth-place of scientific agriculture,’ as Mr. Kay calls it, but all Flanders, all Belgium, and all the Rhine-land were in those days full of vast estates, held in perpetuity by ecclesiastical corporations.<sup>29</sup>

Scotch farming is even more famous than English, and in Scotland to this day the law admits of perpetuities.<sup>30</sup> And the progress in England dates exactly from the time when settlements in the strict modern form first began to bind the land. Those settlements were perfected during the wars of the Commonwealth. Under the Stuarts England was constantly forced to import corn. A hundred years later she had become the granary of Europe. M. de Lavergne dates the change from the year of the Revolution, just a generation after the ingenious invention of Sir Orlando Bridgman.<sup>31</sup>

It might perhaps be rash to conclude too positively from these facts, curious and interesting as they are, that strict settlement is absolutely necessary to agricultural progress, although such an inference would assuredly be no bolder than many quite comfortably arrived at by the reformers. But it must be conceded that the English system has proved no insuperable barrier to the greatest and most rapid agricultural development which the world has known. We may, moreover, fairly argue that the system which produces results so marvellous and so unique, in spite of great and patent defects, must possess some very potent elements of good. Surely it would be folly ‘hastily to root up this fair structure of English society, under which our agricultural greatness first grew, and under which it has to-day

<sup>26</sup> Lavergne, *France*, p. 312.

<sup>27</sup> Accordingly, ‘In the north the average (wheat) production is as high as in England,’ Shaw-Lefevre, *English and Irish Land Questions*, p. 22.

<sup>28</sup> *France*, p. 166.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 73 and 102.

<sup>30</sup> Caird, *Landed Interest*, p. 99. Lavergne, *Angleterre*, p. 305.

<sup>31</sup> *Angleterre*, p. 150.

attained 'pre-eminence,' that we might try experiments in the policy which has left one rich town in Belgium with 25,000 citizens and 13,000 paupers, and another in France, the capital of her most fertile province, with a third of its inhabitants dependent upon public alms! Let us at all events first see if it be not possible 'to lop the mouldering branch away,' without felling the old tree that has borne so much goodly fruit.

### III.

There is, happily, something like a general agreement as to the proximate cause of our agricultural supremacy. The largeness of the capital invested is the secret of our success. M. de Lavergne, when he visited this country (1848-51), estimated the English farmer's capital at four times the French peasant's 'capital d'exploitation.'<sup>32</sup> Mr. Caird tells us that within the last twenty-five years, the capital value of the live-stock alone, in these kingdoms, has risen from 146,000,000*l.* to 260,000,000*l.* sterling.<sup>33</sup> We may, I think, safely assent to the assertion of an ardent reformer that 'there is no other country in the world where the capital employed in agriculture is so large as in Great Britain.'<sup>34</sup>

I shall now endeavour to show that the application of this immense wealth to the soil is due to our peculiar and distinctive division of the agricultural community into landlords, tenant-farmers, and labourers. Nothing can be neater than Mr. Caird's exposition of the system.

A farm, he says,<sup>35</sup> worth 50*l.* an acre for the freehold, needs a further 10*l.* an acre to provide the farmer's capital for its cultivation. . . . Suppose that the farmer has a capital sufficient to buy 100 acres at this price, and stock them, he would get for his 5,000*l.* invested in freehold 150*l.*, and for his 1,000*l.* farm capital 100*l.*, together 250*l.* But if he followed the custom of this country, and used the whole of his capital in cultivating another man's land, he would with his 6,000*l.* hire 600 acres, on which his return ought to be 600*l.* He, in truth, then trades on the capital of the landowner, practically lent to him at the low rate of 3 per cent., which he converts into a trade profit on his own capital of 10.

M. de Lavergne naturally looks forward to a time when many French peasants must see the advantages of tenancy over ownership, 'le capital placé en terre rapportant tout au plus 2 ou 3 pour cent, et le capital placé dans l'agriculture devant rapporter de 8 à 10. . . .'<sup>36</sup> And even Mr. Brodrick admits that something may be urged for the view that, 'in bad seasons, the landlord's capital serves as a kind of reserve-fund on which tenant-farmers may fall back, and that a farmer-proprietor owing rent to himself could not grant a large remission of it without the risk of ruin.'<sup>37</sup> In fact the landlord is expected to make, and does make, large reductions in rent, just when other creditors are hastening to call in their advances.

<sup>32</sup> *Angleterre*, p. 90.    <sup>33</sup> *Landed Interest*, p. 29.    <sup>34</sup> *Arnold, Free Land*, p. 68.

<sup>35</sup> *British Land Question*, p. 19.

<sup>36</sup> *Angleterre*, p. 123.

<sup>37</sup> *English Land, &c.*, p. 368.

## IV.

But, it may be said, all this has nothing to do with the law of settlement. The triple division of landlord, tenant, and labourer will continue, when ownership in fee is alone acknowledged by the law, and the landlords will still buy land, and still let it to farmers at rents equal to two or three per cent. on the purchase money. I shall presently give some reasons for doubting these conclusions. I would now point out that this is neither the desire nor the expectation of the Manchester school. The first boon which Mr. Arnold promises the distressed farmers is a substantial rise in rent.<sup>38</sup> Mr. Arnold indeed talks of 'tripling' rent,<sup>39</sup> but here I must assume he has forgotten his habitual self-restraint. Mr. Brodrick, who is so keenly alive to the evils of mortgaging as practised by landlords,<sup>40</sup> suggests that, on the abolition of entails, 'it may be cheaper in the long-run' for a farmer 'to pay interest to a mortgagee than rent to a landlord.'<sup>41</sup> If Mr. Brodrick means that it will be cheaper to pay interest on a mortgage, than such rents as are commonly exacted by Continental landowners, the prophecy is probable enough, but if he means that, rent and interest remaining as they are, it can ever be cheaper to pay four per cent. to a mortgagee than three per cent. to a landlord, the calculation on which the Warden of Merton bases his discovery would be of considerable interest. On a first view, it resembles the reasoning of the shebbeen man who sold whiskey under cost-price, and made his profit by extensive sales. Mr. Caird's figures, on the whole, seem sounder. The next assertion which I shall quote from Mr. Brodrick is less questionable. 'The gravitation,' he says,<sup>42</sup> 'of landed property,' would, under the new system, 'be gradually altered, and set towards a rural *bourgeoisie*, instead of towards a territorial aristocracy,' and the Warden of Merton sketches out a pretty Utopia of 'plain living and high thinking,' which is to spring up under the new social order. There shall be 'more of true neighbourly feeling,' and 'less of dependence,' and fresh links between 'rich and poor, gentle and simple,' with many other goodly things in our land.<sup>43</sup> Were it not for this little idyll of his own, I should hardly venture to refer so grave a writer to a mere novel for his answer. But if Mr. Brodrick

<sup>38</sup> I entirely concur in the Duke of Argyll's opinion, that 'all over England, wherever the system of yearly tenancies prevails, farms are let below the full value to an extent of which the public has no conception.' Low rents are 'utterly injurious to the public interests,' p. 87. 'One of the evils of our settled land system is that rents remain so low,' p. 86.

<sup>39</sup> 'It would be well,' as Mr. Mechi says, 'if on millions of acres the rents were tripled in consideration of a further outlay of capital by landlords. . . . There are many great family estates on which rent is much below what it would be if the occupation of land had a business character,' p. 56.

<sup>40</sup> *English Land, &c.*, p. 151.

<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.* p. 359.

<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.* p. 348.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.* p. 364.

would see a true picture of the society which 'a rural *bourgeoisie*' produces, he would do well to study the terrible '*Paysans*' of Honoré de Balzac.

The true meaning of creating a rural *bourgeoisie*, is the application of what Mr. Arnold calls 'a business character' to contracts for the letting and hiring of land. The business character, it should not be forgotten, will necessarily attach to both sides of the agreement. If land is to be a mere investment, the landlord will exact the full competition rent, and be proud of driving a hard bargain. If the farmer is to stand upon his bond, he will have his bond and nothing more. It is quite certain that he will no longer have his landlord's capital to draw upon as a 'reserve fund.' The proceeds of sale of the great estates will in part find their way back to the land, but it will be as mortgage-money at the market-rate of interest, not as purchase-money returning a low rent. English capitalists now prefer two or three per cent. and the pleasures of 'feudalism,' to four or five per cent. without those pleasures. But practical men will scarcely deprive themselves of the difference for the joys of 'plain living and high thinking,' in the somewhat priggish Arcadia painted by Mr. Brodrick, for the more imaginative members of the Cobden Club.

The Manchester school in fact desire, in perfect consistency with their avowed principles, to destroy the vast system of protection under which, if Mr. Caird's figures are correct, the greatest industry of this free-trading country is carried on. The landowners, we have seen, are contented to lend the soil of the United Kingdom to the farmers at 3 per cent. If the farmers themselves owned the soil, they would still receive (according to Mr. Caird) but 3 per cent. upon its value. The same high authority tells us that they now make 10 per cent. upon the money, which would then be sunk in land. The capital value of the soil, we are further informed, is 2,000,000,000*l.* The difference between 3 and 10 per cent. on this stupendous sum is 140,000,000*l.* per annum. This then, is the bounty which the landowners pay yearly to the farmers, and which the Manchester free traders wish, quite logically, to abolish. The national wealth might very possibly be increased by such a process, and on severely free trade principles it may well be desirable. For the rigid free-trader looks to production merely, and is bound to prefer the system which affords the largest net returns. On the destruction of feudal sentimentalism and great estates, the capital now lent to English farmers at 3 per cent. would be advanced at a high rate of interest to the enterprising men engaged in developing the agricultural resources of Western America. The revenues of our great nobles, as owners of that capital, would be doubled, and there would probably be a considerable fall in the price of agricultural produce. It is quite right that the free traders should be anxious to secure these advantages to mankind, but that they would benefit English farmers by the change is a somewhat hardy contention.

## V.

I have hitherto endeavoured to confine myself to a purely economic treatment of the question. It has, however, other aspects, and on some of them the reformers have loosed their eloquence in full flood. English society, they teach us, is utterly corrupt, and 'feudalism' alone has corrupted it. Let us begin with our 'unspeakable' aristocracy, and work downwards. The reformers are not pleased with any of us, but it is more especially against these men, 'the lounging class,' as Mr. Brodrick terms them (355), who are often 'of luxurious and idle habits, depraved tastes and corrupted morals,' who 'more than any other class foster habits of idleness, self-indulgence, and extravagance,'<sup>44</sup> who constantly 'neglect the education of their children,'<sup>45</sup> and when they have 'grown up in ignorance and frivolity,'<sup>46</sup> proceed to trade upon their necessities, and trick them into disadvantageous settlements,<sup>47</sup> to be in turn watched to the grave by expectant successors,<sup>48</sup> that the pure patriotism of Manchester heaves the gorge.

It is unnecessary to deal seriously with impotent scolding of this sort, but it might have occurred to the writers to compare foreign societies, as they have compared foreign tenures, with our own. Are young men of title and position more or less profligate in this country, or in the happy lands blessed with a peasant proprietary? Do they take a greater or less share in public affairs than wealthy Americans? Does an English or a foreign nobleman reside more frequently upon his estate, or do more to improve his neighbourhood? Are 'idleness, self-indulgence, and extravagance' quite unknown amongst successful men of business? Are English gentlemen as a rule brought up 'in ignorance and frivolity,' and if so, how do they acquire their information and their practical knowledge of affairs? Do English peers usually intrigue against their sons, and endeavour to trap them into embarrassments from which they would escape themselves? Does an eldest son often 'show himself to be a spendthrift or a villain,' does he habitually 'treat his father with utter contempt,' and 'become the companion of swindlers of the worst description?'<sup>49</sup> Is the pleasant picture of English family life drawn by these honest Radicals in fact true? Or is it a monstrous slander, begotten of that dismal envy which de Tocqueville notes as the characteristic vice of Democracy?<sup>50</sup> There, indeed,

<sup>44</sup> Kay, p. 50; cp. Brodrick, p. 145.<sup>45</sup> Kay, p. 49.<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.* p. 50.<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 36-37; Lefèvre, pp. 84-85.<sup>48</sup> Brodrick, p. 117.<sup>49</sup> Kay, p. 163.<sup>50</sup> The following passage affords an excellent illustration of the true spirit of the agitation. The long leases common in towns and manufacturing districts are usually made by limited owners under powers 'so extensive as to be indistinguishable from freehold' (Arnold, p. 171).

'This,' complains Mr. Kay, 'really increases the powers of the landowners to tie up their land, and to keep the ultimate ownership in their own families, while they get capitalists to develop their estates, and work the mines, quarries, &c., upon them, to do which the landowner himself has generally neither the capital, nor the energy, nor the intelligence, nor the business qualities which are necessary,' p. 40.

are questions which cannot be answered by reference to statistics, but on which a knowledge of the world' (as the Warden of Merton very sagely observes) 'may throw some light.'<sup>51</sup>

But the dissatisfaction of the reformers is by no means confined to landowners. Readers of the 'Needy Knife-Grinder' may remember the reply of the indignant Friend of the People, when that honest *sans-culotte* declared he had no 'story' to tell, and desired some trifling assistance from the patriot's pocket. The Manchester school gave precisely the same answer to the farmer's demand for a readjustment of taxation. The sordid wretch dares to ask commercial gentlemen to pay a share of the rates, and remains indifferent, or actually hostile, to the nostrums they devise for his relief.<sup>52</sup> He looks askew at leases.<sup>53</sup> He has a degraded liking for low rents.<sup>54</sup> He does not feel at all 'dependent,' and is even base enough to prefer the political tyranny of his landlord to the gentle suasion of a self-elected 'caucus.' The reformers are naturally discontented because there is so little discontent.'

Even the labourer does not escape. All the best of his class emigrated after the new Poor Law. 'Those who remained behind were, for the most part, men of inferior physique or energy, and it is certain that notwithstanding the improvement of his diet and lodging, the agricultural labourer of the present day is too often a degenerate specimen of his ancestral type.'<sup>55</sup> This indeed is borne out by historical evidence. In the popular literature of the Napoleonic wars, an Englishman is always roughly estimated as equal to three or more Frenchmen. Sir Thomas Brassey assures us that by 1842 he was already worth only 1.6 for ordinary 'navvy' work; and that, except where special skill, endurance, or vigour are required, the present 'degenerate specimen' is hardly ever equal to more than two of the best foreign races.<sup>56</sup> And this startling loss of efficiency cannot be attributed to purely physical causes, for the English labourer is still 'better clothed, better lodged, and better fed,' than the French peasant-proprietor.<sup>57</sup> No more striking proof of the deadly power of corrupted social influences, and the paralysing effect of an obsolete system is to be found in history.

But Mr. Arnold is even harder on the British labourer than Mr. Brodrick, and the cruel figures in Sir Thomas Brassey's book. Mr. Arnold, as we know, has 'himself seen something of the peasantry of every state in Europe,' and he declares, as the result of his observations,

<sup>51</sup> *English Land, &c.*, p. 115.

<sup>52</sup> The Warden of Merton declares that the farmer 'appreciates' tenant-right at p. 391, although he informs us that he is 'indifferent' to it at p. 379. The passages are not perhaps quite consistent, but this defect is excusable in hastily-written party pamphlets. (Cp. pp. 147, and 456.)

<sup>53</sup> *English Land, &c.*, p. 391. *Free Land*, p. 52.

<sup>54</sup> *Free Land*, p. 45.

<sup>55</sup> *English Land, &c.*, p. 225

<sup>56</sup> *Work and Wages*, p. 79, &c.

<sup>57</sup> Laverghé, *Angleterre*, pp. 94-95.

that 'the British peasantry is the most immoral in Europe,'<sup>58</sup> a view which appears to have been also held by the late Mr. Cobden and the late Mr. Kay.<sup>59</sup> Mr. Arnold tells us he is too stupid to keep himself shaved,<sup>60</sup> and Mr. Kay that he is an ignorant socialist.<sup>61</sup> I need scarcely add that both gentlemen consider him to be fully ripe for the franchise.

The assertions of the reformers and the evidence they adduce, have now perhaps been sufficiently discussed. We have still to consider whether any and what improvements are possible in our existing system.

## VI.

The problem is difficult. We have to preserve the feudal spirit which makes English landlords contented with a low rental, while abolishing those restrictions on the limited owner, hitherto deemed necessary for the protection of remainder-men. For all practical men are now agreed that these restrictions prevent the due and timely application of capital to the soil, and are a real evil to the nation and the country. Life ownership, says Mr. Caird, disables the landowner 'from bearing his fair share of such a strain as that which is now pressing on the land.'<sup>62</sup> 'A very large proportion of the land is held by tenants for life under strict settlement, a condition which prevents the power of sale, and it is also frequently burdened with payments to other members of the family, and in many cases with debt. . . . In such cases there is no capital available for the improvements which a landowner is called upon to make, in order to keep his property abreast of the advance in agricultural practice.'<sup>63</sup> 'The principle' (of enabling limited owners to sell) 'is recognised, and may with great benefit be extended and made general.'<sup>64</sup>

'I am anxious, the same writer observes, to see them (settlements) at least limited to lives in being, with large powers of sale, so as not to hamper in the smallest degree the most beneficial disposition of the land.'<sup>65</sup>

And Mr. Kay justly complains that, under our present law, in the vast majority of cases the owner cannot sell the whole or part of his land, and devote himself to some other and more congenial employment or business, or 'cultivate properly the portion of the estate remaining to him after the sale.'<sup>66</sup>

'If such persons,' says Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, 'were absolute owners of their property, and without other means of improvement, they would probably be induced to sell outlying parts of the property, and invest the proceeds in draining and improving the main portion of

<sup>58</sup> *Free Land*, p. 114.

<sup>59</sup> *Free Land*, p. 35.

<sup>62</sup> *British Land Question*, p. 21.

<sup>64</sup> *Ibid.* p. 108.

<sup>63</sup> *Ibid.* p. 109.

<sup>59</sup> *Free Trade in Land*, p. 120.

<sup>61</sup> *Free Trade in Land*, p. 75.

<sup>65</sup> *Landed Interest*, p. 79.

<sup>66</sup> *Free Trade in Land*, p. 52.

the estate.'<sup>67</sup> 'It is not too much to say,' he adds, 'that if land-owners who are unable to do justice to their properties were empowered to sell, and should avail themselves of this power in respect only of a small portion of their properties, a very great change might soon be effected in the state of land-ownership in England and Ireland, and the landowners themselves would be the first to benefit.'<sup>68</sup> 'We would so change our laws as to give to every present generation an absolute control over the *soil*, free from the paralysing influences which afflict it now, from the ignorance, the folly, the obstinacy, or the pride of generations which have passed away,' is the characteristic utterance of Mr. Bright.<sup>69</sup> No better or more apt description could be given of the Bill which has just passed the House of Lords. It purports, as Mr. Brodrick states, 'to confer on a limited owner all the powers which a prudent owner in fee-simple would exercise, subject only to checks to protect the objects of the settlement.' They are given to every tenant for life, of full age, as inseparably incident to his estate, and they are vested in trustees during minorities. All contracts, prohibitions, or limitations directed against them are declared void. The tenant for life is thus enabled, in spite of the most stringently drawn provisions, 'to sell, to exchange and to grant, not only agricultural leases, but mining, and building leases.' Lastly, 'the purposes to which the purchase-money received on a sale may be applied, are as various as could be desired.'<sup>70</sup>

It might have been supposed that these first-fruits of the conversion of a Conservative Chancellor would have filled the Radical bosom with delight, and inspired the ultra-Tories with a dogged opposition. But the Bill has gone down to the Commons practically unaltered, and has been immediately blocked by Mr. Arthur Arnold. Mr. Arnold has devoted much valuable time to this question; he has made himself personally acquainted with the peasantry of every state in Europe; he has written a work which has attained the dignity of a second edition. His modest aim is 'simply to inform and direct public opinion.'<sup>71</sup> There is nothing like 'spreading the light,' and it is to be hoped that Mr. Arnold's circulation may increase; for public opinion will certainly receive some very queer information from the learned author of *Free Land*. Public opinion will learn, not without astonishment, that what lawyers have hitherto unanimously held to be a life-estate is 'obviously' an estate-tail,<sup>72</sup> and that 'freehold estate, in legal phraseology,

<sup>67</sup> *English and Irish Land Questions*, p. 56.

<sup>68</sup> *Ibid.* p. 66. Accordingly, 'the requirement that there shall be for every property some person or persons who shall have full power of dealing with the property, by sale or otherwise,' appears as the third of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's proposed reforms. *Ibid.*, p. 67.

<sup>69</sup> *Free Trade in Land*, Pref. p. vi.

<sup>70</sup> *English Land*, &c., p. 138. Mr. Brodrick was, of course, writing of the Bill of 1880, but its provisions were substantially the same as those of the present measure.

<sup>71</sup> *Free Land*, p. 230.

<sup>72</sup> *Ibid.* p. 22



is known as an estate in fee-simple.<sup>73</sup> Public opinion will be further surprised to hear that all received notions on the doctrine of 'conversion,' are entirely erroneous,<sup>74</sup> and that 'interrogatories' are administered upon the investigation of titles.<sup>75</sup> After these discoveries, public opinion will perhaps conclude that some superficial acquaintance with the first elements of his science is absolutely needful to the teacher who would 'inform and direct' others, and that even deeper knowledge may be desirable in the amateur statesman who vetoes complex and well-considered measures upon a highly technical subject. The position of Mr. Arnold and his friends is not happy. Agriculture is depressed, and they propose to succour it by laws beginning to operate about a generation hence. The Conservative Chancellor introduces a Bill to give immediate and effectual relief. How can the reformers explain their opposition to the farmers except upon some more or less transparent version of 'Codlin's the friend—not Short'? Their efforts will be amusing, and possibly instructive.

I wish, in conclusion, to repeat that I am not making a general attack upon peasant-ownership, or a general apology for entails. I do not contend that the one fails or the other succeeds everywhere and under all circumstances. Like the social and political institutions with which it is so inextricably entwined, our agricultural polity is a living organism of slow growth, the natural outcome of those English manners and English habits of thought which are the very conditions of its being. What I do maintain is, that our English system has succeeded and does succeed with us; that most of the evils charged against it are due to quite other causes and rage with equal intensity in other lands, and that its one grave defect of life-ownership can be readily amended. On the other hand, whilst admitting the many excellencies and the brilliant triumphs of peasant-ownership, I maintain that it too has its own weak points, and requires a suitable 'environment' if it is to succeed. Finally, I would apply to both systems the weighty words of the sober thinker I have quoted so often: 'La condition agricole d'un peuple n'est pas un fait isolé, c'est une part du grand ensemble.'

J. WOULFE FLANAGAN.

<sup>73</sup> *Free Land*, p. 186. This is no mere slip. The error is repeated at pp. 23, 231, and 232. Mr. Arnold's opinion on the nature of a 'base fee' is also original, but, as he justly observes, 'that does not matter.' The younger members of the legal profession will learn with some regret that Mr. Arnold has 'no intention to write a history of the laws and customs which regulate the devolution of land in this country, as he holds them not 'worthy of study,' p. 21.

<sup>74</sup> 'Conversion' has proved a stumbling-block to the Warden of Merton, as well as to Mr. Arnold. He asserts that 'the abolition of life-estates in land is . . . perfectly consistent with the maintenance or toleration of life-interests in personality' (p. 346). Even Mr. Kay asserts that re-settlements are usually made in pursuance of agreements entered into by minors (p. 36).

<sup>75</sup> *Free Land*, §c., p. 202.

## THE BIRMINGHAM CAUCUS.

To the Liberals of Birmingham belongs the credit of having so managed the electorate of their constituency as to secure to their party the full benefits of the Reform Act of 1867. It was generally supposed by the supporters of Mr. Disraeli's Bill that the effect of having three-cornered constituencies would be in some way to check those floodgates of democracy which, according to the old-fashioned Tories, would be opened by its becoming law. If this was the design of the Conservative leader, there is no doubt that Birmingham at once out-manceuvred him. A citizen of that borough, Mr. Harris, a Justice of the Peace, and a man of great ability and universally respected by all who knew him, at once recognised the significance of the Act, and adopted means to render its three-cornered clause innocuous to the Liberal party in Birmingham. He, with the aid of some of the most distinguished of his fellow-townsmen, founded the Liberal Association, better known now as the Six Hundred of the Midland capital. Taking as their basis of operation the sixteen wards into which the borough is divided, they formed a committee in each ward, and each of these committees elected thirty-five of their number to be members of a large General Committee of 594. The average number in the Ward Committees is 125, and of the thirty-five selected, thirty are members of the General Committee alone, while five—two of whom must be the chairman and secretary of the Ward Committee—are not only members of this Committee, but are also members of an Executive Committee of the Association, which numbers 114. The 594 of the General Committee are made up of the thirty-five members selected from each of the sixteen wards, with thirty members nominated by the Executive, and four *ex-officio* members; while the Executive Committee of 114 is made up of the five members elected by each of the sixteen wards, together with thirty members selected by itself, and four officers of the General Committee. There is then another Committee called a Management Sub-Committee, consisting of eleven members, seven of whom are chosen by the Executive Committee from their own number of 114, and the other four are officers of the General Committee.

It was, and probably now is, the boast of the founders of the Association, that its basis was essentially popular, and that the organisation was merely a machine by means of which the populace could give articulate expression to their will; and there is no doubt that the primary ward committee of 125 members, or thereabout, is elected at a public meeting of all the Liberals residing in the ward who choose to attend, but here any pretence of consulting the *vox populi Liberalis* ends. To those who are accustomed to public meetings, called together for the purpose of transacting business, this consultation of the people must appear little more than a pretence. Some few Liberals who have a specific object in view summon the meeting of Liberals in the district, and, be the number that attend great or small, it is pretty certain that the majority of them are not prepared for action. The only people prepared will be those who have summoned the meeting, and they certainly will be ready with a proposal of names for the chairmanship and secretaryship of the Committee, and probably also with the names of a large number of the Committee. The Committee once appointed, the power of the people ceases altogether, and it is filtered through the 594 members of the General Committee and the 114 members of the Executive Committee, till it solidifies in the hands of the Management Sub-Committee of eleven, the four most powerful members of which are probably the four officers of the General Committee. If the president and secretary of the whole Association are decently strong and able men, and they work together, the chances are enormous that the whole power of this intricate organisation will rest in their hands, and if the president is wealthy and ambitious as well, he will find in it a most potent instrument for advancing his own ends. Even in clubs and companies, where members and shareholders have generally a far more direct interest in their welfare and management than the average elector has in that of his party, it is well known how, when once a committee or a directorate is formed, all power gravitates toward them, and how they have not only the control for the term for which they are respectively appointed, but how they can influence the re-election of themselves or their own nominees. The members and shareholders are comparatively very weak, and this though the election of their committee or directors is made directly by themselves from their own body. What then must be the measure of the power of the people in an organisation like the Birmingham Six Hundred when the people themselves are only consulted once a year, and then only in their particular wards, and when, after their vote is given for the members of their Ward Committee, their voice is silenced for twelve months, and whatever power it may originally have had is not put into force till it has been attenuated by passing through the sieves of the thirty-five, the 594, the 114, till it finally drips through the sieve of the eleven into

the expectant palms of the president and the secretary? Associations organised on the pattern of this Birmingham one, so far from being the means of giving adequate expression to the will of the people, are mockeries of the people, and the effect, if not the object, is to make the people convenient tools to place great power in the hands of a few. While the people who attended the primary meeting to elect a Ward Committee are busy all the year with their honest toil, oblivious to a great extent of the existence of the machinery they have started going, the chosen members of the Management Sub-Committee, and especially the president and secretary, are making it the business of their lives to utilise the machine so carefully concocted for some purposes either patriotic or personal.

It is quite possible that a machine such as this may be used to promote excellent causes. Its avowed object at its creation was to secure three Liberal members to Birmingham. In this it has altogether succeeded. By means of it the power of the party has been wonderfully economised. As a rule, when three candidates of the same party are proposed for election, and the electors have only two votes, the voters would act upon their own tastes and proclivities, and the result would probably be that two candidates might have a far larger majority than they required, and the third would be left out. To prevent this, ever since the Act of 1867, the artisan voters of Birmingham have been told off by the organisers like so many sheep, and instructed for which two of the three candidates they must vote. Personal proclivities have been condemned, and to promote the great cause of Liberalism the working classes of the borough have been forced to surrender their liberty of choice into the hands of the practised organisers of the Association. The result desired has been attained, but whether the price that has had to be paid for it does not far outweigh its advantages is certainly, to say the least, an open question. For the purposes of carrying on elections to gain an object any party may have in view, a certain amount of organisation is absolutely necessary. The aim should be to have an organisation which would afford facilities for the expression of the popular will, and not one which, while pretending to give effect to this will, practically stifles it. Before the birth of the Birmingham monster the people of this country had ample means of expressing their wishes, and this recent birth has not added to them. The press, public meetings, and elections are all means by which the people can let the world know what are their opinions and their wishes. The press to be popular must express the popular will, and if any great question on occasion stirs the hearts of the people, they can, and they do, assemble in public meetings all over the country, and express their feelings freely; and such meetings spontaneously called as questions arise are of far more worth and power than meetings summoned

at the invitation of the president and the secretary of some Association whose business it is simply to use public meetings as they do the Association itself. At election time, not only those who attend public meetings, but that large body of English people whose main object in life is to attend to their own business, and yet who take a warm interest in the welfare of their country, have a most fitting opportunity of giving expression to their feelings and opinions. All these channels of expression are natural, and the use of them conduces to the health and robustness of genuine public opinion; while the Birmingham machine is intensely artificial, and its use tends to dwarf and emasculate the opinions of the masses. It lays them impotent at the feet of the head organiser, in American language termed the Boss.

As might have been anticipated, it was not likely that an Association like the Liberal Six Hundred would rest satisfied with merely carrying out the object for which they were originally called into existence. An instrument that is useful for one purpose may also be useful for another. Having been successful in securing three Liberal members in 1868, why not try their hand at the elections for the Municipal Corporation, and also for those of the School Board when this latter was formed? The temptation was strong, and naturally the Association yielded to it. Parliamentary elections are comparatively of rare occurrence, and to keep an association with highly-paid officials going merely to manipulate them once in every five or six years might to some of the subscribers seem extravagant, so the Association and its officials turned their attention to the Council and the Board, and thus, in addition to supplying work for their own hands to do, have converted these bodies into as strong hotbeds of party strife as the House of Commons itself. With regard to a School Board, it is conceivable that at times their policy might be influenced by the principles of either one or other of the great political parties of the State. Questions of creed, religion, moral training, and secular teaching might arise, in the decision of which political principles would have considerable part, and so a Liberal or Conservative association might have something to say as to the election of members. But with the business for which Town Councils are elected, it is impossible to see how politics can intervene with any possible or probable advantage. These councils are formed to see that the towns whose ratepayers elect them are healthy, well lighted, well supplied with water, well protected, and that their modes of ingress, egress, and passage are commodious and suitable. Surely all ratepayers, be they old Tories or modern Conservatives, or Liberals or Radicals, must desire these ends to be attained. Some admirers of the Birmingham system seem to consider the Birmingham Council Chamber a miniature of the Imperial Parliament, and this pretension

may give some clue to what have been called the parochial views expressed on Imperial matters by members of the Birmingham school. To compare a Town Council—where political principles can affect no practical question, where there should be no divided interests, and where there are no great places of power and profit for the ambitious to covet, but whose sole duty is to provide for the health and comfort of at most some half-million of human beings—to a Parliament, upon whose conduct of government depends the happiness of three hundred millions of people, and where the interests of great sections of the State are, at least often supposed to be, adverse, and where there is every temptation not only for ambitious individuals, but for ambitious parties, to struggle to the utmost for place and power, shows to what length of infatuation the admiration of this abnormal machine may lead its worshippers.

The introduction of politics into municipal elections is certainly an evil. Aldermen and town councillors should be elected because they are capable men of business, respected by their fellow-citizens, and because they are known to have sufficient public spirit to devote a deal of their time to the public good. It is to be hoped that men of this class are to be found amongst all political parties, and it will be a bad day for our town populations when the members of the councils which manage their business are selected not for their ability or character, but on account of their political professions. In a constitutionally-governed country like England party politics are an absolute necessity; but, nevertheless, they are attended with many evils, and it should be the aim of all well-wishers to their country to diminish and not to increase the evils. To introduce it into town government is to give direct encouragement to evils known to exist without any compensating advantage. To disprove this it will be said that, since the Birmingham Town Council was dominated by politics, great things have been done for the town. It is undoubted that the Birmingham of to-day is a great improvement upon the Birmingham of 1870. Prior to this date Birmingham was behind most of the large towns of England and Scotland in her sanitary, police, and architectural arrangements. Now in these same matters she is equal to, if not before, the same majority; but does anyone pretend to say that the control the town now has over its own gas and water supply, and the improvements that have been made in its streets and buildings, could not have been effected without an appeal to political principles? The town has been favoured with a succession of able mayors, amongst the most able of whom stands conspicuous the present President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Chamberlain. It is a libel upon the ability and motives of these gentlemen to suggest that they could not and would not have done what they have done without a political organisation. Mr. Chamberlain is a man of

great business capacity, and certainly his adopted town cannot complain of his want of public spirit; and he most assuredly has sufficient strength of will and firmness of purpose to have carried out the improvements he has done without any fictitious aid from a political association. 'Sanitas, sanitas, sanitas'—freely translated by the present Attorney-General into 'a policy of sewage'—was the programme of the late Government, and it is a curious coincidence, showing how little politics have to do with municipal government, that the Radical Mayor of Birmingham was the one to adopt in their largest acceptance the provisions of that Artisans' Dwellings Act which was proposed and carried by the late Conservative Home Secretary, Sir Richard Cross. A Conservative was the originator and a Radical the adopter of that improvement which has given the town some of its finest thoroughfares. The town, in fact, could and would have enjoyed all the benefits it now does without the slightest reference to political principles; and the only effect of introducing politics into municipal matters has been to intensify the bitterness of party feeling. There is no town in England where party spirit runs so high, and where party animosities seem so keen and so spiteful, as in political-organised Birmingham. The avowed object of the organisation is to make the will of the majority felt, and this it has done with a vengeance; and the consequence is that the minority have an uncommonly uncomfortable time of it.

Had this Association confined its attentions to Birmingham itself it is probable that it might not have attracted much attention. It was Birmingham's business, and no one else's. If the majority liked to domineer, and the minority did not object to, or had not the strength to resist being domineered over, it was not the duty of other towns to interfere. Non-interference with their neighbours' business is the wholesome doctrine our boroughs all act upon. But unfortunately, in the year 1877, the brilliant idea struck their late mayor and then representative in Parliament that what was good for Birmingham must necessarily be good for England, Scotland, and Wales, and probably Ireland too. The idea was probably the natural result of the principle of evolution, and it was soon embodied in a new Association, the object of which was, and still is, to form similar Associations all over the country, and to so connect them that they shall be entirely under the control of the parent one at Birmingham. The new Association was introduced to a wondering, and at first rather bewildered, world amid all the pomp and circumstance becoming the incarnation of a great idea. Its christening, or whatever the rite of inauguration was, took place in the presence of thirty thousand people collected in Bingley Hall, on June 1, 1877, amidst a great flourish of trumpets and repeated salvoes of oratorical artillery. The whole affair was a complete success, and a glowing account of it and

its future bearing upon the country was duly chronicled in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review* by the author and originator of its being.

It was only natural that Mr. Chamberlain should expect great things from his new Federation. If Mr. Harris's Association had been such a success in Birmingham, why should not the new one be equally successful throughout the United Kingdom? The Birmingham Liberal Association was to be the 'type' upon which all other counties and boroughs were to be invited to form organisations. When once formed on this type they were to join the Central Federation, whose headquarters were modest Birmingham itself. The Federation was to have a council composed of delegates from all the Federal Associations. A town or district with a population of above 100,000 was to appoint 20 delegates; with a population of above 50,000, 10 delegates; and under 50,000, 5 delegates. The Council was to meet once a year. It was also to have a general committee, consisting of the officers of the Association and delegates from the Federated Associations—a town or district of more than 100,000 sending 5; one of above 50,000, 3; and one under 50,000, 2.

The functions of this Committee were to be:—

1. To aid in the formation of new Liberal Associations based on popular representation, and generally to promote the objects of the Federation.
2. To summon the annual meeting of the Council, or any other general meeting of Council which it may deem proper.
3. To submit to the Federated Associations political questions and measures upon which united action may be considered desirable.

These were, and in the main now are, the rules and objects of the Federation. Its pretension is to express the will of the people, to be founded on a popular basis. It would be an interesting sum to work out the proportion of the power of the people in such associations compared with that of its officers. The result would be to show that the vaunted power of the people was infinitesimal, while that of the officials is enormous. If the unfortunate people consulted once a year in their ward meetings are impotent when their power has been frittered away through the General Committee, the Executive Committee, and the Management Sub-Committee of their own Association, what must its attenuated form be when it has been further frittered away through the Council of Federated Associations till it reaches the General Committee, upon which the strong men are naturally the officers of the Association. The tendency of the Birmingham Liberal Association was to make the president and secretary, and perhaps the treasurer, the most powerful men amongst the Liberals of the borough, and were the National Liberal Federation to be a success, its tendency would be to extend the power of these selfsame



men all over England. The boasted 'popular basis' is a mere sham. The real principle of popular government is to bring the representative of the people face to face with the people, and not to have between him and them a complex and intricate machine whose motions will be directed and whose wires will be pulled by paid officials and ambitious politicians. Once create a large body of paid officials acting in unison under one head, and farewell to the purity of political life. It may be taken as an axiom that the more paid officials there are hanging on to any political system, the more chances there are of corruption. Their very livelihood depends upon the places politics have given them, and it is only in the nature of things that at times of political excitement their first thought, like that of the image-makers of Ephesus, should be, not what principles are at stake, but what methods are the best for preserving their places.

That some organisation in every county and every borough is necessary for both parties is undoubtedly true, but the simpler it is, and the fewer paid officials it has, the better. Associations for looking after the register, for arranging lectures and meetings for the purposes of spreading political principles, and often for introducing candidates and clubs where those of the same political principles may assemble, are excellent things; but these are very different from an Association which dictates to constituencies who their members shall be, and tries to control the action of their members after the election. This is what associations founded on the type of the Birmingham one do. One of the duties of the General Committee of the typical association is to select Parliamentary candidates. It is an established rule 'that if any person consent to be nominated as a candidate of the Association, in case he is not selected he must submit to the decision of the Committee. It is clear that if the Association is really a power in its party, no candidate could possibly succeed against the one selected by the General Committee; thus anyone who wishes to have a chance at the ballot-box must first submit to be selected by this Committee, in which the popular power is almost *nil*, and the official power great. When the favoured ones are selected the people have no option but to vote for them or for their political opponents. This is assuredly imposing candidates upon the people, and gives them a very little, if any, power in the selection. The proper duty of such associations is not to dictate but to introduce its members to the people for their selection. For a number of candidates to appear before a popular audience for the purpose of two being selected as the candidates of the party would be an ignoble spectacle, and no men of self-respect would submit to so ignominious an ordeal. But it is easy for the members of an association to meet together and canvass the claims of different candidates, and then decide by a majority which two they think would be most suitable. The two would not be selected as the necessary candi-

dates and forced upon the other members of the party, but they would be invited to address a large public meeting of the party, and so at once be brought face to face with the people; and upon the success of this introduction would depend the ultimate adoption as recognised candidates of the party. The people have here a real and substantial power. If the candidates by their addresses and their demeanour please, a vote, taken in public, and by as large and directly representative assembly of the party as can be got together, is carried, and their adoption is the adoption by the people. If the meeting is not auspicious, which would rarely be the case, for English electors are very tolerant and generally have ample confidence in the associations that introduce the candidates, the candidates would probably not press their suit, and others would be chosen in their place. This plan, which is the one that has generally been adopted up to now in places where there are political associations, has the advantage of bringing the would-be representative directly before the people, and gives the people direct power in his selection, and everything is done openly in public; whereas in the Birmingham system the wire-pullers are the men of power, they select whom they choose, foist him on the General Committee and then on to the constituency, and then congratulate the people on the excellent candidate they, the people, have selected.

The reception given to the new institution was not very reassuring. Though named 'The National Liberal Federation,' it was soon nicknamed the 'Caucus,' and there were so many points of resemblance between it and its American relation, that even its parent, with a few faint protestations, adopted the nickname in preference. American writers expressed their astonishment at England adopting a scheme which had worked almost irretrievable mischief in their own country, and publications like the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose spirit had not then migrated to the *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Montlilies* and *Quarterlies*, called attention to the incalculable evils that must ensue if the system took root. Of harm done by the 'Caucus' and its kindred institutions in the United States there are not two opinions. Writing in 1868 Mr. Nicholass says:—

As things are now managed in America, the actual power of electing local rulers is vested in the corrupt and irresponsible caucuses and conventions which shape the action and select the candidates of the political parties of the day. The primary meetings at which the delegates of the nominating conventions are appointed control the whole machinery. . . . Political swindlers begin therefore by getting control of these meetings; that step gained, the rest follows as a matter of course. The delegates meet in convention and nominate their candidates, for whom every man of the political party to which they belong feels bound to vote as a matter of political duty. So long as this rule of partisan loyalty holds, we can never have good municipal government. The thieves, bullies, rowdies, gamblers, and miscellaneous

vagabonds of a great city can always afford the time and the money needed to obtain the control of the primary meetings, and as an irresistible consequence they will always remain the ruling classes.<sup>1</sup>

Writing in 1870, Mr. Eyra C. Seaman says :—

Political corruption and knavery are as great amongst us as it is possible they should be without actually destroying the frame of Government. . . . Her field of operation (of this corruption) is the nominating caucus. . . . The preliminary meetings . . . have fallen into the hands of the pettiest hucksters and the most unscrupulous 'ward-room politicians' in the land. It is here that the scramble takes place among members of the same party, and that nefarious promises and bargains are patched up. The wicked mysteries attendant upon the preparation for the conduct of these meetings are unknown to the great outside world.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Morse, in the same year, says :—

Party organisations such as we have in this country (America) exist in no other, and are not necessary in a well-organised government. The principal evil of our system of Government grew out of these organisations, nominating conventions and other party machinery devised to stimulate party spirit, and secure success at elections—by fair means or foul—and to control the destinies of the country. The bad practices of each party tend to corrupt the other, and unless some remedy can be devised to correct the corrupt practices and evils which have grown up under our system of party organisations, nominating conventions, and caucuses, and electing public officers, there is great danger of such widespread corruption, of distrust of all public officers, and of legislation and administration of the law, that we shall sink into an anarchy and a chronic state of revolution and civil war as Mexico has done.<sup>3</sup>

Quotations such as these might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and there is no possible doubt that the extent of corruption in American political life is lamentable beyond conception; and that the chief cause of this is the class of professional politicians whom caucuses and similar associations breed and feed. The evils directly flowing from such institutions are corruption, the undue pressure they bring to bear upon the members of the Legislature, and the almost despotic power they place in the hands of one man, or at any rate of a few men. All these evils were brought to the knowledge of Mr. Chamberlain, and he endeavoured to show they were chimerical in an article he contributed to the November number of the *Fortnightly* in the same year. Admitting the evils wrought in the United States, he pointed out the different condition of political life here, and then especially appealed to the experience of the Birmingham Liberal Association :—

It is certain (he said) that up to the present time there is no sign here of the particular evils on which the objectors to the American caucus lay so much stress.

<sup>1</sup> Nicholass' *Essays*. Philadelphia, 1863. See further, *Methods of Electing Representatives*, by H. R. Droop, p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> *American System of Government*. By Eyra Seaman. New York, 1870. Pp. 62–66.

<sup>3</sup> *Fraser's Magazine*, March 1870.

The Birmingham Liberal Association has been in full operation for ten years, and it is admitted that no suspicion has ever been breathed against the public honour and integrity of any of the party leaders.<sup>4</sup>

There is no doubt that there are, at present at least, essential differences between political life here and in America, and it is probable that to a great extent these differences might mitigate some of the evils that have emanated from the Caucus system there. But the contention was that, as the system had done infinite mischief there, the chances were it would do a great deal here without any compensating advantages, and unfortunately recent experience has proved that the contention was only too true.

During the years 1877, 1878, and 1879 everything was done to advance the cause of the Federation; in 1880 it had connected with it over a hundred branches. What effect it really had upon the election of that year it is difficult to say. There is no doubt as to the power it claimed to have exercised. Before the elections were over, but when the Liberal victory was assured, Mr. Chamberlain wrote to the *Times* newspaper, claiming for his 'Caucus' that it had 'organisations in sixty-seven boroughs and ten counties. Out of these sixty-seven boroughs, sixty have either retained or returned Liberal members; seven have returned Conservatives, but in three cases there are going to be petitions;' and so flushed was he with victory, that he concluded by this ominous, but, it is to be hoped, mistaken, statement:— 'Altogether, for good or for evil, the organisation has taken firm root in this country, and politicians will do well to give it in future a less prejudiced attention.' This boast should probably be taken *cum grano*. To many it appeared that Mr. Chamberlain and his Caucasians swam in on the waves of Mr. Gladstone's popularity, and it was amusing to watch them posing as the waves while they represented Mr. Gladstone as the swimmer. Be this as it may, the real question is, What was the kind of influence exercised by the Caucus at the elections when it did interfere?

It is said that for one misdoing which comes to light numbers go undiscovered, and it is to be feared that the political corruption that has been detected forms but a small portion of that which exists. Of the towns at which the Caucus assisted, Oxford and Evesham were two. To Oxford a gentleman appears to have been sent 'to do what he could for Sir William Harcourt'; and both here and at Evesham this agent was detected in what were certainly very corrupt practices. In addition to spending large sums of money for which he could not account to Her Majesty's judges, he was in the habit of employing detectives from Birmingham to watch the Conservatives.

Since the election the Federation has had two annual meetings, one at Birmingham and one at Liverpool, and both presided over by

<sup>4</sup> *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1877, p. 727.

Mr. Chamberlain's *alter ego*, Mr. Jesse Collings, and though there was much mutual gratulation and laudation, reference to the 'skill and devotion' of some officials, there was not one word of reproach or condemnation for the electoral malpractices of the agent at Oxford and at Evesham.

Experience has proved that in its grasping after power the Caucus will endeavour to control the actions of members of the Legislature. It is impossible to imagine what greater blow could be aimed at Parliamentary Government than to have a Vigilance Committee outside of it, guided practically by two or three irresponsible individuals, who, whenever important measures were proposed for the consideration of the Legislature, should summon all their federal associations to pronounce upon them before there has been any debate in Parliament, and endeavour to bring pressure upon members to vote as this committee willed, before hearing any argument against or in favour of such measures. The effect would be to transfer all power from Parliament to this self-constituted Vigilance Committee. Yet this is what the Caucus has attempted to do. It considers it part of its duty to 'invite Liberal constituencies to bring legitimate pressure to bear upon their representatives,' when those representatives do not vote as the Caucus think they should. Mr. Heneage, the member for Grimsby, who first sat in the House in 1864, and has been one of the staunchest and most consistent Liberals both in the dark and in the bright days of the party, had the audacity last year to propose an amendment to the Irish Land Act without first having obtained the approval of Mr. Harris, the chairman, Mr. Kenrick, the treasurer, Mr. Powell Williams, the hon. secretary, and Mr. Schnadhorst, the paid secretary, of the Vigilance Committee, and the consequence was that they at once issued a circular soundly rating Mr. Heneage for his presumption, including in their scolding 'all the Liberal members who supported his amendment or who intentionally abstained from voting against it.' At the annual meeting held at Liverpool on the 25th of October, when Mr. Jesse Collings was chairman, the circular is referred to with considerable self-complacency, and is printed at length in the report of the proceedings.

Mr. Heneage alone was not sufficiently high game for these worthies to fly at, so shortly afterwards they attacked the Lords. The House of Lords is a very safe institution to assail, for its members do not notice the assault. The 13th of August 1881 was a great day with the busy-bodies of the Committee, and there was a great flutter in Paradise Street, Birmingham, where the conclave sit, at the 'most serious danger which threatened the Land Act.' This overwhelming calamity, it seems, was caused by the 'policy adopted by the Tory members and Tory party in the House of Lords, supported and encouraged by Whig peers, who, on this occasion, remembered only

that they were landowners, and forgot that they were reputed Liberals.' 'What was to be done? The crisis was grave. It is just possible that Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet would have been strong enough to meet it unaided by the chairman, treasurer, honorary secretary, and paid secretary of Paradise Street. But what is the good of hiding your light under a bushel? Even if the Cabinet was strong enough to do it themselves, why should not the Birmingham quidnuncs rush into the fray and share some of the glories of the victors? Such a chance would not often occur; it should be seized; and accordingly telegrams were issued from Paradise Street, with the four awe-inspiring names, to the north and south, and east and west of the United Kingdom. Their words were enough to arouse the curiosity, if not to strike awe, into the bosom of the most lethargic delegate. They ran thus:—'Important information received. Select representatives to attend most urgent Federation Committee in London on Monday. Full particulars by post.' The effect of their receipt in the Federation borough must have been startling indeed. It is providential there was no Channel Tunnel, or the first idea would have been that a French invasion was imminent, and there would have been no answering for the results of a panic. As it was, the only effect was that on the 15th of August a number of delegates met at what in the report is modestly described as 'amongst the most important and influential assemblies of its kind ever brought together,' and passed three resolutions condemning the conduct of the naughty Tory and Whig Lords. This august assemblage met at the Westminster Palace Hotel, had one of their important resolutions communicated to the Premier by Mr. Collings, and no doubt each delegate went to his home with the satisfactory impression that he had assisted at a great national function, and been the means of warding off a great calamity from the country. No harm was done, and as the Caucus is not yet supported by the rates, no one has a right to complain of the expenditure the little freak entailed. Whether the effect upon the Peers was what was anticipated is doubtful. It is certain that their hearts are still hardened, and their stiff-necked stubbornness has not yielded to the threats of the Paradise Street quartet. This year they have ventured to suggest that an inquiry into last year's Land Act would be beneficial, and no circular or telegram has been issued that has seen the light.

Still it was not to be expected that much time would elapse without the Committee issuing a circular about something, and the question of Clôture afforded a favourable opportunity. In February last the question was a new one to Parliament. Its adoption had never been proposed, and its merits had never been discussed within its walls. The country at large did not know much of it, and the only responsible minister who had mentioned it in its bare simplicity

was the President of the Board of Trade. It was a subject upon which it was known that there existed great and serious differences of opinion amongst members of all parties, and it was one, therefore, which was eminently suited for discussion, and no one with any respect for Parliamentary institutions would have ever dreamt of a decision being come to upon it without a debate. Not so the members of the Caucus. They had made up their mind upon the matter, and, debate or no debate, their views must be carried out.

On the 9th of February an unlucky member of Parliament had the effrontery to differ from this view, and in the evening of that day he actually proposed an amendment to the Government resolution, which would raise the question as to whether the great power inherent in the Clôture should be confided to a bare or to a proportional majority of the House. It seemed a fair subject for debate, and one that ought to be decided upon its merits, and that the merits or demerits could not be decided upon till the pros and cons had been stated and canvassed in that deliberative assembly which exists for the purpose. This view did not find favour at Birmingham. They seem always to be in a hurry in that prosperous town. Deliberation appears to fret them. Accordingly, on the 11th, not forty-eight hours after the proposal of the member, out came a circular calling special attention to a 'Liberal Member' who had given notice of an amendment urging immediate action. So much consternation had been caused in Paradise Street by this apparently innocent and harmless amendment that its denizens wrote as though under an extreme sense of frightful peril. 'It seems to us,' they said, 'imperative that the Liberal organisation throughout the country should in the strongest manner and without a moment's delay be summoned, and that the whole strength of the Liberal party should be put forth in support of the Government at this crisis. We therefore suggest to you the importance of calling your associations together, and do all you can to efficiently support the Government.'

How many associations met together in consequence of this excited appeal history has not yet recorded. All that is known is that with the aid of these valuable Federated bodies the Government, having a normal majority of 170, defeated the amendment by thirty-nine.

One evil necessarily incident to the Caucus system is the secrecy of its mode of working. It is impossible to know for absolute certainty who sets the machine in motion. On the circulars appear the names of the four gentlemen already mentioned; but the question naturally suggests itself whether these four act from their own inspiration or upon the suggestion or dictation of some unseen being behind the scenes. The Caucus was founded by a present Cabinet Minister. For its first few years he was its president, and he only ceased to be president when he entered the Cabinet. Its present treasurer is his

near relative; its secretary is the one who was appointed under his presidency, and who is in constant communication with him; its president of last year, and its present vice-president is Mr. Jesse Collings. The latter's connection with the Caucus is direct and official, Mr. Chamberlain's was, but now the nature of it can only be gathered from what took place in the House of Commons on the 20th of March. This is the account in Hansard: 'Mr. Raikes spoke of "an association at Birmingham with which the Right Honourable Gentleman the President of the Board of Trade is or had been connected. Mr. Chamberlain: Had been connected. Mr. Raikes: Well, the association with which the Right Honourable Gentleman had been connected, but with which he was no longer connected." Mr. Chamberlain explained that he was no longer *officially* connected with the association in question, though he was still connected with it *politically*.'<sup>5</sup>

The difference between what he was and what he is is the difference between 'official' and 'political.' It is a mystery, and only one person can explain it—namely, Mr. Chamberlain himself. In the House of Commons he was directly charged with being responsible for the last issued circular of the Caucus, and he did not deny it. Were it possible for interrogatories to be administered on the subject, a good deal of useful information might be elicited. The subscriptions to the Caucus were in 1877-78, 1,172*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, in 1878-79, 854*l.* 19*s.*, in 1879-80 they are not published, and in 1880-81, 1,431*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* But who are the subscribers? No list of these is published, nor of the subscribers to the Birmingham Six Hundred. Yet they would be most interesting documents. Almost every society in England publishes the names of its subscribers. Why does not the Caucus? The fact of concealment gives rise to all kinds of suppositions which may be true or false. The prevalent idea is that a large portion of the money is supplied by Mr. Chamberlain and his immediate connections and friends. He cannot be surprised at the prevalence of the idea, nor can he be surprised if he is held directly responsible for the doings of the body he founded. If he is not, he alone can satisfy the public on that point. If he really disapproves of the attempted interference with the action of Parliament, it is easy to make an open avowal.

That the Caucus has done incalculable harm to the Liberal party, and for a time has seriously impeded the advance of Liberal principles, there can be no possible doubt. These principles must in the end prevail; but, true as they are in themselves, and firmly as they have taken root in this country, their progress has received a rude shock from the conduct of many of those who profess to fight under their banner. Such is their very nature, that often when they are forsaken

<sup>5</sup> Hansard, vol. cclxvii. p. 1813.



by their self-styled friends they are vindicated by their so-called foes. As in times past the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel embodied them in those Acts that did away with religious disabilities and the duties on corn, and, as, more recently, Mr. Disraeli made them the basis of his Reform Act of 1867, so in this very session of Parliament they have triumphed by the aid of the Conservatives in their struggle against the Clôture by bare majority, and have been firmly planted by Lord Cairns and the House of Lords in the most Liberal Land Bill that has as yet been devised. But the party whose first duty it is to act upon these principles must suffer for neglecting them, and neglected them they most certainly have in this session of Parliament. At which door does the blame lie? In 1877 Mr. Chamberlain avowed that one of the objects of the Caucus was to 'impress Lord Hartington with the necessity for giving direction to the labours of the Liberals,' and the impression it has made, not upon one member of the Cabinet, but upon the whole Cabinet collectively, seems to have been such that their conduct this session appears to have been a complete capitulation to Bingley Hall. Toryism, Liberalism, and Radicalism, as taught by Bentham, Molesworth, and Mill, are well known, and their distinctive features respected; but what is this new ism which, for want of a better name, must be called Bingley Hallism! To judge from appearances, it is a system of politics without manners, and a mode of arriving at decisions without debates. One most salient feature of true Liberalism and Radicalism is toleration, and toleration begets a conciliatory manner and a regard for the feelings of others, however much their opinions may differ. Yet it is the delight of this Bingley Hallism to ride rough-shod over the views and convictions of all who dissent from it, and to be as peremptory and despotic as the veriest autocrats in the carrying out of its schemes and behests. The Liberal party had never a brighter prospect before them than they had this time two years, of seeing the executive Government efficiently carried on, and various substantial reforms prosecuted in accordance with the principles they have always professed; and during two sessions of great trial and difficulty they have given a support loyal beyond precedent to Her Majesty's Government. What has been the result? The House, of which they are the majority, has been soundly rated, by the head of the Caucus for its unreasonable vanity and its excessive loquacity, and an attempt has been made to force down the throats of the party a measure to which it was alleged by Mr. Anderson, an advanced Radical, that full a hundred of the party objected. Notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Anderson, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Rylands, and the numerous body who signed a petition on the subject to the Prime Minister, a deaf ear was turned to their entreaties and suggestions; and by force of threats of dissolution, the Govern-

ment defeated a motion the justice and truth of which they have since acknowledged. The result of attempting to carry on business in Parliament in the Bingley Hall fashion has been to irritate the Conservatives, to exasperate the Irish, to disorganise and demoralise the Liberal party, and to have wasted an entire session. Certainly it is sincerely to be hoped that past failure may teach its proper lesson, and that for the future the doings of a Liberal Cabinet will be guided by Liberal principles and not by Bingley Hall.

WILLIAM THACKERAY MARRICTT.

## THE ALLIES.

## A POLITICAL DIALOGUE.

*Sir George Trimway.* What? Blake! The very man! Now, dogmatist, I shall bring you to reason, I hope. Let me introduce you—Mr. Brummage, Mr. Blake! This is the model Irish landlord I was speaking of, a landlord of the very best type, a man of mark in his county.

*Blake.* Hardly a distinction that nowadays, my dear Trimway.

*Sir G.* A man, I may say, who in his own single person supplies a sufficient answer to your denunciations of landlordism.

*Bl.* Oh, has Mr. Brummage been denouncing landlordism?

*Brummage.* Well, no; scarcely denouncing. But I confess to a strong desire for the creation of a peasant proprietary in Ireland.

*Sir G.* There again! the 'creation' of a peasant proprietary. How is it you don't see that such an institution as that must grow up of itself, and cannot be 'created'—not even by revolution?

*Br.* Not even by revolution? Why, the French——

*Sir G.* Not a bit of it! The French Revolution found a peasant proprietary (in everything but name) established already. No, that is where Gladstone showed so much more practical good sense than some of you Radical followers of his. He did what he could to encourage the growth of a peasant proprietary in Ireland, but he made no attempt to force it on the country. Nay, so far from that, he displayed the essential and fundamental conservatism of his character in his endeavours to retain as much as possible of the existing agrarian system. Wherever he found any good material in the edifice he took special pains to preserve it. Indeed, the Land Act abounds throughout in evidences of the care with which all such good material has been sought out and utilised. Such a landlord, for instance, as our friend here——

*Br.* Pray, Mr. Blake, if it is not a rude question, have you been before any Sub-Commission yet? (*Bl. nods.*)

*Br.* How much?

*Bl.* Twenty-five per cent.

*Br.* Ha! (*They look at Sir George, and then exchange smiles.*)

*Bl.* Yes. The better the material, the more it will stand. That was the idea I suppose.

*Sir G.* Twenty-five per cent., my dear Blake! A reduction of twenty-five per cent. from *your* rents! You astonish me.

*Bl.* Do I? I can't say I got even that amount of interest and excitement out of the thing myself. I was perfectly prepared for it.

*Br.* Did you approve of the Land Act yourself, Mr. Blake, may I ask?

*Bl.* Not I! I am not a rich man, and my farms were already let ten per cent. under their value. If any more had to come off, I thought I should prefer doing it myself.

*Sir G.* Of course you have appealed?

*Bl.* Appealed? I? I thought I told you I was not a rich man. The lawyers of Ireland are a very meritorious class; but, like other people who provide luxuries, they must look to the wealthy for their support.

*Sir G. (earnestly).* Nonsense, Blake, you really must appeal. It is nothing less than your duty to correct so monstrous a miscarriage of the Act as your case discloses. You owe it to the public. You owe it to *us*.

*Bl.* Us? Whom do you mean by 'us'?

*Sir G.* Well, the landed interest in general. I, as an English landlord, and many others like me are of course most strongly interested in the reversal of such a decision as has been given against you.

*Bl.* I don't quite comprehend. Let us see how the case stands. A bill was introduced into Parliament establishing certain judicial tribunals, charged, among other duties, with that of reducing the excessive rents of Irish landlords to such amounts as the aforesaid tribunals should consider 'fair.' This bill you and other English landlords supported. Indeed, I may say you carried it, since without the votes of your class in the House of Commons, and their votes or abstentions in the House of Lords, it never could have become law. In so doing, therefore, you declared it to be your opinion that the rents of Irish landlords ought, wherever they were excessive, to be cut down to 'fair rents.' I am an individual Irish landlord whose rents one of these tribunals has declared to be excessive, and has reduced accordingly. Of course the decision of the Sub-Commissioners might be held on appeal to be as wrong as I know it to be. My old rent might be declared fair, and the reduction pronounced unfair. But where is your interest—I mean apart from the general interest which we all have in the correction of judicial mistakes—where is your special and personal interest as an English landlord in the reversal of this particular decision?

*Sir G.* Surely it is clear enough. You forget the conditions on which we English landlords supported the bill. We were assured and we believed that the Land Commissioners would do no more than enforce the reduction of exorbitant rents.

*Bl.* Well, that is all they say they have done.

*Sir G.* Yes, yes; of course they say so; but we know that they are wrong in your case, for one.

*Bl.* For one! Did you expect them, then, to be absolutely infallible?

*Sir G.* Come, come, Blake, you know as well as I do what I mean, and that it is not a case of one or two or even a dozen unfair reductions. I supported the Land Act, and I need not say that I fully approve of its principle still. But of course I must admit that it has worked in a manner altogether contrary to my own and my friends' expectations. We believed that there was only an insignificant minority of Irish landlords whose tenants were oppressively rented; and, in spite of the wholesale reductions which the Commissions have been ordering, we most of us remain of that opinion still. We hold that a large number of previously subsisting rents which ought to have been pronounced 'fair' have been wrongly declared 'unfair,' and reduced accordingly. In other words, we are of opinion that a large number of Irish landlords have suffered injustice under the administration of an Act which we English landlords were, as you say, mainly instrumental in passing, and which we only helped to pass on distinct and repeated assurances that no such injustice would in fact be inflicted. Now then, do you understand our present position?

*Bl.* Yes; but now I am unable to understand your former position.

*Sir G.* How do you mean?

*Bl.* Well, why did you support the Land Act? I mean, on what political grounds?

*Sir G.* On what political grounds? As a measure for the pacification of Ireland.

*Bl.* Exactly. But you knew—didn't you?—that Irish disorder arose out of the refusal of Irish tenants over a large part of the country to pay their agreed rent, or—at last—any rent at all. You knew that, didn't you?

*Sir G.* What do you mean by 'refusal' to pay? We knew, of course, that—

*Bl.* Well, put it how you like. I am only concerned with the fact that they didn't pay. Some could not; some could and would not; some could and would, but dared not. Anyhow, over a considerable part of Ireland none did. Isn't that so?

*Sir G.* Yes.

*Bl.* Well then, how came you to expect that the proposed remedy would have any effect upon the disease? You say you believed that only an insignificant minority, say five per cent., of the Irish landlords would have their rents reduced. What led you to suppose that that would give the tenants of the other 95 per cent. either the ability, or the will, or the courage to pay their unreduced rents?

*Sir G.* But—

*Bl.* No, no; there are no 'buts' in the matter. You must excuse

my speaking so plainly, but did you, could you believe, you English landlords who voted for the Irish Land Bill, that it would make little or no difference to us Irish landlords? Come. Why shouldn't we be candid with each other? This is not the House of Commons. We Irish landowners had arrived last year at what was manifestly—nay, at what we and you and everyone in the country who can see anything at all, perceived to be a supreme crisis in our fortunes. You English landowners had a choice between standing by us and throwing us over. You threw us over. I don't wonder at that, or even complain of it. You have done so again and again in minor crises. The whole history of Whig policy for Ireland has been one long and unbroken series of similar desertions. Again and again have you thrown the rights of Irish landlords, one after another, to the pursuing wolves of agrarian communism. What I do wonder at is that you should not have seen that this time the pack is too close behind you to be stopped by a repetition of the *ruse*.

*Sir G.* You are unjust, Blake. We have always recognised the duty of defending the interests of property. Only——

*Bl.* Only you cannot look upon an Irish landlord as truly representing them.

*Sir G.* Well, I wouldn't quite say that; but there certainly are points in which the Irish landlord's case is peculiar—points in which it admits of and even requires exceptional treatment.

*Bl.* Yes. I know all the old jargon (excuse me!) on that subject. But the only real, or at least the only important, points of distinction are that the tenant of the Irish landlord is much poorer and much more discontented than the tenant of the English landlord; and that he has for years past been able to exercise, and has exercised by methods of violence, a coercive pressure upon English Governments and English Parliaments. In a word, the Irish tenant-farmer is a great force in politics, and the English tenant-farmer is not. It is for that reason that you English landlords have hitherto come to no harm yourselves by abandoning time after time the cause of your brother landlords in Ireland. Your late mistake, and it is a fatal one, is due to your not having seen that your day of immunity is gone by.

*Sir G. (newly interested.)* Gone by! My dear Blake! Well, really—though, of course, I shouldn't think of justifying our support of the Irish Land Act on so low a ground as that of the security of our own interests—I must say I can see no signs of the—the—catastrophe which you seem to think is threatening.

*Bl.* What! no English tenant-right movement?

*Sir G.* Not in your Irish sense of the word.

*Bl.* No? Well, I thought the bill of the English Tenant-Farmers' Alliance was a tolerably——

*Sir G.* Oh! pooh! my dear fellow! a mere *ballon d'essai*, I assure you, and with not much gas in it 'at that,' as the Americans

say. No English Liberal, no English Radical even, of any consideration ever thought of taking it up.

*Bl.* Not at the moment, perhaps, or never, perhaps, that particular measure. But do you seriously think that this Parliament will (barring accidents) dissolve without having made land legislation of the Irish type a certainty for this country? Do you think that we shall see another Parliament before enfranchising the agricultural labourer, or is it that you believe that his enfranchisement will make no difference to the landed interest in England?

*Sir G.* Difference? Of course it will. But why not a difference in our favour? I think we have very good reason to believe that jealousy of the labourer will drive the farmer back to our side.

*Bl.* I see you have got all the fine old phrases at your fingers' ends. And you really believe that the farmer nowadays, with his prospects what they are, with English agriculture what it is, is your 'natural ally'? that his disinterested affection for other people will be so much above, or his intelligence so much below, the average, that he will resist or overlook the inducement to 'pool his issues' with the labourer (to quote our Yankee cousins again), and join in a scramble for what they can get?

*Sir G.* Still, what would you have done? Admitting all you say to be true—which, mind, I don't admit—what would you have had us do? Surely compromise——

*Bl.* At our expense, *bien entendu*!

*Sir G.* Well, by your own showing, you were food for the wolves in any case. Surely compromise was, under the circumstances, our best game.

*Bl.* Compromise! with whom? for what?

*Sir G.* Why, with the party whose aims you describe indiscriminately, and I think somewhat rashly, as Communism; and for the usual object of compromise, to save a worse thing happening to us.

*Bl.* And you actually believed that—but come, let us ask another supporter of the Land Act. I see Mr. Brummage smiling. What do you Radicals really think of your landowner allies?—your candid opinion, now.

*Br.* My candid opinion? Well, my candid opinion is that they were—extremely useful to us.

*Bl.* And what to themselves?

*Br.* Now really, Mr. Blake, it is hardly fair to press such a question as that. Of course, I give them credit for knowing their own business.

*Bl.* You mean, I suppose, because they 'did their own business' so effectually by their tactics of last session?

*Br.* Self-immolation has always been regarded as a specially Republican feat of virtue. It is not for a Radical to deride it.

*Bl.* No, not conscious self-immolation. But imagine Curtius

pushing a friend into the gulf and slipping in after him by accident; how then?

*Br.* If we Radicals owed as much to Curtius as we do to our friend here, we should speak of such an accident with concern.

*Bl.* Yes. I quite understand how much you owe them, and why.

*Sir G.* Well, Blake, you don't seem to have taken much by your appeal. And surely as a sensible man you must see how improbable it is that English landowners—men of wealth and position, and 'a stake in the country,' as it is called—you must surely see, I say, how improbable it is that such men should assent to any really revolutionary——

*Bl.* Your debt, you see, is still accumulating, Mr. Brummage. Landowners who will go about the world talking like that are worth any money to you as decoy elephants.

*Sir G.* Is it likely, I say, that a Ministry which contains——

*Bl.* The eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, men like the Duke of Westminster, Lord Spencer, and so forth—you need not go on, my dear fellow. I know the song by heart. The chorus, it is true, is not quite the same as it was. One 'tol-de-rol,' so to speak, has been dropped—the name of the Duke of Argyll.

*Sir G.* Ah! hum—the Duke of Argyll. Well, yes; the Duke, of course, is a very able man; but he has his economical fads, and his Whig tremors about revolutionary Radicalism.

*Bl.* His crotchets and quavers, in fact.

*Sir G.* Ha! good, very good! just so. But the difference between him and a man like Lord Hartington——

*Bl.* Is this: that the one has forty-nine years of age and great political prospects, while the other has some dozen years more behind him and no future ahead of him.

*Sir G.* What of that?

*Bl.* Well, this of that, if you insist upon my dropping the conventionalities. The one has the maximum and the other the minimum of inducement to swallow a revolutionary programme.

*Sir G.* Really, my dear Blake, you talk like a cynic of the last century.

*Bl.* And really, my dear Trimway, you talk like a philosopher of the next century but one. Upon my word we seem to flatter ourselves that railways and the penny post and the telephone have altered human nature, or at least suspended the operation of human motives. But, however, let us state the matter in terms of the newest political proprieties. Lord Hartington is, and the Duke of Argyll is not, subjected to the strongest possible form of political pressure as regards any policy adopted by the leader of the Liberal party for the time being. The one is, and the other is not, the recognised representative of the Whig section: the one would, and the other would not—indeed as we see did not—'break up the party' by



seceding from the Cabinet. Which was the freer agent of the two? Which line of conduct has the most political significance—that of the minister who left a cabinet which he could have no other motive except disapproval of its policy for quitting; or that of the minister who continued in a cabinet in which he had the strongest motives, apart from approval of its policy, for remaining?

*Sir G.* But we don't appeal to Hartington's case alone. His action is important as the representative of the Whigs; but he is only one among dozens of men of like political opinions and like social position who have taken the same course.

*Bl.* Oh yes, I know! It's a most impressive spectacle—although your alliance with revolutionary Radicalism has been lately thrown into the shade by your treaty with the Land League. How reassuring, though, that none of your Whigs stuck at that, and that it drove nobody out of the Cabinet but the semi-Radical Forster! But let me ask you whether there was ever a time in political history when you did not find the party of revolution reinforced by men born in, and belonging to, and having all their fortunes bound up with the existence of, a propertied order. Was it otherwise at the French Revolution? Were there no great nobles, no large territorial proprietors among the political associates of Mirabeau? Nay, have there not always been largely-acred English peers on what is called the 'popular side' in our own politics? And what does it prove as to the moderation of popular aims, or the harmlessness of popular demands, that these demands and aims continue to find the same backing still?

*Sir G.* That question shows courage, indeed, Blake. What does it prove? you ask. It seems to me to prove a great deal. For if there was never a time when rank and property were unrepresented on the popular side of English politics, so also there was never a time when men of rank and prosperity were not denounced as traitors to their order and its interests for espousing the popular cause; nor ever a time when the ruin of the country was not predicted as the consequence of the policy which they helped to its triumph. It is the old fable of the Shepherd Boy and the Wolf.

*Bl.* Unlucky Æsop! How that fable of yours is misapplied! Intended to warn that incredulity, even when fatal, may sometimes be natural, it is treated as if it proved that incredulity is always wise. You forget that when, in the fable, the shepherds had reached their highest point of conviction that the boy's alarms were false, the wolf came.

*Sir G.* And you think he is coming now. My dear Blake, when will you learn the true character of the English people?

*Bl.* And you, when will you learn that human nature is the same everywhere; and that, though political causes may be quicker or slower to produce political effects in one country than in another, they do

not suspend their action out of deference to a venerable English constitution, or even for the yet more interesting object of illustrating 'the inbred good sense, good-nature, and good humour of the English people.'

*Sir G.* Pray let us drop abstractions.

*Bl.* With all my heart. I say then that to legislate against the rights of property is as certainly fraught with danger to the social edifice in one country as in another; that the eternally smouldering quarrel between the Haves and the Have-nots is as certain to be fanned into flame by such legislation in one country as in another; and that the country which accepts such legislation is as inevitably bound to pay that penalty for it sooner or later, whether it prides itself on being logical, and justifies its character by bloody outbreak of Communist insurrection or perpetual volcanic rumbling of Socialist conspiracy, or whether it glories in the political tranquillity and pathetic resignation of its poor, and boasts that its people have never pursued a legislative principle, bad or good, to its logical conclusion throughout the whole course of their history.

*Sir G.* Rights of property! Rights of property! What do you mean by legislation 'against' the rights of property? And what rights can there be in this or any other matter which are not limited by the interests of the State?

*Bl.* Trimway, I have the greatest respect for your intelligence, but a man with a more complete collection of unmeaning catchwords, and more unthinking methods of using them, it was never my lot to meet with. You say that 'the individual rights of property must, like all other rights, be limited by the interests of the State,' and I'll warrant you think that in saying that you have thrown light on the subject.

*Sir G.* Well, and so of course I—

*Bl.* You have simply darkened it; darkened it by the introduction of two ambiguous words which you don't define, and which you can't define in one way without exposing your proposition as a truism, or in another way without surrendering every other article of your political creed. What do you mean by 'interests of the State,' and whom do you mean by 'the State'? If by the State you mean an Executive and Legislature bound to maintain the present social order, and existing only for that purpose, then you beg in your own favour the whole question whether respect for individual rights of property is not an essential condition of the maintenance of the present social order. If by 'State' you mean the majority of the community, and if by their 'interests' you mean their *real* and lasting advantage, then, though your proposition is true, it only enables me to thank you for the information that it is not to the real and lasting advantage of any body of men to inflict injury upon themselves. But if, to save you from the siff of a *petitio principii* or the imbecility of a truism, I assume you to mean by 'the interests of the State' no more than the

apparent momentary advantage of the majority of the community, then your proper place is not among Liberals or Radicals; or any other recognised English party. Your true political affinity is with the Socialist, and his aims and principles, his assertions and denials, should be yours likewise.

*Sir G.* Good Heavens! Why so?

*Bl.* Why so? Because there is no aim of the Socialist which your axiom will not justify, no principle of his which it will not cover, no assertion or denial of his with which it will not square; and, on the other hand, there is no Whig-Liberal check or qualification on the Socialism you coquet with which your axiom will permit you to maintain for a moment against attack. You extinguish this or that right of property in the name of 'the interest of the community,' meaning the majority. Good. You uphold and confirm that other right of property on the same plea. Why? How do you apply your plea in this latter case? You say, for example, that it is to the interest of the community that a man's land should be taken away from him in certain cases: and that is intelligible. I can quite understand the interest of ninety-nine men in appropriating the land of the hundredth. But you add that it is to the interest of the community that the dispossessed proprietor should be compensated; or, in other words, that it is to the interest of the community to buy what it might take without paying for. How do you make that out?

*Sir G.* Easily enough, I should think. To take property without compensation would be to shake that basis of security upon which the institution of property rests.

*Bl.* But why should that matter to the community?

*Sir G.* Why should—oh come, come, Blake. We are getting out of the region of practical politics.

*Bl.* Oh! that phrase! 'No; we are coming to the most practical of all political questions. You assume, as your fathers, with better reason in their easier days, assumed before you, that the mass of the population have an interest in maintaining the security of property—have more to lose than to gain by a general scramble. But consider what you mean by the 'mass of the population' at a time like this. Think of the hundreds of thousands to whom 'the existing social order' means an absolute struggle with starvation: a lot which no social revolution could render worse than it is. Think of the millions to whom 'the existing social order' stands at best for a life of grinding and hopeless poverty—a lot which any social revolution would be, or be thought, more likely to improve than to injure. Think, I say, of these two classes, overwhelming in their aggregate: the class who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by subversive change, and the class who have more to gain by it than to lose; and then ask yourself what, in the name of common sense—what but ignorance, inertia, and timidity, should make these

people, who *are* 'the People' under our present franchise, a force to be counted on the side of private property and its rights?

*Br.* Mr. Blake is not far wrong, Sir George. It is astonishing that you Whig landlords have never perceived the truth on this matter.

*Bl.* But not so astonishing as that you Radical manufacturers have been just as blind to it yourselves.

*Br.* Aha! I thought my turn would come.

*Bl.* Yes. What view has the great landlord of the inequalities of human fortune to compare with the view which presents itself every day and every hour before the great manufacturer's eyes? When your mill doors open every morning to the human swarm, who come to toil in fetid work-rooms from dawn to dark, and to tramp back to their squalid garrets while you are being whirled home to your villa outside the smoke—what do you think of *them* for probable defenders of the 'existing social order'—enthusiasts for a dispensation which proclaims to them 'the iron law of wages'? Did you find this spectacle inspire you with the optimism which you condemn in our friend here? Was it the sight of these central pillars of the edifice of property which emboldened you to light-hearted excavations around the outskirts? I confess your courage appears to me even greater than that of the landlords. Your retribution is not quite so near as theirs: that is the only thing.

*Br.* Add to that, Mr. Blake, that *we* think we know what we are about.

*Bl.* Ay. I quite understand that; but to me it only makes your blunder seem more appalling, that you regard it as a stroke of tactics.

*Br.* After all, *our* great object, for which it is worth staking a good deal, is to smash up the landowners.

*Bl.* Saving Sir George's presence.

*Br.* Oh, Sir George and I understand each other.

*Sir G. (stiffly).* Mr. Brummage!

*Br.* I beg your pardon, Sir George. I ought to have said that your friends and mine understand each other thoroughly. They know as well as we do what a shake we and they have given to the landed interest between us. But the Whigs never could bear to be politically 'out of it;' and they would rather cut a slice off themselves and help the Radicals to it, than lose the seat at the head of the table.

*Bl.* And you really think that that is all that has happened here? You think you can stop at the land?

*Br.* Why not? I am afraid to use 'phrases' with you, Mr. Blake, or I should ask you to remember 'the force of Conservatism' which would be brought into being by a wholesale distribution of the land among small proprietors.

*Bl.* A 'phrase,' indeed, in such a connection as this, and applied to a country like our own! Cover the land with such proprietors, and the working-class population of London and half a dozen other great cities is big enough to swallow them up already. Ten years hence, and for all the influence of the new Conservative force in politics, you would not know that it existed. No; it is the toilers of the towns who hold your fate in their hands—the men among whom the average of misery is continually increasing, and the average of comfort never rising except for a time—the men for the improvement of whose dwellings you pass Acts which operate to crowd them more thickly together, and add 17 per cent. to their rents—the men, in a word, before whose eyes the gigantic and cruel inequalities of the 'existing social order,' stand side by side with the fact that on the other side of a narrow strip of sea agitation has procured relief, at the cost of others, for hardships more endurable and far more deserved than theirs. Your fate, I say, is in the hands of these men, and depends upon the question whether they can or cannot 'put this and that together,' and act accordingly.

*Sir G.* And you predict——

*Bl.* I predict anything—at least anything bad? God forbid! The English people never did and never will put this and that together. The external causes which have produced Socialism and its kindred movements in every other country in Europe exist here in greater force, greater multitude, more rapid growth than anywhere else; only here, to our great relief and happiness, political causes are known never to produce effects. It is an axiom of true Liberalism that they do not. To deny it is alarmism, pessimism, I know not what; and as an Irish landlord, with nothing but my reputation for political sobriety to depend on, I certainly shall not venture to deny it myself.

H. D. TRAILL.

*IRELAND.*

THE present condition of Ireland is so terrible, and I see so little hope for any real improvement in it, unless more decided and more judicious measures than have as yet been proposed should be adopted, that I feel it to be my duty to call public attention to the urgent necessity there is for a careful reconsideration of the whole system of policy which has for some years been pursued with regard to that part of the United Kingdom. In doing so I shall be compelled to speak in terms of strong condemnation of the conduct of Her Majesty's Ministers; and I am not insensible to the objection which may be taken to this as tending to weaken the authority of the Government at a time when it so much needs greater strength. But whatever may be the force of this consideration, it must yield to the superior importance of trying to awaken the nation to the danger to which it will be exposed by a perseverance in its present policy. Nothing could now undo the evil that has been already done; but to make the country understand what are the mistakes by which all this evil has been produced would be a first step towards arresting the Government in its downward course, and towards the adoption of such measures as may be still practicable for re-establishing peace and order in Ireland. And though it will be necessary for me to state very plainly why I think the conduct of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues deserves to be severely condemned, I shall do so in no spirit of party, and certainly with no party object. The party now in opposition is one to which I have never been able to give my confidence during nearly fifty-six years that I have sat in Parliament, and certainly I can see no reason for placing more confidence in it now than heretofore. If the chief blame for the existing evils rests with the Government, I cannot regard the Opposition as free from a considerable share of it. Between the years 1874 and 1880, when they had the power, they did nothing (though a good deal might have been done) to avert the difficulties in Ireland which were plainly approaching. And in the resistance (such as it was) which they have offered to the measures of the Government, sitting on the Opposition benches, there has been a striking absence of any signs of their taking a large and statesmanlike view of the subject, and too many symptoms that their action upon it has not been free from the bias of

party interests. My object in the following pages will be to throw as much light as I can on the mistakes which have been committed in the government of Ireland, whether by one party or by the other.

To prove that great mistakes must have been committed it is only necessary to compare the present state of Ireland with what it was a few years ago. For my present purpose it is not necessary to go back very far, and I will compare the actual condition of Ireland with what it was in 1868. I select that year for the purpose of comparison, because it was then that a new policy with respect to Ireland was begun, as the result of a great political controversy which had been raised by Mr. Gladstone. This controversy turned chiefly on the question of the Irish Church, but during its progress Mr. Gladstone, both in the House of Commons and on the hustings, denounced with extreme severity the manner in which Ireland had been governed, and chalked out a new line of policy to be pursued with regard to it, which he confidently predicted would open out for this part of Her Majesty's dominions a new career of peace and prosperity, and raise it by degrees to a level with the rest of the United Kingdom. The nation believed the prediction, and elected a Parliament which gave him power to bring into practice the policy he had recommended. From that time to this Ireland has been governed strictly in accordance with the advice of Mr. Gladstone; for even during the six years of a Conservative administration no attempt was made to retrace the steps he had taken, and from 1874 to 1880 all the measures he had adopted were maintained in force, and fully and fairly carried into effect. Since 1880 power has again been in the hands of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, so that for over thirteen years the policy of the nation towards Ireland has been his. This is quite long enough to enable us to judge of the policy that has been acted upon by its results. Politics are a practical science, and whether a system of government has been wise or unwise must be determined by the effects it has produced. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is the rule laid down by Divine authority for distinguishing between a good tree and a corrupt tree, and it also affords the only sure test for distinguishing between a good and a bad government. Even the most extreme partisans of the present administration will hardly venture to assert that its government of Ireland, if judged by its 'fruits,' has been a good one. For what is the present condition of that country as described by Mr. Gladstone himself, and by Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain in the speeches they have made to vindicate their severe, but hitherto ineffectual, measures for the restoration of order, and to justify themselves for no longer acting on the famous maxim that 'force is no remedy'? They tell us of a state of things falling little short of the dissolution of civil society, of lawlessness and violence triumphant, and of the Queen's Government powerless to protect her peaceable subjects from the destruction of their property,

from the cruellest outrages on their persons, and even from death by the hands of murderers, for such acts of disobedience to the secret association which virtually rules the land as paying the rent they owe, or even speaking to those who have been placed under the ban of the League. It hardly requires to be remarked that the sense of insecurity arising from the continued perpetration of such crimes as these, while they very rarely meet with punishment, is cutting away the very roots of all prosperity in the country. Without security agriculture cannot be improved, industry and trade cannot flourish, nor can there be that increase of production which could alone give to the people greater welfare and a larger share of the comforts of life. It must be added that the animosities between different classes of its inhabitants, by which Ireland has been so long afflicted, seem to be now more intense than ever, and that among all classes there is to be found increased alienation from the Government and diminished respect for authority.

Few, I believe, will dispute that in this description of the terrible condition of Ireland I have not exceeded, but fallen far short of the truth. Let me now point out how different that condition was, and how immeasurably better than it now is, before the agitation for the adoption of a new policy was begun in 1868, and before the measures to which this agitation led were adopted. I do not mean to say that even at that time the state of Ireland was satisfactory; in some respects it was much the reverse; but at least the country was then free from the worst evils by which it is now afflicted; and what was highly important, its condition was an improving one, with the fairest prospect that the improvement which had begun would, under judicious management, continue to advance. In the session of 1868 there was a long and interesting debate in the House of Commons on the state of Ireland, on a motion made by Mr. Macguire. In the course of this debate Lord Mayo, who was then Irish Secretary, stated to the House that agrarian outrages had almost ceased in Ireland, that the Fenian conspiracy had been successfully dealt with by the Government, and had found little support from the farmers, very few of whom had joined its ranks, its members being mostly clerks and shopmen in the towns, with some labourers not holding land in country districts. He further stated that general good order prevailed throughout the country, and he showed by various facts which he mentioned that a steady, if not a rapid, advance was going on in the welfare of the population, as new branches of industry were beginning to take root in some places, and old ones to be more successfully carried on in others. The accuracy of this account of the then state of Ireland was not disputed by Mr. Gladstone; on the contrary, he expressly confirmed on some points what had been said by Lord Mayo. I must further remark that in addition to what was stated in the House of Commons, it was also shown on other autho-



city that at that time the landlords and tenants of Ireland were in general on friendly terms with each other. There were exceptions to the rule, as I shall presently have to show, but the testimony of many trustworthy witnesses had proved to a committee of the House of Lords that a good feeling for the most part prevailed between these two great classes of the Irish nation.

Judging (as I have said that we must) the Irish policy of the Government by its effects, the mere fact that from this comparatively prosperous and hopeful condition Ireland has been reduced to its present deplorable one, affords sufficient grounds for condemning the measures which have been followed by such results. But it is not enough to come to this conclusion; in order, to form a sound judgment as to the course it would be best to take for the future, it is important to discover as clearly as we can what are the errors that have been committed in the past. With this view I will now attempt an examination of what has been done with respect to Ireland in the last few years. Before, however, I enter upon this inquiry a few words are necessary upon what was the state of that country in 1868, which I have already said I do not consider to have been satisfactory. Although there had been a marked improvement in the condition of the Irish people after the crushing calamity of the potato famine had been got over, there still remained serious evils to be deplored. The disaffection which had been manifested by the abortive Fenian conspiracy continued to prevail widely among certain classes. The comparative rarity of agrarian outrages, which had afforded a just subject of congratulation to Lord Mayo, had not lasted long enough to warrant a confident belief that they would not again increase, or that the causes which had led to them had been effectually removed. And though it was no longer true that, taking Ireland as a whole, the population was a very poor one, still much poverty at all times, with deep distress in bad seasons, continued to prevail in certain districts.

Such were the chief evils under which Ireland was suffering in 1868, and accordingly the two most pressing objects to be aimed at in any measures for its improvement were to cure the disaffection that prevailed in certain classes, and to lead the inhabitants of the most distressed districts to seek for the means of living in greater comfort. It has often been said that the disaffection of the Irish people is caused by the misery and distress they suffer. Formerly there was a good deal of ground for this assertion; and even in 1868, though it is not denied that in the general condition of the population there had been a great improvement, there was still room for much more; and if this could have been accomplished it would probably have rendered them more contented with the Government under which they lived, while it is certain that if there had been less disaffection, and less of the agitation that grows out of it, the physical welfare of the people could hardly have failed to improve more

rapidly than it did, from the tendency of a greater sense of security to encourage industry. There can, however, be little doubt that the disaffection which has prevailed among the Irish people cannot be altogether attributed to their not having enjoyed a greater share of material comfort. In so far as it did not arise from this cause, I believe that the disaffection of some classes in 1868 was in no small measure (though not entirely) an evil inheritance from centuries of misgovernment. The penal laws against Roman Catholicism, the regulations by which Irish commerce was unjustly impeded during the last century, and the various bad laws badly administered by a corrupt Government, which had pressed so heavily on the Irish peasantry up to the time of the Union, could not but leave deep traces in the minds of the people. There had been a great improvement in the spirit of the Government after Ireland was brought under the direct authority of the Imperial Parliament; but the recollection of the former oppressive system could not be soon obliterated, more especially as—in spite of the sincere desire which was undoubtedly felt by all parties in Parliament and in the country to promote the welfare of Ireland—it took many years to get rid by degrees of the abuses which had prevailed there. The strong anti-Catholic feeling in England and in Scotland also unfortunately long prevented justice from being done to the great body of the Irish people by the repeal of the last remaining of the laws which had imposed civil disabilities on Roman Catholics on account of their religion. But Catholic emancipation was at length carried, and was soon followed by the introduction of so fair and impartial a system of administration, that in all that has been written against the government of Ireland by British authority I cannot find that any real political grievance has been proved to have existed in 1868, except the maintenance of a wealthy Church Establishment for the exclusive benefit of a small minority of the population. In everything else, and especially in respect of fiscal arrangements and grants of money for public purposes, more favour had been shown by the Imperial Parliament and Government to Ireland than to England or Scotland.

The Church, however, formed a striking exception to the general fairness with which Ireland had been treated. The injustice is now generally recognised of the arrangement by which a small minority of Protestants had a Church maintained for them by a national endowment, while the large Roman Catholic majority received no aid whatever from the State for the support of their clergy. To myself that injustice had always appeared to be glaring, and to have been the root of a great part of the difficulties which had been experienced in the government of Ireland. I do not doubt, therefore, that in 1868 this grievance stood in urgent need of redress; but I do not the less deplore the course that was then taken, because I am convinced

that it has had no small share in producing the evils under which Ireland is now suffering. In order to understand the effect of what was done respecting the Irish Church in 1868 and 1869, we must bear in mind the proceedings of an earlier date. For many years this subject had been dealt with in a manner that ought, I think, to be looked back at with shame, as well by the nation as by the two great political parties which have had the control of the Government. Nearly half a century has gone by since the policy of making a very small concession indeed to the claims of the Roman Catholics was adopted by Lord Melbourne's administration. Its proposal was bitterly resisted by the whole Tory party, and the feeling of religious bigotry was then so strong in England and Scotland, that after a long and severe struggle the Government was compelled to give way. I fully concurred in this abandonment by the Melbourne administration of what was called the Appropriation Clause in the Irish Tithe Bill, for which so strenuous a fight had been made, because it had ceased to be worth contending for. The concession which it would have made was in itself so trifling, that even if it had been carried in the first instance it would have had little value, except as a mark of kindly feeling towards the Irish people on the part of the Government and of Parliament. The hope that it might be so accepted had vanished in the bitter struggle which had taken place, and it would have been idle to continue the struggle with all its unavoidable evils for the sake of the much-contested but really insignificant Appropriation Clause. But I concurred in giving up the struggle with a full conviction (which I expressed at the time) that its abandonment left behind it a far larger question which would be sure to arise in future years, and of which it would be impossible to get rid.

After this failure the leaders of the Liberal party for about thirty years refused again to imperil their popularity in this country by declaring themselves in favour of any attempt to settle the question of the Irish Church on terms of fairness to the Roman Catholics, while the Conservatives adhered to the traditional policy of their party. Even so late as 1866 the Liberals and Conservatives alike adhered to this line of conduct; and in that year a Liberal administration, in which Mr. Gladstone filled the important situation of leader in the House of Commons, resisted in both Houses motions having for their object the relief of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland from this grievance; and, without denying that there was a grievance, refused their countenance to any attempt for its redress. From the result we must conclude that in acting thus during so many years both parties showed themselves to be wanting either in a proper sense of public duty, or else in the foresight and judgment of true statesmen. Had more of these qualities been shown on either side, together with an honest disregard of party as compared with national interests, I cannot doubt that this difficult question of the

Irish Church might have been settled much better and much earlier than it was.

If, in 1835 and the following years, the Conservatives, instead of offering a determined resistance (in which Mr. Gladstone took a leading part) to the very slightest diminution of the property held by the Protestant Establishment, had shown a disposition to concur in some very moderate concession to what are now generally recognised as having been fair claims on the part of the Roman Catholics, it is almost certain that they might then have been brought to acquiesce in an arrangement which would have proved very advantageous for all parties. On the other hand, the Whig leaders at that time made what I thought then, and think still, was the great mistake of reducing their demands on behalf of the great body of the Irish people so low as to deprive themselves of all really strong grounds for insisting upon a change. In the debates on the Appropriation Clause it was painfully evident how little there was to be said for it, except as a protest against the existing state of things. Powerful (and, as I think, irresistible) arguments were indeed brought forward against maintaining the Church as it was, but all these arguments went to show the necessity, not of such a measure as was proposed, but of some far larger one. At the same time it must in fairness be admitted that reasons of apparent weight were not wanting for the course that was taken. The proposal of a larger measure which would have done more justice to the Irish people would have had no chance of success. In the then state of opinion it would have been as unpopular in England and in Scotland as Catholic emancipation had been at the beginning of the century, and bringing it forward must in all probability have led to the fall of the administration. The Roman Catholic leaders in the House of Commons were aware of this, and naturally were not anxious that an attempt should be made at legislation in their favour when it was likely to have no other result than the transfer of the authority and patronage of the executive Government from hands they regarded as friendly to them to others which they considered to be the reverse. It was with their acquiescence, therefore, that the petty concession of the Appropriation Clause was recommended to Parliament by Lord Melbourne's administration, instead of a really statesmanlike measure for the settlement of the Irish Church question. Still, I am of opinion that the decision which was come to was wrong, and that even in the face of almost certain failure a good measure ought to have been proposed. I am convinced that this would in the end have proved far more for the benefit of the nation than acting in a manner which for a long series of years placed the advocates of religious equality in a false position.

Though I am aware that the interest once felt in the transactions I have adverted to has now almost entirely passed away, I have con-

sidered it necessary to refer to them, at what I fear may be thought tedious length, on account of the very powerful influence the recollection still retained of them in Ireland has exercised over the recent course of events in that country. I have shown that up to so late a date as 1866 any attempt to meet the reasonable wishes of the Irish Roman Catholics for a change with respect to the Church was discountenanced by both the great political parties in the State. But in 1868 there was a very marked change in the attitude of both, and even in 1867 there were symptoms that this change was coming. In 1868 Lord Mayo, who then held the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant in the Government of Mr. Disraeli, threw out a hint in the House of Commons that the best mode of relieving the Roman Catholic population of Ireland from the injustice said to be inflicted upon them by the existing state of things with regard to the Church, might possibly be found in what he called 'levelling up'; meaning, of course, by this expression the making of some public provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. This notion was fiercely denounced as altogether inadmissible by Mr. Gladstone, though it contained, as I am firmly persuaded, the germ of an arrangement by which it would not have been impossible to effect an amicable and just settlement of the question, to the infinite advantage both of Ireland and of the rest of the United Kingdom. It was well known that from the days of Pitt it had been the earnest desire of the most sincere and judicious friends of Ireland that some public provision should be made for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland. It has been believed (and I have no doubt with good reason) that evils of a very serious character have arisen from leaving them altogether dependent upon their flocks, and that giving some public aid in providing for them would be of great benefit both to clergy and people. It has been said that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland would not have accepted any aid from the State, and it certainly would very properly have rejected such aid if offered in a form which would have interfered with its entire freedom from the slightest control from the Government. But there would have been no difficulty in suggesting a mode of enabling the Church of Ireland to receive, without any surrender of its complete independence, some public contribution to its funds, to be used at its own discretion in assisting to maintain its clergy without pressing so heavily on the poorest part of the population. A portion of the property of the Church might very advantageously have been thus employed, and, if necessary, a temporary contribution from the Imperial Treasury might have been given to provide for the vested interests of existing holders of preferment in the Established Church.

To some such arrangement as this Lord Mayo's hint about 'levelling up' seems to have pointed; but, be this as it may, when

Mr. Gladstone took up what was unfortunately the popular ground of uncompromising resistance to any public provision for the Roman Catholic Church from whatever source, the Prime Minister (who could not fail to see that Mr. Gladstone's opposition must make any scheme of this kind impracticable, though with his aid the popular objection to it might have been surmounted) promptly retreated from the position which seemed to have been taken up by Lord Mayo, and disavowed having any such measure as was supposed in contemplation. If, upon this occasion, the two men who then exercised almost unbounded influence over their respective parties, could have concurred in trying to reconcile the public to the principle of making the large endowment of the Irish Church available for the religious instruction, not of a fraction of the population, but of the whole, how much misery might have been averted! and in how different a position might the nation have been placed at this moment, instead of being involved in difficulties and dangers which must strike with terror, if not with despair, all who are able to understand them! But this was not to be; whether on both sides the foresight of statesmen was wanting, or whether each of the two great rivals for power was afraid to give an advantage to the other by not showing sufficient deference to the prejudices and ignorance of those by whose votes it is disposed of, certain it is that both equally shrank from pressing upon the public unpopular considerations of justice and of policy of which the force was freely admitted in private conversation by the majority of men of education and intelligence of all parties.

We shall best understand how much the nation has suffered from the effects of party-spirit in this matter by recalling to our recollection what followed after the hint thrown out by Lord Mayo had been scouted by Mr. Gladstone and repudiated by Mr. Disraeli. The next proceeding on the subject was the giving of a notice by Mr. Gladstone that he would move resolutions for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. A great party struggle ensued, the administration of Mr. Disraeli was defeated in the House of Commons, and afterwards more decisively in a general election; the consequence being that before the beginning of 1869 a new administration was formed under Mr. Gladstone; and one of its first acts when the new Parliament met was to bring before it a Bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The Bill passed through both Houses without any great difficulty, but it entirely failed to give the satisfaction to the Irish people which they would probably have felt had even a much less sweeping change been made only two years sooner, and under different circumstances. They did not forget how little disposition to consider the grievance they were subject to with respect to the Church had been shown by either of the two great political parties for about thirty years, and they were far too intelligent not to understand what this meant; and

they saw that a regard, whether for justice or for the welfare of Ireland, had been insufficient to induce either of these parties to move a finger in their behalf so long as no party interest could be served by doing so. They could not believe that it was for the sake of Ireland that the immediate disestablishment of the Church was, in 1868, so vehemently insisted upon by the Opposition in assailing the ministry of Mr. Disraeli, when the same party had as a Government only two years before resisted all attempts to deal with the subject. And the character of the Bill laid before Parliament was well calculated to confirm them in their incredulity. It was obvious on its very face that in framing its provisions more consideration had been given to securing the support of Presbyterians and Dissenters in Scotland and in England (and especially of those most under the dominion of anti-Catholic feelings) than to accomplishing a much-needed reform in the manner most likely to promote the welfare of Ireland, as giving the least possible offence to those whose interests must necessarily be affected, and causing the smallest aggravation of the religious animosities from which the country had suffered so much.

A concession so made neither gained, nor deserved to gain, any gratitude from those to whom it was granted, and it did worse than merely fail to win their gratitude. The passing of the Disestablishment Act was followed by the display in Ireland of feelings the very opposite of gratitude and increased good-will to the British Government and people. Nor can this be wondered at, after the singularly rash and indiscreet language which had been used in recommending the measure both on the hustings and in the House of Commons. The famous speech in which the system of government in Ireland was likened to a upas tree having three branches that must be cut down—the Church being only the first which had to be dealt with—was only too well calculated to excite the animosity of the Irish people against the Imperial Government and the British nation, and to lead them to regard the overthrow of the Church Establishment not as anything they ought to be grateful for, but as a tardy surrender of what had long been unjustly withheld. And this surrender they might naturally conclude to have been due, not to the feeling towards them in England having become more kindly than heretofore, nor to an increased sense of justice, but to intimidation, when they were told that the concession made to them had been brought 'within the range of practical politics' by the murder of a policeman at Manchester and the atrocious outrage at Clerkenwell. Of course, it was not intended by Mr. Gladstone that the language he used when pursuing the object he was contending for with his usual impetuosity should be so understood; but a statesman of his experience ought to have considered how dangerous it is to play with the passions of an ignorant and excitable people, and it is impossible to relieve him from a very heavy responsibility for his imprudence. Perhaps it may be denied

that his language had the effect I suppose, and I admit that it is impossible to prove that it had. But these two things are certain: first, that the meaning it was most natural to put on what he had said was a very dangerous one; and next, that the passing of the Irish Church Bill was not followed by any signs of improvement in the popular feeling in Ireland towards this country, but, on the contrary, by the display of increased hostility towards the Imperial Government and the British nation, and its extension to classes not previously infected by it. It is matter of history that after the Disestablishment Bill was passed in 1869 there was so much disturbance and agitation in Ireland that in the following session Mr. Gladstone's Government thought it necessary to call upon Parliament to pass laws of exceptional severity to maintain the public peace.

Besides passing the Peace Preservation Act, the Government also carried through Parliament in 1870 an Act directed against what had been described as the second branch of the upas tree—the law which regulated the relations between the owners and the occupiers of land in Ireland. There is no doubt that this law required amendment, but, in order to form a judgment on what was done with that view, it is necessary to consider what were the real faults of the law as it then stood, and how they might have been best corrected. The Act at that time in force was one which had been carried in 1860 by an administration of which Mr. Gladstone and most of those who were his colleagues in 1870 had been members. It entirely altered the whole system of the old laws on the subject, and expressly declared that for the future the relations between the owners and occupiers of land were to rest solely upon contract. This Act had not worked well, and in 1867 a Bill for its amendment (or rather for its repeal, and the substitution of different provisions in its place), which had been drawn up by Mr. Tighe Hamilton, was brought into the House of Lords by the late Lord Clanricarde, and on his motion was referred to a select committee, which inquired both into the working of the law as it then stood, and into the plan suggested for its improvement. The inquiry was not finished in that session, and was renewed in the next; in both the labours of the committee were diligently carried on, and brought together some very valuable evidence. By this evidence it was shown that Lord Cardwell's Act of 1860 was much complained of, not only for having left the law obscure on some important points, but also for other serious faults. One of the worst of these was that, in adopting the sound principle of recognising contract between the parties as the basis of the relations between landlords and tenants, it failed to provide the means of clearly and easily ascertaining what were the terms of contracts that had been entered into. It discouraged written contracts by leaving them subject to needless expense, and by allowing the same force to verbal and even to implied contracts as to written ones. It had also the effect of



practically discouraging the grant of leases for terms of years by failing to provide any cheap and easy mode of enforcing the conditions they contained. To this must be added that while these defects in the law tended to create disputes between landlords and tenants, no sufficient provision was made for having their disputes promptly and cheaply decided. Such were the chief faults which had prevented the successful working of Lord Cardwell's Act, and the main grievance arising from them to which tenants were exposed was that it made it difficult for them to improve their land without the risk of losing the money and labour expended upon it, either by being turned out of their holdings, or by having an increased rent demanded from them for the increased value their exertions had conferred on them. Great injustice was thus occasionally done, though the cases in which this happened were certainly exceptions to the general rule; and sometimes, even when there might be an appearance of injustice from the demand for increased rent in consequence of improvements made by the tenant, none was in reality committed, because the demand was in accordance with a previous understanding between the parties. Tenants not unfrequently made improvements with an express understanding that after they had enjoyed the full benefit of them for a certain time the landlord was to have a share of the increased value given to his land. The principle of such agreement is quite fair and reasonable. It is that of the ordinary leases in Scotland and the north of England. By these leases the owners of land give up the power of resuming possession of it for nineteen or twenty-one years, and in consideration of doing so they expect to receive it back at the end of the term agreed upon in improved condition. The farmers, on the other hand, with the security thus given to them, are able to effect very important improvements on taking their farms, of which they recover the cost by increased produce before their leases expire. Mainly through the operation of this system, a large part of Scotland, which a century and a half ago yielded only low rents to the owners and a hard living to the occupiers, under very rude cultivation, has been gradually improved till its annual value has been increased to probably four or five times what it was, and it supports a tenantry who, though now suffering from bad times, have long been among the most prosperous agriculturists in the world, and who give employment to a labouring population enjoying a very high degree of comfort. But in Scotland all this has been accomplished under leases of which the conditions have been freely settled by the parties concerned, and clearly stated in writing, so that there could be no dispute as to how long the tenant was to have the full enjoyment of the improvements he had made, or if the landlord was to bear part of the cost, what he would have to pay for them at the end of the lease. Unfortunately, in Ireland it has been otherwise. There improvements have usually been

effected by tenants only on an understanding of the vaguest kind, that they would be allowed to hold their land without increase of rent long enough to repay themselves. Even where a more precise agreement has been made as to how long a tenant was to be allowed to hold land he had reclaimed or improved without any increased demand upon him, it has generally been a mere verbal agreement, so that it was apt to be forgotten before the time came when the landlord was entitled to ask for a higher rent. Very often by that time those who had made the agreement were dead, and those who had succeeded them as landlord and tenant were not likely to concur as to what had been agreed upon by those who went before them. In some of the cases in which the fiercest disputes have taken place between landlords and tenants as to the right of the former to ask for increased rents, there is every reason to think that both parties honestly believed themselves to have justice on their side. Of course it was often otherwise; there were too many cases in which landlords availed themselves of their legal rights in order to deprive tenants holding land only from year to year of the just fruits of their labour, as there were also others in which the tenants resorted to violence in resisting claims they knew to be just. But in all cases the existence of written and precise agreements would have averted the disputes which arose.

Such were the faults of the old law, and the grievances of which under its operation the Irish tenants had a right to complain. The committee to which Lord Clanricarde's Bill had been referred came to the conclusion that by passing that Bill with the amendments that had been made in it the law would have been placed on a good footing for the future. The Bill I refer to had for its leading principle to give to the owners and occupiers of land freedom to settle with each other as they might think fit the conditions on which it was to be held, but requiring that all agreements of this kind should be made in writing, and should be recorded in such a manner as to make them always easy to be referred to. Arrangements were made by which all this would have been done with exceedingly little trouble or expense. The Bill would also have encouraged the grant of leases for terms of years by greatly reducing their cost, and by providing far cheaper and more effectual methods of enforcing the covenants they contained than then existed. It would not have conferred upon the tenant the right of claiming compensation for anything he might choose to call an improvement, because it was clearly shown that by giving such a right much injustice would have been done to the owners of land who might be required after a lapse of years to pay for works executed without their knowledge, and which might have diminished instead of increasing the value of their property. This is by no means uncommonly the effect in Ireland of what are called improvements; as, for instance, when the tenant of a holding which is already too small allows a part of it to be occupied by a son or a son-in-law for whom

he builds an additional cabin. It is difficult to conceive anything more utterly unreasonable than the claims for compensation for improvements sometimes set up by Irish tenants. There have been quite as many cases in which such unreasonable claims have been set up by tenants as in which reasonable ones for real improvements have been unfairly rejected by landlords. But without giving to tenants an absolute right to compensation for all so-called improvements, this Bill would have given the utmost facility for effecting real improvements by agreement between the owners and occupiers of land. The landlord would have been enabled to raise money for improvements, the tenant paying an increase of rent proportioned to the outlay, or, if the parties preferred it, the execution of improvements agreed upon might have been left to the tenant with a security upon the land for their cost. The arrangements by which such agreements were to have been entered into and registered to prevent subsequent disputes would have been exceedingly simple, and so little costly that it might have been safely left to the common interest of the parties to insure their being taken advantage of.

The above statement describes the most important provisions of the Bill which in 1868 the Committee unanimously agreed to report to the House of Lords. So much pains had been taken to make the measure as complete as possible, that I am convinced that if it had been passed it would have done all that legislation could do for putting the letting of land in Ireland on a good footing for the future. But this Bill would not have affected existing tenancies, and these would, in my opinion, have required to be dealt with by a separate measure. I have already recognised the fact that under the law as it stood gross injustice was sometimes inflicted on Irish tenants by depriving them, without compensation, of the fruits of the labour and money they had expended in improving their land. Though the evidence taken by Lord Clanricarde's committee showed that the cases in which such injustice was done were far less common than was generally supposed, yet they occurred quite often enough to call urgently for a remedy. A complete one might have been afforded without any violation of the rights of property by enacting that where the owners of land had so acted as to create in their tenants a reasonable expectation of being allowed the advantage of improvements, this should be recognised as constituting an equitable and binding agreement to that effect. For instance, where it could be shown that within a certain period improvements had been made by the tenant which he clearly would not have undertaken without the expectation of enjoying their benefit, and that no warning against his doing so had been given by the owner of the land or his agent, it would have been perfectly consistent with the principles acted upon by our courts of equity, as well as with natural justice, to recognise the claim of the tenant to compensation either in money, or by being

allowed to retain his holding without paying an increase of rent long enough to recover his outlay. The mere knowledge that protection could thus be granted where it was needed, would in general have prevented injustice from being attempted; probably, therefore, there would have been few cases in which application for interference would have been necessary, and in no great number of years under the amended law they must have ceased altogether.

In the manner I have just described it would have been easy to correct the faults of the former law relating to the occupation of land in Ireland, and to redress the real grievances of the tenants without any disturbance of the existing relations between landowners and tenants, or the slightest interference with the rights of property. But the Land Act of 1870 proceeded on opposite principles. Instead of allowing the owners and the occupiers of land to settle for themselves upon what terms it should be held, and of affording facilities for their entering into agreements for this according to their own judgment, and without needless cost, the Act of 1870 took away altogether the freedom of contract with regard to small holdings, laying down rules as to the terms on which they were to be held which could not be departed from by the parties concerned. And with regard to larger holdings, as to which freedom of contract was not abolished, no attempt was made to correct the faults of the law as it stood, by giving greater facilities for making and enforcing voluntary agreements. Instead, also, of being confined to the legitimate object of protecting Irish tenants from the injustice to which they were admitted to be liable, and of maintaining the rights of property whilst guarding against their abuse, the Act in question set these rights openly aside, and by an arbitrary exercise of authority took away from the legal owners of land and gave to others no small proportion of its value. Instead of dealing with individual cases according to their several merits, and only awarding to each tenant what was found to be fairly due to him, the Act conferred on all tenants indiscriminately a right to compensation for disturbance, and thus gave them a sort of joint property in the land with those whom the law had hitherto declared to be its absolute owners. Many of these owners represented families which had been in unquestioned possession of their estates for centuries; others held their land by purchase under a Parliamentary title; and some, like Mr. Mahony, had expended large sums in the improvement of their property. In all cases, without exception, the property had been so long in the hands of the holders and their predecessors, or had been acquired by them under such circumstances, that they had all the rights which undisturbed possession can give to any property. Nor had the slightest disposition up to that time been shown by any one to question rights resting on so strong a foundation. No respect, however, was now shown to them, and by a sweeping enactment all proprietors of land were made

liable to claims from their tenants which largely diminished its value. It was not acknowledged at the time that the law would thus diminish the value of land to its former owners, but it is now so clear that this has been its operation, that so far as I am aware it is no longer denied by any one that the Act of 1870 has taken from the landlords and given to their tenants a very considerable proportion of the value of small farms. There is a wide difference of opinion as to what is the money value of what has been transferred from the one class to the other; some have estimated it at thirty millions of money, others at double this amount, or even more; but no one doubts that it is very large.

Such was the character and effect of the Land Act of 1870. It seems to have proceeded on the assumption that it was the proper business of the State to improve the condition of the small farmers of Ireland, and to enable them to live in greater comfort than before; and that for this purpose stringent limitations ought to be imposed upon what had hitherto been recognised both by Parliament and by the courts of law as the undoubted rights of owners. In proposing to legislate on this principle the authors of this Act must have entirely lost sight of the rudimentary and important truth that it is beyond the power of any Government or Legislature by direct measures to improve the condition of its subjects. In the admirable words of Burke, 'it would be a vain presumption in statesmen to think that they can do it. The people maintain them, and not they the people.' A Government can create no wealth; all that it can do is to remove any obstacles which may impede its being created by the industry and thrift of those over whom it rules; it is they, not the rulers, that produce it. The rulers, therefore, can give nothing to one set of men except what they take from another. And all experience shows that when a Government endeavours to improve the condition of one class of its subjects by arbitrarily giving to them what belongs to others, it not only fails to confer any permanent benefit on those who are the objects of its favour, but in the end inflicts very great and lasting evil upon them as well as on the whole community. Throwing to the winds all considerations of this kind, the Act of 1870 attempted to improve the condition of the small Irish occupiers by transferring to them a large share of what had hitherto been held to be the property of the landlords. Such a transfer of property from those who were in peaceful enjoyment of it to others is simply confiscation, and it is not less confiscation because the property dealt with is land instead of money. Speaking of the confiscation of land, Professor Goldwin Smith, in a lecture he delivered in Dublin a few months ago, has well said, 'To confiscate one kind of property is to destroy all. It is to destroy the working man's property in his earnings as well as the landowner's property in his land. It is to break open the savings bank as well as the rich man's coffers. What security can

there be for any kind of ownership, great or small, if the State itself turn robber?' And a little further on he says, 'Confiscation, in the true sense of the term, must always be an economic blunder as well as a political crime.' The confiscation effected by the Land Act of 1870 has, indeed, been proved by its results to have been most signally 'an economic blunder as well as a political crime.' Instead of tending to make the population of Ireland either more prosperous or more contented, its effect has been precisely the reverse. Before the Act passed improvement was going on perceptibly, though slowly, even in the worst districts. After carefully examining the state of things on the spot, so competent and impartial a witness as M. Molinari informs us that the first steps towards a better state of things might be observed in the gradual consolidation of holdings too small to allow the occupiers to live in even decent comfort, while other branches of industry were beginning to spring up, and to offer fresh openings for the advantageous employment of labour. These were the natural means which, if they had not been interfered with, would by degrees have raised to a higher condition the population which led such a miserable life in some of the western counties, where the soil and climate make it a hard matter even in ordinary years for small occupiers to win a wretched subsistence from the land. But this wholesome progress, if not stopped, was checked by the new Land Act, and the peasants were encouraged by it to cling to their their small holdings more closely than ever, instead of seeking some better means of earning a living. The security against being disturbed in their holdings which had been conferred upon them also failed altogether in producing that improvement in their barbarous system of cultivation, to which it was confidently predicted that it would lead. Six years after the new law had been passed the land was still as ill cultivated and improvidently managed as ever, and Mr. Bright himself has described it as still 'drenched with wet,' which we know a little well-applied labour would generally have removed. But though the 'security' given to small occupiers had not led them to effect the promised improvement in their farms, it had enabled them to get more into debt than formerly to the local money-lenders. The consequence was that when, after four or five years of good crops and high prices, the change that was to be expected came, and bad seasons with poor crops brought difficulties upon the farmers, they were reduced by the burthen of debt hanging upon them to even greater distress than had been usually felt in unfavourable years.

But bad as were the economical effects of the measure, its political results were still worse. As was to be expected, this first step in giving to the tenants a part of what belonged to their landlords created in them a desire for more; it was like the first taste of blood given to a young tiger—an appetite for plunder was created, which was sure not to be satisfied so long as there remained anything more to

be got. The Act of 1870 had hardly been passed before a cry was raised that it had not done nearly enough for the tenants; and that more must be obtained. The cry was not very strong at first: so long as prosperity lasted, and the new facilities for borrowing money were easily available, there was little pressure on the occupiers of small farms. Accordingly, for a time they did not generally join in an active agitation for a further alteration in their favour of the new land law. But when the change of times brought back distress, the demand for further relief at the expense of the landlords soon began to become formidable, and after power had by a change of Government been again placed in the hands of Ministers who ten years before had shown how easily they could be worked upon by intimidation, the flame of resistance to the payment of rents and to the law spread quickly through the land.

And soon the direction of this agitation was assumed by men whose aims were not confined to obtaining a larger measure of advantage for tenants at the expense of their landlords. Mr. Parnell has told us that he would not 'have taken his coat off' merely to alter the Land Act. His object, as he avowed, was to overthrow the authority of the Imperial Government in Ireland, and he saw that there were good hopes of securing the support for this design of the great body of farmers who had stood aloof from the Fenian conspiracy, by tempting their cupidity with the prospect of obtaining for themselves what remained of their landlords' property. The destruction of the landlords as a class would, he was aware, deprive the Imperial Government of its firmest supporters. Perhaps he did not perceive that it would also deprive the Irish nation of men whose services for the improvement of the country, and for promoting higher civilisation among the people and increasing their welfare, were invaluable. Accordingly the Land League was set up, and 'the abolition of landlordism' was announced to be the end which it had in view. During the continuance of Lord Beaconsfield's administration the progress of this scheme for the overthrow of British authority in Ireland was checked, not unsuccessfully, by the Government, in spite of the great encouragement it received towards the close of this period from Mr. Gladstone's Mid-Lothian speeches. But after the change of Government in 1880 a very different state of things soon succeeded the comparative tranquillity which Mr. Gladstone described as prevailing in Ireland when it took place, and which he said justified him for having abstained from asking Parliament before it was prorogued in 1880 to renew the Peace Preservation Act. I shall presently have to make some remarks on the unhappy results of the surrender by the new Ministers of the powers conferred by that Act, and on the measures which they took later in the hope of putting down the outrages and the resistance to the law which had taken the place of the tranquillity they had relied upon.

But I must first follow up what I have said about the Land Act of 1870 by a few observations on the later one of 1881.

I have endeavoured to show that the first of these Acts had proved to be a failure both economically and politically; it was not likely, therefore, that any good could be done by the second, which proceeded upon the same principles as the other, but with an exaggeration of all its faults. The principle of confiscation which had been introduced into our legislation by the first, and had demoralised the whole body of the tenantry of Ireland, was now carried further, a new and large inroad being made on the remaining property of landlords for the benefit of their tenants. Thus the appetite for unjust gain which had been created was stimulated by the promise of further indulgence. The first Act had been carried under circumstances which led to a general belief that the boon it proposed to grant to the tenants had been won by intimidation, and this had done much to weaken the authority of the Government and of the law over the minds of the people. The second was much worse in this respect. When the Act of 1870 was passed it had been asserted in the strongest manner by the Prime Minister that it was to be a final measure, and that for the future all contracts entered into by tenants would have to be strictly observed, and that landlords need not fear any new demand upon them. And when the change of Government took place in 1880 nothing was at first heard of a new Land Bill, and we are assured by the Duke of Argyll that none was then contemplated. But during the autumn and winter atrocious agrarian outrages had been continually occurring, while the Land League was vigorously carrying on its war against 'landlordism' by 'Boycotting' and other modes of intimidation, and in consequence it was announced that a 'remedial measure' was to be proposed to Parliament as soon as the Coercion Bill was carried. This 'remedial' measure was accordingly brought forward in the shape of a new Land Bill, of which some of the most important provisions were found to be the very same with proposals which had been made in 1870, and then rejected on the advice of Mr. Gladstone, who had shown that they were open to insurmountable objections. Such a Bill, brought forward under these circumstances, was naturally regarded as one extorted from the Government by the Land League and Mr. Parnell, and it therefore tended directly to increase their influence and authority. As might have been expected from what experience teaches us as to the nature of mankind, the effect of the remedial measure was thus to inflame those feelings and passions of the people which have brought Ireland into its present condition.

The limits within which I desire to keep this article forbid my attempting to support by an examination of its provisions what I have said as to the character of the Land Act of 1881; but among the faults of which I consider it to be full there is one so glaring



that I cannot pass it by without notice. I refer to that part of the Act which provides for fixing judicial rents for farms. While the Bill was in progress it was pointed out to Mr. Gladstone how utterly impossible it would be to determine the rents of 600,000 Irish farms in the manner he proposed, and that no machinery could be provided which would be sufficient for investigating claims for reductions of rent or even a small part of them. His attention was called to the fact that, in order to make a trustworthy valuation of a farm, it is necessary to ascertain by careful examination what it is worth, having regard to its advantages or disadvantages of soil and situation, and to the nature and condition of the buildings upon it. All these things are well considered, both by the owner and by the person intending to become the tenant of a farm when it is let by private agreement, but it is manifestly impossible that they should be inquired into as to thousands of farms by any public authority. The task, therefore, assigned to the Land Commissioners and the Assistant Commissioners was one which could not be properly performed. This objection to an attempt to fix rents by a sort of judicial authority was strongly pressed upon Mr. Gladstone in 1881, but he refused to listen to it, though in 1870 he had himself urged this, together with other unanswerable arguments,<sup>1</sup> against the very proposal on which eleven years later he peremptorily insisted. The result has proved that Mr. Gladstone was right in 1870, and altogether wrong in 1881, on this point. In spite of their having conducted their proceedings in deciding upon the rents of farms in a manner so summary and hasty as to be quite inconsistent with even the semblance of fair inquiry, the Assistant Commissioners have been utterly unable to meet the amount of business thrown upon them, and it appears now to be all but universally admitted that this part of the Act has hopelessly broken down. It has also turned out (as was anticipated in the debates of last year) that the attempt to determine judicially the rents to be paid for farms has been a new source of discord between landlords and tenants, embittering them even more than before against each other, while it has at the same time led to ruinous expense in law charges.

These objections to the measure were strongly urged by the members of the Opposition while the Bill was before Parliament; but I must confess my great surprise that the still stronger objection to the principle of endeavouring to settle by some public authority a question which can only be well settled by contract between the parties concerned, does not seem to have received the attention it required from the Opposition any more than from Her Majesty's Ministers; indeed, some of the language used by the former seems to imply their assent to the very dangerous principle in question, and the preliminary report of the Commission presided over by the Duke

<sup>1</sup> See *Hansard*, vol. cxcix., pp. 1843-52.

of Richmond must be understood as giving it at least some countenance. Yet this is a principle of which the unsoundness and the mischief it must work were long ago and most conclusively exposed. Not far from a century has now gone by since, in his admirable 'Thoughts on Scarcity,' Burke discussed a proposal for having the wages of agricultural labourers determined by magisterial authority, instead of by agreement between the parties concerned. This proposal was founded on precisely the same principle, and involved exactly the same fallacy, as the provisions in the Irish Act of 1881 for fixing judicially the rent of land. Burke showed most clearly that in settling the wages farmers should pay to their labourers it was for the interest of both parties to be left free to make their agreements with each other without interference, and that the proper business of a judge is not to dictate the terms of a contract, but to enforce it when made; and he condemned what he called 'the confused distribution of administrative and judicial characters.' Unfortunately the wise warning of Burke was disregarded, and a benevolent but ignorant attempt was made to relieve the English agricultural labourers from the distress which bad seasons and heavy war taxes had brought upon them, by giving them an addition to their wages from the poor rates; that is to say, it was attempted to determine the amount of their earnings, not by the value of their work, but by the judgment of the magistrates as to their wants, precisely as the Commissioners and Assessment Commissioners under the Land Act are seeking to determine what rents are to be paid for land, not by its value in the market, but by their own judgment as to what the tenant can pay and make a fair living from his farm. We know how disastrous were the effects of the mistake so made in England at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. Probably no mistake in the government of a nation ever produced so much evil as this endeavour to improve the condition of the agricultural labourers of England, by giving them relief from the poor rates in aid of their wages. It spread misery and demoralisation through the southern counties, and the state of the agricultural population in these counties before the passing of the new Poor Law in 1834 was wretched in the extreme, while its wretchedness was the direct consequence of the fatal mistake that had been made. The system had not generally been adopted in the northern counties, and they had to a great extent, but not entirely, escaped the evil. By the severe but wise measure of 1834 the mischief was arrested, but to this day too many of the bad consequences of the original error may be observed in those counties which had been most pauperised.

Already signs are not wanting that in like manner the attempt to secure greater comfort for the small farmers of Ireland by a judicial reduction of their rents will not only fail to improve the general

condition of this class of occupiers, but will make it worse than before. We learn from the newspapers that a small farmer having obtained a reduction of rent not unfrequently avails himself of it to sell his tenant-right for a higher price than it would otherwise have brought. Though the law strictly forbids the landowner to avail himself of the competition for land, no similar prohibition applies to the tenants. In selling their tenant-right they are free to avail themselves to the utmost of the competition which exists, and the 'earth-hunger' we have been told of enables them to obtain most extravagant prices for their interest from those to whom they transfer their farms. They will often carry off what they so receive to America, thereby impoverishing the nation, while they will be succeeded in their farms by men who in general have not only deprived themselves of the needful capital for cultivating their farms by purchasing the tenant-right, but will likewise have cumbered themselves with debt by borrowing money for the purpose; so that in spite of holding their farms at reduced rents, they will have in rent and interest to pay more for them than was paid by their predecessors. In this manner landlords, instead of gaining any compensation for their loss of income by having more security than heretofore for receiving their rents from solvent and well-to-do tenants, will, on the contrary, have tenants still poorer and more distressed than their former ones. This is what is already beginning to happen, and will assuredly happen very frequently if reduced judicial rents should ever be generally established. And even when the tenant-right is not sold, there will be an irresistible tendency to raise the amount paid for land in one shape or other to what it is worth in the market from the demand. Now, as after the passing of the Act of 1870, what is given to the tenant will afford him new facilities for borrowing money, and will be used accordingly. There will be sons and daughters to be provided for, and many other purposes for which money will be sought from so easy a source. This cannot be prevented, and in a few years it will be found that, though Parliament has the power to take away a part or the whole of the property of the landlords and give it to their tenants, it has no more power to determine at what cost land shall be held by the actual occupiers than, if Jack Cade could have made himself king, he would have had to determine the cost of bread, and enforce his decree that 'there shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny.'

These are the grounds upon which I hold that the 'remedial' legislation (as it is called) which has been adopted in Ireland was as unwise as it has certainly been unsuccessful. I must now endeavour to show that the same want of wisdom and of success is to be found in all that has been done by Her Majesty's Ministers to maintain in Ireland that security and good order which they admit it to be the first duty of every Government to preserve. Their first step with

reference to this matter after their accession to office was to announce that they did not intend to ask Parliament to renew the Peace Preservation Act; and they persevered in this determination, though warned by their predecessors that it would not be safe to dispense with the powers the Act in question conferred. Since the event has shown how wrong they were in refusing to listen to this warning, it has been argued in their defence that there would not have been time in the ten days between the opening of the session on the 20th of May, 1880, and the 1st of June, when the Act was to expire, to pass a Bill for its continuance. Never was there a more futile defence. Though it is true that it would probably have been impossible to pass a Continuance Act before the 1st of June, there would have been no difficulty in passing not much later a Bill for reviving the former Act, and it would have been of no consequence if there had been an interval of a few days, or even of two or three weeks, between the expiry of one Act and the coming into force of the other. Her Majesty's Ministers, when they declared that it was not necessary in their judgment to renew the Peace Preservation Act, added that if they found their authority under the ordinary law insufficient to maintain the public peace in Ireland, they would not hesitate to ask Parliament for the further powers they might need. With this assurance Parliament was prorogued; but it had hardly been so before agrarian outrages, of which there had already been several during June and July, began to increase. On the 25th of September Lord Mountmorris was murdered in Galway, and in the months that followed outrages continued to become more and more frequent, while little or nothing was done by the Government to stop them. Not only did they neglect to ask for any additional powers from Parliament for maintaining the peace, but they failed to use the powers they had for that purpose with either vigour or judgment. It was some months after the system of outrages and intimidation had been going on before they adopted the obvious precaution of causing the most disturbed districts to be patrolled, and the same feebleness in enforcing the law was displayed in all that was done and omitted to be done. I observed an account of one occurrence during this time which was peculiarly significant as to the spirit of the Irish administration. It seems that under due process of law a tenant had been evicted for non-payment of rent, and the owner of the land had caused the house to be pulled down in order that it might not be re-occupied by force. But a large number of adherents of the League assembled, and rebuilt the house before the eyes of a detachment of police, who, whether from the orders they had received or from the insufficiency of their numbers, looked on without interfering. Through all the autumn and the greater part of the winter lawlessness was allowed to reign triumphant, as if Her Majesty's Ministers had never heard of the vital importance of stopping the

beginnings of such evils, and did not know that allowing resistance to authority to go on unchecked at first is like the 'letting out of waters.'

It was only when Parliament met at about the usual time that Her Majesty's Ministers at last applied for its aid to deal with the evils they had allowed to gather such fearful head. In spite of the determined resistance of the Home Rule party, the House of Commons gave to the Government all the additional powers they had asked for, but in the choice of these powers there was, in my opinion, a singular want of judgment. Two Acts of Parliament were passed, one of which imposed some very proper and necessary restraints on the possession of arms in proclaimed districts. To this Act, so far as it went, I see no objection, except that it came too late, after large quantities of arms had been distributed, but it omitted some very important and useful provisions which had been contained in former Acts for the same general purpose. Among the omitted provisions were those which enabled magistrates to enforce the attendance of reluctant witnesses with regard to crimes that had been committed, and which gave greater powers than the existing law for compelling the inhabitants of baronies or other divisions of counties where outrages had occurred to pay compensation to the sufferers, and also for additional police. It was a great mistake not to renew these provisions in their full integrity, or even to carry them further. It is notorious that the authors of most of these outrages are perfectly well known to the population, though no one will give information on the subject; it is therefore both just, and well calculated to check the commission of such crimes, to impose what is in effect a fine on the inhabitants for their refusal to assist in bringing the culprits to justice. This is the principle of the old Anglo-Saxon law, which made the hundred or the county liable to a fine for crimes committed within it when the perpetrators could not be discovered. This was what mainly contributed to establish order and security in England.

The other Act I have referred to was that commonly called the Coercion Act. It invested the Lord Lieutenant with the power of arresting and detaining any person declared by his warrant to be reasonably suspected of having been guilty as principal or accessory of certain offences in a proclaimed district. This last Act was that on which Her Majesty's Ministers mainly relied for the restoration of order in Ireland. There is a very important difference between this Act and the Acts which Parliament has from time to time passed for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, either in Ireland or in this part of the United Kingdom. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act has generally been had recourse to as a preventive measure to enable the servants of the Crown to disorganise treasonable or seditious conspiracies by seizing and detaining the leaders in custody, and thus averting, or more promptly quelling, resistance to the

authority of the law.<sup>2</sup> For this purpose the power has often been found most useful, but it has generally been used only against a small number of persons, and not to punish them, but to deprive them for a time of the power of carrying on seditious practices. The object has been to prevent treasonable acts from being committed, not to punish them when done. The recent Act, on the contrary, gives the Lord Lieutenant the power of issuing a warrant against any person who is 'reasonably suspected of *having been* guilty as principal or accessory' of certain offences. Under these terms of the Act (understanding them in the sense they naturally bear) it would appear that the Lord Lieutenant and his advisers might have the strongest grounds for believing that some man was meditating an attempt to overthrow the Government by force, and yet, if it could not be truly alleged that he was reasonably suspected of having been guilty of some offence already committed, no warrant could properly be issued against him. The distinction between the old measures for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act and the new Act is therefore exceedingly important; it is, as I have said, that the former were strictly preventive, while the latter is penal. The Act of 1881 has been used to inflict punishment—and a very heavy punishment—on a large number of persons, not for crimes, but for being 'reasonably suspected' of having been participators in crimes which have been committed. I certainly would not refuse to the Lord Lieutenant the power, in the present state of Ireland, of arresting those he might have reason to believe to be concerned in seditious conspiracies as a measure of prevention; but the Whig principles on which I was brought up, and to which I firmly adhere, lead me utterly to condemn the policy of punishing men for being suspected. It may, perhaps, be said that those who have been arrested have not been so in order to punish them, and that this is shown by the mildness of the confinement they are subject to. The answer is obvious. The Act distinctly provides for their being kept in prison, not to guard against what they might do if at large, but on account of what they are suspected to *have done* already; and their confinement, however mildly it may be enforced, is, beyond all doubt, a very severe punishment indeed. To be kept within the walls of a prison for months, as some of these men have been; to be debarred from intercourse with their families and friends, except in the presence of the officers of the prison; to be deprived of the means of pursuing their ordinary avocations, which to some of them may mean little less than ruin; and to be compelled to submit to this dreary and monotonous existence, not for any offence of which they are shown to have been guilty, but for being 'reasonably

<sup>2</sup> See, for instance, the Act of 1817, 57 Geo. III. c. 3, of which the object is distinctly stated to be the protection of the Prince Regent and the Government from treasonable practices.

suspected,' is, I repeat, to be subjected to a punishment which is not merely severe, but unjust and cruel. My detestation of the conduct of many of these men cannot prevent me from regarding the course which has been taken with regard to them as unjustifiable, and calculated to increase the evils under which Ireland is labouring by giving rise most naturally to a sense of wrong in the minds of the prisoners and their friends.

I am far from desiring that any of those who have helped to bring so much misery on Ireland should escape severe punishment for their misdeeds. On the contrary, I hold it to be one of the greatest faults of the Government of Ireland in the last two years that it has failed to take effectual measures for ensuring the prompt and certain punishment of all disturbers of the peace. But my sense of justice revolts against the infliction of punishment on men who have had no opportunity of defending themselves, and have seldom even known that they were accused till their punishment has been begun, and who never, I believe, have been informed of the grounds on which they have been pronounced to be 'suspected,' with the terrible consequences to them of being declared to be so. I have not the slightest doubt that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has signed no single warrant without being firmly convinced that the person against whom it was directed deserved to be sent to prison. I am not less sure that the Chief Secretary and those holding responsible offices under him have been equally anxious that no wrong should be done. But when we are told by Mr. Forster that, up to the 22nd of April, 918 persons had been arrested—and of course the cases of a much larger number must have required to be considered—it is obviously impossible that the decisions on all these cases can have been come to on the personal knowledge of those who are responsible for them. The Lord Lieutenant and his advisers can only have acted on the information laid before them; and who will venture to affirm that this information has never been coloured by private animosities or other improper motives, or that the persons suspected might never have been able to explain the conduct for which they have become suspected if they had been allowed an opportunity?

Liability to abuse is inseparable from any system under which punishment is inflicted by the mere authority of the Government, without any public inquiry as to the guilt of those who are subject to it. And this mode of dealing with resistance to the law in Ireland is further to be condemned for its inefficiency. Though so large a number of persons have been sent to prison, there is no sign that their punishment has done much, if anything, towards the restoration of order and of a disposition to obey the law among the people of Ireland. Nor is there any difficulty in understanding why the severity which has been used has failed to accomplish its object.

What is obviously wanted in order to put down lawlessness in Ireland (which is the real evil to be dealt with) is to provide some means by which every breach of the law, whether great or small, and every attempt to obstruct its execution, may be made to meet with prompt and fitting punishment. Towards accomplishing this the Coercion Act does absolutely nothing. The sending to prison of ever so large a number of persons, arbitrarily selected by the Government out of a very much larger number who are equally culpable and are not meddled with, has no tendency to create the wholesome belief that disobedience to the law will surely be followed by punishment, which can alone establish real good order in the country. To exercise the powers of the Coercion Act so largely as to punish all opponents of the law is of course impossible. The mistake has been to use the power of arbitrary imprisonment at all for the purpose of punishment. This power should have been reserved, as formerly, for the protection of the Government against any attempt to overthrow it by violence, and the punishment of offences should have been separately dealt with. And it required to be dealt with firmly and without delay; there was urgent need for putting an end to the impunity with which the most atrocious outrages were daily committed. Nor can I doubt that, in spite of the difficulties to be overcome, it would not have been possible to devise means by which the punishment of these crimes in at least the majority of cases might have been secured. But, unfortunately, nothing whatever was done in this direction, though it would surely have been better to have adopted even the strongest measures by which men might be brought before some sort of tribunal to be tried for the offences they might be charged with, than to allow them to be shut up in prison by the simple order of the Government without any public trial at all. The Coercion Act I therefore hold to have been an unwise and objectionable measure. I considered it to be so when it was brought forward. I was convinced that it would prove, as it has done, a failure, because I could see in it no marks of sound statesmanship or of skill and judgment in framing its provisions so as to accomplish its intended object. It showed, on the contrary, signs of the same hazy and indistinct conception of the proper objects of legislation and of its principles which suggested the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881.

I have thus endeavoured to show what have been the faults of that policy towards Ireland which was recommended to the nation with so much eloquence, and, unfortunately, with so much success, in 1862. If I am wrong in my view of it, some other explanation ought to be given of the sad contrast there undoubtedly is between the present state of Ireland and what it was two years ago, still more with what it was twelve years further back. If, on the other hand, I am right in contending that wise measures on the part of the



Government could not possibly have been followed by the results we see, and that these results are only the natural fruits of very obvious mistakes, then not an hour should be lost in entering with decision and firmness upon a new course. I have not the presumption to imagine that it is in my power to offer any useful advice as to the various measures it would be expedient to adopt in a situation of such extreme difficulty and danger. But I think I may venture to make one or two suggestions, and also to affirm with confidence that there can be no hope of any real improvement in the state of affairs unless Parliament and the nation have the wisdom and the courage to look the evils before us in the face; to consider whether there have been errors of principle in our past policy; and, if so, to endeavour to correct them so far as this is still practicable. I am aware that it is impossible now to undo much of what has been done amiss, and that false steps have been taken which cannot be retraced; but it is in our power to refuse to advance further on a road which we may see has been leading us in a wrong direction, or to adopt new measures conceived in the same spirit and founded on the same principles with those which have so disastrously failed.

And there is the more need for careful examination of the difficulties before us, and of a resolute determination not to be led further on a wrong road, because proposals are now being pressed upon Parliament from opposite quarters which would alike involve a further departure from sound principles of government. On one side it is urged that the new Act of 1881 should again be altered for the supposed advantage of the tenants, and more especially that provision should be made for relieving them from their arrears of rent. What is this but asking that another attempt should be made to bribe the adherents of the Land League to submission by concession to unreasonable demands? I say unreasonable demands, for, without stopping to examine any of the other alterations that have been asked for, can anything be more unreasonable than the demand that the tenants of Ireland should be relieved from the arrears of rent they owe, and which, after two good harvests, it is notorious that most of them could pay if they chose at least in large part? If they are not able to pay, it is because they have incurred such large expenses in supporting the 'no rent' policy of the League. In doing so, besides their subscriptions to the funds of the League, they have often been subject to heavy legal costs, and I can hardly conceive a more monstrous proposal than that, in order to relieve them from difficulties they have thus incurred, the State should interfere to prevent their being compelled to pay their just debts. I do not know at whose cost this exemption is to be granted to them. If, by an act of the Legislature, the landlords are to be simply deprived of the power they now possess of recovering what is due to them by process of law, this will be a new act of open confiscation. If, on the other

hand, relief is to come from the Treasury, will it be just to the British taxpayers that their money should be applied to such a purpose, more especially when it is clear that in very many cases this money will go, indirectly it is true, but still very really, to the support of the League? I do not doubt that there may be many cases in which the tenants will be really unable to pay their arrears; but it is utterly impossible for any public authority to distinguish between such cases and the much greater number of an opposite character, and the only wise course, therefore, is to refuse any interference on the part of the State. In general, remissions for which there is a good claim will, for their own sakes, be made by landlords whose interest it is that these claims should be settled. In seasons of difficulty the Irish landlords have generally shown themselves considerate to their tenants, and in common with English and Scotch landlords have not been unwilling to bear their share of the sacrifices required in bad times. If there has now been more disposition on the part of Irish landlords than heretofore to be harsh in the exaction of what is due to them, this probably arises from their believing that they could not otherwise protect themselves from the injustice they apprehend from the Land Court. Very many of the cases of seemingly undue severity in the enforcement of their legal claims by Irish landlords are, I believe, to be thus explained—they are only acting, as they think, in self-defence. Probably, therefore, nothing would contribute so much to diminish the number of evictions for non-payment of rent, and to mitigate the violent animosities which have been kindled by the action of the Government and of Parliament between the owners and the occupiers of land, as the repeal of the unjust and unworkable provisions of the Land Act of 1881 for fixing judicial rents.

Even if the demand of the Land Leaguers that Parliament should interfere for the relief of tenants from their arrears were less unreasonable than it is, still it would be very unwise to concede it in the present circumstances of Ireland. It would be considered, and justly, as a new victory won by intimidation and by outrages; it would be to act again, and with the same bad consequences as before, on the erroneous view originally adopted by Her Majesty's Ministers. While they rightly held that to win back the affections of the Irish people to the Imperial Government was the great object to be aimed at, I believe that at the beginning of their administration they made a fatal mistake in supposing that this object could be gained by merely granting to the people whatever they might ask for, and by shrinking from measures of severity when they were required to maintain the authority of the law. It is a trite observation that in the long run it is not those who exercise authority with the greatest indulgence who are most loved by those over whom they are set. In a school, in a regiment, in a ship of war, it has

always been found that a weak and indulgent master or commanding officer is far less loved than one who is firm and even severe in maintaining a strict but just discipline, because those who live under such a discipline invariably enjoy more real comfort and welfare than those under a laxer system. So it is with a nation. A weak ruler, however good and kind his intentions may be, always fails to promote the welfare and to secure the respect of his subjects, and does not therefore gain their affections. And this is especially true with regard to the Irish. No man understood the Irish people better than the late Lord Bessborough, who, at the close of his life, held the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and I well remember that fifty years ago, when we were both members of the House of Commons, and when, as now, Ireland was a subject of great anxiety which we often discussed, he used to tell me that the Irish, from their warm affections and quick intelligence, were peculiarly sensible to the influence of kindly and judicious treatment, but that there were also none in the management of whom both good judgment and firmness were more indispensable, and who were more quick in detecting, or unfortunately more ready to take advantage of, a want of either in those who had authority over them. In the management of his own estate (in which his remarkable success under great difficulties is well known), he used to say that he found it absolutely necessary to make the people understand that when he had once decided what was right to be done on the various applications, reasonable and unreasonable, with which an Irish landlord has to deal, neither wheedling nor intimidation would induce him to depart from his decision. They were quite able to appreciate his desire to act kindly and fairly by them, and though they would often have taken advantage of him if they could, their finding this to be impossible produced no ill-feeling, but, on the contrary, commanded their respect and obedience to his authority. He held that this principle should equally prevail in the government of the country and in the management of an estate, and it is this which has been so lamentably departed from in the recent government of Ireland.

From the very opposite quarter another proposal has been pressed upon Her Majesty's Ministers which I regard as not less mistaken than that which is put forward by the Irish members of the Home Rule party. I refer to the recommendation that what are called the purchase clauses in the Act of 1881 should be made more effectual by offering better terms to tenants who desire to purchase their farms, and allowing the whole purchase-money to be advanced to them by the Treasury. Now, in the first place, I have to remark that this would be a new boon offered to those who have been resisting the law, so that, like the proposed remission of arrears, it would be a mere attempt to bribe those who have been guilty of this conduct into submission. It is, therefore, open to the same objections

on this ground which I have urged against the other measure. But there are many other and strong objections to it. One of these, though by no means, I think, the most powerful, is that which rests on financial considerations. If this measure is to have any perceptible effect in restoring tranquillity in Ireland, it is obvious, that the purchase of their holdings by the tenants by means of advances from the British Treasury must involve the application to this purpose of a very large sum of money. If land, the aggregate rents of which amounted to 5,000,000*l.* a year, were so purchased (and this would be a comparatively small proportion of the land of Ireland), its value at twenty years' purchase (which I understand to be the price it is contemplated to allow) would amount to 100,000,000*l.*, which would of course have to be added to the public debt. To me it appears a monstrous proposal that such a burthen should be thrown upon the taxpayers of this country in order to reward the occupiers of Ireland for their successful resistance to the law; for, disguise it as we may, this is what the measure comes to. I am not ignorant that the advocates of the measure contend that no burthen would be thrown upon the taxpayers, and that the security is ample for the money which is to be lent. John Bull is only asked to back a little bill which he will be troubled with no more. If he believes this, he will be as credulous as the most credulous mortal who was ever persuaded to help a moneyless friend by putting his name on a bill to a money-lender, and he will suffer accordingly. Can any man, who has the slightest knowledge of the difficulty there is in collecting small payments from an indebted population, for a moment believe that the net receipt into the coffers of the State of the interest due from several thousands of Irish occupiers will approach, even in good years, to the sum required to guard the Treasury from loss? The management of such a business by public servants is necessarily a very costly affair. And then there will be bad seasons as well as good ones, and in these will the occupier be more willing or more able to pay what he owes, because it is demanded from him as interest instead of as rent? The remission of the claims of the Treasury will be urged in a manner that will make it practically impossible to refuse. Or if the demand should be insisted upon, the only mode there will be of enforcing payment will be taking possession of the land; and it is not difficult to see what would be the effect of perhaps some thousands of small farmers being evicted at the suit of the State. The outcry is not likely to be less than it has been against evictions by private owners for non-payment of rent.

Nor is this the most serious matter to be considered. I have already noticed that Mr. Parnell has openly avowed that his main object in proclaiming a war against rents was not to gain advantages for the tenant farmers, but rather to enlist them in the cause he has at heart—the overthrow of Imperial authority in Ireland. Such

being the case, nothing certainly could so admirably serve his purpose as to make a great body of small farmers debtors to the State, and bound to pay to it annually as interest what they would otherwise have paid to their landlords, so that if they could only throw off British authority they would at once be relieved from any burthen upon their land. This would indeed be to put a premium upon disaffection. I can, therefore, perfectly understand why it receives the support of the Home Rule party; but, for that very reason, it is to me a matter of extreme surprise that so dangerous a scheme should also receive the support of men of high authority, whose earnest desire to maintain the integrity of the empire is beyond dispute. I can only suppose that they have been led into what seems to me so great a mistake by their sympathy with the landowners of Ireland. The Irish landowners may very naturally and very properly desire to save what they can of the property of which they are likely to be robbed, and they have no slight grounds for believing that the sale of their property in the manner proposed would afford them the best prospect of escaping the threatened wrong. Nor can I contest their just claim to be either defended in the enjoyment of what is legally theirs, or to be compensated for the loss if they are deprived of it; but I believe it would be better both for them and for the nation that this just claim should be met by some other means rather than by adopting the scheme that has been proposed.

There is another ground on which the scheme I have been considering has been defended. It has been urged that Ireland is in such a state that *something* must be done, and that nothing else has been suggested. This argument that '*something* must be done' is one which it has been much the custom of late to bring forward in favour of projects for which there is little else to be said, and I always listen to it with suspicion: in this instance it deserves even more than usual to be received with distrust. One great lesson to be learned from what has been going on in Ireland for some years is that it is indeed true that governments and legislation can really do but little towards improving the welfare of a people; this must be the work of the people themselves. Industry and thrift are the only means by which a nation can attain to wealth and prosperity; and direct legislation for the purpose of relieving men from the poverty and wretchedness which the absence of these virtues produces invariably does harm instead of good. This is what has been taught us by the wisest statesmen and philosophers of former days, and we may see in Ireland the effect of despising their teaching and acting on the belief that the truths of political economy are not applicable to the affairs of men in our planet, however they may suit the inhabitants of Jupiter or of Saturn.

Instead of listening to the cry that '*something* must be done,' and allowing ourselves to be led by it into measures diverging further

and further from sound principles, it is high time to revert to a more manly policy, and to recognise the fact that the one great need of Ireland at the present moment is to re-establish security and the reign of law. This is an object which ought to be obtained at any price, and for which no sacrifices would be too great; nor can I entertain the slightest doubt that it might be accomplished if we cease trusting to the effect of further and further concessions to the violators of the law, and rely upon a judicious and vigorous exercise of the powers already vested in the Crown, or which it may be necessary to obtain from Parliament. It would ill become me, destitute as I am of accurate knowledge of the existing arrangements for preserving the peace in Ireland, to offer any suggestions as to the steps which should be taken to render these arrangements more effective, but with the resources the Government can command it is impossible that the problem how to restore order should be an insoluble one, provided only that these resources are used with sufficient vigour and judgment.

Beyond taking effective measures for restoring to Her Majesty's peaceable subjects security for their persons and property, and providing for the due administration of justice, I doubt whether there is anything which the Government or Parliament could do at this moment which would be of much service to Ireland, except to remove so far as may be practicable the obstacles which unwise legislation has thrown in the way of the free application of labour and of capital in the improved cultivation of the soil, and the development of the natural resources of the country. The worst of the obstacles I allude to are those created by the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881, and unfortunately these cannot be repealed. Unwise and hurtful as they have proved to be, interests have grown up under them with which it would not be expedient or perhaps even just to meddle. But while maintaining these Acts so far as relates to their main provisions, I can see no valid reason for not repealing those clauses which are meant to give effect to the preposterous system of fixing judicial rents. Advantage would also, I think, result from making provision by law for enabling landlords and tenants to enter into such contracts with each other as they might think fit, when they agreed in wishing to be emancipated from the fetters imposed by the confused and complicated Land Acts of 1870 and 1881. Such contracts might be facilitated by a law on the principle of Lord Clarendon's Bill.

But what is asked by the Home Rule party is something very different from this. What they want is to carry still further the attack already made on the property of the landlords, and to amend (as it is called) the Act of 1881, with the view of giving still greater advantages to the tenants. And looking to what has happened already, it is but too likely that their demand may be listened to, and that another attempt may be made to purchase tranquillity by coax-

ing and concession to the breakers of the law. If so it seems to me that all hope for Ireland will be gone. I ventured to predict, before the measures proposed by the Government in the session of 1881 were announced,<sup>3</sup> that if these measures should involve a further step in the system of confiscation begun in 1870, their effect would be to aggravate, not to cure the evils which had arisen. The event has but too fully confirmed this anticipation, and the effect of further yielding on the part of the Government will be yet worse.

What I have now written will very probably be represented as recommending a policy of harshness and oppression towards the Irish people. I utterly deny the justice of such a charge. From the very beginning of my political life I have taken, and continue to take, the deepest interest in their welfare, and I have supported every measure which I have believed to be really calculated to promote it. The Irish have their faults, so have the English and the Scotch, each of the three nations has its own peculiar character; but of the Irish I may truly say that I have always believed that, in spite of some unfortunate failings (probably the effect of untoward circumstances), they have many of the very highest qualities which can adorn a people, and are fitted under good management to attain a place among the very first nations of the earth. But it is because I so sincerely wish well to Ireland that I so strongly insist upon the absolute necessity of enforcing the authority of the law. I am persuaded that the man is no true friend to the Irish people who would tolerate the continuance among them of the lawlessness which now exists.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

The preceding article was written before it had been announced to the public that Her Majesty's Ministers had decided upon the change in their policy which has led to the release of Mr. Parnell and his friends from Kilmainham, and to Mr. Forster's resignation of the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There are several remarks I should be glad to make on this 'new departure,' as it has been called, which has been so suddenly taken by the Government, but, as I have already written at greater length than I could have wished on this Irish question, I will only add a few words to express my deep concern that Parliament should be asked at the same time to confer additional powers on the Government for the enforcement of the law, and to sanction fresh concessions to those whose systematic resistance to the law has made these powers necessary. There is a curious inconsistency in combining these proposals. The promised remission of arrears follows the example of the Land Act of last year, and, like it, seeks to reconcile the disturbers of the peace

<sup>3</sup> In a letter published in the *Times*, January 3, 1881.

to a severe measure directed against them by giving them a boon to which they have no just claim. This new attempt to mix coaxing with severity will probably fail like the first, because it equally involves a violation of justice. I have stated in the preceding pages, though slightly and imperfectly, some of the objections there are to the contemplated relief of the small tenants from their arrears of rent. I will not attempt to enter further into these objections, but I must call attention to the tendency that making this new concession in the manner proposed will have to counteract the operation of the stringent measure for the enforcement of the law which Sir William Harcourt has proposed. This question of arrears was twice at least brought under the consideration of the Government in the course of the proceedings on the Land Bill of last year. On the second occasion of its being so the Government had had ample time for considering the matter, to which their attention had been previously directed, and in the discussion that took place Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster explained their reasons for having decided not to go beyond the provisions which are contained in the Act, on what they described as the very difficult question of arrears. A year has not quite gone by since the deliberate determination of the Government was thus announced to the House of Commons, and since it was made the Irish farmers have had the advantage of another unusually good harvest, so that they ought to stand less in need now of further relief than they did when it was refused. Yet now it is said to be urgently necessary that this relief should be granted, though I am not aware that there is any difference in the state of things in this year and in the last, except that in the present year there has been a formidable increase in the number of agrarian outrages that have been committed, and that the victims of these outrages have often of late been men whose only offence has been that they have paid their rents. This, if I am not mistaken, was the only offence of an unfortunate man whose house was broken into, and whose legs were deliberately shattered by a shot before the eyes of his wife. He was not an agent, or an informer, or the occupant of a farm from which another tenant had been ejected, but he had been guilty of disobeying the 'No Rent' manifesto of the Land League by paying what he owed to his landlord, and for this crime he was put to a lingering and painful death. When the commission of outrages like this is immediately followed by the grant of a boon which had a few months before been refused, the boon must naturally be regarded as having been won from the fears of the Government, and it will be believed that any other demand, even if it goes to the dismemberment of the empire, may be successfully enforced by the same means. This impression will be confirmed by the astounding revelations which have just been made as to the communications between Her Majesty's Ministers and the leaders of the League which preceded the discharge of Mr. Parnell and his friends from prison, and the announcement of



the concession that is promised with respect to arrears of rent. There is too much reason to fear that in this manner more will be lost in the interests of peace and order, by weakening the moral authority of the Queen's Government, and increasing that exercised by the League, than will be gained by the passing of Sir William Harcourt's Bill. I have already noticed that judgment and firmness of purpose, which are necessary for the good government of all nations, are more especially needed in dealing with the Irish people. Her Majesty's Ministers in their 'new departure' have made another conspicuous display of their want of either quality, and have given a fresh proof of that vacillation and irresolution which has marked their conduct throughout. Either it was wrong last year to listen to the urgent demand for a larger measure of relief than they would accord to the small farmers in respect of their arrears, or it is still more wrong to grant it now. A Government which cannot adhere to the same view of an important question for twelve months must clearly have been wanting either in foresight and judgment when it came to its first determination, or in firmness when this determination was abandoned.

GREY.

May 17; 1882.

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